Harper's magazine.
New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

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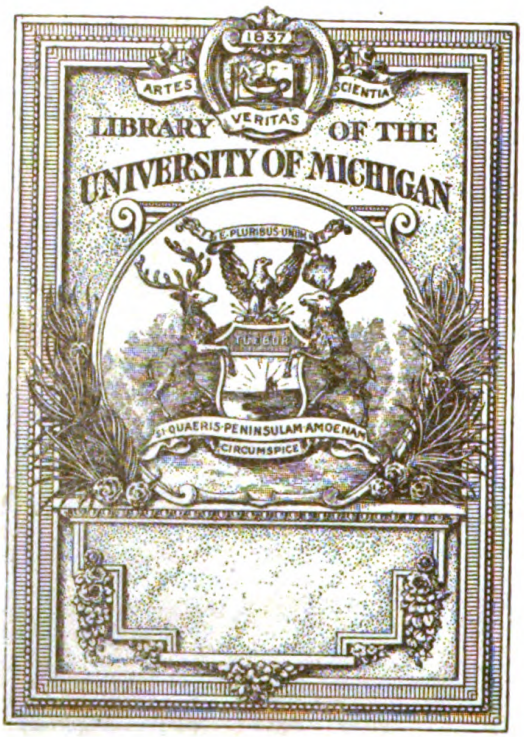
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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1887, TO MAY, 1888.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1888.

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"HIS SERMON NEVER SAID OR SHOW'D
THAT EARTH IS FOUL, THAT HEAVEN IS GRACIOUS."—[See page 20.]

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. DECEMBER, 1887. No. CCCCLI.



BY F. W. BURBIDGE, F.L.S.

OF all the authors who have written about plants, it is, I believe, Ruskin alone who goes to the root of the whole matter with one dip of the pen. He tells us that vegetation resolves itself into four things: "Corn for the granary, timber for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, and moss for the grave." Food, shelter, and beauty for all of us, living or dead, is the sum total of the world's vegetation. This, then, is the spirit in which I would write on garden flowers, but it is far from my thoughts to speak of flower culture as a mere form of modern beauty worship, and I shall be equally as careful to avoid the purely economical side of the question. Those who adopt flower gardening merely from the decorative point of view can never know or understand the true use and full value of a garden. The gardener's art, as a method of expression, is as perfect in its own way as is drawing or painting, and in its higher forms is even comparable with sculpture, that is, in solid breadth and purity of aim, even if not in its permanence of character.

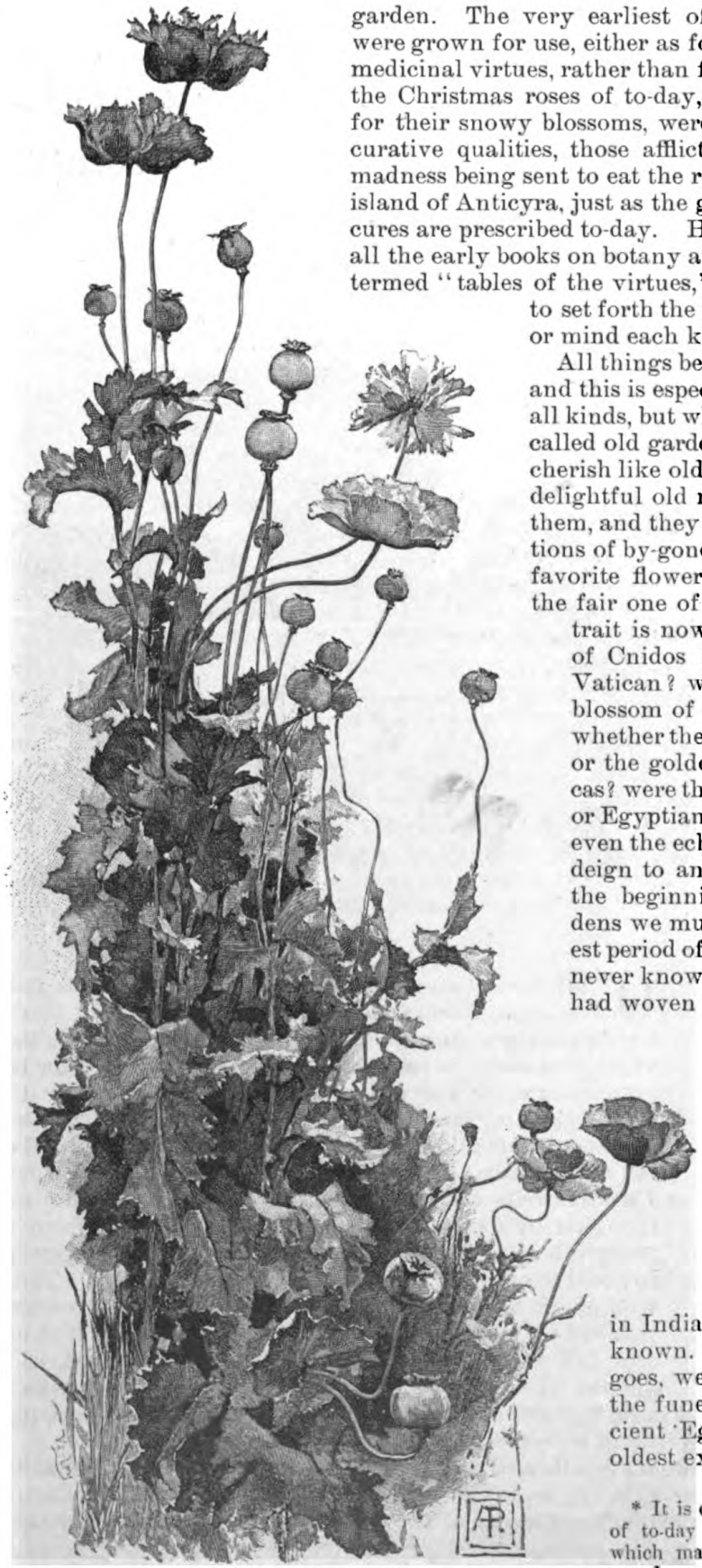
Of course all wild flowers are old, and all are *wild* or native somewhere or other in the world, but by our title are meant those hardy flowers cultivated in Europe for their beauty and grace before the era of the glass house or artificially heated

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POPPIES.

garden. The very earliest of all cultivated plants were grown for use, either as food or for their reputed medicinal virtues, rather than for their beauty. Thus the Christmas roses of to-day, so highly appreciated for their snowy blossoms, were first valued for their curative qualities, those afflicted with symptoms of madness being sent to eat the root of hellebore* in the island of Anticyra, just as the grape-eating or bathing cures are prescribed to-day. Hence we find in nearly all the early books on botany and gardening what are termed "tables of the virtues," these being supposed to set forth the various effects on body or mind each kind of plant possessed.

All things beautiful have their uses, and this is especially true of flowers of all kinds, but what we like best to hear called old garden flowers are those we cherish like old friends; that is to say, delightful old memories cling around them, and they are rich in the associations of by-gone days. What was the favorite flower of Helen of Troy, of the fair one of Milo whose stone portrait is now in the Louvre, or she of Cnidos now enshrined in the Vatican? who shall tell us which blossom of antiquity is the oldest, whether the nelumbium of Buddha, or the golden sunflower of the Incas? were the first gardeners Indian or Egyptian?—are questions which even the echo of antiquity does not deign to answer. To get back to the beginning of flowers in gardens we must go back to the earliest period of civilization. We may never know what flower Cleopatra had woven in her blue-black hair when Antony was her willing captive, but we find the mummy wreaths of blossoms culled by hands that lived soon after the Pyramids were being builded; and the early use of flowers in Egypt, in Greece, in India, and in Mexico is well known. As far as evidence goes, we can actually refer to the funeral wreaths of the ancient Egyptians as being the oldest existing remains of flow-

* It is questionable if the hellebore of to-day was that of the ancients, which may have been the plant we now know as veratrum.

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ers as employed for decorative or votive uses. The oldest of dried flowers in herbaria—that is, of flowers especially prepared for scientific purposes—do not date back further than the middle of the sixteenth century, and yet we find that flowers were used in Egyptian ceremonies some three to five thousand years ago. About sixty distinct kinds of plants and flowers have been identified, and by placing these in warm water Dr. Schweinfurth, of Cairo, has succeeded in relaxing and preparing a series of specimens gathered four thousand years ago, and these Mr. Carruthers, of the British Museum, tells us are as satisfactory for the purposes of science as any collected at the present day. These plant remains were enfolded by the bandages or mummy wrappings, and being hermetically sealed, have been preserved with scarcely any change. The blue water-lily or lotus, the poppy, larkspur, flax, charlock, knapweed, and other flowers are perfectly preserved, the garlands being woven together with strips of the Nile reed or papyrus of the ancient scribes.

Old-fashioned flowers represent for us the ideals of our ancestors, and in historic interest go back much further than the oldest of silver-ware, of Oriental porcelain, or the period of Chippendale and of Sheraton. We know somewhat of the flowers of Greece from their old plays. In Sophocles's *Œdipus at Colonus* we read of wine-dark ivy, and bowers rich in fruits and berries, "and fed of heavenly dew, the narcissus blooms morn by morn with fair clusters, crown of the great goddesses from of yore, and the crocus blooms with golden beam." The vine and gray-leaved olive are there also.

From the earliest period the garden and its flowers have been tended by women's hands. The hanging gardens of Babylon were especially made for a woman, and if we cannot give an earlier date, we may at any rate rest assured that a good many gardens have been made for them since that time. The earliest date I know of in secular history referring definitely to flower culture is in Professor Monier Williams's translation of the poems of Kálidási. This Hindoo poet, who wrote the beautiful drama of *Sakuntala Regained by the Ring*, B.C. 56, is careful enough to tell us that the King Dushyanta when a-hunting first saw his lovely bride as she with her maids was watering the flowers in a hermitage garden in which he had accidentally taken shelter.

Chaucer's exquisite admiration for the daisy is a matter of history second only to his love for the month of May; but it is when we get to Elizabethan days—the epoch of Spenser, Jonson, Raleigh, and Shakespeare—that we get into the heyday of old-fashioned flowers. When the modern Lady Corisande leans back in her boudoir reading these pages, I should like to ask her what she would give to have been Anne Hathaway in that little timber-framed house at Shottery when Shakespeare walked over from Stratford at even-tide to whisper in her ears "the old, old story." Song of nightingale or of the bluebird is not sweeter than Shakespeare's love as put into the mouth of Romeo or other of his youthful characters. Then you know his estimate of sweet women by the womanly behavior of Rosalind, of Beatrice, of Imogen, or of Juliet. You remember the meanings of floral language which he places in the mouth of Perdita in the *Winter's Tale*, and of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. "There's rue for you." "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance." With all Romeo and half a score of other lovers in his heart, what a real sweet wooing was that to which the Warwickshire maiden listened on the seat by the door of her father's house at Shottery village, when rosemary and sweetbrier were fragrant after rain in June, and great cabbage-roses yielded incense sweeter than all the spices of Eastern seas! To mention the mere fact of Shakespeare's love for garden and field flowers is enough, since Canon Ellaçombe has collected and arranged the whole in a most interesting volume, known as the *Plant Lore of Shakespeare*.

The late Mrs. Ewing, well known as the authoress of *Jackanapes*, and a most popular writer of many other stories for children, was a keen lover of hardy flowers. Her garden at Taunton "was a potato patch, with soil chiefly composed of refuse left by the house-builders." But in addition to modern lore she had read the works of Gerard and Parkinson, and so it was soon filled with herbaceous plants from the markets or from friends. In 1884 her story of "Mary's Meadow," in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, was very popular, and led to the establishment of a "Parkinson Society" in England for the exchange of hardy flowers. Roses and

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primroses were her favorite blossoms, and it is interesting to know that the latest literary work she penned was on the subject of flowers. Here it is: "A garden of hardy flowers is pre-eminently a garden for cut flowers. You must carefully count this among its merits, because, if a constant and undimmed blaze outside were the one virtue of a flower-garden, upholders of the bedding-out system would now and then have the advantage of us. For my part, I am prepared to say that I want my flowers quite as much for the house as for the garden, and so, I suspect, do most women. The gardener's point of view is not quite the same."

No doubt this is one of the real points of a good collection of hardy flowers; not only are they beautiful outside, but may be brought to live with us in-doors with the books and pictures, and so nestle nearer to our hearts. A large proportion of them, cut in the fully grown bud stage, actually bloom in the house, and endure fresh and fair much longer therein than when exposed to the vicissitudes of the open air.

There is one point in flower culture generally too often neglected: I mean the growth of such plants as naturally bloom in the evening or at night. *Cereus grandiflorus* is a deliciously fragrant cactus, which opens its pale, creamy white flowers at midnight in a greenhouse, and its fragrance is delicious. There are many other flowers, such as night-scented stocks, evening primroses, and *Nicotiana affinis*, which open their sweet-smelling flowers at night. A garden by moonlight is full of delightful surprises. In India the moon-flower (*Convolvulus bona nox*) is often seen, and a visit to its shrine often ends in a happy marriage—so often as to have become proverbial.

The culture of hardy flowers is now quite general in the best of country-house gardens in England, and there is an enormous number of species and varieties grown. The once paramount interest shown in what were termed "bedding plants" and "florists' flowers" has gradually abated during the past fifteen years, and instead of carpet-like masses of color formed by the use of low-growing plants such as calceolaria and pelargonium, or by the use of dwarf herbs having tinted leafage, we have now the utmost variety in form, height, size, and color amongst the denizens of the flower-garden. This culture of the hardy wild flowers of the temperate portions of the world is not the novel fashion which it at first sight appears. If we turn to the earliest books on gardening or on garden botany we find that originally all cultivated plants were hardy ones, since in the early days of gardening in Europe, although shelter of an artificial kind was given to plants, yet hot-houses are comparatively modern in the history of British gardening. To be exact, the first actual greenhouse or glass-house for plant culture in Europe of which there is any record was constructed for the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg, by his architect and engineer Salomon de Caus, in the year 1619. The first use of plant-houses was to afford shelter for half-hardy shrubs, etc., such as orange-trees, myrtles, agaves (century-plant), and bay-trees, and were mainly erections of the modern coach-house type, constructed of heavy masonry, with glass windows here and there around their sides. Museum No. 3 at Kew, now devoted to specimens of timber wood and wood products, was formerly the orangery belonging to the old royal palace at that village, and there is a still older erection of the same type at Cardinal Wolsey's old palace at Hampton Court, near London, still in use for sheltering oranges, agaves, bay-trees, and aloes, some of which have existed there at least from the time of Queen Anne.

The first greenhouse erected in England is believed to have been one in the old Physic Garden belonging to the Society of Apothecaries, at Chelsea, London, which is mentioned by Ray in 1684. Although the in-door culture of tender exotics was at this date in its infancy, the hardy flowers of Europe and northern Africa and western Asia had long been grown. Carolus Clusius (L'Ecluse), an itinerant botanist of the sixteenth century, had collected many plants in Spain and elsewhere, and his writings and figures, together with those of his confreres Lobel and Dodoens, were imprinted and issued from the then celebrated Plantin Press, at Antwerp, from 1570 (Lobel) to 1601, the year in which the *magnum opus* of Clusius in folio appeared. One of the earliest original works on the flower-garden in the English language is that of John Parkinson, some time herbarist and apothecary to King Charles the First. It is a

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PEONIES.

moderate-sized folio, quaintly illustrated, and it is dedicated to the Queen,* Henrietta Maria, as follows:

TO THE QUEENE'S MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

Madame,

Knowing your Maieſtie ſo much delighted with all the faire Flowers of a Garden, and furniſhed with them as farre beyond others as you are eminent before them; this my Worke of a Garden, long before this intended to be publiſhed, and but now only finiſhed, ſeemed as it were deſtined to bee firſt offered into your Highneſſe hands, as of right challenging the proprietie of Patronage from all others. Accept, I beſeech your Maieſtie, this ſpeaking Garden, that may informe you in all the particulars of your ſtore, as well as wants, when you cannot ſee any of them freſh upon the ground: and it ſhall further encourage him to accompliſh the remainder; who, in praying that your Highneſſe may enjoy the heavenly Paradiſe after the many yeares fruition of this earthly, ſubmitteth to be

Your Maieſties
in all
humble devotion
JOHN PARKINSON.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* has pointed out that the title of this old volume is a pun on Parkinson's own name, an old conceit rather common at the time. It runs as follows:

Paradise in Sole
Paradisus Terrestris
or
A Garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers which our English ayre will permit to be noursed up: etc. etc. etc.

* She whom Vandyck has painted with shining face and corkscrew ringlets, and the prettiest of hands.

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SNAP-DRAGON.

There are two editions, and the first was printed at London in the year 1629, "by Humfrey Lownes and Robert Young, at the signe of the Starre, on Bread Street Hill." The dedication is charmingly instructive, and, like Mrs. Ewing in "Mary's Meadow," we wonder if Queen Henrietta Maria really had a good garden, and whether she ever gave a second thought to Parkinson or his book, especially in the days of winter, when her own flowers were no longer "fresh upon the ground."

Rude as Parkinson's engravings are, they enable us to recognize many plants exactly, which could not have been done had they been absent from the text. After all, there is an Albert Düreresque faithfulness about them, and with some exceptions they are original, while other books of about the same date were printed in London, but the blocks with which they were illustrated were obtained from the Plantin-Moretus Press at Antwerp. The cuts of Gerard's Herbal, 1597, are from the *Kreuterbuch*—a work published by Tabernæmontanus at Frankfort a few years earlier (1588), and we find these blocks, with now and then a few additions, in nearly all the books of Dodoens, Lobel, and Clusius, and they finally appear in Johnson's edition of Gerard's Herbal, published in 1633. Between the years 1538, when Turner wrote his *Libellus*, and 1650, many illustrated books on plants were produced on the Continent and in England, and from these we know definitely the flowers then valued and cultivated. Of these the principal kinds were roses, peonies, and iris, gladiolus, narcissus of many sorts; lilies, and the great crown imperial, both red and yellow, were especially esteemed; while tulips, anemones, carnations, ranunculus, and "beare's ears," or auriculas, were amongst the earliest of florists' flowers. As we have said, plants were first grown for use rather than for beauty, and of this fact the saffron crocus (*C. sativus*) is a good example, it being mentioned in the

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Song of Solomon, and it is often alluded to in the Greek classics, while Horace especially mentions the Corycian saffron in the Augustan era. The first botanical garden was at Bologna, and Luca Ghini was first Professor of Botany at the same place. Turner was a student there, and describes him as "reder of Dioscorides in Botany," but it was in the University of Montpellier, toward the end of the sixteenth century, that botanical students of the higher type were made, and of these the names alone are enough, including Clusius, Lobel, Daleschamps, Pena, Rauwolf, and J. Bauhin. Upsal gave us Carl von Linné, who revolutionized the science, and nowadays we look to Kew as the head centre of information about plants generally, just as Harvard, during and after the Asa Gray *régime*, was the focus spot of botany in the United States.

In a word, our modern love for hardy old-fashioned flowers is a *renaissance*, somewhat like that for old Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, for Queen Anne silver, or for old china, that is, if one may venture to compare beautiful living things to inanimate manufactures. But little more than a quarter of a century ago most of the hardy flowers were banished from the parterre to make room for the masses of half-hardy or greenhouse plants, then fashionable in flower beds or in ribbon-like borders; but to-day all these and many others besides them are welcomed back, and have the pride of place in the best of gardens. The evolution of taste in plant culture has been very rapid during the past few years, and especially since Mr. Robinson founded the *Garden* newspaper, with the avowed purpose of promoting open-air gardening, and the more enlightened cultivation of hardy flowers. Not only are beautiful flowers grown more largely now than formerly, but a marked tendency to arrange them beautifully and naturally has also developed itself in all directions.

Lady Gushington has been so good as to give me the following as her ideal of a good garden: "An old name for the garden is a pleasaunce, a paradise, a place for delight, and, as in the days of Bacon, so to-day, gardening remains to us as the purest of human pleasures. The garden worthy of its name is ever beautiful, ever satisfying, see it when you will, morning, noon, or eve. It is a conservatory of things useful and beautiful, of fruits for service, and of flowers for sacrifice. In the morning it is all freshness and perfume; at noon it is brilliant with color; while at eve it becomes a temple for meditation and for rest. The richest fruits, the fairest of flowers, are born there; and crowned heads, Marie Antoinette to wit, wearied with luxury, have found peaceful rest among shady trees and simple flowers. If we wish to describe a fertile land we say it is like a garden; and the gardener's art is almost magical, since it can make a bare rock or a sandy desert even to blossom as the rose. A good garden is a continual delight, a paradise of



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flowers and of fruits from many lands. Every shady tree is a tabernacle wherein matins and vespers are sung by the birds, while the incense of many blossoms is borne on every gentle breeze. As Cincinnatus was happy on his farm, Virgil amongst his bees, so also may we be happy in the garden if we will it so. If so minded, you may reckon time by your garden flowers. Thus January is the time of snow-drops; February, of the crocus; March, of daffodils; April, of narcissus; May, of iris; June, of roses; July, of lilies and snap-dragons; August, of sunflowers and hollyhocks; September, of phlox and clematis; October, of asters; November, of chrysanthemums; and December, of hellebores or Christmas roses."

But some will think this all *couleur de rose*, so we will ask a practical gardener's opinion. "Ah!" says he, "it is all very well to talk of the satisfying beauty, the sentiment, and romance of the garden; but gardening is, after all, a continual trouble, and even at the best a fearful joy. The spring frost slyly nips your earliest growths, and robs you of the fruit harvest; your pet gentian is browsed by snails, or a slug eats off the first flower-spike of a new orchid; cats destroy your fondest hopes, and birds or a neighbor's poultry scratch up your choicest seeds. Even in the hot-houses there is trouble continually. The peaches drop off at stoning-time, the grapes either set badly, or they shank off, or, worse than all, the boiler breaks down during the sharpest and longest frost of the season. The gardener's work is never finished, his troubles never end; he must attend to his fires at night, and be up by daybreak in the morning. There are thrips, red-spider, bugs, scale, and green fly, fungoid growths, and blight mysterious of many kinds. Everything alive seems to have conspired against him; bird and beast alike do their best to thwart his labors. The mice eat his crocus roots, the cats scratch up his newly sown seed beds, pigeons or pheasants uproot his finest peas at sprouting-time, and the rabbits bark his best young fruit trees, while the blackbirds spoil his early strawberries, and steal his sweetest cherries almost from under his very nose. If he wants to sow or dig, it rains continually. His newly planted vegetables are killed by drought. His hands are blistered, his back aches, his temper is soured. Bah!" says he; "talk of poetry and sentiment! All real gardening means hard labor all the year round."

One source of interest in the flower-garden is the various native localities or habitats of the plants grown there. Here, for example, is the rare *Narcissus bernardi*, from the slopes above Gavarnie, a peony from Steep-Holmes, in the Bristol Channel, or a curious little veronica from the lower ranges of New Zealand. Only the other day I was in a garden where I saw all the three known varieties of the "edelweiss," or betrothal flower of the European Alps. The Swiss plant is really very easily cultivated from seeds sown as soon as they ripen in early summer or autumn, so that no one need run risks in Switzerland in order to collect the plant itself. This flower has also been found in Sikkim and elsewhere in northern India, while a distinct small-leaved species is a native of Mount Cook, in New Zealand. These deep blue gentians are from Mont Rosa, or here is a patch from Galway, and there is a tuft of St. Dabœc's heath, from the wilds of Connemara. Every one of the plants found during our holiday rambles abroad has a history and associations of its own. And so in a way the best of note-books or of memory tablets are often the flower beds of a good garden. This soft, sulphur-blossomed wind-flower is from Samaden, and here is a fringed pink from the Grindelwald, or a rare catch-fly from rocks near Luchon. This tiny fern is from a cave in the Black Forest—and she was with me when I first saw the glacial buttercup at the snow line above the Hotel Bernina.

My own delight in new or rare hardy flowers has led me into some pleasant wanderings. I had an early dinner one lovely day in April at the "Peacock Inn," near Belvoir Castle, which stands on the fringe of the Foxshire country. I had an hour or two to spare, and the pretty waiting-maid, of whom I had made inquiries as to trains, mentioned incidentally that the spring flowers were at their best in the castle garden. So I went to see. No one who has seen the flowery places of Belvoir in April can ever forget them; the place is a paradise of saxifrage, and a heaven of forget-me-not blue. Rosy silene, purple viola, golden alyssum, primroses, tulips, and bluebells, scattered with an art which is almost perfect in its modesty, have transformed the wooded

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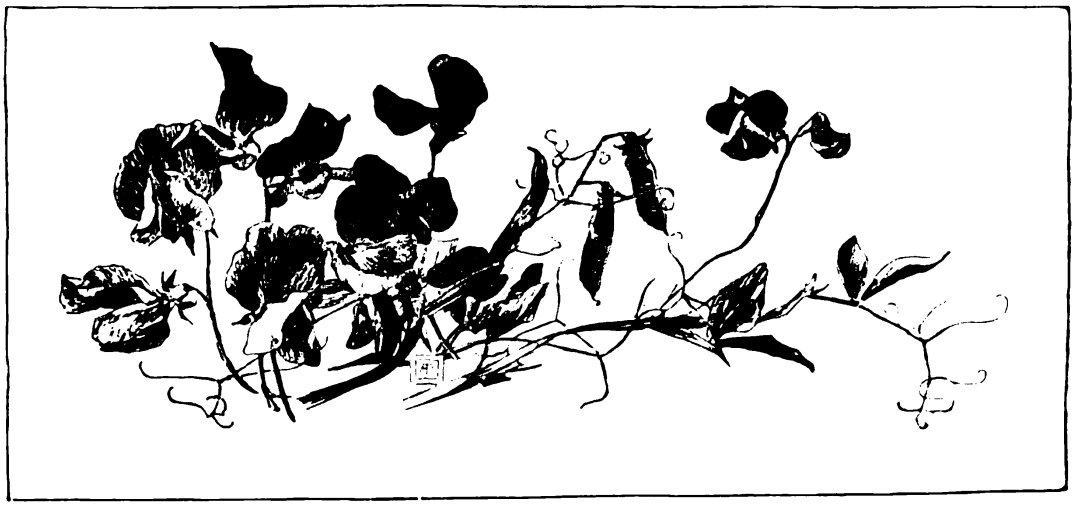
DAFFODILS.

slope into a bit of fairy-land; and as Cliveden by the Thames is the Mecca, so is the duchess's garden at Belvoir the very Medina, of all lovers of the dear old-fashioned flowers of spring. Go where you may in England, you will now find the best of all the country-house gardens full of hardy flowers, and, as at Heckfield or Longleat, they not only fill the garden, but overflow into the surrounding woodland walks and drives, and the neighboring cottage gardens even are richly beau-

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tified by the more fragrant and homely kinds. I think it is in Surrey that the finest wall-flowers and primroses grow in all England, and a pilgrimage there in the time of apple blossom by day and nightingales at night is sure to be a happy one. To see pansies rich and velvety at their best one must go north of the Tweed, and the fame of Irish daffodils is to-day an old story, although I must confess to having seen them marvellously fine and vigorous at Whitton, in the Thames Valley, and also in the rich tulip fields at Leyden. The popularity enjoyed by all sorts of golden daffodils is surprising, and at an exhibition of them held in London a couple of years ago, about four hundred different-named kinds were shown, and one beautiful variety—a white star with a fiery cup—was then and there named in compliment to Miss Mary Anderson, who happened to be present as a visitor. Some kinds are naturalized in the English meadows, and a giant variety was suddenly discovered two or three years ago in a secluded valley in Wales, much to the delight of amateurs fond of these classical flowers. Near Gibraltar a species of Narcissus is found which has rushy leaves, and jonquil-like flowers as "green as grass." In a trade list now before me I see some of the rarest of daffodils are priced at a guinea per bulb, but, on the other hand, the common kinds are only valued at about the same price per thousand. In Kent, Sussex, and also in some parts of Hertfordshire and Warwickshire, masses of wild daffodil sway and nod and flutter in all their freshness above the lush young grass, and groups of the large double kind gleam out from orchard and garden like burnished gold as the train rushes past the country stations. Of course Queen Rosa is the old English flower from all points of view, and hundreds of acres of them are grown for sale between the Land's End and John o' Groat's house. In country places, and even near London, you see neat little villas and cottages almost smothered in roses or sweet-peas and clematis during June and July, and the great rose shows bring together marvellous collections. For years the florists grew and valued double-flowered varieties only, but a marked advance has been inaugurated by the amateurs of hardy flowers, who now value single roses, dahlias, pyrethrums, and daisies or sun-flowers, as much as the double ones formerly *de rigueur* in all respectable gardens. The rose is peculiarly English, and a moss-rose bud is there as potent as the betrothal "edelweiss" of the Swiss Alps, or as the yellow roses of Alphonse Karr. The real magic of old garden flowers of all sorts lies in their associations, they are the symbols of subtle delights of many kinds, while tropical blossoms, however lovely, are as devoid of heart language as is the painted jay beside the nightingale.

I think I am correct in saying that the larger proportion of those blossoms selected as national or political symbols have been taken from "the hardy brigade." Of such are the rose, thistle, shamrock, and leek, the broom (planta genista), the white iris of Florence, the fleur-de-lis of France, the lily alluded to by Chaucer.

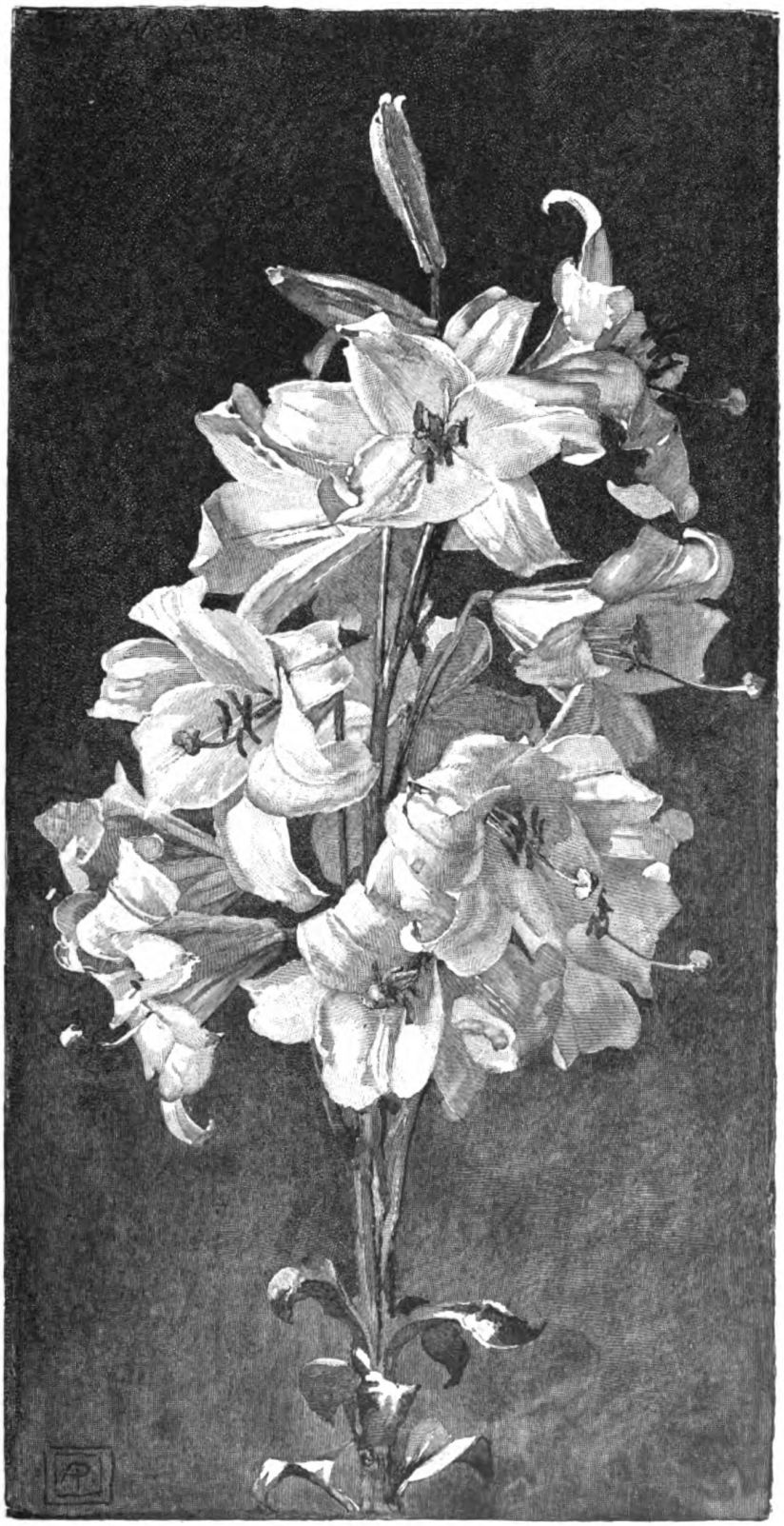


SWEET-PEAS.

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This last is supposed to have been the white or Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not unfrequently degraded on July 12 as a symbol of party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon dynasty is even yet worn in France, and at Fontainebleau the apartments of the ex-Empress Josephine are redolent with its exquisite odor. In China and Japan the chrysanthemum has taken the place of honor as the national flower, but one of the latest and strongest of party badges is the "pale primrose" of Shakespeare, now the ensign of the "Primrose League," an order of Conservatives founded in honor of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who gave us the sweet picture of Lady Corisande's garden in *Lothair*. This league now numbers more than four hundred thousand members.

If we notice any one variation in the management of gardens to-day as typical of artistic progress, we are reluctantly forced to confess that the greatest advance has been effected, not so much by the professional gardeners, nor by the horticultural clubs



WHITE LILIES.

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and societies, but by the garden press having encouraged the progress of amateur and more especially lady gardeners in the growth, usage, and right management of flowers. The delight in formal masses of crude coloring as typified by "bedding out" was accompanied in many cases by the plant-houses being devoted to the growth and storage of large plants of various kinds for public exhibition. Goldsmith tells us of "a horse that looks well in a stable, but which is a bad nag to take out on a journey," and these enormous ericas, ixoras, pelargoniums, and other "show" plants were often as useful as white elephants to their owners. Much labor and expense was devoted during nine or ten months of every year to the culture of plants from which the actual owner dare not in many instances cut a flower.

If it be true that "the pen is mightier than the sword," one may take for granted the fact that it is now and then more helpful than the spade. From the very earliest times we find gardening illumined and directed by the pen. Bacon's celebrated essay "On Gardens" will recur to those interested, and George Herbert, the divine, quaintly tells us that "of gardening and building no man knoweth the cost"—a shrewd observation which is likely to find an echo in the experience of many who have ventured on either pursuit. I have purposely avoided many allusions to ancient or what are popularly called classical authors, but I cannot resist pointing out the fact that some of our most successful writers of to-day, and of those whose works are read in these pages, are literally and truly gardeners. Who has not lingered over *Christowell*, by R. D. Blackmore, who, Virgil-like, devotes much of his time to his fruit trees at Twickenham? and have we not noted the true instinct of fruit and flower culture in *Nature's Serial Story* and in the *Home Acre*, by Mr. E. P. Roe, or laughed at Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*? Even the artists share the fate of the writers, and become bond-servants to Flora. I have never seen Mr. W. H. Gibson's garden, but I am quite sure he has a good one, for it is only true and practical gardeners who can draw leaves and petals as he and Mr. Alfred Parsons do draw them. Every one fond of flowers and gardens should read Alphonse Karr's *Tour Round My Garden;* also *Days and Hours in a Garden*, by Mrs. Boyle (E. V. B.); and every work written by the late Mrs. J. H. Ewing is alive with sympathy for garden blossoms, as is also a little volume entitled *The Six of Spades*, a book about the garden and the gardener, by the Rev. Reynolds Hole, Canon of Lincoln, the genial pastor and rosarian, who formulated the aphorism that "he who would grow beautiful roses in his garden must first of all have beautiful roses in his heart." Charles Kingsley had a charming little garden near the Pine-trees at Eversley, and both he and his brother Henry Kingsley, the novelist, always wrote feelingly on floriculture. There is scarcely a single work of John Ruskin's that does not enlighten us as to the exquisite fitness and grace of vegetation, and in his *Proserpina, or A Study of Way-side Flowers*, there are minute studies and much subtle reasoning as to their anatomy and nomenclature.

As a painter takes canvas and colors and produces for us a beautiful picture, so the gardener may paint or beautify the bare earth or the grassy lawn with living flowers; but to do this well he must either be more than half an artist himself, or he must allow himself to be guided into a system of bold and thoughtful grouping, and this grouping or arrangement is the point at which so many cultivators break down. The only general rule is expressed by the old proverb, "Everything is fine that is fit," but, to begin at the beginning, the entrance to the garden more especially should always be a beautiful one. In olden times the garden gate was often more thoughtfully treated than it is now, hence we find here and there quaint roofed gates, or a light and creeper-wreathed structure of old hammered iron, instead of the prosaic varnished door or formal cast-iron gates of to-day. It does not matter much what style or form of entrance is adopted if it be a fitting one, but it should be a more pleasant "going in" than a mere square hole in a wall stopped up by a plain wooden door. The thing may be expensive or not, according to its surroundings, and these will to a certain extent rule as to whether it is a work of art from the forge, or a bit of good masonry, or a plain wicket-gate of rustic wood-work set in a hedge of laurel or of sweetbrier. It is very often a matter of some interest to know the date of an old garden, and

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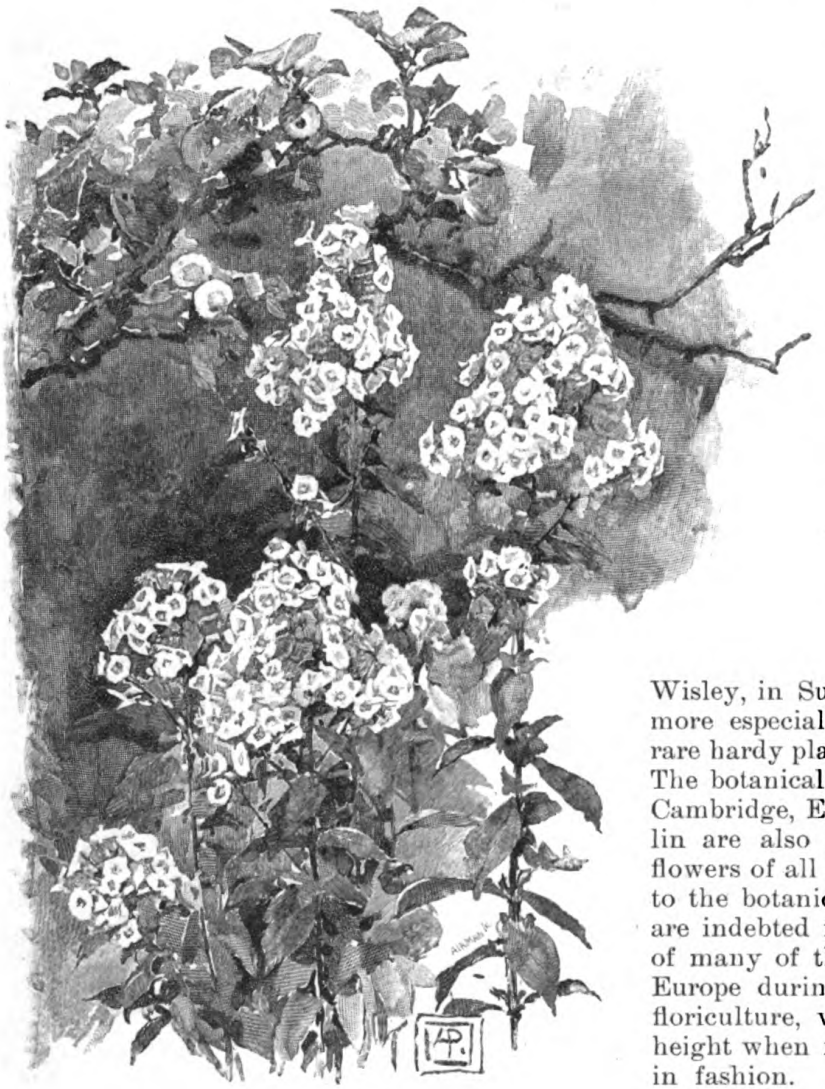


HOLLYHOCKS.

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PHLOX.

when this is known it may be engraved simply and boldly on a stone, and let in over the gate or door, or, if the entrance be a sunny one, a dial may occupy this place of honor. The modern idea of a gilt-faced clock over the stables is convenient, but it scarcely compensates one for the loss of the quaint old dials which our grandfathers fixed to the sunny gables of their houses, when good sound building was the rule. At the garden gate or door one should get a foretaste of sights in store, of what is to come. It may be wreathed with ivy, clematis, roses, or honeysuckle, wistaria or vine, and as so enriched may in itself become one of the most suggestive and beautiful things near the dwelling. I am often asked where really well arranged gardens of hardy flowers can be seen. There are now many good gardens on many soils. Those at Belvoir Castle, Cliveden, and Chatsworth are open to visitors under certain restrictions, but there are many private gardens of the very best types which may only be seen by the courtesy and permission of their owners. Of such is the garden at Munstead, and Mr. G. F. Wilson's wood garden at Wisley, in Surrey, wherein lilies more especially, and many other rare hardy plants, are well grown. The botanical gardens at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin are also rich in old garden flowers of all kinds. Indeed, it is to the botanical gardens that we are indebted for the preservation of many of the hardy flowers of Europe during the dark ages of floriculture, which reached their height when ribbon borders were in fashion. We can never see too many good gardens if we wish to make the best of our own, actual observation and experience being of course preferable to the best of books.

Nowadays we do not care much for fancy gardening of any kind whatever. In some modern houses the decorator or his man recommends Japanese rooms, Sheraton rooms, or rooms furnished à la Marie Antoinette, or in the substantial oak of Elizabethan days. So too in the garden we now and then find what are called Dutch or Italian gardens, or some portions are planted with the flowers of Chaucer or of Shakespeare. When Bacon wrote "On Gardens" he derided all sorts of intricate knots or geometrical designs in gardening, sarcastically remarking that he had observed such conceits "on tarts." The real point in garden art, as in decorative art generally, is to have it in keeping; that

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is to say, suitable to the place. If you are so fortunate as to possess a real old house of the days of Elizabeth or of Shakespeare, furnish it with the solid wood-work of the time, and let your garden be filled with the flowers of the period if you will, but rest assured of the main fact that the most suitable style of gardening for modern dwellings is the best culture of all the best flowers of our own time.

Not by any means the least pleasing products of the flower-garden are its scented leaves and buds of every kind, and one point in our great-grandmothers' gardens was their posy-producing power. "Posy" is an old word which long ago did duty for the wire-stilted thing in a paper collar known to-day as a bouquet; in a word, it was a posy in rose-buds and sweetbrier instead of in words. I was turning over a rare old Herbal the other day, and came across the following receipt: "Take two moss-rose buds half open, a small spray of rosemary, half a dozen heads of lavender, to which add a cluster of mignonette, three old crimson clove-carnations, a small bunch of white jasmine, and a sprig or two of sweet-scented verbena" (*Aloysia*). If you add to the above an old cabbage-rose or two, so much the better, and the result will be a "sweet posy" that a duchess may like to have near her, and which, if tastefully put together with a few rose leaves, will be a delight to the eyes as well as to the nose. Well-made *pot-pourri* is delicious in winter, but during the golden summer-time every room in the house should be filled with fresh flower fragrance, leaving the mummied odors for the chilly winter of our discontent.

So far as the practical cultivation of hardy flowers is concerned, but little need be said. Above all, do not starve your flowers. The main point is good tillage, and one should never forget that a wall-flower or a lily is as fond of well-dug soil and leaf mould or well-rotted manure from the stable as is a cabbage or a potato. The best results I ever saw were obtained by digging up the old soil to a depth of three feet, at the same time adding burnt refuse, leaf mould, and bone meal as fertilizers. The best time to replant herbaceous perennials, or to make new plantations of them, is in the spring. Bulbs and tuberous-rooted plants, which are as a rule deciduous, should not be replanted or dug up until their leaves turn yellow and die away during the summer months. Some plants, as Christmas roses and peonies, should be well planted in deep rich soil, and then they will grow and thrive best if undisturbed for years, while, on the other hand, many plants, such as asters or "Michaelmas daisies," phloxes, perennial sunflowers, and lobelias, are best divided and replanted in well-worked soil every spring. Set rules are of but very slight service to the cultivator at any time, since in every garden the exceptions are so many; indeed, one of the main attractions of gardening is, as Mr. E. P. Roe tells us, because it is a game of skill played with Nature, and if we watch her play pretty closely, she will now and then allow us to win.

The old mixed border was simply a choke muddle, and has in its time done much damage to the cause of hardy-flower gardening. Nowadays, if several specimens of a good plant are possessed, it is usual to make of them an irregular or cloud-like group; in a word, to focus their beauty at some suitable point rather than to dot the plants about singly at regular distances and at hap-hazard among other things. So that in a well-arranged garden we meet with large groups of blue, red, yellow, or white flowers, and so get rid of the fussy mixtures of tints which were so confusing to every one, and especially distasteful to the eyes of artistic people. Another point is to cover the earth as much as possible between the flowery groups with leafy things, and whenever possible the herbaceous border is made in front of a wall draped with shrubs and creepers, so that it serves as a background to the flowers. The various hues of the flowers themselves are harmonized or contrasted in the garden just as if they were being arranged for a picture, and it is just as fatal to put reds inclining to blue in proximity to reds inclining to orange in the one case as in the other. It is a good rule to grow only the very finest kinds of the flowers which experience has shown to be suitable to your soil and climate.

At Chatsworth, Belvoir, or Cliveden you may see the hardy flowers nestling beneath the rugged turret, the lengthened terrace, or the stately balustrade, and even in the midst of all their beauty there loom up visions of the line and the spade. Even Disraeli's beautiful dream of the wilder-

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ness of Hatfield, ycleped "Corisande's garden," is marred by the introduction of white peacocks, and somehow one suspects the native attar of the aristocratic rose. But there are some old unkempt gardens that we all remember, sunny-walled and intricate, beautiful even although half neglected, lovely because filled with healthy vigor and with unshorn grace. Such gardens are as the lithe contadina of the vine fields as seen beside la signorina of the town; the one has the fresh beauty of a Galway peasant girl, the other is rich in culture and as softly languid as is my Lady Vere de Vere.

What fair sights, sweet sounds, and happy memories crowd upon us when one remembers all the dear old gardens one has seen! A Florence garden rich-tinted with crocus, or blazing with anemones; a Roman one where the roses seem to be tumbling over the walls, and where violets and cyclamen yield the incense of Eden once again. Or one remembers the rose tangle near an old French well, the peonies and poppies of a Breton garden, or a garden in Normandy filled with the snow-white flowers of pears or cherries above and with crisp young lettuce below. Even a London market garden is not so prosaic, after all, with its heaps of soil, its long rows of frames, with here and there a pane broken, or a sash tilted, or a lot of fragrant Archangel mats spread out to dry in the sun. All these are near the house of red brick, or the red-tiled barns and sheds of tarred shingles; but stretching further afield are the great orchards, apples or plums, all in blossom, with narcissus and wall-flower, or stocks and pansies, beneath the lines of fruit trees.

Even those who have honestly struggled with the "pusley" will dream dreams of gardens homely but beautiful—a handful of seeds scattered round a log hut or Western farmstead, or a spicy Southern garden somewhere down the Gulf, where the Cherokee rose reminds one of a snow-drift, and where the thermometer reminds one of the tropics, while all around is the fragrance of orange blossom, or the cooling rustle of banana leaves.

A good garden has many charms, and yields opportunities for the giving and the acceptance of many beautiful things. We may grow flowers of the finest in our own garden, but there is in human nature a deep-laid law which enables us to admire the successes of others often as much as and sometimes more than our own. Hence the keen interest and innocent delight afforded by a few flowers or roots from a friend's garden. We may have exactly the same blossoms growing around us, and yet familiarity has taken off the edge of our enjoyment of them. But when the postman or mail-cart brings a box of flowers or plants to the door, how keenly anxious we are to see its contents! It may only be a rare flower to name, some accidental sport or vagary of growth, a new blossom or an old one, or fifty other of the moods and phases of plant life, all equally welcome and interesting. When we see the flowers of a good garden, it is not only the flowers, but each is laden with some association or pleasant memory, which gives to this rose a richer perfume, or to that iris a tender regret. It is not only flowers we see, but friends, old and young and true, or it is some scene in our former travels abroad or in our rambles at home which is again photographed in our mind's eye. Is it not Alphonse Karr who tells us how happy he was in a garden? "It was only a narrow and poor back garden, that I could have jumped over at a bound —for I was young—and she would steal there at even-tide for a few minutes' talk, only a few whispered words, half unsaid, and a kiss at parting, and yet this gave a royalty to the place, and made it to me the most beautiful garden in the whole world."

There is a story told of one of the Rothschilds, who was asked by a friend which was the best garden in England. "Oh! Covent Garden," he replied: and perhaps he was practically nearer the mark than at first sight appears. To Covent Garden comes the best produce, not only of English gardens, but of Continental ones as well. Fruit from all parts of the world, and flowers of the finest from the hothouses of England, from London market gardens, and from the flower farms of Nice or Hyères and Mentone. The flower markets of Paris are, however, the best I know anywhere, and the gay city has flowers of the finest in abundance; but then I have never seen Rome, or Florence, or Cannes, nor have I been to New York, where, I am told, the rich citizens almost smother their guests with flowers. Near Notre Dame is a little village of booths devoted to the sale of plants and flowers. It is a clean open space, and the carriages come and go quite laden with roses or

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A COTTAGE GARDEN.

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callas, or Cape arums, pansies, marguerites, or with ficus or palms. Here you may see those delightful little wicker-work baskets filled with pansies in full flower, and so planted that if the basket be dipped in water now and then the whole arrangement keeps fresh and beautiful, and the pansies go on producing their rich velvety flowers for weeks after they are purchased and taken home.

The wide-spread interest now being taken in hardy garden flowers is shown in many ways, and in no one way more forcibly than in the great annual exhibitions of paintings both in London and in Paris. In the Salon the flower pictures of the past few years have been both numerous and important in size. The flowers most generally represented are chrysanthemums, roses, peonies, lilacs, poppies, narcissus, lilies, and iris of various kinds. The flower pictures of Lecroux, Lemaire, Fantin-Latour, and Kreyder, in the Salon, and those of Quost and Maignan, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, always appeal strongly to the sympathies of flower lovers of all kinds. In the Royal Academy exhibition the flower pictures are, as a rule, small and skimpy as compared with those in the Salon. A "Venetian Flower Girl" (61), by Luke Fildes, A.R.A., and Mr. Muckley's "Winter," a water-color of Christmas roses among the snow, were, however, notable exceptions to the general rule in the exhibition of 1886. One reason for the difference observable between the strong and faithful flower painting in the Salon and the dwarfed and fussy rendering of flower life in England may be due to the difference in climate. In France the artist may always, and often does, paint his flower pictures in the garden.

There is nothing in the world more democratic in its tendencies and teaching than is a garden. Everything that grows therein is real, not an imitation nor a painted sham. A white lily or a rose or a pansy beside a cottage door may be as fine as the lily or the rose or the pansies in a queen's garden. In other decorative arts this is rarely the case. For the poor is the cheap edition in cloth; for the rich, the hand-made paper, the good printing, the broad margins, the real leather binding. So in pictures or statuary, the chromograph or the plaster cast for the artisan, the painting or the original marble for his employer. But in the garden of the tiny cottage things are as real and as sweet and as beautiful for Demos the iron-handed as for Crœsus with his gold.

THE VICAR.

BY WINTHROP M. PRAED.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seem'd to say—
"Our master knows you—you're expected."

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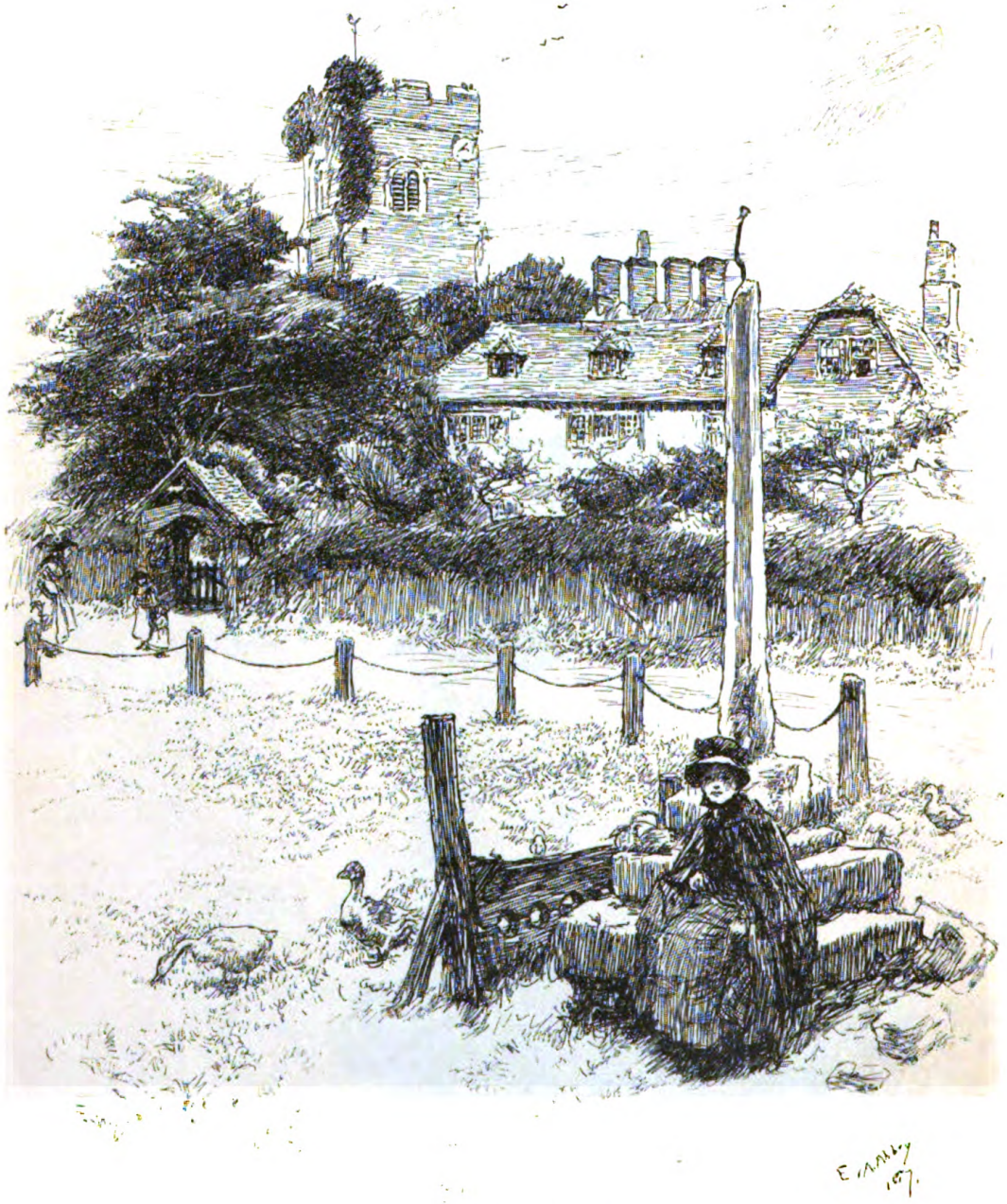


"THE MAN WHO LOST HIS WAY BETWEEN ST. MARY'S HILL AND SANDY THICKET."

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"THE PARSON'S WICKET."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;

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"FAIR MARGARET, IN HER TIDY KIRTLE, LED THE LORN TRAVELLER UP THE PATH."

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"THE LADY LAID HER KNITTING DOWN, HER HUSBAND CLASPED HIS PONDEROUS BARROW."

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Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
  And warm'd himself in Court or College,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love and liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipt from politics to puns,
  It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.



"OF LOUD DISSENT THE MORTAL TERROR."

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He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
That earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me,
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus:*
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:

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"IF HE DEPARTED AS HE CAME, WITH NO NEW LIGHT ON LOVE AND LIQUOR, GOOD SOOTH, THE TRAVELLER WAS TO BLAME, AND NOT THE VICARAGE, OR THE VICAR."

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"AND HE WAS KIND, AND LOVED TO SIT IN THE LOW HUT OR GARNISH'D COTTAGE."

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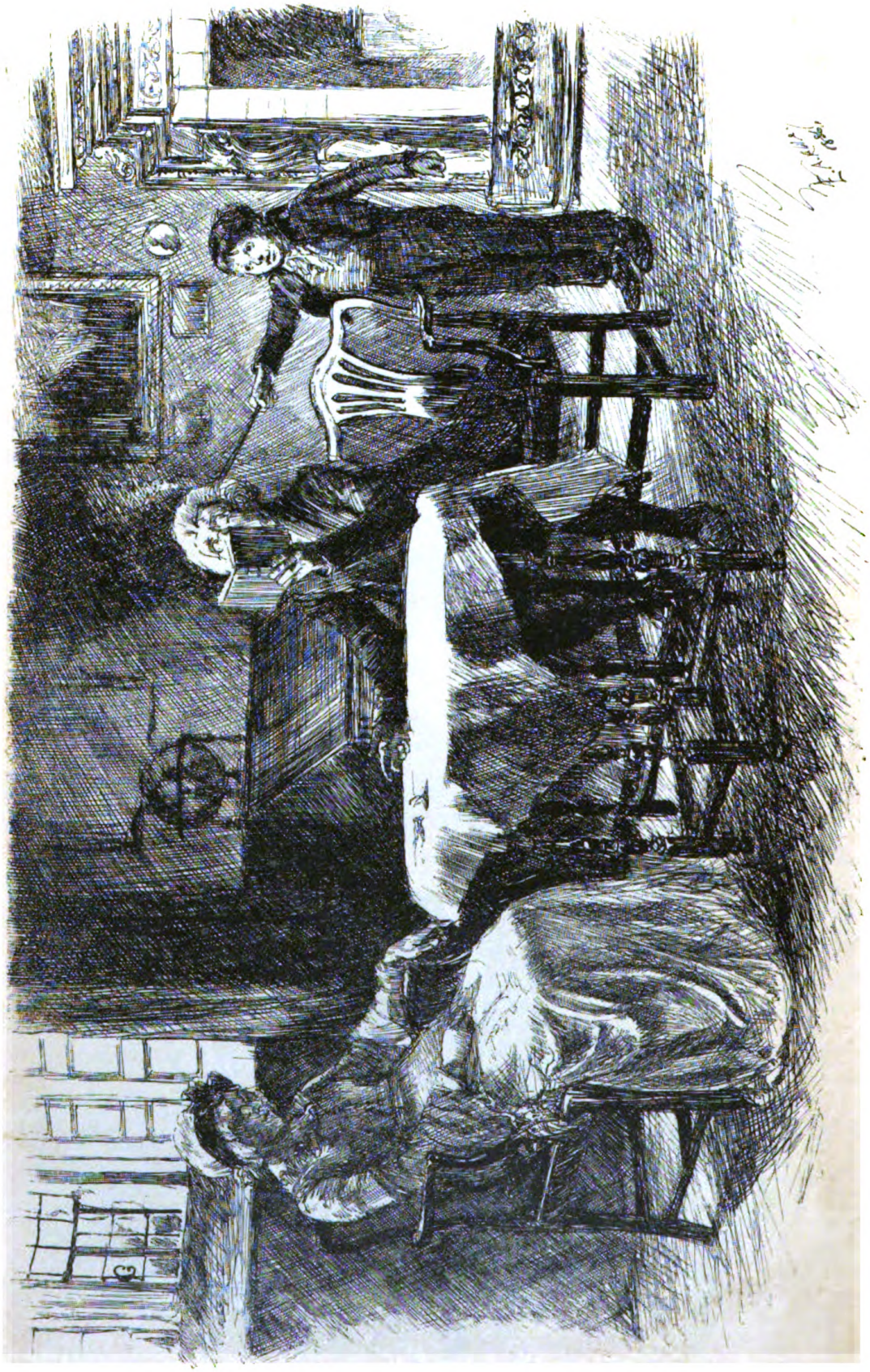
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet Gvlielmvs Brown,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."



"HIC JACET GVLIELMVS BROWN."

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"I USED TO SINGE HIS POWDER'D WIG."—[SEE PAGE 26.]

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ANOTHER WAY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Ah, come to me in dreams, and then,
One saith,* *I shall be well again,*
For then the night will more than pay
The weary longing of the day.

Nay, come not *thou* in dreams, my sweet,
With shadowy robes, and silent feet,
And with the voice, and with the eyes
That greet me in a soft surprise.

Last night, last night, in dreams we met,
And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain
Mine incommunicable pain?

Nay, where thy folk and country are,
Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep
The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break,
If dreams depart, and men awake,
If face to face at length we see,
Be thou the first to welcome me.

* Matthew Arnold.

"INJA."

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

JUNE in Virginia, and all the cherries ripe! One saw them in red and purple-black knots against the moving green of leaves and the intersecting slivers of dull blue sky. Their sunburnt, subtle fragrance mingled with the fresh perfume of meadows rained upon; their intermittent pattering upon the grass below was as pleasant a sound in its way as the cool noise made by the plashing of an oriole in a rain-filled stump near by. One was vaguely conscious of the monotone of a half-asleep wind through trees and grass, and the diminuendo of a locust's jarring song somewhere in the glittering distance.

Under the largest of two red-heart cherry-trees sat a girl shelling pease. She had a professional way of inserting her small, well-curled thumb into the green shales, ousting their contents with a single movement. Sometimes a cherry would fall upon her dark braids, and drop thence in among the verdant contents of the yellow-ware bowl. Several handsome Dorking hens gathered under the tree to peck at the fallen fruit, dispersing at each new descent of the sleek, scarlet spheres, with a nervous dip of fan-tails and a hysterical squawk. A large, well-to-do-looking katydid leaped suddenly upon the edge of the almost full bowl, and began to arrange its toilet with its slim, serrated legs, regarding the world at large from its clear, light red eyes. The girl reached forth a cautious hand, and seizing the busy creature by its furled wings, deliberately held it out to a stout speckled hen that was tiptoeing about close by. Then she pushed back her fallen hair from her eyes with the back of her other hand, and went on with her pea-shelling in easy unconcern.

"There'll be one less of the nasty things to keep me awake nights," she said, addressing the speckled matron, who regarded her greedily, her bill still ornamented with one of the hapless insect's long green legs.

Just then the sound of a horse at gallop broke in upon the somnolent noises of the

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day, approaching nearer, until it ceased behind a clump of lilacs at the rickety horse-block by the low gate, and the rider, dismounting, entered the yard. The girl looked up without ceasing her work.

"That you, father?" she said. Her voice was rich in throat notes, and she spoke with scarcely a movement of her lips. The voice that answered was not unlike.

"Well, yease, it's me, sugar, en mo' besides—considbul mo', by Guinea! Hyah's 'nough lettahs tuh lars yuh fur a yeah, ef they wuz dealt out fyah."

"How many?"

"Five."

"Lor', that ain't many. Shuh! father, they're all samples."

"Samples?" said old Sterling. "Samples fur what?"

"For a new dress. Oh! oh! ain't this lovely? Look, father—the precise color of a cherry! Does it become me? Look."

She laid the bright bit of silk against her hair, and glanced up at her father for approval.

"It cert'n'y is pret'y," he said, slowly, biting his large thumb-joint in contemplation; "en it do become yuh; but yuh know I've aluz had a kinder hoanin' arter green. Firs' time I ever sot eyes on yo' mother, she had on a apple-green frawk, hitched up with a sash. Yo' face 'd look like a peach on a bough, ef yuh wuz dressed in green. Don't yuh think green's pret'y?"

"Oh yes, it's pretty, certainly, some kinds of green. Apple green's hideous. What would I be like in apple green? I'd be for all the world like a katydid, with my long arms and legs."

Sterling looked a little blank. He dropped his entirely blue eyes, and began to step upon the edge of one cowhide boot with the other.

"They tells me apple green is mighty fashnubble," he said, presently.

"Oh, they'll say anything's fashionable to make it sell," replied the girl, returning to her pea-shelling.

Her father sat down near her on a wheelbarrow, and felt furtively at a parcel concealed in his voluminous coat-tail pocket. The removal of his soft felt hat disclosed tufty masses of absolutely white hair, combed up and backward from a full square brow. His daughter inherited the abundant hair in its pristine blackness, and a smaller and narrower reproduction of the forehead. Her eyebrows, though shapely, were singularly thick and broad, looking much like strips of fur above her claret-colored eyes. She was like her father also in the pose of her handsome head, which was set forward and yet erect on a long brown throat.

"I cert'n'y wud like tuh see yuh in green, Inja," said Sterling, after a pause. "S'posin' I got you a frawk, a green frawk, yuh'd make it, wudn't yuh?"

"You'd better ask me if I'd wear it."

"Well, yuh wud, wudn't you?"

"It depends, of course—"

"Did'n' I hyah yuh say ez how yuh wanted a new silk?"

India nodded, looking up for an instant from the now brimming bowl.

"Well," he said, with an evident effort, bringing forth the hitherto concealed parcel, "thya 'tis!"

"What, really!" cried the girl.

She set the bowl of pease on the ground at her side, laying her large straw hat over it, to protect its contents from the raids of the gluttonous Dorkings; then she took the parcel from her father's hands and began to untie it.

"That thar's moughty good string, sugar," Sterling could not refrain from observing, as the stout twine "tchicked" in several places under a garden knife which she took from the hollow of her blue-calico lap.

"'Tain't *now*," she replied, concisely. The last wrapping had been unfurled, and she sat staring down at the contents of the parcel on her knees for a second or two before bursting into loud but musical laughter.

"Yuh don' like it?" said Sterling, timidly. She held her side with her hand, and laughed and laughed again.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she gasped, finally, "who *did* bamboozle you into buying this thing, father? Oh my! oh my! I never in my life saw such a— Ha! ha! ha! Oh! ho! ho! ho! Oh dear!"

Sterling dropped his head a little, and took a corner of the vivid silk between his hard thumb and forefinger. He glanced half-shamedly at her from under his curling white brows. "It—it 'll do for curtains, won't it?" he asked, in a low voice. "Yuh know I ain' no jedge. I only wanted to please yuh." His voice shook a little.

"To please me?" repeated India, lifting her handsome furry brows, and turning

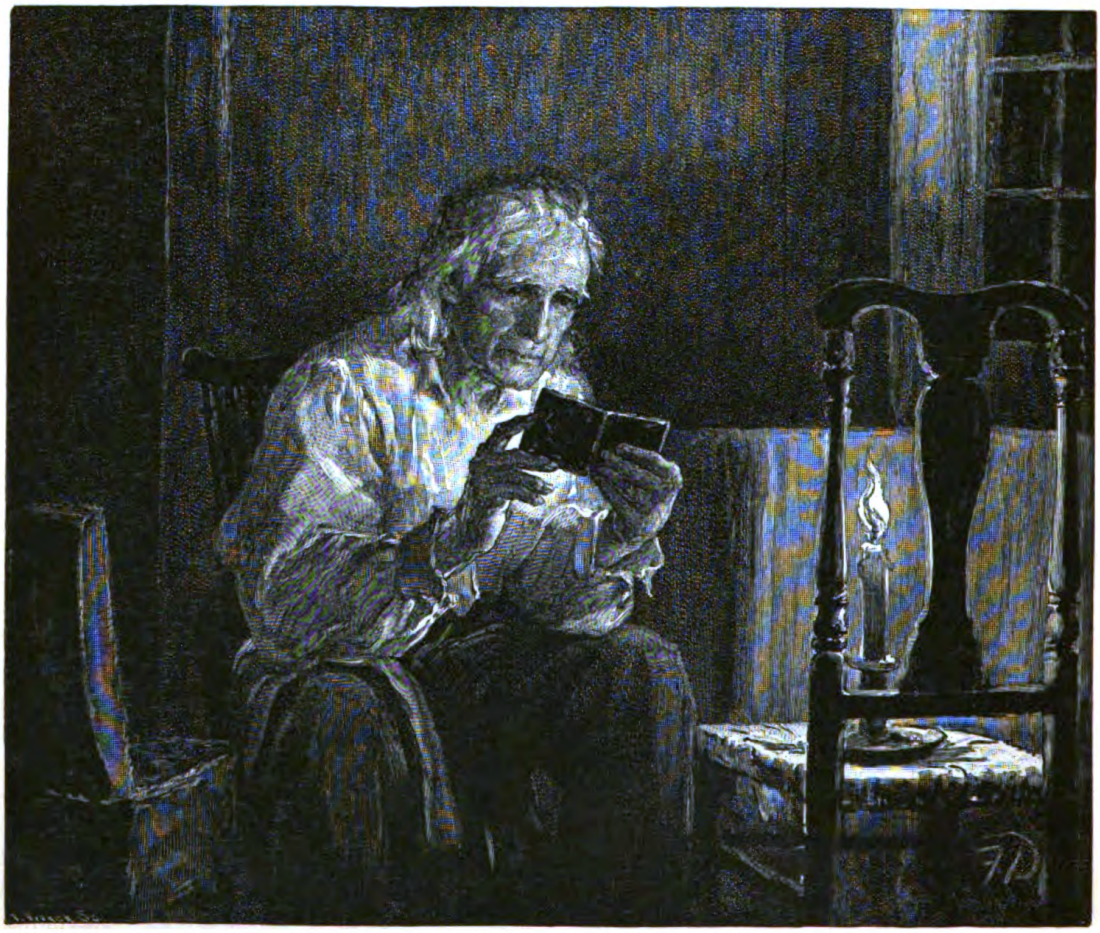
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UNDER THE CHERRY-TREE.

toward him for an instant—she never vouchsafed to any one more prolonged attention—"and in the name of sense what on earth made you think I'd like a dress the color of a stagnant pond? Goodness! it makes my teeth wrinkle. Oh Lor'! father! is *that* what you call ap-ap-apple green?" She burst into another

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"IT WAS A PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE."—[SEE PAGE 37.]

violent fit of laughter, holding her eyes with her finger-tips, and swaying back and forth.

A slow red had come into Sterling's cheek. "I reckon '*tis* pow'ful ugly," he said. "I wuz a fool not tuh"—he cleared his throat and went on—"not tuh arsk some woman or ruther tuh git it fur me. I'm sorry, honey."

"Oh, it don't make any difference," India said, magnanimously. "I can swap it for something, I reckon." She rose suddenly, refolding the obnoxious silk in its paper covering. "It must be near three o'clock," she said. "Mr. Lely will be over at half past three to see about something."

Sterling turned a trifle sharply, the red still burning on his handsome high cheek-bones. "He's too darned eternal over here," he said. "I don't like him; I wish he'd keep his darned dorgs and critters tuh his own place. How'd yuh know he wuz comin'?"

"By listening when he informed me of the fact," replied the girl, with quiet insolence, adding over her shoulder, as she paused in the doorway, "I don't see why you should visit it on Mr. Lely because I don't like the dress."

Mr. Ruthven Lely came at half past three. He was a New York stock-broker who had recently purchased a farm in the neighborhood. He had several fine Irish setters, two of which he had given Sterling to train for him, and his interest in their progress gave him an excuse for frequent visits to Sterling's place, and an opportunity to see much of India, whose beauty had excited his admiration. He had flamboyant red hair; and his mustache was of the same color, as were also the rims to his eyes. Sterling, who was a man of prejudices, had taken a dislike to him from the first.

"Mornin'," he said, unsmilingly, as Lely advanced along the garden path, followed by a third setter.

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Lely replied by asking if Miss India had recovered from her fright of yesterday afternoon.

"What fright?" asked Sterling, straightening his large shoulders; "who frightened her?"

"Unfortunately I did," replied Lely, easily. "It was after dark, and I nearly rode over her, near Pringle's mill."

Sterling patted the dog, which had left its master to fawn upon him. "I don' reckon it's damaged her constitution serious," he said, grimly.

"It was really a dangerous thing," urged Lely. "Er—wouldn't it be as well, Sterling, for you to suggest to your daughter not to walk out so late in the evening?"

Sterling lifted his big blue eyes slowly and steadily until they rested full upon the rose-edged orbs of Mr. Lely. "It mought," he said. "It mought be well tuh do lots and gobs of things I ain' never tried en ain' never goin' tuh do. I s'pose yuh've come tuh see 'bout them dorgs. I've been wraslin' with them dorgs like Jacop with th' angel—though they're fur 'nough from angels, I'll say that fur 'em. The leetlest one's the best."

India appeared at the door. She had changed her blue calico gown for one of white linen, and wore a belt of orange-colored ribbon.

"Dinner's ready, father," she said, composedly. "Good-morning, Mr. Lely."

Lely took off his hat, and held it in his hand while he spoke to her. "I was just asking your father after you," he said. "I was afraid the shock of last night might have given you a headache."

"I haven't time for headaches," she replied. "Are you coming in now, father?"

"He wants tuh see his dorgs," said Sterling, half turning away.

"Oh, there's no hurry, I assure you, Mr. Sterling," said Lely. "I will wait for you out here. It's charming under these cherry-trees."

Sterling took his massive cleft chin between his thumb and forefinger, and again fastened his eyes stirlessly upon those of Lely. "Ef yuh're goin' tuh call me Sterling," he said, "do it. Ef yuh ain't, don't. 'Mister' ain' differ'nt one time from what it is another. I hope you will accommodate me."

Lely's face waxed ruddy above his rubescent mustache. "Certainly, certainly," he said, turning away.

India helped her father to bacon and greens before she spoke. "You don't want anybody to teach you how to be rude—do you, father?" she then said.

"I kyarnt abide that fellar!" broke forth Sterling, flinging himself back in his chair. "He smells sweet."

"Does he?" said India, with the characteristic lifting of her brows. "You can't say the same for many of our acquaintances."

"A man 'ain' got no more business smellin' sweet than a oak-tree's got ter smell like a vi'let. Let the wimmen-folks scent theirselves up if they likes—but a man! Shuh! Though that red-head ain't a man ennyhow. You jes oughter see him try 'n' whistle tuh his dorgs. Fweheuh! Fweheuh! Fweheuh!"—imitating the impotent whistle. "He'll stan' in the middle uv a pertater patch en go like that thyar fur ten minutes at a time. Uv co'se his dorgs don' respect him. Dorgs is mighty sensibul, besides havin' the keenest noses goin' fur a smell. Yuh try to fin' a dorg ez is goin' tuh love a man that smells that a-way—I dar' yuh tuh do it."

"I don't think I'll try," said the girl, leaning on one hand while she fed her big tortoise-shell cat with the other.

"En he wrops his neck up in a silk handerkercher when it gets to'ds dark," pursued Sterling, vehemently, "en kyars little pills in a bottle fur his so'e throat. Did you know he had a so'e throat? En cuts his nails in p'ints, like he'd got tuh grub fur roots like a monkey. En one day I wuz in tuh ole Aun' Nancy Skinner's fur a light tuh my pipe, en I see some shirts uv hisn ez she had tuh wash, en by Guinea, ef his name warn't stuck in sky-blue on every blessed shirt tail! Yah!" he ended, rising and pushing away his chair, "he makes me right down sick tuh my stummuch!"

Suddenly he turned, and seizing her arm, drew her toward the window. "Thyar!" he said; "look at him now, will yuh! Did yuh ever see sech a bawn fool?"

Mr. Lely was nearly dislocating his spine in his efforts to rid the legs of his trousers of some Spanish-needles.

"Wouldn' Jorhn laugh at him if he cud see him now? What's the matter 'twix' yuh and Jorhn, ennyhow?" He turned and looked at her gravely. "I've been noticin' ez how things are mighty changed 'twixt yuh and him fur some time. Is yo' quoiled?"

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"Not that I am aware of," replied the girl. "*He* smells anything but sweet. He's always been walking through mud puddles when I have the pleasure of seeing him, and wet leather's not overwhelmingly pleasant to smell."

"Inja," said her father, putting both gentle, brawny hands on her delicate shoulders and turning her toward him, "look hyuh, honey. Yuh're aluz takin' up fur that thyar fellar out thyar en a-runnin' down uv Jorhn Nixon. Yuh cert'n'y ain' got enny notions in yo' pret'y head 'bout that thyar Lely—is yuh?"

"Notions? How do you mean?"

"Is yuh—well, fur instance—is yuh got enny kinder idea uv his askin' yuh tuh mah'y him some time?"

"Why?"

"'Cause, honey," he said, very gently, "'twould go moughty hard with yo' ole dad tuh think it."

"I would be a lady," said the girl.

He took her soft face into his broad palms and looked down into her clear eyes—"Ain' yuh one now, honey?"

She broke away from him with a deep flush. "You certainly can ask more questions to the minute than any man I know," she cried, putting up the backs of her hands to her hot cheeks.

That night after she had gone to bed her father knocked at her door. She had been lying in bed reading *Princess Napraxine*, and her heart was yet beating for one of those finely upholstered scenes. It had beaten so violently in fact that the stiff frills on the breast of her night-gown had scraped softly together with its motion. The æsthetic luxury and passionate romance of the story fed her fancy and stirred her pulses. Reluctantly she slipped her book under the log-cabin quilt and said, "Come in."

Reuben Sterling entered, and the contrast which his appearance suggested with that of the world-worn and languid Othmar of the novel was somewhat startling. He was in his trousers and shirt, and the candle which he held lighted up his silver mane and deep-cut face. He sat down on the edge of the four-post bed, saying nothing for some time, and pinching the softened tallow of the candle about its wick. India began to move restlessly under the cotton sheet which she abhorred. She had been interrupted in the midst of a thrilling interview between the Princess and Othmar, where he was offering to take her to a wonderful Oriental empire, which he was to purchase, as American magnates purchase peach-blow vases. India thought *she* would have gone, and she was panting with eagerness to know the irresistible Russian's decision. Oh, why would her father wear shirts split up the back, like a locust's shed skin, and walk about in his socks?

"Don't get narvous, sugar," he said, turning with a smile and laying his hand on her restless limbs. "I ain' a-goin' tuh stay long. I jes come in tuh say something tuh yuh." He looked at her lovingly, a long, wistful look, and began to stroke the bedclothes down over her pretty form. "I don' s'pose," he began, "ez how a chile ever knows the love ez its father en mother hez fur it. It's meant to be that a-way, I reckon. I've come tuh tell yuh, honey, that no matter what happens, or who yuh kyar fur, my love fur yuh'll be jes the same—jes the same, Inja. Inja?"

"Yes, father."

"Yuh do love me, honey, don't yuh?"

"Of course, father. How can you ask such silly questions?"

"I reckon 'tis silly," he said, a little wearily; "but some uv us is made that a-way."

"What way?" said the girl, impatiently. Oh, if he would only go, and let her find out if the lovely Princess fled with her prince of lovers!

He went on, caressing her absently. "Why tuh crave tuh hear love ez well ez tuh feel it. I've sometimes thought ez how enny other woman but yo' mother wud 've got tired tuh death uv hearin' a man ask so continuial ef she loved him. Ah! what a sweet gyrl she wuz, my Bess! Pret'y too. Lighter complected 'n you, honey, en so—"

"Father," said India, "I hope you won't think I'm cross, but it makes me so nervous, your stroking me that way."

Sterling drew back his hand with a hasty movement. "Why didn't yuh tell me befo'!" he asked. "Well, I'm goin' in a minute, ennyhow. I'm breakin' up yo' beauty sleep. Inja?"

"Yes, father."

"Ef yuh ever cud—'bout Jorhn, yuh know."

"Well, I couldn't," said India, decidedly. "Never. So don't go to thinking about it. The idea! A man who smells of gu-

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ano, and kills his own pigs!" It seemed almost desecration to even think of such a one while holding in her hand the record of the deeds and words of the superb Othmar.

"*I* kill my own horgs," said her father, slowly, not looking at her.

"I know you do. But it isn't a bit the same thing. At any rate I will never, never, *never* marry John Nixon."

"I'm sorry," said Sterling. He got to his feet, and then bending over, he kissed her twice. She was so eager to return to her book that she half drew it out from its hiding-place, then thrust it back again with a gusty sigh.

"I'm goin' right now," said her father, hurriedly. "I jes wanted to arsk yuh"—he paused a moment, and took the candle into his other hand—"'bout that thyar green silk yuh don't like. Ef—ef I git yuh another, wud yuh min' my takin' that back?"

"Not the least scrap," said the girl, sitting up in bed in her anxiety to be rid of him. "It's right there on the table. Now good-night. I really am too sleepy to talk any more."

"Good-night, honey," he answered, going toward the door with the silk in his hand. He turned again, however, when he reached it, and came back. Setting the candle on the floor, he kneeled down by the bed.

"Inja," he said, "put yo' arms 'round my neck en say 'good-night, daddy,' like yuh used tuh when yuh wuz little—'fo' —'fo' yo' mother went."

She writhed along toward him under the bedclothes, and put a hurried arm about his neck. She could not have put both as he had asked her without releasing the book, and it did not occur to her to do that. "Good-night, daddy," she said, kissing him quickly; "but I can't see why you want to be called that; it's so hideous."

"Never min', never min', honey," he said, getting again to his feet and gently patting her shoulder. "Good dreams tuh yuh!" Then he went.

As soon as the door closed behind him she returned ravenously to her novel. To her keen disappointment, the inexplicable heroine with her mystic smile refused to fly with the superb creature whose mere description thrilled India with a sense of being able to love. She thrust the book under her pillow, and drew from the same source a hand-mirror. She laid this on the bed, and shaking down her heavy hair, made a rich twilight about her, through which she gazed down into her face. How red her lips were in the soft light! She smiled, and was in love with the whiteness of her small, sharp teeth. She pressed her thick hair against her nostrils, and was delighted because of its fragrance. Then turning over upon her side, she lifted the mirror high above her, and looked upward at her reflection. She was thrilled with the beauty of her large, clear eyes, and her white brow shining through the parted tangles above. The contour of her neck and throat seemed so lovely to her that she caressed them with her long, sensitive fingers. She half closed her eyes that she might catch the effect of sleep upon her face, and slightly disarranged her night-gown to show the beauty of her white shoulders and arms. She laughed and half talked to herself, then looked and laughed again.

Suddenly her candle leaped high and died. She started, and, with the return of a common childish instinct, drew the sheet over her head. She could see the last reflection of herself painted on the surging darkness. It seemed to look at her mockingly out of half-veiled eyes. The buzzing of the summer fields mixed with her whirring pulses. As if in revenge, some relative of the murdered katydid found its way into the room, and began its vibrant shrilling near her bed. With her own remembered eyes fast upon her, she fell into a conscious sleep.

Sterling meanwhile, still in his shirt and trousers, was kneeling before a small horse-hair-covered chest in his own room, his candle flaring unsavorily on a rush-bottomed chair at his side. He held close to his eyes an old daguerreotype, bound book-like in rusty black morocco. His elbow kept in place the apple-green silk, which was folded across one knee. Breathing upon the picture, he rubbed it gently with his large thumb that he might more clearly see the faded likeness. It was a portrait of his wife, not in the first bloom of youth, but as he best remembered her, in a black and white check gown, fastened at the neck with an oval brooch containing their wedded locks. Upon a somewhat obtrusive finger the golden wedding-ring was well displayed. These last-mentioned articles the considerate ar-

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tist had neatly gilded, but Sterling had pride in remembering that the actual ornaments were not in any way shams. Her hair was gathered on either temple into a strange excrescence resembling a door-knob; but even this unique coiffure did not disturb the charm of the pretty, gracious face beneath.

"Ah, Bess! Bess!" he said, "yuh cert'n'y wud 'a liked this hyuh frawk—wudn't yuh, honey? It cert'n'y wud 'a become yuh—it cert'n'y wud." He again passed his thumb over the picture slowly several times, placed the green silk near the face, and after regarding the effect intently and with evident satisfaction, softly closed the shabby case, laid it underneath a fold of the silk, and put both away in the old chest.

"Father," said India, about a week afterward, "Mr. Lely's got a friend coming this evening. He wants to see you. He's coming to buy horses. He has gorgeous horses in New York. Mr. Lely wants him to see the colts."

"Me an' the colts are obligated," replied Sterling, without enthusiasm. He was mending an old harness with a bit of twine, and sat on a bench near the door between two beehives. The bees made friendly excursions up his arms and legs, and one that had got tangled in his blown hair was buzzing angrily. Sterling calmly took it between his thumb and forefinger and released it.

"I declare, father," cried the girl, "those things 'll turn on you some day and sting you to death. I don't see how you can bear to have 'em crawling over you that way."

"Yuh kyarn stan' my bees, en I kyarn stan' yo' Lely," was the terse reply. "We'll hev tuh put up wi' each othuh, sugar."

"Are you going to see the man, father?"

"Ef I ain' struck blin' 'fo' he comes, en he duz come, I s'pose it air in the co'se uv nachur, honey."

"He'll be here about four o'clock."

"That air onfortunate, bein' ez I won't."

"Won't what?"

"Be here."

"Will you be here at five?"

"Things p'ints that a-way."

"Well, I'll tell him. Er—father?"

"M'h?"

"Will you do me a great big favor?" She knelt at his feet and put her open hands against his breast. The blown leaves overhead filled her dark eyes with changeful lights. She was very like her mother, only her temples lacked the door-knob arrangements. "I don't often ask a favor of you, now do I?"

"Yuh hev a way of gettin' 'em 'thout th' arskin'," he answered, smiling, as he put a large hand meshed in twine over her two small ones.

"But this ain't for myself, father."

"'Tain't? Who is it fur, then? Fur Lely?"

"The *idea*! No; it's fur—guess who!"

"Ur—rur—ur—for Lely's frien'?"

"Lor', *no*, father. How can you? It's for your own dear old self."

"Fur me?"—tapping his central waistcoat button with a very straight middle finger—"me, sugar?"

"Yes, sir. It's something I want you to do to please me—and yourself too—something just lovely!"

"Yuh cert'n'y air sweet," he said, hugging her.

"*You* certainly are," replied India, pushing the loosened hair from her eyes with the back of her hand. "You're going to promise, father?"

"Well, I think hit's right likely. Ain't yuh goin' tuh tell me firs'?"

"You wait," she said, rising. She flew into the house. Returning soon, she found him in a chair under the cherry-trees. She came up behind him, and put a soft white towel about his neck, tucking it deftly under his shirt band. A moment later he heard the sharp click of a pair of scissors.

"What 're yuh a-doin', Inja?" he said, turning quickly. One of his white curls was in her hand. The wind loosened a few bright threads, and sent them drifting in the sunshine. He stared at her blankly, putting up a slow hand to his hair. India stood smiling and snapping her bright shears.

"I'm going to make you look perfectly beautiful," she said. "I'm afraid you'll get dreadfully vain. You must promise me you won't get vain. If you do, I—"

Sterling, who had turned a little pale, unfastened the towel without a word, shook it out, and folded it carefully upon his knee.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed.

"Yuh hev hyeered me say ez how yo' mother loved my hyah." He lifted his

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eyes suddenly and looked at her—"Yuh kyarn do that, Inja!" he said, firmly.

She was flushing and drawing her lip in and out between her teeth. "I don't suppose she made any particular point of its being nearly to your waist."

"She liked it jes so," he said; "jes ez it air; en so it shell stay."

"You ain't going to let me cut it, then?"

"No, darter."

"Not when I tell you it 'll make you look like a different man?"

"No, darter."

"Not when I tell you it's downright tacky as it is?"

"No, Inja." He tightened his lips and rose, taking the half-mended harness over his arm.

She threw the scissors furiously down, when he had gone, and dashed the silver curl from her hand. The gusty wind blew it back, so that from breast to skirt hem she was strewn with the shining strands. The scissors, which had struck the ground points first, stood erect in the short grass, and a young rooster near by crowed shrilly. Her face changed. She put her hand to her short forehead curls with the frequent gesture.

"He's certainly coming," she said. "If the rooster or the scissors had been by themselves, I wouldn't have thought of it, but happening together, I can't but feel that he's coming."

Lely came shortly, without his friend. He placed his hand on India's shoulder as she stooped to pick up the scissors, and regarded her with a lush smile, which was stopped by two deep creases in his sleek cheeks.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, "I'm on my way to speak to your father. Steerman didn't come."

"Father is not in a very good humor," she said, turning under his hand. He pressed her to him with a flat palm, and enveloped her pretty mouth in the abundant smile.

"I'll soon put him in one," he assured her.

An hour afterward, Sterling appeared at the door, and called to India as she sat under the cherry-trees with some light work in her lap. She rose, after some elaborate preparations, consigning her thimble to its case, and running various needles through the small red flannel strawberry which served as her emery bag. When she entered the house, her father was standing by the asparagus-filled fireplace, packing his white clay pipe with tobacco from a round pouch of purple sarcenet. He looked up at her from under his furry white brows keenly, almost severely.

"This hyuh gentleman," he said, indicating Lely by a tilt of his pipe stem—"This hyuh gentleman— Won't you sit down, Inja?"

She sat down, feeling vaguely uncomfortable and apprehensive.

"This hyuh gentleman hev bin arskin' me ef he kin mah'y yuh. He sez, moresomever, ez how yuh knows the same. He sez ez how yuh air willin'. Air yuh?"

"Don't you believe Mr. Lely, father?" said India, with an attempt at pertness which she felt to be a failure. "Yes, I am," she repeated.

"Yuh air?" said Sterling.

"Yes, I am," she said again, taking some folds of her dress into a tight grasp.

Sterling held the string of the tobacco pouch between his teeth, and extracted from it another pinch of tobacco.

"Yuh air willin' tuh go wi' him ez his wife inter er strange country?"

"It isn't strange. It's America just as much as Virginia is."

Again he lifted his eyes and looked at her.

"Yo' mother's grave's hyuh," he said, hesitatingly; "en all ez hez loved yuh; en yuh is moughty young to mah'y."

"My mother was only seventeen—a year younger than I am—when she married you."

Sterling slowly drew together the mouth of his tobacco pouch, and transferred it to his trousers pocket. He laid his pipe on the table, and rubbed thoughtfully a shred of tobacco in the palm of one hand with the thumb of the other. His eyes looked beyond his daughter's face out upon the ever-moving green of the June leaves. "Yes," he said, "she war young; but she loved me fur twice her age." Then putting one hand on her head, he indicated Lely with the other. "Does *yuh* love *him*?" he asked, earnestly.

"I must beg of you—" began Lely.

India started free from her father's hand, and made a passionate movement toward the door. "You and Mr. Lely must decide that question between you," she said, avoiding her father's intent look. "I have told you I am willing to marry

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him." She had reached and half passed through the door.

"Inja!" called her father. He held out both arms to her. "Don'—don' go away from me a'ready, honey," he said. "I won' arsk yuh nuthin' mo'—nuthin' —nuthin'!"

She came back, but not to his arms, resuming her seat near the window. Lely approached, and put one hand on the back of her chair. There was silence.

"I—I don' arsk fur nuthin' but her happiness," Sterling said, presently. His voice was low, and he did not speak distinctly.

"If it is in the power of mortals to be happy, she shall be so," Lely assured him, blandly.

Suddenly the old man turned upon him. "I don' know nuthin' 'bout yuh," he said. "Yuh sharn' hev her twell I fin' out."

Lely bowed with as much coldness as could emanate from so warm a personality. "I shall be happy to refer you to my friends," he said, fondling his glowing whiskers.

"I ain' a-goin' tuh fin' out from yo' frien's, but from mine," said Sterling, grimly. "Twell then yuh'd bes' keep away."

"Father!" cried India.

"Yuh kin come back hyuh in ten days," he continued, taking no notice of her—"not befo'. Good-mawnin', suh. I 'ain' seen 'bout my hay-ricks tuh-day."

A letter from Sterling to his brother Colin at this juncture will serve to make some matters clearer:

"DERE COLLIN,—i heav bin thinkinc wut yu sade in reegar tur mary Elizybuth an hur egerkashun. The munni i wud giv cherfule but mi advis iz let hur larn all she kin ez the lams en carfs duz —so tur sa—frum her ma—it anet rite fur a chile's farthur tur feel that mos likeli she larfs at the wa he redes the Bibul—en that he do not keer fur hur tur see the leters he rites—besides menni othur thignes. i wil rite mor in a weke

"Yure bruther

"REUBEN STERLING"

That sentence about the Bible was the only bitter thing Sterling had ever said or written in the whole course of his life.

The inquiries respecting Lely brought satisfactory replies as to his character. He was the possessor neither of vicious habits nor of violent virtues, but of decided wealth and a corner establishment. Sterling made no further objection to the marriage. He was now so much occupied with his farm duties that India seldom saw him excepting at meals.

A short time before the wedding a large express parcel came to her, a wooden box, which she asked her father to open for her in the dining-room. The tremor of pleasant anticipation was upon her. Her nervous hands could scarcely untie the knots of white satin ribbon which held the paper covers. When they were undone she tossed them out to right and left. A quick cry stirred her throat. Her brown hair was loose about her, and fell into the open box as she leaned over it. Sterling saw her flushed face through the close strands. He had seen her mother stoop and flush in that way over gifts he had brought her from Cherryville before India was born. He took his inner lip between his teeth and held it thoughtfully, while fitting a contemplative thumb into either armpit.

"What's so pret'y, sugar?" he said, finally.

"Oh, it's so ex*quis*ite! it's so ex*quis*ite!" cried the girl, lifting out some shining white draperies in her arms, and carrying them to the green-baize-covered table as women carry a baby.

"Psha! I can't lay it there, it's so crumby," she said, jerking sideward an impatient shoulder. "Father, can't you get a sheet? Quick! Oh, I'm dying to see it all!"

Sterling brought a somewhat crumpled expanse which he had taken from his own bed.

"Why on earth didn't you get a clean one?" India exclaimed. "Oh, do *pray* be careful! You'll be trampling all over it first thing. Why *won't* you get some slippers for the house?"

"I will when I come to see you," he replied, with a rather listless smile.

India was too much absorbed in unfolding the generous breadths of satin and lace to notice him further. It was an exceedingly handsome gown, heavily fringed with orange flowers, and bearing the name of the accomplished Donovan in broad gilt flourishes on the white inside belt. As she held it up in one hand, and smoothed out the lace with soft dashing little movements of the other, Sterling sat forward in his chair, and an alert expression came into his face.

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"What's that, ennyhow?" he asked.

"Why, can't you see? Don't you see the orange blossoms? Look! ain't it lovely? Those orange blossoms must have cost a mint. My heavenly parent! what seams! Well, he certainly is generous. You can't deny that, if you don't like him."

Sterling was at her side instantly. With one hand upon her shoulder, he grasped the orange-blossomed garment with the other. "Did Lely sen' you this?"

She was so astonished that she stood quite still without replying.

"Did Lely sen' you this?" he repeated.

She bridled, and put her hands to her loosened hair. "Of course he did. Who else did you think was going to do it?"

"Me. Is it fathers or strangers ez gener'lly gives thar darters their weddin' frawks?"

"Oh, I suppose fathers generally do, but I must say I think it was lovely of him."

"Do yuh?" said Sterling.

"Yes, I do," she replied, somewhat crossly, reaching after the gown which he still held. He held her back with a strong hand, and spoke in a rough voice.

"Wud yuh tech that air thing 'fo' me?"

Her lips fell apart in unfeigned amazement. "What do you mean?" she cried to him.

"I mean—I mean— Gord!" he exclaimed, dashing the garment on the floor and catching her suddenly into a fierce clasp. "He sharn't hev yuh! Tuh steal yo' very honesty away from me!" Then he freed her, turned away to the window, mechanically took out his tobacco pouch, and thrust it back again into his pocket; came back, and stooping down, lifted the dress from the floor. He crushed it into the box with rough, hurried fingers; his heavy, well-cut lips twitched curiously.

India sprang forward and caught at his hand. "You'll spoil it," she panted—"you'll spoil it, I tell you! What 're you doing? What 're you going to do? No, no, *no!* Let it alone—let it alone!"

He put his hand on her fingers, which were clasped upon the rough edge of the box. They gripped it like steel. He lifted his eyes and looked at her, and she had a strange feeling as if an ice-cold wind had blown between her lids. "I don' want tuh hurt yuh," he said, quietly. "Will yuh take down yo' han'?"

She took it down without a word. With pale lips and cheeks she sat down, her hands upon her knees, watching him as with rough, hurried fingers he fitted each board back into its place. Then he nailed on a square of ruled paper, and going to the cupboard took from it an old stone inkstand and some quill pens. As he dipped one of the pens into the inkstand she broke into derisive laughter.

"If *you* are going to address it," she said, "you might as well pitch it into the fire. He'll never get it."

A sharp red flashed into his face. "Come hyuh," he called to her. She moved her body sullenly in her dress. He caught her eye, and repeated his command. She got angrily and tardily to her feet, and he held out the pen to her. "Back it yo'self to Lely," he told her. She turned and flung the pen out of the window, her eyes alight with defiance. He quietly selected another, dipped it in the ink, and handed it to her. She laughed and sent it after the other. He took a third, opened her hand and shut her fingers upon it.

"Write!" he said, looking at her, and she obeyed.

India was married in white Oriental lace and organdie muslin in the little parish church. There were not many guests. She was not popular with the daughters of neighboring farmers, and Sterling had only one brother near enough to attend the wedding. The afternoon was full of crooning sounds. An oak branch kept up a gentle tapping on one of the long Gothic windows during the entire ceremony. Before she became Mrs. Ruthven Lely the light in the church had changed from green to orange. Sterling stood looking down at his crossed hands. Some flower petals drifted in through an open window, making red stains on the quiet shadows.

Sterling started when the Reverend Mr. Gault suddenly dropped his clerical voice and, assuming a week-day tone, spoke cheerfully to the bridegroom. He had been thinking of his Bess, and how lovely she had looked at their wedding thirty years ago, dressed in a white dimity frock, with locust flowers at her breast, and the door-knobs softened into curls.

All at once India turned with a half-vacant, frightened look. She rushed against her father and stood grasping him. It was not what he had expected. She had been very cold to him of late, almost ig-

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noring him. He put his arm about her and held her silently.

"Oh, do you think I'll be happy?—do you think I'll be happy?" she urged, in a strained whisper. "Say it—say it anyhow. Oh, father! I'm so afraid I won't be happy. Oh, father! I'm so afraid I won't. I'm so afraid." He blessed and kissed her, doing his best to reassure her. She had not been so near him in heart or body for many a day.

He did not see her again for six years. She went abroad that autumn, and in Nice her child was born. "A splendid boy," she wrote—she was sure her father would be proud of him. She sent his photograph, wherein he was represented as a sturdy cherub in an open-work flannel shirt. His name was written across his chubby little creased legs in a way that Sterling thought slovenly, and in a chirography to which he was just becoming accustomed. It looked as though it had been traced with a sharpened match dipped in very thick ink, and gave one a sense of wasted material.

Young Lely's name was Algernon Ruthven. Sterling felt a little twinge, which he immediately decided was unnatural. Reuben was certainly not a pretty name, and his grandson's had evidently been selected with regard to euphony. He was nevertheless a fine little fellow; and the proud grandfather often propped up the photograph on the table, and regarded it steadfastly while smoking his evening pipe.

India's letters came with a certain regularity. When there was a long interval between two, two more were sure to come very close together. It is true that she never said much, and those violently black and straggling characters took up more space than would have accommodated many ideas. She was very happy. She was learning to speak French and German, and to sing, and she played quite well on the piano; she had many horses and carriages; her wardrobe was unlimited; she enjoyed society to the utmost; and so on.

Apparently the marriage had been a splendid success. With her protracted absence, Sterling's longing to see her handsome, wilful face increased. He wrote to her once a month in a round, quavering hand which he had learned with much painstaking from blue-covered copy-books purchased in Cherryville. He sometimes inserted in his letters the wise and dogmatic sentences which he found in these volumes. Thus he ended a letter in regard to a grand ball which she had been too ill to attend with these words: "But you musn't fret. Disappointment frequently attends man." It sounded exceedingly well, and was written astonishingly better than the rest, as he had the full copy to follow.

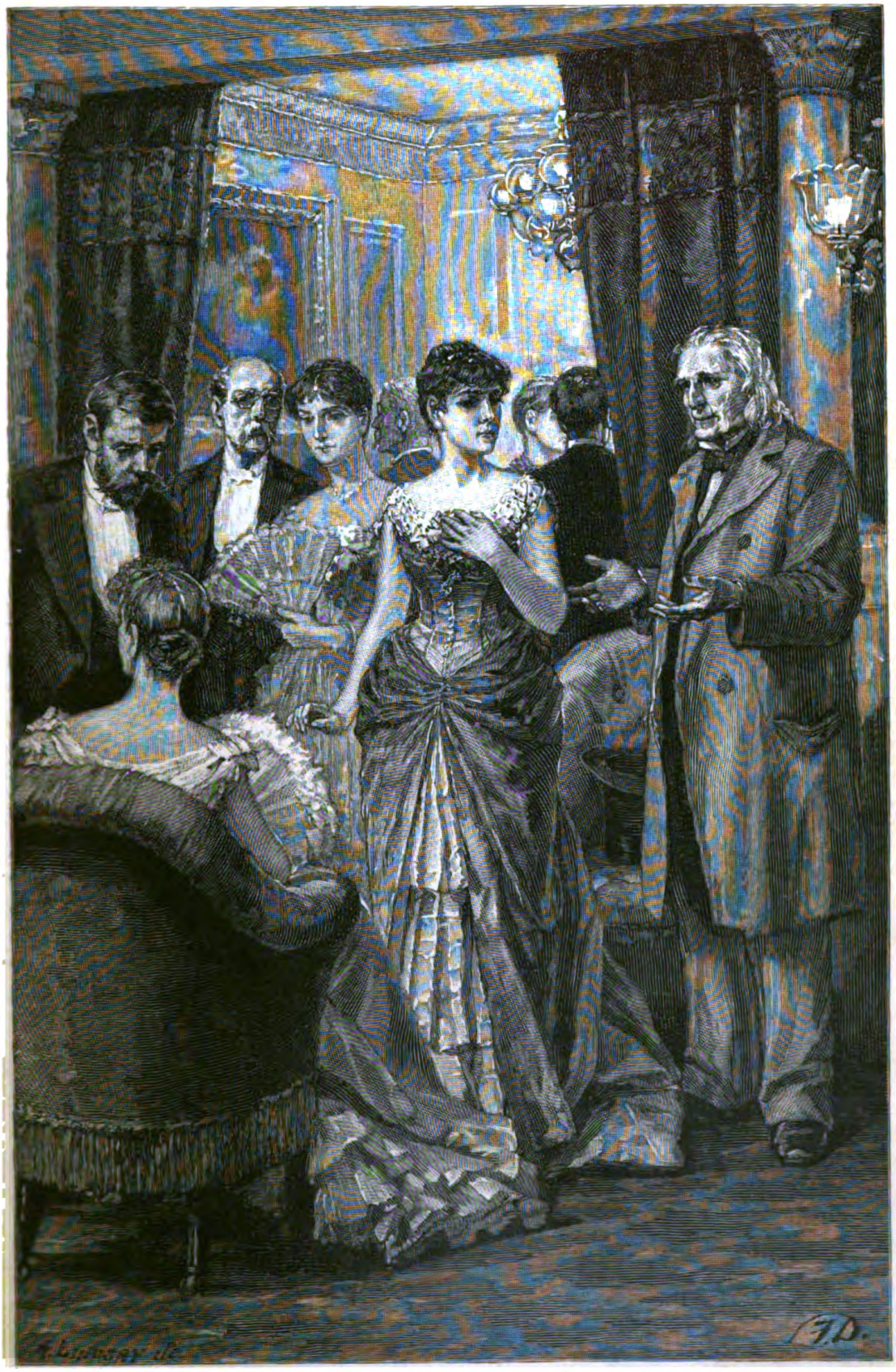
Finally, after years of this difficult correspondence, he received a letter from India announcing their arrival in New York. He could scarcely realize it. He kept the letter by him all day, and paused in a driving snow-storm to spell out again the strange news. An almost fierce excitement stirred him. It was within two weeks of Christmas. He would give his girl a few days to rest, and then he would rush on to New York and welcome her. He went to Cherryville and bought a new suit of "store clothes"—dark blue coat and trousers, with waistcoat to match, a pair of boots which he remarked looked "as ef they war death on bunyons," a pair of blue mittens with crimson streaks on the back, an imitation rattan cane, with a silver-washed handle in hammered-work, and a tall hat ornamented with a broad band of crape, which he did not remove.

The evening before he was to start he selected very carefully four Albemarle pippins of superlative size, and spent a half-hour in polishing them and tying up their stems with awkward bows made of ribbon which his wife had taken from various bonnets and pressed. "Uv co'se the leetle feller'll hev all the fine fiddle-faddles ez money kin buy," he told himself while stowing these treasures away in his travelling bag of light brown worsted-work with its wreath of gorgeous flowers encircling the variegated initials R. S. It had been the handiwork of his well-loved Bess. "Uv co'se he'll hev all the fines' tricks kin be got in New Yawk; but thar ain' no apples like these hyuh in New Yawk, *thet's* shore!"

The next morning, as he was crossing the little plot at the back of his house, he slipped on the ice and fell, injuring himself so badly that he was confined to his bed for a week. This was a great disappointment, but he would still be able to meet his daughter on Christmas Eve. He would give her a surprise.

Sterling had never seen any town lar-

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"'I—I AM SO ASTONISHED,' SHE SAID."

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ger than Cherryville. He reached Jersey City early in the evening. The broken glow of numberless lights on the sullenly breathing water held his eyes. As he crossed the river in the ferry-boat he seemed drifting nearer and nearer to ramparts that blazed after the glorious fashion connected only, in his mind, with the Celestial City. The sharp whir of the cog-wheels aroused him, and he found his way with the crowd to the yawning maws of many cabs. Into one of these he stepped mechanically, and not until he was asked by the driver did he think of mentioning his destination. It had not occurred to him to go first to a hotel. His one thought was to see India again, and to hold her in his arms. His very breast ached with the longing which grew more and more intense every moment.

The cab stopped before a large house which loomed massively against the strangely tinted sky. In a space to the left the slender shaft of the Madison Square electric light thrust aloft its dazzling glome as though a vast century-plant had burst into blossoms of fire. He had never dreamed of such a sight. He stood and looked at it, putting up one hand to his eyes. The monotone of Broadway sounded in his ears like the booming of a summer field possessed by millions of brass and iron katydids.

He went up the stone stairway, and it was some time before he could find the door-bell. He rang several times in vain, pulling too lightly to be heard. At last he tried the door itself, giving it a slight push, and to his surprise it opened. He found himself in a large hall hung with many draperies that bewildered him. He connected hangings only with windows, and "wood-boxes," and the upper skirts of women. He turned mechanically and went into a large room to the left. It was rich in much indescribable modern upholstery, and there seemed to be an epidemic of small carved chairs with impossible legs and backs. As he stood gazing about him he saw himself reproduced in many mirrors, and stretching away, like the kings in *Macbeth*, possibly to the crack of doom. In the distance some doors were suddenly swung open, and a tide of light and laughter swept over him. Against the brilliant square of further radiance the advancing figures seemed at first mere silhouettes; but as they approached, passing under a cluster of wax-lights, he saw distinctly the face of the woman nearest him.

It was India. She wore a flame-colored gown that clasped her with a wet shining. Her arms were naked to her shoulders, there was a knot of nasturtiums against her very low corsage, and her thick, high-combed hair was sewn in and out with uncut rubies. She was talking gayly to the woman with whom she had linked arms, and did not see her father till she was within his reach. Then their eyes met.

"Inja!" he said, gladly, holding out his arms.

She put up her hand, crushing the nasturtium blossoms. The color left her face. Her other hand was still on the arm of the woman standing beside her.

"Inja!" he said again. She stood quite still. Presently she withdrew her hand and extended it stiffly. "I—I am so astonished," she said. "We did not know—"

Sterling folded the pretty hand between his own. "I wanted tuh su'prise yuh," he answered, gently. "Are yuh glad tuh see me, Inja?"

"How can you ask?" she said, hurriedly. "You—are quite well, aren't you?" He noticed some subtle change in her voice; it was not the voice of her girlhood.

"Yes, tol'able smart," he replied. "You *air* lookin' so sweet, Inja." The hands that held hers were trembling. He was longing to feel her arms about his neck.

The guests, who had been dining with the Lelys, stood about in languid groups, a little curious. Some of them vaguely remembered having heard that Mrs. Lely was a Virginian. This old man was evidently some spoiled, old-time servant who did not know his place. But it was quite touching, his apparent devotion, and she was very nice and gracious in her manner toward him.

Still Sterling stood holding her hand and looking at her. There was a poppy-red under her dark eyes, and the crushed nasturtiums rose and fell with her quick breathing. She made no move to come nearer to him. Suddenly it flashed upon him: she was ashamed to call him "father" before these people. He was standing there, loving her, yearning over her, and she was ashamed of him! He dropped her hand and clasped his own together. For a moment her face seemed unfamiliar to him. The red of her gown

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"AIN' YO' MOTHER EVER TOL' YUH?"

was harsh to his eyes. She was not India—not his India. She was the scarlet woman of whom his mother used to read in the long Sabbaths that marked out his childhood. He stepped backward—an awkward movement which pulled the gown of a girl who stood near him.

"Yo' pardon, miss," he said, mechanically.

She smiled at him sweetly, and said it made not the least difference in the world. The lady with whom India had entered put up her *pince-nez*.

"Er—a—the overseer on your father's farm, probably, Mrs. Lely? How charming these Southern attachments are! What a fine head!"

"No—that is—that is—I mean," stammered India, her eyes wide and frightened, and half reaching out her hand to him.

He turned again, once more erect. "That is it, madam," he said, in a full, unshaken voice. "I wuz the overseer on her father's farm." Some instinct showed him the right door. He passed through and stood in the hall without.

As he stood there gazing about him, two arms were thrown about his neck, and some one kissed him. It was India. Her hair was loosened about her eyes, and she pushed it up with the old familiar gesture as she clung to him. Sterling stood looking down on her. He did not attempt to caress her or to speak.

"Oh, father," she said, "what on earth made you come at such a time—before all those horrid people? I couldn't say a thing. I was never so startled and confused in all my life. It was a terrible shock. I'm not so strong as I used to be. See how my heart is beating yet." She lifted his work-worn hand and laid it against her satin bodice. "Isn't it dreadful? It beats that way at the least excitement. All the doctors say I mustn't have the least excitement. They said it in London and Paris, and now they say it here. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw you. I thought I must be delirious. I was delirious when Algy was born, and I used to see you then. I tell you what to do, father. Come early—*ear-*

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ly to-morrow, and we'll have a lovely long talk, and I'll tell you everything, and you must lunch and dine with us—all to ourselves, and we'll go and see a play. I'll *love* to see you at your first play, father. It's really too horrid seeing you first before all those people. Ah! what was that? Never mind. I did not mean to drop your hand—give it to me again—I thought I heard some one coming. I do *hate* to leave you and go back to all those stupid people, but I must. I know you will understand how it is." She paused a moment, but he said nothing. "Don't you, daddy dear?" she went on, coaxingly.

"Inja," he said, abruptly, "whar's the boy?"

"Algy?" she replied, dropping her coaxing tone. "Why, in bed, of course. You'll see him to-morrow. He's such a beauty—just like a little prince."

Sterling shifted his position a little. "I—er—suppose I couldn't see him to-night?" he said, hesitatingly.

"To-night? Why, he's asleep, you know."

"I wouldn't wake him, Inja." He turned to her, his voice shaking a little for the first time. "Let me see him. How kin I fin' him?"

She moved away nervously. "Come," she said, "I will show you." He followed her up to the third story. She threw open a door and stood on the threshold, holding aside her skirts. "I won't go in," she whispered; "they'll be wondering about me. Try not to wake him. Do you see his dear little stocking? Ain't it cute?" She had forgotten her married voice and language for the moment. "There he is in the little cot over there. Don't wake him if you can help it; he was so excited about Santa Claus that I could scarcely coax him to sleep. Good-night, daddy dear. Come *early* to-morrow. Now remember." She kissed him again and was gone.

Sterling stood on the threshold looking about the airy room. In the pink glow from the coal fire the ceiling overhead was a net-work of slender vibrating shadows from the nursery fender. Gay-colored prints gleamed on the walls. An enormous rocking-horse on springs stood in one corner. The fire-light caught a heap of glittering toys and the rounds of the little brass cot. Sterling stepped softly into the room and closed the door behind him. He could hear the child's soft breathing in the warm hush. The sound of the city passed him like a wind on a far errand. Some coals dropped tinkling on the brass below.

He went over and stood looking down upon the sleeping child. The boy had tossed aside the bedclothes, and his night-gown was parted over his square little chest. He had grappled the blue silk coverlet as though in mortal contest, and his handsome brows were knotted angrily under the heavy bronze of his thick, half-curling locks.

Sterling stood some moments silent, and then sat down on the edge of the cot. He ventured to reach forth a gentle hand and rest it upon the tossed limbs. The wind outside swelled solemnly, and it had begun to snow. All at once the boy's eyes opened wide. He lay quiet at first, and then started half erect.

"Oh! is you Santa Claus?" he said. "I've been watchin' and watchin' for you. Did you comed down the chimmerny with all the fire in it? Did you bwing me what I wited for?" peering anxiously about.

"What did you want, honey?" asked Sterling.

"Oh! a sled six times as beeg as Joe Van Skinner's, and a beeg ball, and a wockin'-horse with the live inside of him, and a dwum that dwumbles like a weal dwum, and a horn that can blow chunes, and a—and a— Did you bwing 'em?" he ended, hopefully.

"No, honey," said Sterling, smiling. "I didn't bring yuh all them thyar, but I brought somethin' moughty nice all the same. Ef you'll promise me not tuh eat 'em twell mawnin', I'll show 'em tuh yuh."

"Is you Santa Claus?" asked the boy, evading this point. "I fought Santa Claus had a beeg fur coat and a long white beard."

"Yuh mus'n' unkiver yuhsef so, honey," admonished Sterling, gently. "Yuh'll git yo' death firs' thing. 'Ain' yuh ever heered uv yo' gran'pa?"

"Oh yes," said the child, readily, and Sterling's face brightened a little.

"Hev yuh?" he said. "Well, honey, I'm yo' gran'pa."

Young Lely's eyes grew big with astonishment. "It's wong to tell stowies," he said, presently, in an awed tone. "Ain't you 'fwaid?"

"What duz yuh mean?" asked Sterling, puzzled. "I 'ain' tol' no story, honey."

"But you is! you is!" cried the boy.

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"My dwanpapa is beeger wound 'an you, and shorter down, and his hair is slipped down about his neck, and his top shines, and he divs me ponies and things, and he says, 'Fy! fy!'"

"But little boys kin hev two gran'pas," urged Sterling, gently. "'Ain' yo' mother ever tol' yuh 'bout yo' other gran'pa?"

The boy shook his bright head with solemn negation.

"She ain' never tol' yuh?" said Sterling, roughly, putting his hand to his throat. "She must ha', honey," he persisted—"she must ha'. You think."

The boy puckered his square brow, and was silent for a moment or two in deep meditation. Then he shook his head again. "No, she isn't telled me," he said.

Sterling put down his face into his two hands, and was so quiet that the child, after waiting a few moments, edged nearer to him over the rumpled bedclothes and pulled his sleeve.

"Is you sleepy?" he asked. "Please don't go sleep 'fore you show me what you is got for me."

Sterling took away his hands, and reaching far down in his overcoat pockets, drew out one by one the four ribbon-adorned pippins, and laid them on the bed. The boy, who had been watching him excitedly, tossed back upon his pillow with a little cry of disgust. "Shuh!" he cried; "nuthin' but ole apples! I hate apples!"

Sterling took one absently in his hand and settled its bright red bow. "These air moughty nice ones," he said, softly.

"I don't care; I hate 'em," reiterated the boy, angrily. He took them separately and threw them with all his might out into the room. One of them struck the big horse, which began to prance solemnly on its well-managed springs.

Sterling rose to his feet. It seemed to him that somehow he must get out of the room. He could scarcely see, and went gropingly, feeling before him with open hands. As he stumbled on, a sweet voice suddenly hailed him.

"Mister Dwanpa! Mister Dwanpa! don' go. I'm fe'ful sawwy. Won't you please kiss me good-night, Mister Dwanpa?" The little figure was out of bed, pattering toward him with open arms. "Lif' me up to your mouf, and I'll kiss you sweet." Sterling stooped down and lifted him up and kissed him. Then he carried him back to bed, and laid him between the fine sheets, feeling the little feet to see if they were warm. But suddenly Algy bounced out on the other side. "The apples!—I mus' pick up the apples," he said, trudging about with the impeding night robe well in his sturdy grasp. Then he clambered into bed again. "There, Mister Dwanpa, I'll try and like these, anyhow. I was howwid to frow 'em. Duz you fink Santa Claus will put switches in my stocking for frowin' 'em? Well, good-night. Will you pat me a little?"

Sterling tucked him in again, then softly patted him until he fell asleep.

When he passed through the lower hall on his way out of the house, he could hear the gay hum of voices in the drawing-room. The clang of the heavy door shut them away from him, and once more he stood in the street, staring up through shielding fingers at the electric light in Madison Square. He walked absently on until he reached Broadway, and the surging Christmas Eve sight-seers and shop-goers drew him into their onward flux. His eyes were tired of the glare, and his feet felt very sore and weary. A little newsboy came up and thrust a soiled paper at him. He did not want the paper, but the pinched face spoke to him, and he gave the boy a dollar. The little fellow's eyes grew as big as the round of silver in his dirty palm. He turned, after one scared look at the donor, and scuttled away into the ever-changing crowd.

Sterling paused after a while before a building into which a great many people seemed to be pouring. He ventured to question the little newsboy, who here turned up again. "What's this place?" he asked.

"A theaytre," replied the boy, who would have added some uncomplimentary term had he not just then been regarding Sterling in the light of an investment.

"Kin I go in?"

"Well, why don' chur try?" replied the boy, grinning.

"Thank yuh," said Sterling, gravely. He purchased a ticket, after more inquiries, and soon found himself in a strange place. He had always had a vague idea of what a theatre was like, and knew that the people speaking, on the raised platform with its wreath of lights, must be some of the "play-actors" of whom he had so often heard. His seat was in the orchestra, a few rows back from the stage. The first act was over. The play was

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King Lear, and John McCullough was the leading actor.

At first Sterling felt hopelessly out of accord with it all. He could not understand the strangely mouthed words. The flicker of the foot-lights was bewildering. The closeness of the crowded room stifled him. The man who sat next to him held a pair of crutches between his knees. One of these slipped to the floor, and Sterling picked it up for him, receiving a pleasant smile, which encouraged him to put one or two questions.

"The old man," his informant told him, "is named King Lear. He has divided all his money and his kingdom between his two daughters — Regan and Goneril. There, that's Regan, the one in yellow with the pearl beads around her waist. Goneril's the one in green, sitting down there behind that man in the purple coat. King Lear loved his youngest daughter, Cordelia, the best; but she wouldn't flatter him, so he gave all to the other two. You came too late to see Cordelia in the first act. Miss Kate Forsyth takes the part. I'll show her to you when she comes on. Now you watch the rest of the play for yourself, and see how the old king's daughters treat him."

It was only by degrees that Sterling began to comprehend the awful meaning of the drama. Then suddenly his listless attitude changed. He leaned forward; his finely cut lips fell apart; his hands grasped the back of the chair in front of him. As the sisters turned one after the other upon the poor old king, his breath came sharply. That wonderful voice of McCullough seemed to reach the very fibres of his heart and play upon them. And it was strange — strange! He had not thought that other fathers' daughters forgot them — denied them. How his heart bled for the poor old man! He longed to speak to him and comfort him. The now frequent recurrence of applause jarred upon him. His mind was casting off all its sluggishness. He seemed to suffer in his own flesh with the white-haired king upon the stage, to be in some strange way identified with him. Then came the terrible curse. A sudden flame leaped through all his veins. He started to his feet. The man of the crutches, somewhat amused, put a kindly hand on his arm.

"I see it affects you very much," he said; "but you had better sit down. Those behind you cannot see."

But Sterling seemed not to notice him. "I'm a-goin'," he said—"I'm a-goin'." He strode out into the aisle, leaving his hat underneath his chair. The lame man held it out to him, but he did not see.

Again he was in the street. Different people directed him again to his daughter's house. Again he stood before it, and pushed open the heavy door. The guests were still there. He heard them laughing behind the rich portières. His thick white hair was blown and matted with sleet. He pushed aside a heavy curtain and stood before them all. India was standing near the fireplace, fanning herself slowly with a fan of flaming feathers. She stopped with a terrified cry as she caught sight of him. The dropped fan leaped on its chain at her side.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Father!"

"Yes," he answered; "'tis time yuh said it—'tis time yuh said it. En yuh shell take me by the han' en say it afore all these people. Yuh shall call me father afore all yo' frien's!" He stepped forward and took her by the hand roughly, and drew her out into the room. "Tell these hyuh people who I am," he commanded.

She faltered forth the word "father" again.

Then he flung her from him. "Yuh lie!" he cried; "yuh lie! Yuh ain' no daughter o' mine! Yuh lie to call me father!"

He flung her from him, and rushed out. India struggled to her feet and followed him. The hall door was wide open. She stood there in her gorgeous fire-colored dress, and the wind and sleet drove in upon her. She called him wildly, over and over, many times. Her long hair was blown loose, and whipped out on the pitiless night. When they came to her she had fallen athwart the threshold, and her white hands grasped the ice-coated stones beyond.

Sterling's one idea had been to get away from the house. He walked rapidly, many squares, before looking up. It was after midnight, and Broadway was but a dim reflection of its earlier brilliancy. Shops were being closed every moment; the crowds had thinned out greatly. Now and then a gust of snow hissed in among the sleet. He was beginning to feel cold, and to long for a place to rest. It occurred to him that he might find lodgings for the night. He stepped under a lamp with its

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murky halo, and felt for his pocket-book. It was gone. He searched all his pockets, and in that of his waistcoat found a five-cent piece. He stood holding it in his hand and staring down at it.

"Please, mister, I'm so hungry!" piped a voice at his elbow. The little newsboy again.

"Yes, yuh look it," said Sterling, ponderingly. "What duz yuh want?"

"Bread," said the small hypocrite—"a quarter for bread. Me mother'n me four little sisters 're dyin' fur lack of one mouthful. A quarter, please, mister, fur Chris'mus luck."

"I 'ain' got but five cents," said Sterling, slowly; "somebody's done picked my pocket."

"Will I call a keb fur ye, sir?"

"What fur?"

The boy spread his light eyes. "Why, ter be gittin' home, sir."

"I ain' got no home hyuh," said Sterling.

The boy took one foot into his hand and whistled. "Ye'll be friz stiff ef yer lark about in this much longer," he remarked, presently.

"Ain' thar nowhar I kin git tuh sleep fur five cents?"

The boy reflected a moment. "The places 'll all be shut now," he said. "I wuz goin' ter pile inter one fur ter-night meself, but I lost me last cent playin' poker. I tell yer wot, mister, I know a reel warm cuddy where we kin sleep, and there's a place where ye kin git coffee at fi' cents fur two cups all night long."

"I cert'n'y wud like some," said Sterling.

"Will yer gimme one ef I show yer?"

"Cert'n'y, yuh pore leetle critter. I wisht I hed mo' tuh give yuh."

They found the coffee-house, and had a smoking cup apiece.

"I wisht we cud set hyuh a bit," said Sterling, looking wistfully about him.

"Well, yer can't; so come on," said his guide.

They passed again into the whirling night. The boy stopped at last in a somewhat sheltered corner, before a great, seven-storied building. He squatted down, and called to Sterling to follow his example.

"Yer feel how warm it is?" he asked, triumphantly.

"Kin I set down?" asked Sterling, in a tired voice.

"Uv co'se. It's where I sleep. We kin lay clost. Ainchur got no topper? 'V'yer got a neck rag, then?"

"A what?" inquired Sterling.

"A neckercher. Yer kin wrap yer head in it ef yer've got one. It 'll keep yer warmer. Now spoon me."

Sterling stretched himself out on the warm flag-stone, and the boy nestled up against him. The wind was dying down, and the street lights burned more steadily.

"I say," remarked the boy, suddenly, in a sleepy voice, "where're yer from, cully?"

"Faginiah," answered Sterling. Something seemed binding his throat.

"Ole Virginny never tire?" said the boy. "Strikes me yer wuz right neat done up fur ole Virginny, pardy. Wot's it like?"

"What? Faginiah?" queried Sterling.

"Yes. Wot's the aspeck uv the country?"

"Well, it's moughty big, 'n' green, 'n' warm mos' uv the time. En thar's mountings, en fiel's with sheep in 'em, en sometimes the sheep is red mos' as the groun' they're on. En sometimes it's so warm at Chris'mus that the peach flowers come out like it wuz spring, en—"

"Wot yer givin' us—lumps?" said the boy, drowsily.

"I put some roses on Bess's grave lars Chris'mus myself," Sterling went on, unheedingly. "We didn' haul ice twell late in Feb'ry. It cert'n'y wuz a mil' winter."

"I'll jes drif' yore way some er these days," said the boy, still more drowsily. "Yer mus' tell me where yer live, cully. Well, merry Chris'mus ter yer, 'n' good-night."

"Good-night—merry Chris'mus!" responded Sterling, wearily.

The boy slept, and at intervals snored sturdily. As the night wore away the warmth died out of the flagging. A piercing cold began to trickle through Sterling's very marrow. The boy's breath warmed a small space on his breast. He drew the little fellow closer, and clasped one of the dirty, dry, hot hands. Its owner was warm, at all events.

Sterling felt a slightly drowsy sensation begin to steal over him. Suddenly he started awake. He thought India had been bending over him in her blood-colored gown. It seemed to melt and drip

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on him. Then it was her son who pelted him with apples. They hurt him like knives where they struck. One seemed to crush in the ribs over his heart. He put up his hand imploringly, and India laughed. She laughed merrily, lightly. Her little son joined in. She began to help him throw the apples. The laughter rose into a great wind that bore him away and away.

It was Christmas in Virginia. The peach-trees had bloomed too soon. He was breaking off a branch for Bess—no, for India....

PAULINE PAVLOVNA.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

SCENE: *Petersburg. Period: the present time. A ballroom in the winter palace of the Prince ——. The ladies in character costumes and masks. The gentlemen in official dress and unmasked, with the exception of six tall figures in scarlet kaftans, who are treated with marked distinction as they move here and there among the promenaders. Quadrille music throughout the dialogue.*

Count SERGIUS PAVLOVICH PANSHINE, *who has just arrived, is standing anxiously in the doorway of an antechamber with his eyes fixed upon a lady in the costume of a maid of honor in the time of Catherine II. The lady presently disengages herself from the crowd, and passes near Count* PANSHINE, *who impulsively takes her by the hand and leads her across the threshold of the inner apartment, which is unoccupied.*

HE.

Pauline!

SHE.

You knew me?

HE.

How could I have failed?
A mask may hide your features, not your soul.
There is an air about you like the air
That folds a star. A blind man knows the night,
And feels the constellations. No coarse sense
Of eye or ear had made you plain to me.
Through these I had not found you; for your eyes,
As blue as violets of our Novgorod,
Look black behind your mask there, and your voice—
I had not known that either. My heart said,
"Pauline Pavlovna."

SHE.

Why have you no mask?

HE.

The Emperor's orders.

SHE.

Is the Emperor here?
I have not seen him.

HE.

He is one of the six
In scarlet kaftans and all masked alike.
Watch—you will note how every one bows down
Before those figures, thinking each by chance
May be the Tsar; yet none knows which is he.
Even his counterparts are left in doubt.
O wretched Russia! No serf ever wore
Such chains as gall our Emperor these sad days.
He dare trust no man.

SHE.

All men are so false.

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"HE LEADS HER ACROSS THE THRESHOLD."

HE.

Spare one, Pauline Pavlovna.

SHE.

No; all, all!
I think there is no truth left in the world,

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In man or woman. Once were noble souls.—
Count Sergius, is Nastasia here to-night?

HE.

Ah! then you know! I thought to tell you first.
Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,
In all this glare of light; but in some place
Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.
In what shape came the story to your ear?
Decked in the teller's colors, I'll be sworn;
The truth, but in the livery of a lie,
And needs must wrong me. Only this is true:
The Tsar, because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,
Bestows upon me, as supreme reward—
O irony!—the hand of this poor girl.
Says, *Here, sir, here's a pearl I have for you,*
Your joy's decreed, and stabs me with a smile.

SHE.

And she—she loves you?

HE.

I know not, indeed.
Likes me, perhaps. What matters it?—*her* love!
The guardian, Sidor Yurievich, consents,
And she consents. No love in it at all,
A mere caprice, a young girl's spring-tide dream.
Sick of her ear-rings, weary of her mare,
She'll have a lover—something ready-made,
Or improvised between two cups of tea—
A lover by imperial ukase!
If that petard the crazy student threw
Had not missed me, as well as missed the Tsar,
All this would not have happened. I'd have been
A hero, but quite safe from her romance.
She takes me for a hero—think of that!
Now by our holy Lady of Kazan,
When I have finished pitying myself,
I'll pity her.

SHE.

Oh no; begin with her;
She needs it most.

HE.

At her door lies the blame,
Whatever falls. She, with a single word,
With half a tear, had stopt it at the first,
This cruel juggling with poor human hearts.

SHE.

The Tsar commanded it—you said the Tsar.

HE.

The Tsar does what she wills—God fathoms why.
Were she his mistress, now! but there's no snow
Whiter within the bosom of a cloud,
Nor colder either. She is very haughty,
For all her fragile air of gentleness;
With something vital in her, like those flowers

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That on our western steppes outlast the year.
Resembles you in some things. It was that
First made us friends. I do her justice, see!
For we were friends in that smooth surface way
We Russians have imported out of France.
Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
My suit with Ossip Leminoff at end,
The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
Those fairies which neglected me at birth
Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on me—
Gold rubles, office, sudden dearest friends.
The whole world smiled; then, as I stooped to taste
The sweetest cup, freak dashed it from my lip.
This very night—just think, this very night—
I planned to come and beg of you the alms
I dared not ask for in my poverty.
I thought me poor then. How stript am I now!
There's not a ragged mendicant one meets
Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave
To tell his love, and I have not that right!
Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there
Stark as a statue, with no word to say?

SHE.

Because this thing has frozen up my heart.
I think that there is something killed in me,
A dream that would have mocked all other bliss.
What shall I say? What would you have me say?

HE.

If it be possible, the word of words!

SHE (*very slowly*).

Well, then—I love you. I may tell you so
This once, ... and then forever hold my breath.
(We cannot stay here longer unobserved.)
No—do not touch me! but stand further off,
And seem to laugh, as if we jested—eyes!
I love you.

HE.

Prove it to me.

SHE.

Prove it—how?
I prove it saying it. How else?

HE.

Pauline,
I have three things to choose from; you shall choose:
This marriage, or Siberia, or France.
The first means hell; the second, purgatory;
The third—with you—were nothing less than heaven!

SHE (*starting*).

How dared you even dream it!

HE.

I was mad.
This business has touched me in the brain.

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Have patience! the calamity's so new.
(*Pauses.*)
There is a fourth way; but that gate is shut
To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

SHE.

Yourself spoke there; the rest was not of you.

HE.

Oh, lift me to your level! So I'm safe.
What's to be done?

SHE.

There must be some path out.
Perhaps the Emperor—

HE.

Not a ray of hope!
His mind is set on this with that insistence
Which seems to seize on all match-making folk.
The fancy bites them, and they straight go mad.

SHE.

Your father's friend, the Metropolitan—
A word from him....

HE.

Alas, he too is bitten!
Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly wise, he sees
This marriage makes me the Tsar's protégé.

SHE.

Think while I think. There surely is some key
Unlocks the labyrinth, could we but find it.
Nastasia!

HE.

What! beg life of her? Not I.

SHE.

Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all, would she not pity us?
For if she love you, as I think she must,
Would not some generous impulse stir in her;
Some latent, unsuspected spark illume?
How love thrills even commonest girl-clay,
Ennobling it an instant, if no more!
You said that she is proud; then touch her pride,
And turn her into marble with the touch.
But yet the gentler passion is the stronger.
Go to her, tell her, in some tenderest phrase
That will not hurt too much—ah, but 'twill hurt!—
Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar forever; hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may find—

HE.

A casemate in St. Peter and St. Paul
For, say, a month; then some Siberian town.
A woman scorned!

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REMOVING THE MASK.

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SHE.

How blindly you read her,
Or any woman! Yes, I know. I grant
How small we often seem in our small world
Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—
Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men—
Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;
But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

HE.

Yes, you, not she. If she were at your height!
But there's no martyr wrapt in *her* rose flesh.
There should have been; for nature gave you both
The self-same purple for your eyes and hair,
The self-same Southern music to your lips,
Fashioned you both, as 'twere, in the same mould,
Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!
I know her wilful—her light head quite turned
In this court atmosphere of flatteries;
A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
And now spoiled here; as soft as swan's-down now,
With words like honey melting from the comb,
But being crossed, vindictive, cruel, cold.
I fancy her, between two rosy smiles,
Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk mines!"
That is the sum of her.

SHE.

You know her not.
Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask
Could hide the soul, yet how you have mistaken
The soul these two months—and the face to-night!

[*Removes her mask.*

HE.

You!—it was *you!*

SHE.

Count Sergius Pavlovich,
Go find Pauline Pavlovna—she is here—
And tell her that the Tsar has set you free.

[*She goes out hurriedly, replacing her mask.*

HIS "DAY IN COURT."

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

IT had been a hard winter along the slopes of the Great Smoky Mountains, and still the towering treeless domes were covered with snow, and the vagrant winds were abroad, rioting among the clifty heights where they held their tryst, or raiding down into the sheltered depths of the Cove, whither they seldom intruded. Nevertheless, on this turbulent rush was borne in the fair spring of the year. The fragrance of the budding wild cherry was to be discerned amidst the keen slanting javelins of the rain. A cognition of the renewal and the expanding of the forces of nature pervaded the senses as distinctly as if one might hear the grass growing, or feel along the chill currents of the air the vernal pulses thrill. Night after night in the rifts of the breaking clouds close to the horizon was glimpsed the stately sidereal Virgo, prefiguring and promising the harvest, holding in her

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hand a gleaming ear of corn. But it was not the constellation which the tumultuous torrent at the mountain's base reflected in a starry glitter. From the hill-side above a light cast its broken image amongst the ripples, as it shone for an instant through the bosky laurel, white, stellular, splendid—only a tallow dip suddenly placed in the window of a log cabin, and as suddenly withdrawn.

For a gruff voice within growled out a remonstrance: "What ye doin' that fur, Steve? Hev that thar candle got enny call ter bide in that thar winder?"



OLD QUIMBEY.

The interior, contrary to the customary aspect of the humble homes of the section, was in great disarray. Cooking utensils stood uncleaned about the hearth; dishes and bowls of earthen-ware were assembled upon the table in such numbers as to suggest that several meals had been eaten without the ceremony of laying the cloth anew, and in default of washing the crockery it had been re-enforced from the shelf so far as the limited store might admit. Saddles and spinning-wheels, an ox-yoke and trace-chains, reels and wash-tubs, were incongruously pushed together in the corners. Only one of the three men in the room made any effort to reduce the confusion to order. This was the square-faced, black-bearded, thick-set young fellow who took the candle from the window, and now advanced with it toward the hearth, holding it at an angle that caused the flame to swiftly melt the tallow, which dripped generously upon the floor.

"I hev seen Eveliny do it," he said, excitedly justifying himself. "I noticed her sot the candle in the winder jes las' night arter supper." He glanced about uncertainly, and his patience seemed to give way suddenly. "Dad burn the old candle! I dun know *whar* ter set it," he cried, desperately, as he flung it from him, and it fell upon the floor close to the wall.

The dogs lifted their heads to look, and one soft-stepping old hound got up with the nimbleness of expectation, and, with a prescient gratitude astir in his tail, went and snuffed at it. His aspect drooped suddenly, and he looked around in reproach at Stephen Quimbey, as if suspecting a practical joke. But there was no merriment in the young mountaineer's face. He threw himself into his chair with a heavy sigh, and desisted for a time from the unaccustomed duty of clearing away the dishes after supper.

"An' 'ain't ye got the gumption ter sense what Eveliny sot the candle in the winder fur?" his brother Timothy demanded, abruptly—"ez a sign ter that thar durned Abs'lom Kittredge."

The other two men lifted their heads and looked at the speaker with a poignant intensity of interest. "I 'lowed ez much when I seen that light ez I war a-kemin' home las' night," he continued; "it shined spang down the slope acrost the ruver an' through all the laurel; it looked plumb like a star that hed fell ter yearth in that pitch-black night. I dun know how I s'picioned it, but ez I stood thar an' gazed I knowed somebody war a-standin' an' gazin' too on the foot-bredge a mite ahead o'

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"WHY'N'T YE GIN DAD THEM MESSAGES?"—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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me. I couldn't see him, an' he couldn't turn back an' pass me, the bredge bein' too narrer. He war jes obligated ter go on. I hearn him breathe quick; then—pit-pat, pit-pat, ez he walked straight toward that light. An' he be 'bleeged ter hev hearn me, fur arter I crost I stopped. Nuthin'. Jes a whisper o' wind, an' jes a swishin' from the ruver. I knowed then he hed turned off inter the laurel. An' I went on, a-whistlin' ter make him 'low ez I never s'picioned nuthin'. An' I kem inter the house an' tol' dad ez he'd better be a-lookin' arter Eveliny, fur I b'lieved she war a-settin' her head ter run away an' merry Abs'lom Kittredge."

"Waal, I ain't right up an' down sati'fied we oughter done what we done," exclaimed Stephen, fretfully. "It don't 'pear edzacly right fur three men ter fire on one."

Old Joel Quimbey, in his arm-chair in the chimney-corner, suddenly lifted his head—a thin head with fine white hair, short and sparse, upon it. His thin, lined face was clear-cut, with a pointed chin and an aquiline nose. He maintained an air of indignant and rebellious grief, and had hitherto sat silent, a gnarled and knotted hand on either arm of his chair. His eyes gleamed suddenly from under his heavy brows as he turned his face upon his sons. "How could we know thar warn't but one, eh?"

He had not been a candidate for justice of the peace for nothing; he had absorbed something of the methods and spirit of the law through sheer propinquity to the office. "We-uns wouldn't be persumed ter *know*." And he ungrudgingly gave himself all the benefit of the doubt that the law accords.

"That's a true word!" exclaimed Stephen, quick to console his conscience. "Jes look at the fac's, now. We-uns in a plumb black midnight hear a man a-gittin' over our fence; we git our rifles; a-peekin' through the chinkin' we ketch a glimge o' him—"

"Ha!" cried out Timothy, with savage satisfaction, "we seen him by the light she set ter lead him on!"

He was tall and lank, with a delicately hooked nose, high cheek-bones, fierce dark eyes, and dark eyebrows, continually elevated and corrugating his forehead. His hair was thick and short and straight, and he was clad in brown jeans, as were the others, the trousers stuffed into great cowhide boots reaching to the knee. He fixed his fiery intent gaze on his brother as the slower Stephen continued, "An' so we blaze away—"

"An' one durned fool's so onlucky ez ter hit him an' not kill him," growled Timothy, again interrupting. "An' so whilst Eveliny runs out a-screamin', 'He's dead! he's dead!—ye hev shot him dead!' we-uns make no doubt but he *is* dead, an' load up agin, lest his frien's mought rush in on we-uns whilst we hedn't no use o' our shootin'-irons. An' suddint—ye can't hear nuthin' but jes a owel hootin' in the woods, or old Pa'son Bates's dogs a-howlin' acrost the Cove. An' we go out with a lantern, an' thar's jes a pool o' blood in the door-yard, an' bloody tracks down ter the laurel."

"Eveliny gone!" cried the old man, smiting his hands together; "my leetle darter! The only one ez never gin me enny trouble. I couldn't hev made out ter put up in this hyar worl' no longer when my wife died ef it hedn't been fur Eveliny. Boys war wild an' mischeevious, an' folks outside don't keer nuthin' 'bout ye—ef they *war* ter 'lect ye ter office 'twould be ter keep some other feller from hevin' it, 'kase they 'spise him more'n ye. An' hyar she's runned off an' merried old Tom Kittredge's gran'son, Josiah Kittredge's son—when our folks 'ain't spoke ter none o' 'em fur fifty year—Josiah Kittredge's son—ha! ha! ha!" He laughed aloud in tuneless scorn of himself and of this freak of froward destiny, and then fell to wringing his hands and calling upon Evelina.

The flare from the great chimney-place genially played over the huddled confusion of the room, and the brown logs of the wall, where the gigantic shadows of the three men mimicked their every gesture with grotesque exaggeration. The rainbow yarn on the warping bars, the strings of red pepper hanging from the ceiling, the burnished metallic flash from the guns on their racks of deer antlers, served as incidents in the alternate monotony of the yellow flicker and the brown shadow. Deep under the blaze the red coals pulsated, and in the furthest vistas of the fire quivered a white heat.

"Old Tom Kittredge," the father resumed, after a time, "he jes branded yer gran'dad's cattle with his mark; he jes cheated yer gran'dad, my dad, out'n six head o' cattle."

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"But then," said the warlike Timothy, not willing to lose sight of reprisal even in vague reminiscence, "he hed only one hand ter rob with arter that, fur I hev hearn ez how when gran'dad got through with him the doctor hed ter take his arm off."

"Sartainly, sartainly," admitted the old man, in quiet assent. "An' Josiah Kittredge he hamstrung a horse critter o' mine right thar at the court-house door—"

"Waal, arterward we-uns fired his house over his head," put in Tim.

"An' Josiah Kittredge an' me," the old man went on, "we-uns clinched every time we met in this mortal life. Every time I go past the graveyard whar he be buried I kin feel his fingers on my throat. He had a nervy grip, but no variation; he always tuk holt the same way."

"'Pears like ter me ez 'twar a fust-rate time ter fetch out the rifles agin," remarked Tim. "This mornin' when old Pa'son Bates kem up hyar an' 'lowed ez he hed merried Eveliny ter Abs'lom Kittredge on his death-bed, 'So be, pa'son,' I say. An' he tuk off his hat an' say, 'Thank the Lord, this will heal the breach an' make ye frien's!' An' I say, 'Edzacly, pa'son, ef it *air* Abs'lom's death-bed; but them Kittredges air so smilin' an' deceivin' I be powerful feared he'll cheat the King o' Terrors himself. I'll forgive 'em ennything—*over his grave.*'"

"Pa'son war tuk pretty suddint in his temper," said the literal Steve. "I hearn him call yer talk onchristian, cussed sentiments, ez he put out."

"Ye mus' keep up a Christian sperit, boys; that's the main thing," said the old man, who was esteemed very religious, and a pious Mentor in his own family. He gazed meditatively into the fire. "What ailed Eveliny ter git so tuk up with this hyar Abs'lom? What made her like him?" he propounded.

"His big eyes, edzacly like a buck's, an' his long yaller hair," sneered the discerning Timothy, with the valid scorn of a big ugly man for a slim pretty one. "'Twar jes 'count o' his long yaller hair his mother called him Abs'lom. He war named Pete or Bob, I disremember what—suthin' common—till his hair got so long an' curly, an' he sot out ter be so plumb all-fired beautiful, an' his mother named him agin; this time Abs'lom, arter the king's son, 'count o' his yaller hair."

"Git hung by his hair some o' these days in the woods, like him the Bible tells about; that happened ter the sure-enough Abs'lom," suggested Stephen, hopefully.

"Naw, sir," said Tim; "when Abs'lom Kittredge gits hung it 'll be with suthin' stronger 'n hair; he'll stretch hemp." He exchanged a glance of triumphant prediction with his brother, and anon gazed ruefully into the fire.

"Ye talk like ez ef he war goin' ter live, boys," said old Joel Quimbey, irritably. "Pa'son 'lowed he war powerful low."

"Pa'son said he'd never hev got home alive 'thout she'd holped him," said Stephen. "She jes tuk him an' drug him plumb ter the bars, though I don't see how she done it, slim leetle critter ez she be; an' thar she holped him git on his beastis; an' then—I declar' I feel ez ef I could kill her fur a-demeanin' of herself so—she led that thar horse, him a-ridin' an' a-leanin' on the neck o' the beastis, two mile up the mountain, through the night."

"Waal, let her bide thar. I'll look on her face no mo'," declared the old man, his toothless jaw shaking. "Kittredge she be now, an' none o' the name kin come a-nigh me. How be I ever a-goin' 'bout 'mongst the folks at the settlement agin; an' my darter merried ter a Kittredge? How Josiah an' his dad mus' be a-grinnin' in thar graves at me this night! An' I 'low they hev got suthin' ter grin about."

And suddenly his grim face relaxed, and once more he began to smite his hands together and to call aloud for Evelina.

Timothy could offer no consolation, but stared dismally into the fire, and Stephen rose with a sigh and addressed himself to pushing the spinning-wheels and tubs and tables into the opposite corner of the room, in the hope of solving the enigma of its wonted order.

It seemed to Evelina afterward that when she climbed the rugged ways of the mountain slope in that momentous night she left forever in the depths of the Cove that free and careless young identity which she had been. She did not accurately discriminate the moment that she began to realize that she was among her hereditary enemies, encompassed by a hatred nourished to full proportions and to a savage strength long before she

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drew her first breath. The fact only gradually claimed its share in her consciousness as the tension of anxiety relaxed, for the young mountaineer's strength and vitality were promptly reasserted, and he rallied from the wound and his pallid and forlorn estate with the recuperative power of the primitive man. By degrees she grew to expect the covert unfriendly glances his brother cast upon her, the lowering averted mien of her sister-in-law, and now and again she surprised a long, lingering, curious gaze in his mother's eyes. They were all Kittredges! And she wondered how she could ever have dreamed that she might come to live happily among them—one of them, for her name was theirs. And then perhaps the young husband would stroll languidly in, with his long hair curling on his blue jeans coat collar, and an assured smile in his dark brown eyes, and some lazy jest on his lips, certain of a welcoming laugh, for he had been so near to death that they all had a sense of acquisition in that he had been led back. For his sake they had said little; his mother would busy herself in brewing his "yerb" tea, and his brother would offer to saddle the mare if he felt that he could ride, and they would all be very friendly together; and his alien wife would presently slip out unnoticed into the "gyarden spot," where the rows of vegetables grew as they did in the Cove, turning upon her the same friendly looks they wore of yore, and showing not a strange leaf among them. The sunshine wrapped itself in its old fine gilded gossamer haze and drowsed upon the vernal slopes; the green jewelled "Juny-bugs" whirred in the soft air; the mould was as richly brown as in Joel Quimbey's own enclosure; the flag-lilies bloomed beside the onion bed; and the woolly green leaves of the sage wore their old delicate tint and gave out a familiar odor.

Among this quaint company of the garden borders she spent much of her time, now hoeing in a desultory fashion, now leaning on the long handle of the implement and looking away along the far reaches of the purple mountains. As they stretched to vague distances they became blue, and further on the great azure domes merged into a still more tender hue, and this in turn melted into a soft indeterminate tint that embellished the faint horizon. Her dreaming eyes would grow bright and wistful; her rich brown curling hair, set free by the yellow sun-bonnet that slipped off her head and upon her shoulders, would airily float backward in the wind; there was a lithe grace in the slender figure, albeit clad in a yellow homespun of a deep dye, and the faded purplish neckerchief was caught about a throat fairer even than the fair face, which was delicately flushed. Absalom's mother watched her long one day, standing beside Peter, the eldest son, in the doorway.

"It all kem about from that thar bran dance," said Peter, a homely man, with a sterling, narrow-minded wife and an ascetic sense of religion. "Thar Satan waits, an' he gits nimbler every time ye shake yer foot. The fiddler gin out the figger ter change partners, an' this hyar gal war dancin' opposite Abs'lom, ez hed never looked a-nigh her afore. The gal didn't know *what* ter do; she jes stood still; but Abs'lom he jes danced up ter her ez keerless an' gay ez he always war, jes like she war ennybody else, an' when he held out his han' she gin him hern, all a-trembly, an' lookin' up at him, plumb skeered ter death, her eyes all wide an' sorter wishful, like some wild thing trapped in the woods. An' then the durned fiddler, moved by the devil, I'll be bound, plumb furgot ter change 'em back. So they danced haff'n the day tergether. An' arter that they war forever a-stealin' off an' accidentally meetin' at the spring, an' whenst he war a-huntin' or she drivin' up the cow, an' a-courtin' ginerally, till they war promised ter merry."

"'Twarn't the bran dance; 'twar suthin' ez fleetin' an' ez useless," said his mother, standing in the door and gazing at the unconscious girl leaning upon the hoe, half in the shadow of the blooming laurel that crowded to the enclosure and bent over the rail fence, and half in the burnished sunshine; "she's plumb beautiful—thar's the snare ez tangled Abs'lom's steps. I never 'lowed ter see the day ez could show enny comfort fur his dad bein' dead, but we hev been spared some o' the tallest cavortin' that ever war seen sence the Big Smoky war built. Sometimes it plumb skeers me ter think ez we-uns hev got a Quimbey abidin' up hyar along o' we-uns in *his* house an' a-callin' o' herse'f Kittredge. I looks ter see him a-stalkin' roun' hyar some night, too outdone an' aggervated ter rest in his grave."

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But the nights continued spectreless and peaceful on the Great Smoky, and the same serene stars shone above the mountain as over the Cove. Evelina could watch here, as often before, the rising moon ascending through a rugged gap in the range, suffusing the dusky purple slopes and the black crags on either hand with a pensive glamour, and revealing the river below by the amber reflection its light evoked. She often sat on the step of the porch, her elbow on her knees, her chin in her hands, following with her shining eyes the pearly white mists loitering among the ranges. Hear! a dog barks in the Cove, a cock crows, a horn is wound, far, far away; it echoes faintly. And once more only the sounds of the night—that vague stir in the windless woods, as if the forest breathes, the far-away tinkle of water hidden in the darkness—and the moon is among the summits.

The men remained within, for Absalom avoided the chill night air, and crouched over the smouldering fire. Peter's wife sedulously held aloof from the ostracized Quimbey woman. But her mother-in-law had fallen into the habit of sitting upon the porch these moonlit nights. The sparse, newly leafed hop and gourd vines clambering to its roof were all delicately imaged on the floor, and her clumsy figure, her grotesque sun-bonnet, her awkward arm-chair, were faithfully reproduced in her shadow on the log wall of the cabin—even to the up-curling smoke from her pipe. Once she suddenly took it from her mouth. "Eveliny," she said, "'pears like ter me ye talk mighty little. Thar ain't no use in gittin' tongue-tied up hyar on the mounting."

Evelina started and turned her eyes, dilated with a stare of amazement at this unexpected overture.

"I ain't keerin'," said the old woman, recklessly, to herself, although consciously recreant to the traditions of the family, and sacrificing with a pang her distorted sense of loyalty and duty to her kindlier impulse. "I warn't born a Kittredge nohow."

"Yes, 'm," said Evelina, meekly; "but I don't feel much like talkin' noways; I never talked much, bein' nobody but men-folks ter our house. I'd ruther hear ye talk 'n talk myself."

"Listen at ye now! The headin' young folks o' this kentry 'll never rest till they make thar elders shoulder *all* the burdens. An' what air ye wantin' a pore ole 'oman like me ter talk about?"

Evelina hesitated a moment, then looked up, with a face radiant in the moonbeams. "Tell all 'bout Abs'lom—afore I ever seen him."

His mother laughed. "Ye air a powerful fool, Eveliny."

The girl laughed a little too. "I dun know ez I want ter be no wiser," she said.

But one was his wife, and the other was his mother, and as they talked of him daily and long, the bond between them was complete.

"I hev got 'em both plumb fooled," the handsome Absalom boasted at the settlement, when the gossips wondered once more, as they had often done, that there should be such unity of interest between old Joel Quimbey's daughter and old Josiah Kittredge's widow. As time went on, many rumors of great peace on the mountain-side came to the father's ears, and he grew more testy daily as he grew visibly older. These rumors multiplied with the discovery that they were as wormwood and gall to him. Not that he wished his daughter to be unhappy, but the joy which was his grief and humiliation was needlessly flaunted into his face; the idlers about the county town had invariably a new budget of details, being supplied, somewhat maliciously, it must be confessed, by the Kittredges themselves. The ceremony of planting one foot on the neck of the vanquished was in their minds one of the essential concomitants of victory. The bold Absalom, not thoroughly known to either of the women who adored him, was fertile in expedients, and had applied the knowledge gleaned from his wife's reminiscences of her home, her father, and her brothers to more accurately aim his darts. Sometimes old Quimbey would fairly flee the town, and betake himself in a towering rage to his deserted hearth, to brood futilely over the ashes, and devise impotent schemes of vengeance.

He often wondered afterward in dreary retrospection how he had survived that first troublous year after his daughter's elopement, when he was so lonely, so heavy-hearted at home, so harried and angered abroad. His comforts, it is true, were amply insured: a widowed cousin had come to preside over his household—

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a deaf old woman, who had much to be thankful for in her infirmity, for Joel Quimbey in his youth, before he acquired religion, had been known as a singularly profane man—"a mos' survigrus cusser" —and something of his old proficiency had returned to him. But his hold upon the respect of the community had not relaxed, and after a time this fact became evident. For it was in the second year of Evelina's marriage, in the splendid midsummer, when all the gifts of nature climax to a gorgeous perfection, and candidates become incumbents, that he unexpectedly attained the great ambition of his life. He was said to have made the race for justice of the peace from sheer force of habit, but by some unexplained freak of popularity the oft-defeated candidate was successful by a large majority at the August election.

"Laws-a-massy, boys," he said, tremulously, to his triumphant sons, when the result was announced, the excited flush on his thin old face suffusing his hollow veinous temples, and rising into his fine white hair, "how glad Eveliny would hev been ef—ef—" He was about to say if she had lived, for he often spoke of her as if she were dead. He turned suddenly back, and began to eagerly absorb the details of the race, as if he had often before been elected, with calm superiority canvassing the relative strength, or rather the relative weakness, of the defeated aspirants.

He could scarcely have measured the joy which the news gave to Evelina. She was eminently susceptible of the elation of pride, the fervid glow of success; but her tender heart melted in sympathetic divination of all that this was to him who had sought it so long, and so unabashed by defeat. She pined to see his triumph in his eyes, to hear it in his voice. She wondered—nay, she knew that he longed to tell it to her. She began to hope that, softened by his prosperity, lifted so high by his honors above all the cavillings of the Kittredges, he might be more leniently disposed toward her, might pity her, might even go so far as to forgive.

But none of her filial messages reached her father's fiery old heart.

"Ye'll be sure, Abs'lom, ef ye see Joe Boyd in town, ye'll tell him ter gin dad my respec's, an' the word ez how the baby air a-thrivin', an' I wants ter fotch him ter see the fambly at home, ef they'll lemme."

Then she would watch Absalom with all the confidence of happy anticipation, as he rode off down the mountain with his hair flaunting, and his spurs jingling, and his shy young horse curveting.

But no word ever came in response; and sometimes she would take the child in her arms and carry him down a path, worn smooth by her own feet, to a jagged shoulder thrust out by the mountain where all the slopes fell away, and a crag beetled over the depths of the Cove. There she could discern certain vague lines marking the enclosure, and a tiny cluster of foliage hardly recognizable as the orchard, amidst which the cabin nestled. She could not distinguish them, but she knew that the cows were coming to be milked, lowing and clanking their bells tunefully, fording the river that had the sunset emblazoned upon it, or standing flank deep amidst its ripples; the chickens might be going to roost among the althea bushes; the lazy old dogs were astir on the porch. She could picture her brothers at work about the barn; most often a white-haired man who walked with a stick—alack! she did not fancy how feebly, nor that his white hair had grown long and venerable, and tossed in the breeze. "Ef he would jes lemme kem fur one haff'n hour!" she would cry.

But all her griefs were bewept on the crag, that there might be no tears to distress the tender-hearted Absalom when she should return to the cabin.

The election of Squire Quimbey was a sad blow to the arrogant spirit of the Kittredges. They had easily accustomed themselves to ascendency, and they hotly resented the fact that fate had forborne the opportunity to hit Joel Quimbey when he was down. They had used their utmost influence to defeat him in the race, and had openly avowed their desire to see him bite the dust. The inimical feeling between the families culminated one rainy autumnal day in the town where the quarterly county court was in session.

A fire had been kindled in the great rusty stove, and crackled away with grudging merriment inside, imparting no sentiment of cheer to the gaunt bare room, with its dusty window-panes streaked with rain, its shutters drearily flapping in the wind, and the floor bearing the imprint of many boots burdened with the red clay of

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the region. The sound of slow strolling feet in the brick-paved hall was monotonous and somnolent.

Squire Quimbey sat in his place among the justices. Despite his pride of office, he had not the heart for business that might formerly have been his. More than once his attention wandered. He looked absently out of the nearest window at the neighboring dwelling—a little frame house with a green yard; a well-sweep was defined against the gray sky, and about the curb a file of geese followed with swaying gait the wise old gander. "What a hand for fow-*els* Eveliny war!" he muttered to himself; "an' she hed luck with sech critters." He used the obituary tense, for Eveliny had in some sort passed away.

He rubbed his hand across his corrugated brow, and suddenly he became aware that her husband was in the room, speaking to the chairman of the court, and claiming a certificate for the scalp of one wolf, "one painter," he continued, laying the small furry repulsive objects upon the desk, "an' one wild-cat." He was ready to take his oath that they were killed by him running at large in this county.

He had stooped a little in making the transfer. He came suddenly to his full height, and stood with one hand in his leather belt, the other shouldering his rifle. The old man scanned him curiously. The crude light from the long windows was full upon his tall slim figure; his yellow hair curled down upon the collar of his blue jeans coat; his great miry boots were drawn high over the trousers to the knee; his pensive deer-like eyes brightened with a touch of arrogance and enmity as, turning slowly to see who was present, his glance encountered his father-in-law's keen and fiery gaze.

"Mr. Cheerman! Mr. Cheerman!" exclaimed the old man, tremulously, "lemme examinate that thar wild-cat skelp. Thanky, sir; thanky, sir; I wanter see ef 'tain't off'n the head o' some old tame tom-cat. An' this air a painter's"—affecting to scan it by the window—"two ears 'cordin' to law; yes, sir, two; and this"—his keen old face had all the white light of the sad gray day on its bleaching hair and its many lines, and his eager old hands trembled with the excitement of the significant satire he enacted—"an' this air a wolf's, ye say? Naw; it's a Kittredge's; same thing, Mr. Cheerman, by a diff'ent name; nuthin' in the code 'bout'n a premium fur a Kittredge's skelp; but same natur'; coward, bully, thief—*thief!*"

The words in the high cracked voice rang from the bare walls and bare floors as he tossed the scalps from him, and sat down, laughing silently in painful, mirthless fashion, his toothless jaw quivering, and his shaking hands groping for the arms of his chair.

"Who says a Kittredge air a thief says a lie!" cried out the young man, recovering from his tense surprise. "I don't keer how old he be," he stipulated—for he had not thought to see her father so aged—"he lies."

The old man fixed him with a steady gaze and a sudden alternation of calmness. "Ye air a Kittredge; ye stole my daughter from me."

"I never. She kem of her own accord."

"Damn ye!" the old man retorted to the unwelcome truth. There was nothing else for him to say, "Damn the whole tribe of ye; everything that goes by the accursed name of Kittredge, that's got a drop o' yer blood, or a bone o' yer bones, or a puff o' yer breath—"

"Squair! squair!" cried an officious old colleague, taking him by the elbow, "jes quiet down now; ye air a-cussin' yer own gran'son."

"So be! so be!" cried the old man, in a frenzy of rage. "Damn 'em all—all the Kittredge tribe!" He gasped for breath; his lips still moved speechlessly as he fell back into his chair.

Kittredge let his gun slip from his shoulder, the butt ringing heavily as it struck upon the floor. "I ain't a-goin' ter take sech ez that off'n ye, old man," he cried, pallid with rage, for be it remembered this grandson was that august institution, a first baby. "He sha'n't sit up thar an' cuss the baby, Mr. Cheerman." He appealed to the presiding justice, holding up his right arm as tremulous as old Quimbey's own. "I want the law! I ain't a-goin' ter tech a old man like him, an' my wife's father, so I ax in the name o' peace fur the law. Don't deny it"—with a warning glance—"'kase I ain't school-larned, an' dun know how ter get it. Don't ye deny me the law! I *know* the law don't 'low a magistrate an' a jestice ter cuss in his high office, in the presence of the county court. I want the law! I want the law!"

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The chairman of the court, who had risen in his excitement, turning eagerly first to one and then to the other of the speakers, striving to silence the colloquy, and in the sudden surprise of it at a momentary loss how to take action, sat down abruptly, and with a face of consternation. Profanity seemed to him so usual and necessary an incident of conversation that it had never occurred to him until this moment that by some strange aberration from the rational estimate of essentials it was entered as a crime in the code. He would fain have overlooked it, but the room was crowded with spectators. The chairman would be a candidate for reelection as justice of the peace at the expiration of his term. And after all what was old Quimbey to him, or he to old Quimbey, who had certainly ill-conducted himself, that, with practically the whole town looking on, he should destroy his political prospects, disregard the duties of his office, and deny a citizen the law he claimed? He had a certain twinge of conscience, and a recollection of the choice and fluent oaths of his own repertory, but as he turned over the pages of the code in search of the section he deftly argued that they were uttered in his own presence as a person, not as a justice.

And so for the first time old Joel Quimbey appeared before a tribunal as a lawbreaker, and was duly fined by the worshipful county court fifty cents for each oath, that being the price at which the State rates the expensive and impious luxury of swearing in the presence of a justice.

The old man offered no remonstrance; he said not a word in his own defence. He silently drew out his worn wallet, with much contortion of his thin old anatomy in getting to his pocket, and paid his fines on the spot. Absalom had already left the room, the clerk having made out the certificates, the chairman of the court casting the scalps into the open door of the stove, that they might be consumed by fire according to law.

The young mountaineer wore a heavy frown, and his heart was ill at ease. He sought some satisfaction in the evident opinion of the crowd which streamed out, for the excitements within were now over, that he had done a fine thing; a very clever thought, they considered it, to demand the law of Mr. Chairman, that one of their worships should be dragged from the bench and arraigned before the quarterly county court of which he was a member.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed an old codger in the street. "I jes knowed that hurt old Joel Quimbey wuss 'n ef a body hed druv a knife through him; he's been so proud o' bein' jestice 'mongst his betters, an' bein' 'lected at las', many times ez he hev run. Waal, Abs'lom, ye hev proved thar's law fur jestices too. I tell ye ye hev got sense in yer skull-i-bone."

But Absalom hung his head before these congratulations; he found no relish in the old man's humbled pride. Yet had he not cursed the baby, lumping him among the Kittredges? Absalom went about for a time, with a hopeful anxiety in his eyes, searching for one of the younger Quimbeys, in order to involve him in a fight that might have a provocation and a result more to his mind. Somehow the recollection of the quivering and aged figure of his wife's father, the smitten look on his old face, his abashed and humbled demeanor before the court, was a reproach to him, vivid and continuously present with his repetitious thoughts forever re-enacting the scene. His hands trembled; he wanted to lay hold on a younger man, to replace this æsthetic revenge with a quarrel more wholesome in the estimation of his own conscience. But the Quimbey sons were not in town today. He could only stroll about and hear himself praised for this thing that he had done, and wonder how he should meet Evelina with his conscience thus arrayed against him for her father's sake. "Plumb turned Quimbey, I swear," he said, in helpless reproach to this independent and coercive moral force within. His dejection, he supposed, had reached its lowest limits, when a rumor pervaded the town, so wild that he thought it could be only fantasy. It proved to be fact. Joel Quimbey, aggrieved, humbled, and indignant, had resigned his office, and as Absalom himself rode out of town on his way to the mountain, he saw the old man in his crumpled brown jeans suit, mounted on his white mare, jogging down the red clay road, his head bowed before the slanting lines of rain, on his way to his cheerless fireside. He turned off presently, for the road to the levels of the Cove was not the shorter cut that Absalom travelled to the mountains. But all the way the young man fancied that he saw from time to time, as the bridle-path curved in the intricacies of

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the laurels, the bowed old figure amongst the mists, jogging along, his proud head and his stiff neck bent to the slanting rain and the buffets of his unkind fate. And yet, pressing his young horse to overtake him, Absalom could find naught but the fleecy mists drifting down the bridle-path as the wind might will, or lurking in the darkling nooks of the laurel when the wind would.

The sun was shining on the mountains, and Absalom went up from the sad gray rain and through the gloomy clouds of autumn hanging over the Cove, into a soft brilliant upper atmosphere—a generous after-thought of summer—and the warm brightness of Evelina's smile. She stood in the doorway as she saw him dismounting, with her finger on her lips, for the baby was sleeping: he put in much of his time in that occupation. The tiny gourds hung yellow among the vines that clambered over the roof of the porch, and a brave jack-bean—a friend of the sheltering eaves—made shift to bloom purple and white, though others of the kind hung crisp and sere, and rattled their dry bones in every gust. The "gyarden spot" at the side of the house was full of brown and withered skeletons of the summer growths; among the crisp blades of the Indian-corn a sibilant voice was forever whispering; he saw down the tawny-colored vistas the pumpkins glow. The sky was blue; the yellow hickory flaming against it and hanging over the roof of the cabin was a fine color to see. The red sour-wood in the fence corner shook out a white tassel; the rolling tumult of the gray clouds below thickened, and he could hear the rain a-falling—falling into the dreary depths of the Cove.

All this for him: why should he disquiet himself for the storm that burst upon others?

Evelina seemed a part of the brightness; her dark eyes so softly alight, her curving red lips, the faint flush in her cheeks, her rich brown hair, and the purplish kerchief about the neck of her yellow dress. Once more she looked smiling at him, and shook her head and laid her finger on her lip.

"I oughter been sati'fied with all I got, stiddier hectorin' other folks till they 'ain't got no heart ter hold on ter what they been at sech trouble ter git," he said, gloomily, as he turned out the horse and strode toward the house with the saddle over his arm.

"Hev ennybody been spiteful ter youuns ter-day?" she demanded, in an almost maternal solicitude, and with a flash of partisan anger in her eyes.

"Git out'n my road, Eveliny," he said, fretfully, pushing by, and throwing the saddle on the floor. There was no one in the room but the occupant of the rude box on rockers which served as cradle.

Absalom had a swift, prescient fear. "She'll git it all out'n me ef I don't look sharp.—Whar's mam?" he demanded, flinging himself into a chair and looking loweringly about.

"Topknot hev jes kem off'n her nest with fourteen deedies, an' she an' 'Melia hev gone ter the barn ter see 'bout'n 'em."

"Whar's Pete?"

"A-huntin'."

A pause. The fire smouldered audibly; a hickory-nut fell with a sharp thwack on the clapboards of the roof, and rolled down and bounded to the ground.

Suddenly: "I seen yer dad ter-day," he began, without coercion. "He gin me a cussin', in the court-room, 'fore all the folks. He cussed all the Kittredges, *all* o' 'em; him too"—he glanced in the direction of the cradle—"cussed 'em black an' blue, an' called me a *thief* fur merryin' ye an' kerryin' ye off."

Her face turned scarlet, then pale. She sat down, her trembling hands reaching out to rock the cradle, as if the youthful Kittredge might be disturbed by the malediction hurled upon his tribe. But he slept sturdily on.

"Waal, now," she said, making a great effort at self-control, "ye oughtn't ter mind it. Ye know he war powerful tried. I never purtended ter be ez sweet an' pritty ez the baby air, but how would youuns feel ef somebody ye despised war ter kem hyar an' tote him off from we-uns forever?"

"I'd cut thar hearts out," he said, with prompt barbarity.

"Thar, now!" exclaimed his wife, in triumphant logic.

He gloomily eyed the smouldering coals. He was beginning to understand the paternal sentiment. By his own heart he was learning the heart of his wife's father.

"I'd chop 'em inter minch-meat," he continued, carrying his just reprisals a step further.

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"Waal, don't do it right now," said his wife trying to laugh, yet vaguely frightened by his vehemence.

"Eveliny," he cried, springing to his feet, "I be a-goin' ter tell ye all 'bout'n it. I jes called on the cheerman ter gimme the law agin him."

"Agin *dad!*—the law!" Her voice dropped as she contemplated aghast this terrible uncomprehended force brought to oppress old Joel Quimbey; she felt a sudden poignant pang for his forlorn and lonely estate.

"Never mind, never mind, Eveliny," Absalom said, hastily, repenting of his frantic candor and seeking to soothe her.

"I *will* mind," she said, sternly. "What hev ye done ter dad?"

"Nuthin'," he rejoined, sulkily—"nuthin'."

"Ye needn't try ter fool me, Abs'lom Kittredge. Ef ye ain't minded ter tell me, I'll foot it down ter town an' find out. What did the law do ter him?"

"Jes fined him," he said, striving to make light of it.

"An' ye done that fur—*spite!*" she cried. "A-settin' the law ter chouse a old man out'n money, fur gittin' mad an' sayin' ye stole his only darter. Oh, I'll answer fur him"—she too had risen; her hand trembled on the knob of the chair, but her face was scornfully smiling—"he don't mind the *money;* he'll never git you-uns *fined* ter pay back the gredge. He don't take his wrath out on folkses' *wallets;* he grips thar throats, or teches the trigger o' his rifle. Laws-a-massy! takin' out yer gredge that a-way! It's *ye* porer fur them dollars, Abs'lom—'tain't him." She laughed satirically, and turned to rock the cradle.

"What d'ye want me ter do? Fight a old man?" he exclaimed, badgered.

She kept silence, only looking at him with a flushed cheek and a scornful laughing eye.

He went on, resentfully: "I ain't 'shamed," he stoutly asserted. "Nobody 'lowed I oughter be. It's him, plumb bowed down with shame."

"The shoe's on the tother foot," she cried. "It's ye that oughter be 'shamed, an' ef ye ain't, it's more shame ter ye. What hev he got ter be 'shamed of?"

"'Kase," he retorted, "he war fetched up afore a court on a crim'nal offence—a-cussin'! Ye may think it's no shame, but he do; he war so 'shamed he gin up his office ez jestice o' the peace, what he hev run fur four or five times, an' always got beat 'ceptin' wunst."

"Dad!" but for the whisper she seemed turning to stone; her dilated eyes were fixed as she stared into his face.

"An' I seen him a-ridin' off from town in the rain arterward, his head hangin' plumb down ter the saddle-bow."

Her amazed eyes were still fastened upon his face, but her hand no longer trembled on the back of the chair.

He suddenly held out his own hand to her, his sympathy and regret returning as he recalled the picture of the lonely wayfarer in the rain that had touched him so. "Oh, Eveliny!" he cried, "I never war so beset an' sorry an'—"

She struck his hand down; her eyes blazed. Her aspect was all instinct with anger.

"I do declar' I'll never furgive ye—ter spite him so—an' kem an' tell *me!* An' shame him so ez he can't hold his place—an' kem an' tell *me!* An' bow him down so ez he can't show his face whar he hev been so respected by all—an' kem an' tell *me!* An' all fur spite, fur he hev got nuthin' ye want now. An' I gin him up an' lef' him lonely, an' all fur you-uns. Ye air mean, Abs'lom Kittredge, an' I'm the mos' fursaken fool on the face o' the yearth!"

He tried to speak, but she held up her hand in expostulation.

"Nare word—fur I won't answer. I do declar' I'll never speak ter ye agin ez long ez I live."

He flung away with a laugh and a jeer. "That's right," he said, encouragingly; "plenty o' men would be powerful glad ef thar wives would take pattern by that."

He caught up his hat and strode out of the room. He busied himself in stabling his horse, and in looking after the stock. He could hear the women's voices from the loft of the barn as they disputed about the best methods of tending the newly hatched deedies, that had chipped the shell so late in the fall as to be embarrassed by the frosts and the coming cold weather. The last bee had ceased to drone about the great prince's-feather by the doorstep, worn purplish through long flaunting, and gone to seed. The clouds were creeping up and up the slope, and others were journeying hither from over the mountains. A sense of moisture was in the air, although a great column of dust

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sprang up from the dry cornfield, with panic-stricken suggestions, and went whirling away, carrying off withered blades in the rush. The first drops of rain were pattering, with a resonant timbre in the midst, before Pete came home with a newly killed deer on his horse, and the women, with fluttering skirts and sun-bonnets, ran swiftly across to the back door of the shed-room. Then the heavy downpour made the cabin rock.

"Why, Eveliny an' the baby oughtn't ter be out in this hyar rain—they'll be drenched," said the old woman, when they were all safely housed except the two. "Whar be she?"

"A-foolin' in the gyarden spot a-getherin' seed an' sech, like she always be," said the sister-in-law, tartly.

Absalom ran out into the rain without his hat, his heart in the clutch of a prescient terror. No; the summer was over for the garden as well as for him; all forlorn and rifled, its few swaying shrubs tossed wildly about, a mockery of the grace and bloom that had once embellished it. His wet hair streaming backward in the wind caught on the laurel boughs as he went down and down the tangled path that her homesick feet had worn to the crag which overlooked the Cove. Not there! He stood, himself enveloped in the mist, and gazed blankly into the folds of the dun-colored clouds that with tumultuous involutions surged above the valley and baffled his vision. He realized it with a sinking heart. She was gone.

That afternoon—it was close upon nightfall—Stephen Quimbey, letting down the bars for the cows, noticed through the slanting lines of rain, serried against the masses of sober-hued vapors which hid the great mountain towering above the Cove, a woman crossing the foot-bridge. He turned and lifted down another bar, and then looked again. Something there was familiar in her aspect, certainly. He stood gravely staring. Her sun-bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, and was hanging loosely there by the strings tied beneath her chin; her brown hair, dishevelled by the wind, tossed back and forth in heavy waveless locks, wet through and through. When the gusts freshened they lashed, thong-like, her pallid oval face; more than once she put up her hand and tried to gather them together, or to press them back—only one hand, for she clasped a heavy bundle in her arms, and as she toiled along slowly up the rocky slope, Stephen suddenly held his palm above his eyes. The recognition was becoming definite, and yet he could scarcely believe his senses: was it indeed Evelina, wind-tossed, tempest-beaten, and with as many tears as rain-drops on her pale cheek? Evelina, forlorn and sorry, and with swollen sad dark eyes, and listless exhausted step—here again at the bars, where she had not stood since she dragged her wounded lover thence on that eventful night two years and more ago.

Resentment for the domestic treachery was uppermost in his mind, and he demanded surlily, when she had advanced within the sound of his words, "What hev ye kem hyar fur?"

"Ter stay," she responded, briefly.

His hand in an uncertain gesture laid hold upon his tuft of beard.

"Fur good?" he faltered, amazed.

She nodded silently.

He stooped to lift down the lowest bar that she might pass. Suddenly the bundle she clasped gave a dexterous twist; a small head, with yellow downy hair, was thrust forth; a pair of fawn-like eyes fixed an inquiring stare upon him; the pink face distended with a grin, to which the two small teeth in the red mouth, otherwise empty, lent a singularly merry expression; and with a manner that was a banter to pursuit, the head disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, tucked with affected shyness under his mother's arm.

She left Stephen standing with the bar in his hand, staring blankly after her, and ran into the cabin.

Her father had no questions to ask—nor she.

As he caught her in his arms he gave a great cry of joy that rang through the house, and brought Timothy from the barn, in astonishment, to the scene.

"Eveliny's *home!*" he cried out to Tim, who, with the ox-yoke in his hand, stood in the doorway. "Kem ter stay! Eveliny's *home!* I knowed she'd kem back to her old daddy. Eveliny's kem ter stay fur good."

"They tol' me they'd hectored ye plumb out'n the town an' out'n yer office. They hed the insurance ter tell *me* that word!" she cried, sobbing on his breast.

"What d'ye reckon I keer fur enny jestice's cheer when I hev got ye agin ter set alongside o' me by the fire?" he ex-

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claimed, his cracked old voice shrill with triumphant gladness.

He pushed her into her rocking-chair in the chimney-corner, and laughed again with the supreme pleasure of the moment, although she had leaned her head against the logs of the wall, and was sobbing aloud with the contending emotions that tore her heart.

"Didn't ye ever want ter kem afore, Eveliny?" he demanded. "I hev been a-pinin' fur a glimge o' ye." He was in his own place now, his hands trembling as they lay on the arms of his chair; a pathetic reproach was in his voice. "Though old folks oughtn't expec' too much o' young ones, ez be all tuk up naterally with tharse'fs," he added, bravely. He would not let his past lonely griefs mar the bright present. "Old folks air mos'ly cumberers—mos'ly cumberers, ennyhow."

Her weeping had ceased; she was looking at him with dismayed surprise in her eyes, still lustrous with unshed tears. "Why, dad, I sent ye a hundred messages ef I mought kem. I tol' Abs'lom ter tell Joe Boyd—bein' as ye liked Joe—I wanted ter see ye." She leaned forward and looked up at him with frowning intensity. "They never gin ye that word?"

He laughed aloud in sorry scorn. "We can't teach our chil'n nuthin'," he philosophized. "They hev got ter hurt tharse'fs with all the thorns an' the stings o' the yearth. Our sperience with the sharp things an' bitter ones don't do them no sarvice. Naw, leetle darter—naw! Ye mought ez well gin a message o' kindness ter a wolf, an' expec' him ter kerry it ter some lonesome, helpless thing a-wounded by the way-side, ez gin it ter a Kittredge."

"I never will speak ter one o' 'em agin ez long ez I live," she cried, with a fresh gust of tears.

"Waal," exclaimed the old man, reassuringly, and chirping high, "hyar we all be agin, jes the same ez we war afore. Don't cry, Eveliny; it's jes the same."

A sudden babbling intruded upon the conversation. The youthful Kittredge, as he sat upon the wide flat stones of the hearth, was as unwelcome here in the Cove as a Quimbey had been in the cabin on the mountain. The great hickory fire called for his unmixed approval, coming in, as he had done, from the gray wet day. He shuffled his bare pink feet—exceedingly elastic and agile members they seemed to be, and he had a remarkable "purchase" upon their use—and brought them smartly down upon their heels as if this were one of the accepted gestures of applause. Then he looked up at the dark frowning faces of his mother's brothers, and gurgled with laughter, showing the fascinating spectacle of his two front teeth. Perhaps it was the only Kittredge eye that they were not willing to meet. They solemnly gazed beyond him and into the fire, ignoring his very existence. He sustained the slight with an admirable cheerfulness, and babbled and sputtered and flounced about with his hands. He grew pinker in the generous fire-light, and he looked very fat as he sat in a heap on the floor. He seemed to have threads tightly tied about his bolster-shaped limbs in places where elder people prefer joints—in his ankles and wrists and elbows—for his arms were bare, and although his frock of pink calico hung decorously high on one shoulder, it drooped quite off from the other, showing a sturdy chest.

His mother took slight notice of him; she was beginning to look about the room with a certain critical disfavor at the different arrangement of the household furniture adopted by the deaf and widowed old cousin who presided here now, and who, it chanced, had been called away by the illness of a relative. Evelina got up presently, and shifted the position of the spinning-wheels, placing the flax-wheel where the large wheel had been. She then pushed out the table from the corner. "What ailed her ter sot it hyar?" she grumbled, in a disaffected undertone, and shoved it to the centre of the floor, where it had always stood during her own sway. She cast a discerning glance up among the strings of herbs and peppers hanging from above, and examined the shelves where the simple stores for table use were arranged in earthen-ware bowls or gourds—all with an air of vague dissatisfaction. She presently stepped into the shed-room, and there looked over the piles of quilts and comforts. They were in order, certainly, but placed in a different method from her own; another woman's hand had been at work, and she was jealous of its very touch among these familiar old things to which she seemed positively akin. "I wonder how I made out ter bide so long on the mounting," she said; and with the recollection of the long-

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haired Absalom there was another gush of tears and sobs, which she stifled as she could in one of the old quilts that held many of her own stitches and was soothing to touch.

The infantile Kittredge, who was evidently not born to blush unseen, seemed to realize that he had failed to attract the attention of the three absorbed Quimbeys who sat about the fire. He blithely addressed himself to another effort. He suddenly whisked himself over on all fours, and with a certain ursine aspect went nimbly across the hearth, still holding up his downy yellow head, his pink face agrin, and alluringly displaying his two facetious teeth. He caught the rung of Tim's chair, and lifted himself tremulously to an upright posture. And then it became evident that he was about to give an exhibition of the thrilling feat of walking around a chair. With a truly Kittredge perversity he had selected the one that had the savage Timothy seated in it. For an instant the dark-browed face scowled down into his unaffrighted eyes: it seemed as if Tim might kick him into the fire. The next moment he had set out to circumnavigate, as it were. What a prodigious force he expended upon it! How he gurgled and grinned and twisted his head to observe the effect upon the men, all sedulously gazing into the fire! how he bounced, and anon how he sank with sudden genuflections! how limber his feet seemed, and what free agents! Surely he never intended to put them down at that extravagant angle. More than once one foot was placed on top of the other—an attitude that impeded locomotion and resulted in his sitting down in an involuntary manner and with some emphasis. With an appalling temerity he clutched Tim's great miry boots to help him up and on his way round. Occasionally he swayed to and fro, with his teeth on exhibition, laughing and babbling and shrilly exclaiming, inarticulately bragging of his agile prowess, as if he were able to defy all the Quimbeys, who would not notice him. And when it was all over he went in his wriggling ursine gait back to the hearth-stone, and there he was sitting, demurely enough, and as if he had never moved, when his mother returned and found him.

There was no indication that he had attracted a moment's attention. She looked gravely down at him; then took her chair. A pair of blue yarn socks was in her hand. "I never see sech darnin' ez Cousin Sairy Ann do fur ye, dad; I hev jes tuk my shears an' cut this heel smang out, an' I be goin' ter do it over."

She slipped a tiny gourd into the heel, and began to draw the slow threads to and fro across it.

The blaze, red and yellow, and with elusive purple gleams, leaped up the chimney. The sap was still in the wood; it sang a summer-tide song. But an autumn wind was blowing shrilly down the chimney; one could hear the sibilant rush of the dead leaves on the blast. The window and the door shook, and were still, and once more rattled as if a hand were on the latch.

Suddenly—"Ever weigh him?" her father asked.

She sat upright with a nervous start. It was a moment before she understood that it was of the Kittredge scion he spoke.

With his high cracked laugh the old man leaned over, his outspread hand hovering about the plump baby, uncertain where, in so much soft fatness, it might be practicable to clutch him. There were some large horn buttons on the back of his frock, a half-dozen of which, gathered together, afforded a grasp. He lifted the child by them, laughing in undisguised pleasure to feel the substantial strain upon the garment.

"Toler'ble survigrus," he declared, with his high chirp.

His daughter suddenly sprang up with a pallid face and a pointing hand.

"The winder!" she huskily cried—"suthin's at the winder!"

But when they looked they saw only the dark square of tiny panes, with the fireside scene genially reflected on it. And then she fell to declaring that she had been dreaming, and besought them not to take down their guns nor to search, and would not be still until they had all seemed to concede the point; it was she who fastened the doors and shutters, and she did not lie down to rest till they were all asleep and hours had past. None of them doubted that it was Absalom's face that she had seen at the window, where the light had once lured him before, and she knew that she had dreamed no dream like this.

It soon became evident that whenever Joe Boyd was intrusted with a message

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he would find means to deliver it. For upon him presently devolved the difficult duties of ambassador. The first time that his honest square face appeared at the rail fence, and the sound of his voice roused Evelina as she stood feeding the chickens close by, she returned his question with a counter-question hard to answer.

"I hev been up the mounting," he said, smiling, as he hooked his arms over the rail fence. "Abs'lom he say he wanter know when ye'll git yer visit out an' kem home."

She leaned her elbow against the ash-hopper, balancing the wooden bowl of corn-meal batter on its edge and trembling a little; the geese and chickens and turkeys crowded, a noisy rout, about her feet.

"Joe," she said, irrelevantly, "ye air one o' the few men on this yearth ez ain't a liar."

He stared at her gravely for a moment, then burst into a forced laugh. "Ho! ho! I tell a bushel o' 'em a day, Eveliny!" He wagged his head in an anxious affectation of mirth.

"Why'n't ye gin dad them messages ez Abs'lom gin ye from me?"

Joe received this in blank amaze; then, with sudden comprehension, his lower jaw dropped. He looked at her with a plea for pity in his eyes. And yet his ready tact strove to reassert itself.

"I mus' hev furgot 'em," he faltered.

"Did Abs'lom ever gin 'em ter ye?" she persisted.

"*Ef he did*, I mus' hev furgot 'em," he repeated, crestfallen and hopeless.

She laughed and turned jauntily away, once more throwing the corn-meal batter to the greedily jostling poultry. "Tell Abs'lom I hev f'und him out," she said. "He can't sot me agin dad no sech way. This be my home, an' hyar I be goin' ter 'bide."

And so she left the good Joe Boyd hooked on by the elbows to the fence.

The Quimbeys, who had heard this conversation from within, derived from it no small elation. "She hev gin 'em the go-by fur good," Timothy said, confidently, to his father, who laughed in triumph, and pulled calmly at his pipe, and looked ten years younger.

But Steve was surlily anxious. "I'd place heap mo' dependence in Eveliny ef she didn't hev this hyar way o' cryin' all the time. She 'lows she's glad she kem—*so glad* she hev lef' Abs'lom fur good an' all—an' then she busts out a-cryin' agin. I ain't able ter argufy on sech."

"Shucks! wimmen air always a-cryin', an' they don't mean *nuthin'* by it," exclaimed the old man, in the plenitude of his wisdom. "It air jes one o' thar most contrarious ways. I hev seen 'em set down an' cry fur joy an' pleasure."

But Steve was doubtful. "It be a powerful low-sperited gift fur them ez hev ter 'bide along of 'em. Eveliny never useter be tearful in no wise. Now she cries a heap mo' 'n that thar shoat"—his lips curled in contempt as he glanced toward the door, through which was visible a small rotund figure in pink calico, seated upon the lowest log of the wood-pile—"ez she fotched down hyar with her. *He* never hev hed a reg'lar blate but two or three times sence he hev been hyar, an' them war when that thar old tur-rkey gobbler teetered up ter him an' tuk his corn-dodger that he war a-eatin' on plumb out'n his hand. *He* hed suthin' to holler fur—hed los' his breakfus."

"Don't he 'pear ter you-uns ter be powerful peegeon-toed?" asked Tim, anxiously, turning to his father.

"The gawbbler?" faltered the amazed old man.

"Naw; him, *him—Kittredge*," said Tim, jerking his big thumb in the direction of the small boy.

"Law-dy Gawd A'mighty! *naw! naw!*" The grandfather indignantly repudiated the implication of the infirmity. One would have imagined that he would deem it meet that a Kittredge should be pigeon-toed. "It's jes the way *all* babies hev got a-walkin'; he ain't right handy yit with his feet—jes a-beginnin' ter walk, an' sech. Peegeon-toed! I say it, ye fool!" He cast a glance of contempt on his eldest-born, and arrogantly puffed his pipe.

Again Joe Boyd came, and yet again. He brought messages contrite and promissory from Absalom; he brought commands stern and insistent. He came into the house at last, and sat and talked to the fireside circle, who bore themselves in a manner calculated to impress the Kittredge émissary with their triumph and contempt for his mission, although they studiously kept silence, leaving it to Evelina to answer.

At last the old man, leaning forward, tapped Joe on the knee. "See hyar, Joe. Ye hev always been a good frien' o' mine.

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This hyar man he stole my darter from me, an' whenst she wanted ter be frien's, an' not let her old dad die unforgivin', he wouldn't let her send the word ter me. An' then he sot himself ter spite an' hector me, an' fairly run me out'n the town, an' harried me out'n my office; an' when she f'und out—she wouldn't take my word fur it—the deceivin' natur' o' the Kittredge tribe, she hed hed enough o' 'em. I hev let ye argufy 'bout'n it; ye hev hed yer fill. An' now I be tired out. Ye ain't 'lowin' she'll ever go back ter her husband, air ye?"

Joe dolorously shook his head.

"Waal, ef ever ye kem hyar talkin' 'bout'n it agin, I'll be 'bleeged ter take down my rifle ter ye."

Joe gazed, unmoved, into the fire.

"An' that would be mighty hard on me, Joe, 'kase ye be so pop'lar 'mongst all, I dun know *what* the kentry-side would do ter me ef I war ter put a bullet inter ye. Ye air a young man, Joe. Ye oughter spare a old man sech a danger ez that."

And so it happened that Joe Boyd's offices as mediator ceased.

A week went by in silence and without result. Evelina's tears seemed to keep count of the minutes. The brothers indignantly noted it, and even the old man was roused from the placid securities of his theories concerning lachrymose womankind, and remonstrated sometimes, and sometimes grew angry and exhorted her to go back. What did it matter to her how her father was treated? He was a cumberer of the ground, and many people besides her husband had thought he had no right to sit in a justice's chair. And then she would burst into tears once more, and declare again that she would never go back.

The only thoroughly cheerful soul about the place was the intruding Kittredge. He sat continuously—for the weather was fine—on the lowest log of the wood-pile, and swung his bare pink feet among the chips and bark, and seemed to have given up all ambition to walk. Occasionally red and yellow leaves whisked past his astonished eyes, although these were few now, for November was on the wane. He babbled to the chickens who pecked about him with as much indifference as if he were made of wood. His two teeth came glittering out whenever the rooster crowed, and his gleeful laugh—he rejoiced so in this handsomely endowed bird—could be heard to the barn. The dogs seemed never to have known that he was a Kittredge, and wagged their tails at the very sound of his voice, and seized surreptitious opportunities to lick his face. Of all his underfoot world only the gobbler awed him into gravity and silence; he would gaze in dismay as the marauding fowl irresolutely approached from around the wood-pile, with long neck outstretched and undulating gait, applying first one eye and then the other to the pink hands, for the gobbler seemed to consider them a perpetual repository of corn-dodgers, which indeed they were. Then the head and the wabbling red wattles would dart forth with a sudden peck, and the shriek that ensued proved that nothing could be much amiss with the Kittredge lungs.

One fine day he sat thus in the red November sunset. The sky, seen through the interlacing black boughs above his head, was all amber and crimson, save for a wide space of pure and pallid green, against which the purplish-garnet wintry mountains darkly gloomed. Beyond the rail fence the avenues of the bare woods were carpeted with the sere yellowish leaves that gave back the light with a responsive illuminating effect, and thus the sylvan vistas glowed. The long slanting beams elongated his squatty little shadow till it was hardly a caricature. He heard the cow lowing as she came to be milked, fording the river where the clouds were so splendidly reflected. The chickens were going to roost. The odor of the wood, the newly hewn chips, imparted a fresh and fragrant aroma to the air. He had found among them a sweet-gum ball and a pine cone, and was applying them to the invariable test of taste. Suddenly he dropped them with a nervous start, his lips trembled, his lower jaw fell, he was aware of a stealthy approach. Something was creeping behind the wood-pile. He hardly had time to bethink himself of his enemy the gobbler when he was clutched under the arm, swung through the air with a swiftness that caused the scream to evaporate in his throat, and the next moment he looked quakingly up into his father's face with unrecognizing eyes; for he had forgotten Absalom in these few weeks. He squirmed and wriggled as he was held on the pommel of the saddle, winking and catching his breath and sputtering, as pre-

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liminary proceedings to an outcry. There was a sudden sound of heavily shod feet running across the puncheon floor within, a wild incoherent exclamation smote the air, an interval of significant silence ensued.

"Get up," cried Absalom, not waiting for Tim's rifle, but spurring the young horse, and putting him at the fence. The animal rose with the elasticity and lightness of an uprearing tidal wave. The baby once more twisted his soft neck, and looked anxiously into the rider's face. This was not the gobbler. The gobbler did not ride horseback. Then the affinity of the male infant for the noble equine animal suddenly overbore all else. In elation he smote with his soft pink hand the glossy arched neck before him. "Dul-lup," he arrogantly echoed Absalom's words. And thus father and son at a single bound disappeared into the woods, and so out of sight.

The savage Tim was leaning upon his rifle in the doorway, his eyes dilated, his breath short, his whole frame trembling with excitement, as the other men, alarmed by Evelina's screams, rushed down from the barn.

"What ails ye, Tim? Why'n't ye fire?" demanded his father.

Tim turned an agitated, baffled look upon him. "I—I mought hev hit the baby," he faltered.

"Hain't ye got no aim, ye durned sinner?" cried Stephen, furiously.

"Bullet mought hev gone through him and struck inter the baby," expostulated Tim.

"An' then agin it moughtn't," cried Stephen. "Lawd, ef *I* hed hed the chance!"

"Ye wouldn't hev done no differ," declared Tim.

"Hyar!" Steve caught his brother's gun and presented it to his lips. "Suck the bar'l. It's 'bout all ye air good fur."

The horses had been turned out. By the time they were caught and saddled pursuit was evidently hopeless. The men strode in one by one, dashing the saddles and bridles on the floor, and finding in angry expletives a vent for their grief. And indeed it might have seemed that the Quimbeys must have long sought a choice Kittredge infant for adoption, so far did their bewailings discount Rachel's mourning.

"Don't cry, Eveliny," they said, ever and anon. "We-uns 'll git him back fur ye."

But she had not shed a tear. She sat speechless, motionless, as if turned to stone.

"Laws-a-massy, child, ef ye would jes hev b'lieved *me* 'bout'n them Kittredges—Abs'lom in partic'lar—ye'd be happy an' free now," said the old man, his imagination somewhat extending his experience, for he had had no knowledge of his son-in-law until their relationship began.

The evening wore drearily on. Now and then the men roused themselves, and with lowering faces discussed the opportunities of reprisal, and the best means of rescuing the child. And whether they schemed to burn the Kittredge cabin, or to arm themselves, burst in upon their enemies, shooting and killing all who resisted, Evelina said nothing, but stared into the fire with unnaturally dilated eyes, her white lined face all drawn and somehow unrecognizable.

"Never mind," her father said at intervals, taking her cold hands, "we-uns 'll git him back, Eveliny. The Lord hed a mother wunst, an' I'll be bound He keeps a special pity for a woman an' her child."

"Oh, great gosh! who'd hev dreamt we'd hev missed him so!" cried Tim, shifting his position, and slipping his left arm over the back of his chair. "Jes ter think o' the leetle size o' him, an' the great big gap he hev lef' roun' this hyar ha'th-stone!"

"An' yit he jes sot underfoot, 'mongst the cat an' the dogs, jes ez humble!" said Stephen.

"I'd git him back ef he warn't no kin ter me, Eveliny," declared Tim, and he spoke advisedly, remembering that the youth was a Kittredge.

Still Evelina said not a word. All that night she silently walked the puncheon floor, while the rest of the household slept. The dogs, in vague disturbance, because of the unprecedented vigil and stir in the midnight, wheezed uneasily from time to time, and crept restlessly about under the cabin, now and again thumping their backs or heads against the floor; but at last they betook themselves to slumber. The hickory logs broke in twain as they burned, and fell on either side, and presently there was only the dull red glow of the embers on her pale

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face, and the room was full of brown shadows, motionless, now that the flames flared no more. Once when the red glow, growing ever dimmer, seemed almost submerged beneath the gray ashes, she paused and stirred the coals. The renewed glimmer surprised a fixed expression in her eyes, becoming momently more resolute. At intervals she knelt at the window and placed her hands about her face to shut out the light from the hearth, and looked out upon the night. How the chill stars loitered! How the dawn delayed! The great mountain gloomed darkling above the Cove. The waning moon, all melancholy and mystic, swung in the purple sky. The bare stark boughs of the trees gave out here and there a glimmer of hoar-frost. There was no wind; when she heard the dry leaves whisk she caught a sudden glimpse of a fox that, with his crafty shadow pursuing him, leaped upon the wood-pile, nimbly ran along its length, and so, noiselessly, away—while the dogs snored beneath the house. A cock crew from the hen-roost; the mountain echoed the resonant strain. She saw a mist come stealing softly along a precipitous gorge; the gauzy web hung shimmering in the moon; presently the trees were invisible; anon they showed rigid amongst the soft enmeshment, and again were lost to view.

She rose; there was a new energy in her step; she stepped quickly across the floor and unbarred the door.

The little cabin on the mountain was lost amongst the clouds. It was not yet day, but the old woman, with that proclivity to early rising characteristic of advancing years, was already astir. It was in the principal room of the cabin that she slept, and it contained another bed, in which, placed crosswise, were five billet-shaped objects under the quilts, which when awake identified themselves as Peter Kittredge's children. She had dressed and uncovered the embers, and put on a few of the chips which had been spread out on the hearth to dry, and had sat down and lighted her pipe. A timid blaze began to steal up, and again was quenched, and only the smoke ascended in its form; then the light flickered out once more, casting a gigantic shadow of her sun-bonnet—for she had donned it thus early—half upon the brown and yellow daubed wall, and half upon the dark ceiling, making a specious stir amidst the peltry and strings of pop-corn hanging motionless thence.

She sighed heavily once or twice, and with an aged manner, and leaned her elbows on her knees and gazed contemplatively at the fire. All at once the ashes were whisked about the hearth as in a sudden draught, and then were still. In momentary surprise she took her pipe from her lips, hesitated, then replaced it and calmly puffed away. She settled again her elbows on her knees, and suddenly once more a whisking of the ashes; a cold shiver ran through her, and she turned to see a hand fumbling at the batten shutter close by. She stared for a moment as if paralyzed, her pipe fell to the floor, scattering the fire and tobacco over the hearth. She rose trembling to her feet, and her lips parted as if to cry out. They emitted no sound, and she turned with a terrified fascination and looked back. The shutter had opened; there was no glass; the small square of the window showed the nebulous gray cloud without, and defined upon it was Evelina's head, her dark hair streaming over the red shawl held about it, her fair oval face pallid and pensive, and with a great wistfulness upon it; her lustrous dark eyes glittered.

"Mother," her red lips quivered out.

The old crone recognized no treachery in her heart. She laid a warning finger upon her lips. All the men were asleep.

Evelina stretched out her yearning arms. "Gin him ter me!"

"Naw, naw, Eveliny," huskily whispered Absalom's mother. "Ye oughter kem hyar an' 'bide with yer husband—ye know ye ought."

Evelina still held out her insistent arms. "Gin him ter me!" she pleaded.

The old woman shook her head sternly. "Ye kem in, an' 'bide whar ye b'long."

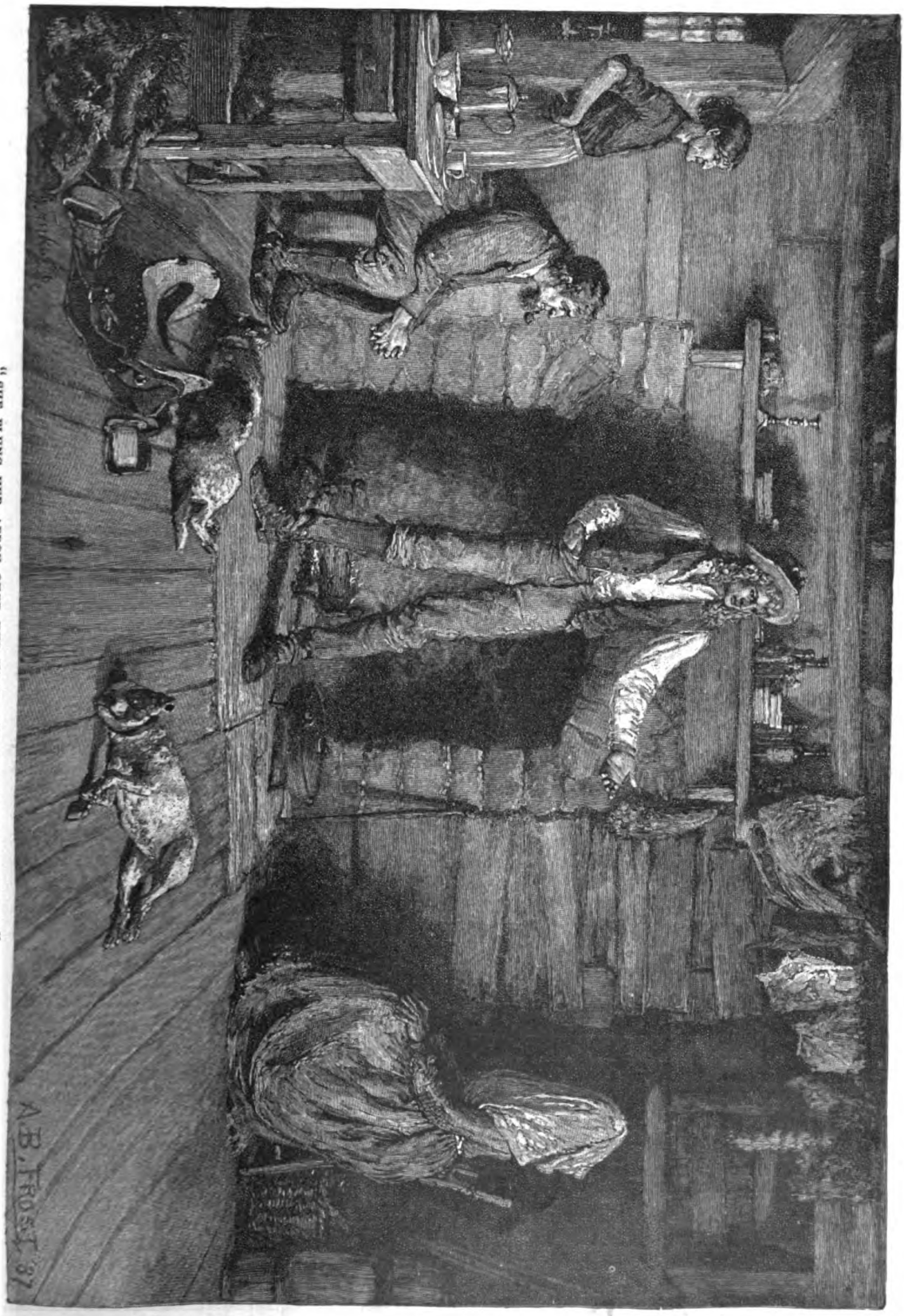
Evelina took a step nearer the window. She laid her hand on the sill. "Spos'n 'twar Abs'lom whenst he war a baby," she said, her eyes softly brightening, "an' another woman hed him an' kep' him, 'kase ye an' his dad fell out—would ye hev 'lowed she war right ter treat ye like ye treat me—whenst Abs'lom war a baby?"

Once more she held out her arms.

There was a step in the inner shed-room; then silence.

"Ye hain't got no excuse," the soft voice urged; "ye know jes how I feel,

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"SHE FLUNG HER APRON OVER HER HEAD, AND SAT STIFF AND SILENT."

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how ye'd hev felt, whenst Abs'lom war a baby."

The shawl had fallen back from her tender face; her eyes glowed, her cheek was softly flushed. A sudden terror thrilled through her as she again heard the heavy step approaching in the shed-room. "Whenst Abs'lom war a baby," she reiterated, her whole pleading heart in the tones.

A sudden radiance seemed to illumine the sad, dun-colored folds of the encompassing cloud; her face shone with a transfiguring happiness, for the hustling old crone had handed out to her a warm somnolent bundle, and the shutter closed upon the mists with a bang.

"The wind's riz powerful suddint," Peter said, noticing the noise as he came stumbling in, rubbing his eyes. He went and fastened the shutter, while his mother tremulously refilled her pipe.

The absence of the baby was not noticed for some time, and when the father's hasty and angry questions elicited the reluctant facts, the outcry for his loss was hardly less bitter among the Kittredges than among the Quimbeys. The fugitives were shielded from capture by the enveloping mist, and when Absalom returned from the search he could do naught but indignantly upbraid his mother.

She was terrified by her own deed, and cowered under Absalom's wrath. It was in a moral collapse, she felt, that she could have done this thing. She flung her apron over her head, and sat stiff and silent—a monumental figure—among them. Once, roused by Absalom's reproaches, she made some effort to defend and exculpate herself, speaking from behind the enveloping apron.

"I ain't born no Kittredge nohow," she irrelevantly asseverated, "an' I never war. An' when Eveliny axed me how I'd hev liked ter hev another 'oman take Abs'lom whenst he war a baby, I couldn't hold out no longer."

"Shucks!" cried Absalom, unfilially; "ye'd a heap better be a-studyin' 'bout'n my good now 'n whenst I war a baby—a-givin' away *my* child ter them Quimbeys; a-h'istin' him out'n the winder!"

She was glad to retort that he was "impident," and to take refuge in an aggrieved silence, as many another mother has done when outmatched by logic.

After this there was more cheerfulness in her hidden face than might have been argued from her port of important sorrow. "Bes' ter hev no jawin', though," she said to herself, as she sat thus inscrutably veiled. And deep in her repentant heart she was contradictorily glad that Evelina and the baby were safe together down in the Cove.

Old Joel Quimbey, putting on his spectacles, with a look of keenest curiosity, to read a paper which the deputy-sheriff of the county presented when he drew rein by the wood-pile one afternoon some three weeks later, had some difficulty in identifying a certain Elnathan Daniel Kittredge specified therein. He took off his spectacles, rubbed them smartly, and put them on again. The writing was unchanged. Surely it must mean the baby. That was the only Kittredge whose body they could be summoned to produce on the 24th of December before the judge of the circuit court, now in session. He turned the paper about and looked at it, his natural interest as a man augmented by his recognition as an ex-magistrate of its high important legal character.

"Eveliny," he quavered, at once flattered and furious, "dad burned ef Abs'lom hain't gone an' got out a *habeas corpus* fur the baby!"

It had a sound so deadly that there was much ado to satisfactorily explain the writ and its functions to Evelina, who had felt at ease again since the baby was at home, and so effectually guarded that to kidnap him was necessarily to murder two or three of the vigilant and stalwart Quimbey men. So much joy did it afford the old man to air his learning and consult his code—a relic of his justiceship—that he belittled the danger of losing the said Elnathan Daniel Kittredge in the interest with which he looked forward to the day for him to be produced before the court.

There was a gathering of the clans on that day. Quimbeys and Kittredges who had not visited the town for twenty years were jogging thither betimes that morning on the red clay roads, all unimpeded by the deep mud which, frozen into stiff ruts and ridges here and there, made the way hazardous to the running-gear. The lagging winter had come, and the ground was half covered with a light fall of snow.

The windows of the court-house were white with frost; the weighted doors clanged continuously. An old codger, slowly ascending the steps, and pushing

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into the semi-obscurity of the hall, paused as the door slammed behind him, stared at the sheriff in surprise, then fixed him with a bantering leer. The light that slanted through the open court-room door fell upon the official's burly figure, his long red beard, his big broad-brimmed hat pushed back from his laughing red face, consciously ludicrous and abashed just now.

"Hev ye made a find?" demanded the new-comer, with a grin.

For in the strong arms of the law sat, bolt-upright, Elnathan Daniel Kittredge, his yellow head actively turning about, his face decorated with a grin, and on most congenial terms with the sheriff.

"They're lawin' 'bout'n him in thar" —the sheriff jerked his thumb toward the door. "*Habeas corpus* perceedin's. Dun know ez I ever see a friskier little cuss. Durned ef I 'ain't got a good mind ter run off with him myself."

The said Elnathan Daniel Kittredge once more squirmed round and settled himself comfortably in the hollow of the sheriff's elbow, who marvelled to find himself so deft in holding him, for it was twenty years since his son—a gawky youth who now affected the company at the groceries, and was none too filial—was the age and about the build of this infant Kittredge.

"They hed a reg'lar scrimmage hyar in the hall—them fool men—Quimbey an' Kittredge. Old man Quimbey said suthin' ter Abs'lom Kittredge—I dun know what all. Abs'lom never jawed back none. He jes made a dart an' snatched this hyar leetle critter out'n his mother's arms, stiddier waitin' fur the law, what he summonsed himself. Blest ef I didn't hev ter hold my revolver ter his head, an' then crack him over the knuckles, ter make him let go the child. I didn't want ter arrest him—mighty clever boy, Abs'lom Kittredge! I promised that young woman I'd keep holt o' the child till the law gins its say-so. I feel sorry fur her; she's been through a heap."

"Waal, ye look mighty pritty, totin' him around hyar," his friend encouraged him with a grin. "I'll say that fur ye—ye look mighty pritty."

And in fact the merriment in the hall at the sheriff's expense began to grow so exhilarating as to make him feel that the proceedings within were too interesting to lose. His broad red face with its big red beard reappeared in the doorway—slightly embarrassed because of the sprightly manners of his charge, who challenged to mirth every eye that glanced at him by his toothful grin and his gurgles and bounces; he was evidently enjoying the excitement and his conspicuous position. He manfully gnawed at his corn-dodger from time to time, and from the manner in which he affiliated with his new acquaintance, the sheriff, he seemed old enough to dispense with maternal care, and but for his incomplete methods of locomotion, able to knock about town with the boys. The Quimbeys took note of his mature demeanor with sinking hearts; they looked anxiously at the judge, wondering if he had ever before seen such precocity—anything so young to be so old: "He 'ain't never afore 'peared so survigrus—so *durned* survigrus ez he do terday," they whispered to each other.

"Yes, sir," his father was saying, on examination, "year old. Eats anything he kin git—cabbage an' fat meat an' anything. *Could* walk if he wanted ter. But he 'ain't been raised right"—he glanced at his wife to observe the effect of this statement. He felt a pang as he noted her pensive, downcast face, all tremulous and agitated, overwhelmed as she was by the crowd and the infinite moment of the decision. But Absalom, too, had his griefs, and they expressed themselves perversely.

"He hev been pompered an' fattened by bein' let ter eat an' sleep so much, till he be so heavy ter hisself he don't wanter take the trouble ter git about. He *could* walk ennywhar. He's plumb survigrus."

And as if in confirmation, the youthful Kittredge lifted his voice to display his lung power. He hilariously babbled, and suddenly roared out a stentorian whoop, elicited by nothing in particular, then caught the sheriff's beard, and buried in it his conscious pink face.

The judge looked gravely up over his spectacles. He had a bronzed complexion, a serious, pondering expression, a bald head, and a gray beard. He wore a black broadcloth suit, somewhat old-fashioned in cut, and his black velvet vest had suffered an eruption of tiny red satin spots. He had great respect for judicial decorums, and no Kittredge, however youthful, or survigrus, or exalted in importance by *habeas corpus* proceedings, could "holler" unmolested where he presided.

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"Mr. Sheriff," he said, solemnly, "remove that child from the presence of the court."

And the said Elnathan Daniel Kittredge went out gleefully kicking in the arms of the law.

The hundred or so grinning faces in the court-room relapsed quickly into gravity and excited interest. The rows of jeans-clad countrymen seated upon the long benches on either side of the bar leaned forward with intent attitudes. For this was a rich feast of local gossip, such as had not been so bountifully spread within their recollection. All the ancient Quimbey and Kittredge feuds contrived to be detailed anew in offering to the judge reasons why father or mother was the more fit custodian of the child in litigation.

As Absalom sat listening to all this, his eyes were suddenly arrested by his wife's face—half draped it was, half shadowed by her sun-bonnet, its fine and delicate profile distinctly outlined against the crystalline and frosted pane of the window near which she sat. The snow without threw a white reflection upon it; its rich coloring in contrast was the more intense; it was very pensive, with the heavy lids drooping over the lustrous eyes, with a pallid and pathetic appeal in its expression.

And suddenly his thoughts wandered far afield. He wondered that it had come to this; that she could have misunderstood him so; that he had thought her hard and perverse and unforgiving. His heart was all at once melting within him; somehow he was reminded how slight a thing she was, and how strong was the power that nerved her slender hand to drag his heavy weight, in his dead and helpless unconsciousness, down to the bars and into the safety of the sheltering laurel that night, when he lay wounded and bleeding under the lighted window of the cabin in the Cove. A deep tenderness, an irresistible yearning had come upon him; he was about to rise, he was about to speak he knew not what, when suddenly her face was irradiated as one who sees a blessed vision; a happy light sprang into her eyes; her lips curved into a smile; the quick tears dropped one by one on her hands, nervously clasping and unclasping each other. He was bewildered for a moment. Then he heard Peter gruffly growling a half-whispered curse, and the voice of the judge, in the exercise of his discretion, methodically droning out his reasons for leaving so young a child in the custody of its mother, disregarding the paramount rights of the father. The judge concluded by dispassionately recommending the young couple to betake themselves home, and to try to live in peace together, or, at any rate, like sane people. Then he thrust his spectacles up on his forehead, drew a long sigh of dismissal, and said, with a freshened look of interest, "Mr. Clerk, call the next case."

The Quimbey and Kittredge factions poured out into the hall: what cared they for the disputed claims of Jenkins *versus* Jones? The lovers of sensation cherished a hope that there might be a lawless effort to rescue the infant Kittredge from the custody to which he had been committed by the court. The Quimbeys watchfully kept about him in a close squad, his pink sun-bonnet, in which his head was eclipsed, visible among their brawny jeans shoulders, as his mother carried him in her arms. The sheriff looked smilingly after him from the court-house steps, then inhaled a long breath, and began to roar out to the icy air the name of a witness wanted within. Instead of a gate there was a flight of steps on each side of the fence, surmounted by a small platform. Evelina suddenly shrank back as she stood on the platform, for beside the fence Absalom was waiting. Timothy hastily vaulted over the fence, drew his "shooting-iron" from his boot-leg, and cocked it with a metallic click, sharp and peremptory in the keen wintry air. For a moment Absalom said not a word. He looked up at Evelina with as much reproach as bitterness in his dark eyes. They were bright with the anger that fired his blood; it was hot in his bronzed cheek; it quivered in his hands. The dry and cold atmosphere amplified the graces of his long curling yellow hair that she and his mother loved. His hat was pushed back from his face. He had not spoken to her since the day of his ill-starred confidence, but he would not be denied now.

"Ye'll repent it," he said, threateningly. "I'll take special pains fur that."

She bestowed on him one defiant glance, and laughed—a bitter little laugh. "Ye air ekal ter it; ye hev a special gift fur makin' folks repent they ever seen ye."

"The jedge jes gin him ter ye 'kase ye made him out sech a fibble little pus-

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"HE STOLE NOISELESSLY IN THE SOFT SNOW TO THE STABLE."—[SEE PAGE 81.]

son," he sneered. "But it's jes fur a time."

She held the baby closer. He busied himself in taking off his sun-bonnet and putting it on hind part before, gurgling with smothered laughter to find himself thus queerly masked, and he made futile efforts to play "peep-eye" with anybody jovially disposed in the crowd. But they were all gravely absorbed in the conjugal quarrel at which they were privileged to assist.

"It's jes fur a time," he reiterated.

"Wait an' see!" she retorted, triumphantly.

"I won't wait," he declared, goaded; "I'll take him yit; an' when I do I'll clar out'n the State o' Tennessee—see ef I don't!"

She turned white and trembled. "Ye dassent," she cried out, shrilly. "Ye'll be 'feared o' the law."

"Wait an' see!" he mockingly echoed her words, and turned in his old confident manner, and strode out of the crowd.

Faint and trembling, she crept into the old canvas-covered wagon, and as it jogged along down the road stiff with its frozen ruts and ever nearing the mountains, she clasped the cheerful Kittredge with a yearning sense of loss, and declared that the judge had made him no safer than before. It was in vain that her father, speaking from the legal lore of the code, detailed the contempt of court that the Kittredges would commit should they undertake to interfere with the judicial decision—it might be even considered kidnapping.

"But what good would that do me—an' the baby whisked plumb out'n the State? Ef Abs'lom ain't 'feared o' Tim's rifle, what's he goin' ter keer fur the pore jedge with nare weepon but his leetle contempt o' court—ter jail Abs'lom, ef he kin make out ter ketch him!"

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She leaned against the swaying hoop of the cover of the wagon and burst into tears. "Oh, none o' ye'll do nuthin' fur me!" she exclaimed, in frantic reproach. "Nuthin'!"

"Ye talk like 'twar we-uns ez made up sech foolishness ez *habeas corpus* out'n our own heads," said Timothy. "I 'ain't never looked ter the law fur pertection. Hyar's the pertecter." He touched the trigger of his rifle and glanced reassuringly at his sister as he sat beside her on the plank laid as a seat from side to side of the wagon.

She calmed herself for a moment; then suddenly looked aghast at the rifle, and with some occult and hideous thought, burst anew into tears.

"Waal, sir," exclaimed Stephen, outdone, "what with all this hyar daily weepin' an' nightly mournin', I 'ain't got spunk enough lef' ter stan' up agin the leetlest Kittredge a-goin'. I ain't man enough ter sight a rifle. Kittredges kin kem enny time an' take my hide, horns, an' tallow, ef they air minded so ter do."

"I 'lowed I hearn suthin' a-gallopin' down the road," said Tim, abruptly.

Her tears suddenly ceased. She clutched the baby closer, and turned and lifted the flap of the white curtain at the back of the wagon and looked out with a wild and terror-stricken eye. The red clay road stretched curveless, a long way visible and vacant. The black, bare trees stood shivering in the chilly blast on either side; among them was an occasional clump of funereal cedars. Away off the brown wooded hills stretched; snow lay in thin crust-like patches here and there, and again the earth wore the pallid gray of the crab-grass or the ochreous red of the gully-washed clay.

"I don't see nuthin'," she said, in the bated voice of affrighted suspense.

While she still looked out flakes suddenly began to fly, hardly falling at first, but poised tentatively, fluctuating athwart the scene, presently thickening, quickening, obscuring it all, isolating the woods with an added sense of solitude since the sight of the world and the sound of it were so speedily annulled. Even the creak of the wagon-wheels was muffled. Through the semicircular aperture in the front of the wagon cover the horns of the oxen were dimly seen amidst the serried flakes; the snow whitened the backs of the beasts and added its burden to their yoke. Once as they jogged on she fancied again that she heard hoof-beats—this time a long way ahead, thundering over a little bridge high above a swirling torrent, that reverberated with a hollow tone to the faintest footfall. "Jes somebody ez hev passed we-uns, takin' the short-cut by the bridle-path," she ruminated. No pursuer, evidently.

Everything was deeply submerged in the snow before they reached the dark little cabin nestling in the Cove. Motionless and dreary it was; not even a blue and gauzy wreath curled out of the chimney, for the fire had died on the hearth in their absence. No living creature was to be seen. The fowls were huddled together in the hen-house, and the dogs had accompanied the family to town, trotting beneath the wagon with lolling tongues and smoking breath, despite the cold; when they nimbly climbed the fence their quaint circular foot-prints were the first traces to mar the level expanse of the door-yard. The bare limbs of the trees were laden; the cedars bore great flower-like tufts amidst the interlacing fibrous foliage. The eaves were heavily thatched; the drifts lay in the fence corners.

Everything was covered except, indeed, one side of the fodder-stack that stood close to the barn. Evelina, going out to milk the cow, gazed at it for a moment in surprise. The snow had slipped down from it and lay in rolls and piles about the base intermixed with the sere husks and blades that seemed torn out of the great cone. "Waal, sir, Spot mus' hev been hongry fur true, ter kem a-foragin' this wise. Looks ez ef she hev been fairly a-burrowin'."

She turned and glanced over her shoulder at tracks in the snow—shapeless holes, and filling fast—which she did not doubt were the footprints of the big red cow, standing half in and half out of the wide door, slowly chewing her cud, her breath curling out on the chill air, her great lips opening to emit a muttered low. She moved forward suddenly into the shelter as Evelina started anew toward it, holding the piggin in one hand and clasping the baby in the other arm.

She noted the sound of her brothers' two axes, busy at the wood-pile, their regular cleavage splitting the air with a sharp stroke and bringing a crystalline shivering echo from the icy mountain. She did not see a crouching figure that

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came cautiously burrowing out from the stack. He rose to his full height, looking keenly about him the while, and stole noiselessly in the soft snow to the stable, and peered in through a crevice in the wall.

Evelina had placed the piggin upon the straw-covered ground, and stood amongst the horned cattle and the huddling sheep, her soft melancholy face half shaded by the red shawl thrown over her head and shoulders. A tress of her brown hair escaped and curled about her white neck, and hung down over the bosom of her dark blue homespun dress. Against her shoulder the dun-colored cow rubbed her horned head. The baby was in a pensive mood, and scarcely babbled. The reflection of the snow was on his face, heightening the exquisite purity of the tints of his infantile complexion. His gentle, fawn-like eyes were full of soft and lustrous languors. His long lashes drooped over them now, and again were lifted. His short down of yellow hair glimmered golden against the red shawl over his mother's shoulders.

One of the beasts sank slowly upon the ground—a tired creature, doubtless, and night was at hand; then another, and still another. Their posture reminded him, as he looked, that this was Christmas Eve, and of the old superstition that the cattle of the barns spend the night upon their knees, in memory of the wondrous Presence that once graced their lowly place. The boughs rattled suddenly in the chill blast above his head; the drifts fell about him. He glanced up mechanically to see in the zenith a star of gracious glister, tremulous and tender, in the rifts of the breaking clouds.



OLD QUIMBEY AND HIS GRANDSON.

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"I wonder ef it air the same star o' Bethlehem?" he said, remembering the great sidereal torch heralding the Light of the World. He had a vague sense that this star has never set, however the wandering planets may come and go in their wide journeys as the seasons roll. He looked again into the glooming place, at the mother and her child, remembering that the Lord of heaven and earth had once lain in a manger, and clung to a humble earthly mother.

The man shook with a sudden affright. He had intended to wrest the child from her grasp, and mount and ride away; he was roused from his reverie by the thrusting upon him of his opportunity, facilitated a hundredfold. Evelina had evidently forgotten something. She hesitated for a moment; then put the baby down upon a great pile of straw among the horned creatures, and catching her shawl about her head, ran swiftly to the house.

Absalom moved mechanically into the doorway. The child, still pensive and silent, and looking tenderly infantile, lay upon the straw. A sudden pang of pity for her pierced his heart: how her own would be desolated! His horse, hitched in a clump of cedars, awaited him ten steps away. It was his only chance—his last chance. And he had been hardly entreated. The child's eyes rested, startled and dilated, upon him; he must be quick.

The next moment he turned suddenly, ran hastily through the snow, crashed amongst the cedars, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

It was only a moment that Evelina expected to be at the house, but the gourd of salt that she sought was not in its place. She hurried out with it at last, unprescient of any danger until all at once she saw the footprints of a man in the snow, otherwise untrodden, about the fodder-stack. She still heard the two axes at the wood-pile. Her father, she knew, was at the house.

A smothered scream escaped her lips. The steps had evidently gone into the stable, and had come out thence. Her faltering strength could scarcely support her to the door. And then she saw lying in the straw Elnathan Daniel, beginning to babble and gurgle again, and to grow very pink with joy over a new toy—a man's glove, a red woollen glove accidentally dropped in the straw. She caught it from his hands, and turned it about curiously. She had knit it herself—for Absalom!

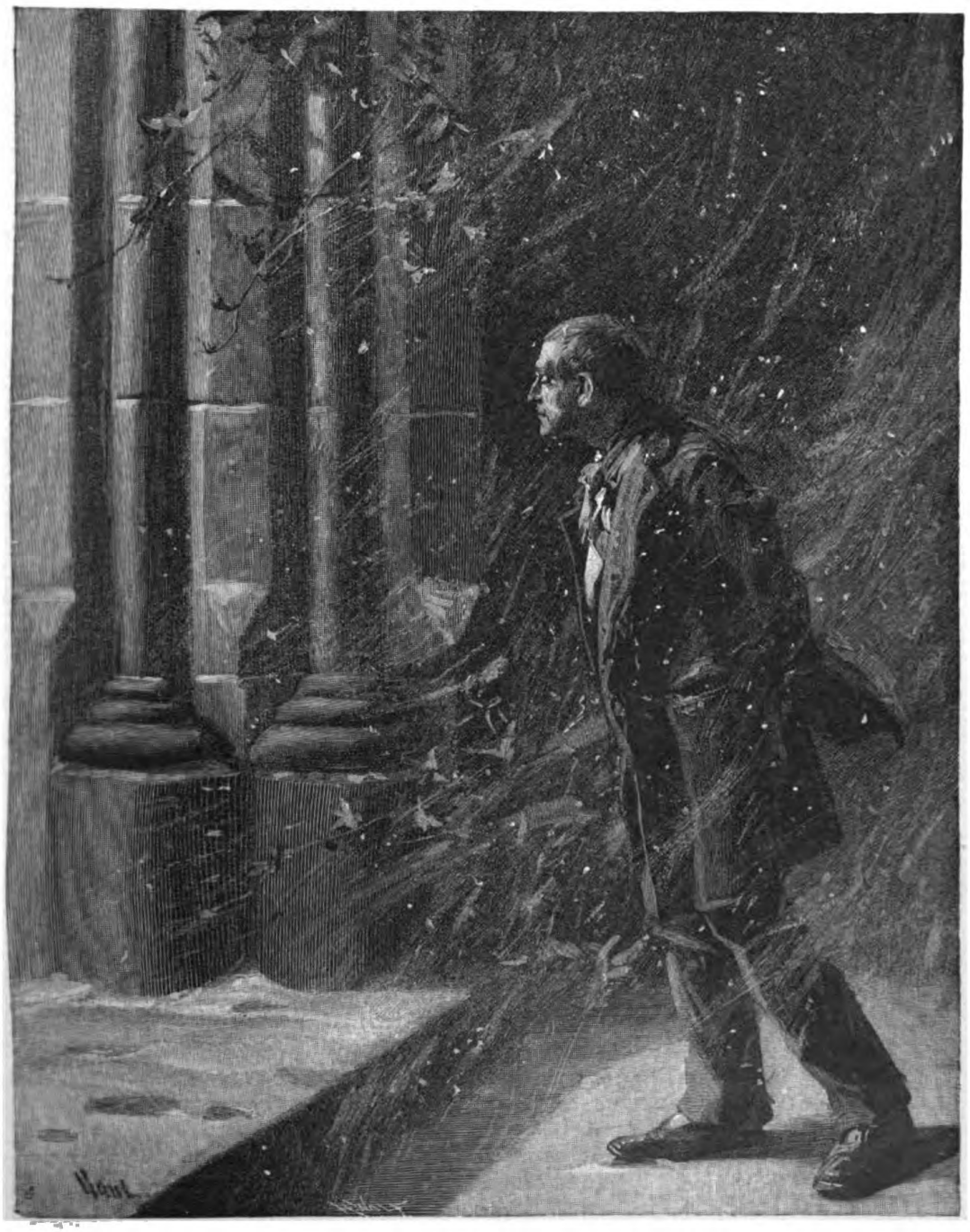
When she came into the house, beaming with joy, the baby holding the glove in his hands, the men listened to her in dumfounded amaze, and with significant side glances at each other.

"He wouldn't take the baby whenst he hed the chance, 'kase he knowed 'twould hurt me so. An' he never wanted ter torment me—I reckon he never *did* mean ter torment me. An' he did 'low wunst he war sorry he spited dad. Oh! I hev been a heap too quick an' spiteful myself. I hev been so terrible wrong! Look a-hyar: he lef' this glove ter show me he hed been hyar, an' could hev tuk the baby ef he hed hed the heart ter do it. Oh! I'm goin' right up the mounting an' tell him how sorry I be."

"Toler'ble cheap!" grumbled Stephen—"one old glove. An' he'll git Elnathan Daniel an' ye too. A smart fox he be."

They could not dissuade her; and after a time it came to pass that the Quimbey and Kittredge feuds were healed: for how could the heart of a grandfather withstand a toddling spectacle in pink calico that ran away, one day some two years later, in company with an adventurous dog, and came down the mountain to the cabin in the Cove, squeezing through the fence rails after the manner of his underfoot world, proceeding thence to the house, where he made himself very merry and very welcome? And when Tim mounted his horse and rode up the mountain, with the youngster on the pommel of the saddle, lest Evelina be out of her mind with fright because of his absence, how should he and old Mrs. Kittredge differ in their respective opinions of his vigorous growth, and grace of countenance, and peartness of manner? On the strength of this concurrence Tim was induced to "light an' hitch," and he even sat on the cabin porch and talked over the crops with Absalom, who, the next time he went to town, stopped at the cabin in the Cove to bring word how Elnathan Daniel was "thrivin'." The path that Evelina had worn to the crag in those first homesick days on the mountain rapidly extended itself into the Cove, and widened and grew smooth, as the grandfather went up and the grandson came down.

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"AN OPEN CHURCH SOME LOOK OF WELCOME WORE."

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THE term was done; my penalty was past;
I saw the outside of the walls at last.
When I left that stone punishment of sin,
'Twas 'most as hard as when I first went in.
It seemed at once as though the swift-voiced air
Told slanderous tales about me everywhere;

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As if the ground itself was shrinking back
For fear 'twould get the Cain's mark of my track.
Women would edge away, with shrewd she-guesses,
As if my very glance would spoil their dresses;
Men looked me over with close, careless gaze,
And understood my downcast, jail-bred ways;
My hands were so grim-hardened and defiled,
I wouldn't have had the cheek to pet a child;
If I had spoken to a dog that day,
He would have tipped his nose and walked away;
And so I wandered in a jail of doubt,
Whence neither heaven nor earth would let me out.
The world itself seemed to me every bit
As hard a prison as the one I'd quit.

If you are made of anything but dirt,
If you've a soul that other souls can hurt,
Turn to the right henceforth, whoever passes:
It's death to drop among the lawless classes!
Men lose, who lose the friendship of the law,
A blessing from each breath of air they draw;
They know the advantage of a good square face,
When theirs has been disfigured by disgrace.

So I trudged round appropriately slow
For one with no particular place to go.
The houses scowled and stared as if to say,
"You jail-bird, we are honest; walk away!"
The factory seemed to scream when I came near,
"Stand back! unsentenced men are working here!"
And virtue had th' appearance all the time
Of trying hard to push me back to crime.

It struck me strange, that stormy, snow-bleached day,
To watch the different people on the way,
All carrying bundles, of all sorts of sizes,
As carefully as gold and silver prizes.
Well dressed or poor, I could not understand
Why each one hugged a bundle in his hand.
I asked an old policeman what it meant.
He looked me over with eyes shrewdly bent,
While muttering in a voice that fairly froze,
"It's 'cause to-morrow's Christmas, I suppose."
And then the fact came crashing over me,
How horribly alone a man can be!

I don't pretend what tortures yet may wait
For souls that have not run their reckonings straight;
It isn't for mortal ignorance to say
What kind of night may follow any day;
There may be pain for sin some time found out
That sin on earth knows nothing yet about;
But I don't think there's any harbor known
Worse for a wrecked soul than to be alone.
Alone!—there maybe never has occurred
A word whose gloom is gloomier than that word!

You who can brighten up your Christmas joys
With all affection's small but mighty toys,

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Who fancy that your gifts of love be rash,
And presents are not worth their price in cash,
Thank God, with love and thrift no more at war,
That you've some one to spend your money for!
A dollar plays a very dingy part,
Till magnetized by some one's grateful heart.

So evening saw me straggling up and down
Within the gayly lighted, desolate town,
A hungry, sad heart-hermit all the while,
My rough face begging for a friendly smile.
Folks talked with folks in new-made warmth and glee,
But no one had a word or look for me;
Love flowed like water, but it could not make
The world forgive me for my one mistake.

An open church some look of welcome wore;
I crept in soft, and sat down near the door.
I'd never seen 'mongst my unhappy race
So many happy children in one place;
I never knew how much a hymn could bring
From Heaven, until I heard those children sing;
I never saw such sweet-breathed gales of glee
As swept around that fruitful Christmas tree.

You who have tripped through childhood's merry days
With passionate love protecting all your ways,
Who did not see a Christmas-time go by
Without some present for your sparkling eye,
Thank God, whose goodness gave such joy its birth,
And scattered heaven-seeds in the dust of earth!
In stone-paved ground my thorny field was set:
I never had a Christmas present yet.

And so I sat and saw them, and confess
Felt all th' unhappier for their happiness;
And when a man gets into such a state,
He's very proud—or very desolate.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" amongst us came;
The pretty Christmas tree was all aflame;
And one sweet child there in our startled gaze
Was screaming, with her white clothes all ablaze.
The crowd seemed crazy-like, both old and young,
And very swift of speech, though slow of tongue.
But one knew what to do, and not to say,
And he a convict, just let loose that day.

I fought like one who deals in deadly strife:
I wrapped my life around that child's sweet life;
I choked the flames that choked her, with rich cloaks,
Stol'n from some good but very frightened folks;
I gave the dear girl to her parents' sight,
Unharmed by anything excepting fright;
I tore the blazing branches from the tree;
And all was safe, and no one hurt but me.

That night, of which I asked for sleep in vain—
That night, that tossed me round on prongs of pain,

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That stabbed me with fierce tortures through and through,
Was still the happiest that I ever knew.
I felt that I at last had earned a place
Among my race, by suffering for my race:
I felt the glorious facts wouldn't let me miss
A mother's thanks—perhaps a child's sweet kiss;
That man's warm gratitude would find a plan
To lift me up, and help me be a man.

Next day they brought a letter to my bed.
I opened it with tingling nerves and read:
"You have upon my kindness certain claims
For rescuing my young child from the flames;
Such deeds deserve a hand unstained by crime;
I trust you will reform while yet there's time.
The blackest sinner may find mercy still.
(Enclosed please find a thousand dollar bill.)
Our paths of course on different roads must lie;
Don't follow me for any more. Good-by."

I scorched the dirty rag till it was black;
Enclosed it in a rag and sent it back.

That very night I cracked a tradesman's door,
Stole with my blistered hands ten thousand more,
Which next day I took special pains to send
To my good, distant, wealthy, high-toned friend,
And wrote upon it in a steady hand,
In words I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand:
"Money is cheap, as I have shown you here,
But gratitude and sympathy are dear.
These rags are stolen—have been—may often be:
I trust the one wasn't that you sent to me.
Hoping your pride and you are reconciled—
From the black, sinful rescuer of your child."

I crept to court—a crushed, triumphant worm—
Confessed the theft, and took another term.

My life closed, and began; and I am back
Among the rogues that walk the broad-gauged track.
I toil 'mid every sort of sin that's known;
I walk rough roads—but do not walk *Alone*.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.*

A FARCE.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

MRS. AMY SOMERS, in a lightly floating tea gown of singularly becoming texture and color, employs the last moments of expectance before the arrival of her guests in marching up and down in front of the mirror which fills the space between the long windows of her drawing-room, looking over either shoulder for different effects of the drifting and eddying train, and advancing upon her image with certain little bobs and bows, and retreating from it with a variety of fan practice and elaborated courtesies, finally degenerating into burlesque, and a series of grimaces and "mouths" made at the responsive reflex. In the fascination of this amusement she

* The supposed time of the action antedates that of "The Mouse-Trap," published in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1886.

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is first ignorant, and then aware, of the presence of Mr. Willis Campbell, who in the landing space between the drawing-room and the library stands, hat in hand, in the pleased contemplation of Mrs. Somers's manœuvres and contortions as the mirror reports them to him. Mrs. Somers does not permit herself the slightest start on seeing him in the glass, but turns deliberately away, having taken time to prepare the air of gratification and surprise with which she greets him at half the length of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Somers, giving her hand: "Why, Mr. Campbell! How very nice of you! How long have you been prowling about there on the landing? So stupid of them not to have turned up the gas!"

Campbell: "I wasn't much incommoded. That sort of pitch-darkness is rather becoming to my style of beauty, I find. The only objection was that I couldn't see you."

Mrs. Somers: "Do you often make those pretty speeches?"

Campbell: "When I can found them on fact."

Mrs. Somers: "What can I say back? Oh! That I'm sorry I couldn't have met you when you were looking your best."

Campbell: "Um! Do you think you could have borne it? We might go out there."

Mrs. Somers: "On second thoughts, no. I shall ring to have them turn up the gas."

Campbell: "No; let me." He prevents her ringing, and going out into the space between the library and drawing-room, stands with his hand on the key of the gas-burner. "Now how do I look?"

Mrs. Somers: "Beautiful."

Campbell, turning up the gas: "And now?"

Mrs. Somers: "Not *half* so well. Decidedly pitch-darkness is becoming to you. Better turn it down again."

Campbell, rejoining her in the drawing-room: "No; it isn't so becoming to you; and I'm not envious, whatever I am."

Mrs. Somers: "You are generosity itself."

Campbell: "If you come to phrases, I prefer magnanimity."

Mrs. Somers: "Well, *say* magnanimity. Won't you sit down—while you have the opportunity?" She sinks upon the sofa, and indicates with her fan an easy-chair at one end of it.

Campbell, dropping into it: "Are there going to be so many?"

Mrs. Somers: "You never can tell about five o'clock tea. There mayn't be more than half a dozen; there may be thirty or forty. But I wished to affect your imagination."

Campbell: "You had better have tried it in some other kind of weather. It's snowing like—"

Mrs. Somers, running to the window, and peeping out through the side of the curtain: "It is! like—cats and dogs!"

Campbell: "Oh no! You can't say that. It only rains that way. I was going to say it myself, but I stopped in time."

Mrs. Somers, standing before the window with clasped hands: "No matter! There will simply be nobody but bores. *They* come in any sort of weather."

Campbell: "Thank you, Mrs. Somers. I'm glad I ventured out."

Mrs. Somers, turning about: "What?" Then realizing the situation: "Oh, *poor* Mr. Campbell!"

Campbell: "Oh, don't mind *me!* I can stand it if you can. I belong to a sex, thank you, that doesn't pretend to have any tact. I would just as soon tell a man he was a bore as not. But I thought it might worry a lady, perhaps."

Mrs. Somers: "Worry? I'm simply aghast at it. Did you ever hear of anything worse?"

Campbell: "Well, not much worse."

Mrs. Somers: "What can I do to make you forget it?"

Campbell: "I can't think of anything. It seems to me that I shall always remember it as the most fortunate speech a lady ever made to me—and they have said some flattering things to me in my time."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, don't be entirely heartless. Wouldn't a cup of tea blot it out? With a Peak & Frean?" She advances beseechingly upon him. "Come, I will give you a cup at once."

Campbell: "No, thank you; I would rather have it with the rest of the bores. They'll be sure to come."

Mrs. Somers, resuming her seat on the sofa: "You are implacable. And I thought you said you were generous."

Campbell: "No; merely magnanimous. I can't forget your cruel frankness; but I know *you* can, and I ask you to do it." He throws himself back in his chair with a sigh. "And who knows? Perhaps you were right."

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Mrs. Somers: "About what?"

Campbell: "My being a bore."

Mrs. Somers: "I should think *you* would know."

Campbell: "No; that's the difficulty. Nobody would be a bore if he knew it."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, *some* would, I think."

Campbell: "Do you mean me?"

Mrs. Somers: "Well, no, then. I don't believe you would be a bore, if you knew it. Is that enough? or do you expect me to say something more?"

Campbell: "No; it's quite enough, thank you." He remains pensively silent.

Mrs. Somers, after waiting for him to speak: "Bores for bores, don't you hate the silent ones most?"

Campbell, desperately rousing himself: "Mrs. Somers, if you only knew how disagreeable I was going to make myself just before I concluded to hold my tongue!"

Mrs. Somers: "Really? What were you going to say?"

Campbell: "Do you actually wish to know?"

Mrs. Somers: "Oh no; I only thought you wished to tell."

Campbell: "Not at all. You complained of my being silent."

Mrs. Somers: "Did I? I was wrong. I will never do so again." She laughs in her fan.

Campbell: "And I complain of your delay. You can tell me now, just as well as two weeks hence, whether you love me enough to marry me or not."

Mrs. Somers: "You promised not to recur to that subject without some hint from me. You have broken your promise."

Campbell: "Well, you wouldn't give me any hint."

Mrs. Somers: "How can I believe you care for me if you are false in this?"

Campbell: "It seems to me that my falsehood is another proof of my affection."

Mrs. Somers: "Very well, then; you can wait till I know my mind."

Campbell: "I'd rather know your heart. But I'll wait." After a pause: "Why do you carry a fan on a day like this? I ask, to make general conversation."

Mrs. Somers, spreading the fan in her lap, and looking at it curiously: "I don't know." After a moment: "Oh yes; for the same reason that I shall have ice-cream after dinner to-day."

Campbell: "That's no reason at all." After a moment: "Are you going to have ice-cream to-day after dinner?"

Mrs. Somers: "I might. If I had company."

Campbell: "Oh, I couldn't stay after hinting. I'm too proud for that." He pulls his chair nearer and joins her in examining the fan in her lap. "What is so very strange about your fan?"

Mrs. Somers: "Nothing. I was just seeing how a fan looked that was the subject of gratuitous criticism."

Campbell: "I didn't criticise the *fan*." He regards it studiously.

Mrs. Somers: "Oh! *Not* the fan?"

Campbell: "No; I think it's extremely pretty. I like big fans."

Mrs. Somers: "So good of you! It's Spanish. That's why it's so large."

Campbell: "It's hand-painted too."

Mrs. Somers, leaning back, and leaving him to the inspection of the fan: "You're a connoisseur, Mr. Campbell."

Campbell: "Oh, I can tell hand-painting from machine-painting when I see it. 'Tisn't so good."

Mrs. Somers: "Thank you."

Campbell: "Not at all. Now that fellow—cavalier, I suppose, in Spain—making love in that attitude, you can see at a glance that *he's* hand-painted. No *machine*-painted cavalier would do it in that way. And look at the lady's hand. Who ever saw a hand of that size before?"

Mrs. Somers, unclasping the hands which she had folded at her waist, and putting one of them out to take up the fan: "You said you were not criticising the fan."

Campbell, quickly seizing the hand, with the fan in it: "Ah, I'm wrong! Here's another one no bigger. Let me see which is the largest."

Mrs. Somers, struggling not very violently to free her hand: "Mr. Campbell!"

Campbell: "Don't take it away! You must listen to me now, Amy."

Mrs. Somers, rising abruptly, and dropping her fan as she comes forward to meet an elderly gentleman arriving from the landing: "Mr. Bemis! How very heroic of you to come such a day! Isn't it too bad?"

Mr. Bemis: "Not if it makes me specially welcome, Mrs. Somers." Discovering Campbell: "Oh, Mr. Campbell!"

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Campbell, striving for his self-possession as they shake hands: "Yes, another hero, Mr. Bemis. Mrs. Somers is going to brevet everybody who comes to-day.—She didn't *say* heroes to me, but—"

Mrs. Somers: "You shall have your tea at once, Mr. Bemis." She rings. "I was making Mr. Campbell wait for his. You don't order up the teapot for one hero."

Mr. Bemis: "Ha! ha! ha! No, indeed! But I'm very glad you do for two. The fact is"—rubbing his hands—"I'm half frozen."

Mrs. Somers: "Is it so very cold?" To Campbell, who presents her fan with a bow: "Oh, thank you." To Mr. Bemis: "Mr. Campbell has just been objecting to my fan. He doesn't like it being hand-painted, as he calls it."

Mr. Bemis: "That reminds me of a California gentleman whom I found looking at an Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti Palace at Florence one day—by-the-way, *you've* been a Californian too, Mr. Campbell; but you won't mind. He seemed to be puzzled over it, and then he said to me—I was standing near him—'Hand-painted, I presume?'"

Mrs. Somers: "Ah! ha! ha! ha! How very good!" To the maid, who appears: "The tea, Lizzie."

Campbell: "You don't think he was joking?"

Mr. Bemis, with misgiving: "Why, no, it never occurred to me that he was."

Campbell: "You can't always tell when a Californian's joking."

Mrs. Somers, with insinuation: "*Can't* you? Not even adoptive ones?"

Campbell: "Adoptive ones never joke."

Mrs. Somers: "Not even about hand-painted fans? What an interesting fact!" She sits down on the sofa behind the little table on which the maid arranges the tea, and pours out a cup. Then, with her eyes on Mr. Bemis: "Cream and sugar both? Yes?" Holding a cube of sugar in the tongs: "How many?"

Mr. Bemis: "One, please."

Mrs. Somers, handing it to him: "I'm so glad you take your tea *au naturel*, as *I* call it."

Campbell: "What do you call it when they don't take it with cream and sugar?"

Mrs. Somers: "*Au unnaturel.* There's only one thing worse: taking it with a slice of lemon in it. You might as well draw it from a bothersome samovar at once, and be done with it."

Campbell: "The samovar is picturesque."

Mrs. Somers: "It is insincere. Like Californians. Natives."

Campbell: "Well, I can think of something much worse than tea with lemon in it."

Mrs. Somers: "What?"

Campbell: "No tea at all."

Mrs. Somers, recollecting herself: "Oh, *poor* Mr. Campbell! Two lumps?"

Campbell: "One, thank you. Your pity is so sweet!"

Mrs. Somers: "You ought to have thought of the milk of human kindness, and spared my cream jug too."

Campbell: "You didn't pour out your compassion soon enough."

Mr. Bemis, who has been sipping his tea in silent admiration: "Are you often able to keep it up in that way? I was fancying myself at the theatre."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, *don't* encore us! Mr. Campbell would keep saying his things over indefinitely."

Campbell, presenting his cup: "Another lump. It's turned bitter. *Two!*"

Mr. Bemis: "Ha, ha, ha! Very good—very good indeed!"

Campbell: "Thank you kindly, Mr. Bemis."

Mrs. Somers, greeting the new arrivals, and leaning forward to shake hands with them as they come up, without rising: "Mrs. Roberts! How very good of you! And Mr. Roberts!"

Roberts: "Not at all."

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course we were coming."

Mrs. Somers: "Will you have some tea? You see I'm installed already. Mr. Campbell was so greedy he wouldn't wait."

Campbell: "Mr. Bemis and I are here in the character of heroes, and we had to have our tea at once. You're a hero too, Roberts, though you don't look it. Any one who comes to tea in such weather is a hero, or a—"

Mrs. Somers, interrupting him with a little shriek: "Ugh! How hot that handle's getting!"

Campbell: "Ah, I dare say. Let me turn out my sister's cup." Pouring out the tea and handing it to Mrs. Roberts: "I don't see how you could reconcile it to your No. Eleven conscience to leave your children in such a snow-storm as this, Agnes."

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Mrs. Roberts, in vague alarm: "Why, what in the world could happen to them, Willis?"

Campbell: "Oh, nothing to *them*. But suppose Roberts got snowed under. Have some tea, Roberts?" He offers to pour out a cup.

Mrs. Somers, dispossessing him of the teapot with dignity: "Thank you, Mr. Campbell; *I* will pour out the tea."

Campbell: "Oh, very well. I thought the handle was hot."

Mrs. Somers: "It's cooler now."

Campbell: "And you won't let me help you?"

Mrs. Somers: "When there are more people you may hand the tea."

Campbell: "I wish I knew just how much that meant."

Mrs. Somers: "Very little. As little as an adoptive Californian in his most earnest mood." While they talk—Campbell bending over the teapot, on which Mrs. Somers keeps her hand—the others form a little group apart.

Mr. Bemis, to Mrs. Roberts: "I hope Mr. Roberts's distinguished friend won't give us the slip on account of the storm."

Roberts: "Oh no; he'll be sure to come. He may be late. But he's the most amiable of Englishmen, and I know he won't disappoint Mrs. Somers."

Bemis: "The most unamiable of Englishmen couldn't do that."

Roberts: "Ah, I don't know. Did you meet Mr. Pogis?"

Bemis: "No; what did he do?"

Roberts: "Why, he came—to the Hibbens's dinner—in a sack coat."

Mrs. Roberts: "I thought it was a Cardigan jacket."

Mr. Bemis: "*I* heard a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers."

Mrs. Somers: "Ah, there is Mrs. Curwen!" To Campbell, aside: "And without her husband!"

Campbell: "Or any one else's husband."

Mrs. Somers: "For shame!"

Campbell: "You began it."

Mrs. Somers, to Mrs. Curwen, who approaches her sofa: "You are kindness itself, Mrs. Curwen, to come on such a day." The ladies press each other's hands.

Mrs. Curwen: "You are goodness in person, Mrs. Somers, to say so."

Campbell: "And I am magnanimity embodied. Let me introduce myself, Mrs. Curwen!" He bows, and Mrs. Curwen deeply courtesies.

Mrs. Curwen: "I should never have known you."

Campbell, melodramatically, to Mrs. Somers: "Tea, ho! for Mrs. Curwen—impenetrably disguised as kindness."

Mrs. Curwen: "What shall I say to him?"

Mrs. Somers, pouring the tea: "Anything you like, Mrs. Curwen. Aren't we to see Mr. Curwen to-day?"

Mrs. Curwen, taking her tea: "No, I'm his insufficient apology. He's detained at his office—business."

Campbell: "Then you see they don't *all* come, Mrs. Somers."

Mrs. Curwen: "All what?"

Campbell: "Oh, all the—heroes."

Mrs. Curwen: "Is that what he was going to say, Mrs. Somers?"

Mrs. Somers: "You never can tell what he's going to say."

Mrs. Curwen: "I should think you would be afraid of him."

Mrs. Somers, with a little shrug: "Oh no; he's quite harmless. It's just a little way he has." To Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bemis, and Dr. Lawton, who all appear together: "Ah, how do you do? So glad to see you! So very kind of you! I didn't suppose *you* would venture out. And you too, doctor?" She begins to pour out tea for them, one after another, with great zeal.

Dr. Lawton: "Yes, I too. It sounded very much as if I were Brutus also." He stirs his tea and stares round at the company. "It seems to me that I have met these conspirators before. That's what makes Boston insupportable. You're always meeting the same people!"

Campbell: "We all feel it as keenly as you do, doctor."

Lawton, looking sharply at him: "Oh! *you* here? I might have expected it. Where is your aunt?"

Mrs. Crashaw, appearing: "If you mean me, Dr. Lawton—"

Lawton: "I do, my dear friend. What company is complete without you?"

Mrs. Somers, reaching forward to take her hand, while with her disengaged hand she begins to pour her a cup of tea: "None in *my* house."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Very pretty." Taking her tea. "I hope it isn't complete, either, without the English painter you promised us."

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"WILL YOU ANSWER MY QUESTION, AMY?"—[SEE PAGE 92.]

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Mrs. Somers: "No, indeed! And a great many other people besides. But haven't you met him yet? I supposed Mrs. Roberts—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Oh, I don't go to *all* of Agnes's fandangoes. I was to have seen him at Mrs. Wheeler's—he is being asked everywhere, of course—but he didn't come. He sent his father and mother instead. They were very nice old people, but they hadn't painted his pictures."

Lawton: "They might say his pictures would never have been painted without them."

Bemis: "It was like Heine's going to visit Rachel by appointment. She wasn't in, but her father and mother were; and when he met her afterward he told her that he had just come from a show where he had seen a curious monster advertised for exhibition—the offspring of a hare and a salmon. The monster was not to be seen at the moment, but the showman said here was monsieur the hare and madame the salmon."

Mrs. Roberts: "What in the world did Rachel say?"

Lawton: "Ah, that's what these brilliant anecdotes never tell. And I think it would be very interesting to know what the victim of a witticism has to say."

Mrs. Curwen: "I should think you would know very often, doctor."

Lawton: "Ah, now I should like to know what the victim of a compliment says!"

Mrs. Curwen: "He bows his thanks." Dr. Lawton makes a profound obeisance, to which Mrs. Curwen responds in burlesque.

Mr. Miller: "We all envy you, doctor."

Mrs. Miller: "Oh yes. Mrs. Curwen never makes a compliment without meaning it."

Mrs. Curwen: "I can't say that quite, my dear. I should be very sorry to mean all the civil things I say. But I never flatter gentlemen of a certain age."

Mrs. Miller, tittering ineffectively: "I shall know what to say to Mr. Miller after this."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Well, if you haven't got the man, Mrs. Somers, you *have* got his picture, haven't you?"

Mrs. Somers: "Yes; it's on my writing-desk in the library. Let me—"

Lawton: "No, no! Don't disturb yourself! We wish to tear it to pieces without your embarrassing presence. Will you take my arm, Mrs. Crashaw?"

Mrs. Bemis: "Oh, let us all go and see it!"

Roberts: "Aren't you coming, Willis?"

Campbell, without looking round: "Thank you, I've seen it."

Mrs. Somers, whom the withdrawal of her other guests has left alone with him: "How could you tell such a fib?"

Campbell: "I could tell much worse fibs than that in such a cause."

Mrs. Somers: "What cause?"

Campbell: "A lost one, I'm afraid. Will you answer my question, Amy?"

Mrs. Somers: "Did you ask me any?"

Campbell: "You know I did—before those people came in."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh! *That!* Yes. I should like to ask *you* a question first."

Campbell: "Twenty, if you like."

Mrs. Somers: "Why do you feel authorized to call me by my first name?"

Campbell: "Because I love you. Now will you answer me?"

Mrs. Somers, dreamily: "I didn't say I would, did I?"

Campbell, rising sadly: "No."

Mrs. Somers, mechanically taking the hand he offers her: "Oh! What—"

Campbell: "I'm going. That's all."

Mrs. Somers: "So soon?"

Campbell: "Yes. But I'll try to make amends by not coming back soon—or at all."

Mrs. Somers: "You mustn't."

Campbell: "Mustn't what?"

Mrs. Somers: "You mustn't keep my hand. Here come some more people. Ah, Mrs. Canfield! Miss Bayly! So very nice of you, Mrs. Wharton! Will you have some tea?"

Mrs. Wharton: "No, thank you. The only objection to afternoon tea is the tea."

Mrs. Somers: "I'm so glad you don't mind the weather." With her hand on the teapot, glancing up at Miss Bayly: "And do you refuse too?"

Miss Bayly: "I can answer for Mrs. Canfield that *she* doesn't, and I *never* do. *We* object to the weather."

Mrs. Somers, pouring a cup of tea: "That makes it a little more difficult. I can keep from offering Mrs. Wharton some tea, but I can't stop its snowing."

Miss Bayly, taking her cup: "But you're so amiable, we know you would if you could, and that's quite enough. We're not the first and only, are we?"

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"MRS. SOMERS, POURING A CUP OF TEA: 'THAT MAKES IT A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT.'"

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Mrs. Somers: "*Dear*, no! There are multitudes of flattering spirits in the library, stopping the mouth of my portrait with pretty speeches."

Miss Bayly, vividly: "Not your *Bramford* portrait?"

Mrs. Somers: "My Bramford *portrait*."

Miss Bayly, to the other ladies: "Oh, let us go and see it too!" They flutter out of the drawing-room, where Mrs. Somers and Campbell remain alone together as before. He continues silent, while she waits for him to speak.

Mrs. Somers, finally: "Well?"

Campbell: "Well what?"

Mrs. Somers: "Nothing. Only I thought you were—you were going to—"

Campbell: "No; I've got nothing to say."

Mrs. Somers: "I didn't mean that. I thought you were going to—go." She puts up her hand and hides a triumphant little smile with it.

Campbell: "Very well, then, I'll go, since you wish it." He holds out his hand.

Mrs. Somers, putting hers behind her: "You've shaken hands once. Besides, who said I wished you to go?"

Campbell: "Do you wish me to stay?"

Mrs. Somers: "I wish you to—hand tea to people."

Campbell: "And you won't say anything more?"

Mrs. Somers: "It seems to me that's enough."

Campbell: "It isn't enough for me. But I suppose beggars mustn't be choosers. I can't stay merely to hand tea to people, however. You can say yes or no now, Amy, as well as any other time."

Mrs. Somers: "Well, no, then—if you wish it so much."

Campbell: "You know I don't wish it."

Mrs. Somers: "You gave me my choice. I thought you were indifferent about the word."

Campbell: "You know better than that, Amy."

Mrs. Somers: "Amy again! Aren't you a little previous, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell, with a sigh: "Ah, that's for you to say."

Mrs. Somers: "Wouldn't it be impolite?"

Campbell: "Oh, not for *you*."

Mrs. Somers: "If you're so sarcastic, I shall be afraid of you."

Campbell: "Under what circumstances?"

Mrs. Somers, dropping her eyes: "I don't know." He makes a rush upon her. "Oh! here comes Mrs. Curwen! Shake hands, as if you were going."

Mrs. Curwen: "What! is Mr. Campbell going *too*?"

Mrs. Somers: "Too? *You're* not going, Mrs. Curwen?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Yes, I'm going. The likeness is perfect, Mrs. Somers. It's a speaking likeness, if there ever was one."

Campbell: "Did it do all the talking?"

Mrs. Curwen: "It would—if Mrs. Roberts and Dr. Lawton hadn't been there. Well, I must go."

Campbell: "So must I."

Mrs. Somers, in surprise: "*Must* you?"

Campbell: "Yes: these drifts will be over my ears directly."

Mrs. Curwen: "You poor man! You don't mean to say you're *walking*?"

Campbell: "I shall be in about half a minute."

Mrs. Curwen: "Indeed you shall not! You shall be driving—with me. I've a vacancy in the coupé, and I'll set you down wherever you like."

Campbell: "Won't it crowd you?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Not at all."

Campbell: "Or incommode you in any way?"

Mrs. Curwen: "It will oblige me in every way."

Campbell: "Then I will go, and a thousand thanks. Good-by again, Mrs. Somers."

Mrs. Curwen: "Good-by, Mrs. Somers. Poor Mrs. Somers! It seems too bad to leave you here alone, bowed in an elegiac attitude over your tea-urn."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, not at all! Remember me to *Mr.* Curwen."

Mrs. Curwen: "I will. Well, Mr. Campbell—"

Mrs. Somers: "Mr. Campbell—"

Campbell: "Well?"

Mrs. Curwen: "To which?"

Campbell: "Both."

Mrs. Somers: "Neither!"

Mrs. Curwen: "Ah, ha! ha! ha! Mr. Campbell, do you know much about women?"

Campbell: "I had a mother."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, a *mother* won't do."

Campbell: "Well, I have an only sister who is a woman."

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Mrs. Curwen: "A sister won't do, *either*—not your own. You can't learn a woman's meaning in that way."

Campbell: "I will sit at your feet, Mrs. Curwen, if you'll instruct me."

Mrs. Curwen: "I shall be delighted. I'll begin now. Oh, you needn't really prostrate yourself!" She stops him in a burlesque attempt to do so. "And I'll concentrate the wisdom of the whole first lesson in a single word."

Campbell, with clasped hands of entreaty: "Speak, blessed ghost!"

Mrs. Curwen: "Stay! Ah, ha! ha! ha!" She flies at Mrs. Somers and kisses her. "You can't say I'm ill-natured, my dear, whatever I am!"

Mrs. Somers, pursuing her exit with the word: "No, merely atrocious." A pause ensues, in which Campbell stands irresolute.

Campbell, finally: "Did you wish me to stay, Amy?"

Mrs. Somers, airily: "I? Oh no! It was Mrs. Curwen."

Campbell: "Then I think I'll accept her kind offer of a seat in her coupé."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh! I thought, of course, you'd stay—at *her* request."

Campbell: "No; I shall only stay at yours."

Mrs. Somers: "And I shall not ask you. In fact, I warn you not to."

Campbell: "Why?"

Mrs. Somers: "Because, if you urge me to speak now, I shall say—"

Campbell: "I wasn't going to urge you."

Mrs. Somers: "No matter! I shall say it now without being urged. Yes, I've made up my mind. I can't marry a flirt."

Campbell: "I can, Amy."

Mrs. Somers: "Sir!"

Campbell: "You know very well you sent those people into the other room to keep me here and torment me"—

Mrs. Somers: "*Now*, you've *insulted* me, and all *is* over."

Campbell: —"To tantalize me with your loveliness, your beauty, your grace, Amy!"

Mrs. Somers, softening: "Oh, that's all very well—"

Campbell: "I'm glad you like it. I could go on at much greater length. But you know I love you dearly, Amy, and why should you delight in my agonies? But only marry me, and you shall delight in them as long as you live, and—"

Mrs. Somers: "You must hold me very cheap to think I would take you from that creature."

Campbell: "Confound her! I wasn't hers to give. I offered myself first."

Mrs. Somers: "She offered you last, and—no, thank you, please."

Campbell: "Do you really mean it?"

Mrs. Somers: "I shall not say. Or, yes, I *will* say. If that woman, who seems to have you at her beck and call, had not intermeddled, I might have made you a very different answer. But now my eyes are opened, and I see what I should have to expect, and—no, thank you, please."

Campbell: "And if she hadn't offered me—"

Mrs. Somers, drawing out her handkerchief and putting it to her eyes: "I was feeling kindly toward you—I was such a little fool—"

Campbell: "Amy!"

Mrs. Somers: "And you knew how much I disliked her."

Campbell: "Yes, I saw by the way you kissed each other."

Mrs. Somers: "Nonsense! You knew that meant nothing. But if it had been anybody else in the world but her, I shouldn't have minded it. And now"—

Campbell: "Now—"

Mrs. Somers: —"Now all those geese are coming back from the other room, and they'll see that I've been crying, and everybody will know everything. Willis—"

Campbell: "*Willis?*"

Mrs. Somers: "Let me go! I must bathe my eyes! You stay here and receive them! I'll be back at once!" She escapes from the arms stretched toward her, and out of the door, just before her guests enter from the library, and Campbell remains to receive them. The ladies, in returning, call over one another's heads and shoulders.

Mrs. Roberts: "Amy, it's *lovely!* But it doesn't *half* do you justice."

Young Mrs. Bemis: "It's too sweet for *anything*, Mrs. Somers."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Why did you let the man put you into that ridiculous seventeenth-century dress? Can't he paint a modern frock?"

Mrs. Wharton: "But what exquisite coloring, Mrs. Somers!"

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Mrs. Miller: "He's got just your lovely turn of the head."

Miss Bayly: "And the way you hold your fan—what character he's thrown into it!"

Mrs. Roberts: "And that fall of the skirt, Amy—that skirt is *full* of character!" She discovers Mr. Campbell behind the tea-urn. He has Mrs. Somers's light wrap on his shoulders, and her fan in his hand, and he alternately hides his blushes with it, and coquettishly folds and pats his mouth in a gross caricature of Mrs. Somers's manner; in rising he twitches his coat forward in a similar burlesque of a lady's management of her skirt. "Why, where is Amy, Willis?"

Campbell: "Gone a moment. Some trouble about—the hot water."

Lawton: "Hot water that you've been getting into? Ah, young man, look me in the eye!"

Campbell: "Your glass one, doctor?"

Young Mr. Bemis: "Why, my dear, has your father got a glass eye?"

Mrs. Bemis: "Of *course* he hasn't. What an idea! I don't know what Mr. Campbell means."

Lawton: "I've no doubt he wishes I had a glass eye. Two of them, for that matter. But that isn't answering my question. Where is Mrs. Somers?"

Campbell: "That was my sister's question, and I did answer it. Have some tea, ladies? I'm glad you like my portrait, and that you think he's got my lovely turn of the head, and the way I hold my fan, and the character of my skirt; but I agree with you that it isn't half as pretty as I am."

The Ladies: "Oh, what shall we do to him? Prescribe for us, doctor."

Campbell: "No, no! I want the doctor's services myself. I don't want him to give me his medicines. I want him to give me away."

Lawton: "You're tired of giving yourself away, then?"

Campbell: "It's of no use. They won't have me."

Lawton: "Who won't?"

Campbell: "Oh, I'll leave Mrs. Somers to say."

Mrs. Somers, radiantly reappearing: "Say what?" She has hidden the traces of her tears from every one but the ladies by a light application of powder, and she knows that they all know she has been crying, and this makes her a little more smiling. "Say what?" She addresses the company in general, rather than Campbell.

Campbell, with caricatured tenderness: "Say yes."

Mrs. Somers: "What does he mean, doctor?"

Lawton: "Oh, I'm afraid he's past all surgery. I give him over to you, Mrs. Somers."

Campbell: "There, now. She wasn't the last to do it!"

Mrs. Somers, with the resolution of a widow: "Well, I suppose there's nothing else for it, then. I'll see what can be done for your patient, doctor." She passes her hand through Campbell's arm, where he continues to stand behind the tea-table.

Mrs. Roberts, falling upon her and kissing her: "Amy, you don't *mean* it!"

Mrs. Bemis, embracing her in turn: "I never can believe it."

Mrs. Crashaw: "It is ridiculous! What, Willis?"

Mrs. Miller: "It does seem too nice to be true."

Mr. Bemis: "You astonish us!"

Roberts: "We never should have dreamed of it."

Young Mr. Bemis: "You *must* give us time to realize it."

Mrs. Wharton: "Is it *possible*?"

Miss Bayly: "*Is* it possible?" They all shake hands with Mrs. Somers in turn.

Roberts: "Isn't this rather sudden, Willis?"

Campbell: "Well, it is—for Mrs. Somers, perhaps. But *I've* found it awfully gradual."

Mrs. Somers: "Nonsense! It's an old story for both of us."

Campbell: "Well, what I like about it is, it's *true*. Founded on fact!"

Mrs. Roberts: "I *can't* believe it!"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know whom all this charming incredulity's intended to flatter, but if it's I, I say no, *not* really, at all! It's merely a little *coup de théâtre* we've been arranging."

Lawton, patting him on the shoulder: "One ahead, as usual."

Mrs. Somers: "Oh, thank you, doctor! There are two of us ahead now."

Lawton: "*I* believe you, at any rate. Bravo!" He initiates an applause in which all the rest join, while Campbell catches up Mrs. Somers's fan and unfurls it before both their faces.

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PRECIOUS STONES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY GEORGE F. KUNZ.

ALTHOUGH nearly all the known varieties of gems have been found in the United States, and some of them in exceptionally fine specimens, their total value is very small in comparison with the great extent of the field. But while this is not a gem-producing country, a *résumé* of what has been found here will undoubtedly be of interest, especially as many stones are peculiar to the United States. Very little systematic mining or working for gems and precious stones has ever been done in this country. In most of the gem localities they are either of accidental occurrence, or are found where other materials are being mined in occasional veins or pockets. They are often gathered with little system on the surface, as are the garnet and peridot in Arizona and New Mexico, or collected in the beds of streams or from decomposing rocks, as is the moss-agate in Wyoming Territory, or on beaches, as the agate, chlorastrolite, and thomsonite at Lake Superior. Nearly all the gems thus found are sent to the large cities for sale, sold to the visiting tourists, or sent to other tourist resorts to be sold as curios from that vicinity. Many of these gems are only known locally or to mineralogists. Some of them never circulate beyond the gem collectors of the United States, whose one object is to enrich their cabinets with something that possesses the qualities of a precious stone, viz., beauty and durability.

Diamonds have occasionally been found at a number of localities in the United States; but the crystals are of infrequent occurrence, and never in sufficient quantities to warrant any extended mining for them. The total number found is not more than two hundred. The largest authenticated diamond crystal was found opposite Richmond, at Manchester, Chesterfield County, Virginia, by a laborer engaged in grading the streets. Its original weight was 23¾ carats, but it had a large flaw in one side, and had been injured by the finder putting it into an iron furnace in order to prove its genuineness. A facsimile of this diamond is represented in Fig. 1 on the colored plate. After cutting, it weighed 11¼ carats. It passed into the hands of Captain Samuel Dewey, and was by him named the "Oninoor," or Sea of Light. John Morrissey once loaned six thousand dollars on it, but, owing to its poor color and other imperfections, it probably is not worth more than ten per cent. of that amount to-day. A number of diamonds weighing one carat each have been found in North Carolina, at various times from 1846 up to the present time. They are usually found in the gold washings, associated with gold and other rare minerals. This *débris* is usually the result of the old gneissoid, and, perhaps, the decomposed peridotite rocks. A diamond weighing 4⅛ carats was found on the Alfred Bright Farm in Dysartville, McDowell County, North Carolina, in the summer of 1886, by the twelve-year-old Willie Christie, who was sitting at a spring, and saw "a pretty trick" about two feet from where he was sitting. He picked it up, took it home, and laid it on a shelf. Only after two weeks did he think of taking it to any one for identification. It was then sent to New York for valuation. It is quite perfect, but has a faint yellowish-gray tint. These facts were authenticated by the writer on the spot. A number of small stones have also been found in or near the elastic sandstone belt in Georgia, most of them in the gold washings of Hall County. Here about forty diamonds have been found, many of which were of fine quality. These diamonds are usually met with in the refuse of sluice-boxes and "long toms" used in mining operations. California has furnished them in many localities. Professor F. Woehler, of Göttingen, Germany, discovered microscopic diamonds in the platinum sands of the Trinity River, and in all the northern counties of the State drained by the Trinity River; also in Coosa Bay, Oregon, and in Smith River, Del Norte County. Instances have occurred where fragments of broken diamonds have appeared among the *débris* cleaned from the stamping-batteries which reduce gold ore. At Cherokee Flat, since 1853, from fifty to sixty diamonds have been found, the largest one weighing 2½ carats, some of them rose-colored, some yellow, and some white. The highest price that has ever been paid for a California diamond in the rough is five hundred dollars.

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The probable origin of the South African diamond is explained by Cohen, Roscoe, and Lewis as derived from an eruptive rock, which was forced through beds of carbonaceous shale, thoroughly breaking up the carbon, so that it was disseminated through the volcanic rock from the size of a pin point to large masses. This heating of the shale had released, as Roscoe found, a volatile hydrocarbon, from which he thinks the diamond was formed. A similar volcanic rock, containing a carbonaceous shale, was found in Elliott County, Kentucky, by Mr. J. S. Diller; and the possibility of diamonds being found there was suggested by Professor Carvill Lewis, and led to a systematic search by Mr. Diller and the writer, under a mission from the United States Geological Survey. Diamonds were not found, and the shale was found to contain only $\frac{1}{35}$ as much carbon as the South African rock. Still there is a possibility that the eruptive rock may have penetrated richer layers of the carboniferous and Devonian rocks elsewhere.

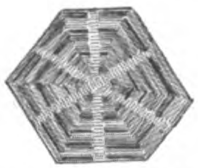
Of the corundum or sapphire gems more than fifty have been found at the Jencks Mine, Franklin, North Carolina, where corundum mining was carried on some years ago, and has recently been resumed to supply mineral for a grinding or polishing substance. Fully one-half of these were really gems in every sense of the word. Some ruby-red ones were of a fair color. The blue sapphire and some fine violet-blue, light red, pink, and yellow sapphires were also found. None of these gems had a higher value than a hundred dollars. An emerald-green sapphire (Oriental emerald), measuring 4 by 2 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, that would furnish from 80 to 100 carat weight of gems, the largest being about 20 carats in weight, is now in the cabinet of Mr. Clarence S. Bement, with the choicest crystals found at this mine. The gem is one of the rarest known. It will not be cut, however, since its owner prizes it much more highly in its natural state. This locality has also furnished some fair *cabochon* rubies weighing over one carat. Vernon, New Jersey, has furnished some crystals of sapphire and ruby which are brilliant though opaque, thus possessing little commercial value. The largest known crystal of sapphire came from the Jencks Mine about 1872. It weighed 312 pounds, and was both red and blue, ruby and sapphire, in color. It is now in the Shepard collection at Amherst College, and was considerably injured in the disastrous fire of 1882. Rubies and sapphires, always more or less opaque, have been found at many localities in North Carolina and Georgia.



BROWN STAR SAPPHIRE, FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The finest sapphires for gems are collected by the miners from the sluice-boxes of the placer mines near Helena, Montana. The gems are usually light green, blue, red, and all the intermediate shades. One of these rough crystals is shown in Fig. 2 of the plate. Often they are blue as viewed in one direction, and red when seen in another. Frequently all the colors would assume a red hue by artificial light. A very interesting piece of jewelry was recently made from these stones in the form of a crescent. At one end, as seen by daylight, the stones were red, shading to a bluish-red in the centre, and finally into blue at the other end; but by artificial light the color of all turned red. A few small gems less than one carat in weight have come from the same place that were truly ruby red and sapphire blue. Of the latter color, perfect gems have been found here up to nine carats in weight. By artificial light these are intensely brilliant.

The colored plate shows (Fig. 3) the first sapphire ever found in its original matrix. It consists of the stone from which a kernel of blue sapphire had dropped out. This kernel was then cut, and replaced in its original matrix. A white band running across the centre of both shows conclusively that it belonged there. It was mined by Colonel C. W. Jencks, at Franklin, North Carolina. Near this place brown crystals of sapphire have been found, in which, when they are cut *en cabochon*, so that the dome of the cut stone is parallel with the perpendicular axis of the crystal, an asteria effect is produced, but not as fine as the Oriental.



SECTION OF STAR SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL, FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Spinels of a smoky blue, velvet green, and dark-tinted claret-color have been found in gems weighing about two carats each, near Hamburg, New Jersey. Some fine ones weighing about two carats each

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were unearthed in San Luis Obispo, California. Twenty years ago, somewhere between Monroe and Southfield, Orange County, New York, a deposit was known only to two persons, now deceased. The locality was worked secretly for some years by moonlight, and from it were obtained the finest crystals of spinel that the world has ever known, some of them over six inches in diameter.

Many fine crystals of topaz have been found at Platte Mountain, near Pike's Peak, Colorado, during the last three years. In appearance they generally vary from clearly transparent to a rich cinnamon brown, and a few are light blue or light green, one of these gems weighing 193 carats. The fac-simile of this one is given in Fig. 4 on the colored plate. These gems are equal in quality to the finest of the same size from Siberia. Some beautiful pellucid white crystals have been found in some isolated mountains west of Sevier Lake, Utah; and Stoneham, Maine, has furnished a few small gems, and opaque crystals one foot square.

Among the beryl gems, emerald and aquamarine, the finest are those which for the past twelve years have been found in the soil of Alexander County, North Carolina, and called by the farmers "green bolts." Some of these were sent to Northern mineralogists by J. A. D. Stephenson as early as 1875, and a company was formed for the purpose of mining them, under the superintendence of Mr. W. E. Hidden, and they have carried on mining operations from time to time at this locality. The largest crystal (the central illustration of the colored plate, Fig. 5) measures eight inches and a half in length, and is the largest emerald crystal known. This, with several other exceedingly fine ones, is in the Clarence S. Bement collection. The crystals, as a rule, have a white core; and although as crystals they are grand, few gems, and those very light in color, have been found.

Aquamarines, beryls, pure white, light blue, and light green, are native to many localities in the United States. One, flawless, of fine color, and weighing 133¾ carats, was found at Stoneham, Maine. The beauty of this specimen may be judged from its copy in Fig. 6 on the plate. Two fine deep blue gems from Royalston, Maine, in the National Museum collection of gems, weighing 10 and 14 carats respectively, and another from Portland, Connecticut, are of fine quality, and equal to the deep blue Brazilian ones. Some clear white stones are sold by the local jewellers at Fitchburg, Massachusetts; and within the past few years some thousands of dollars' worth of yellow beryls have been cut, and sold as "golden beryl," from near Litchfield, Connecticut. A cut specimen of this gem appears as Fig. 7 in the plate. A few small, rich yellow stones were also found at Round Mountain, Albany, Maine. Some fine golden yellow beryls, several weighing 20 carats each, have been found at the Avondale quarries, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Six fine beryls, weighing from one to four carats, were lately found by B. B. Chamberlain at Manhattanville, New York.

The rare gem phenacite has recently been located near Pike's Peak. These gems are colorless or pure white, and match the Siberian ones in purity and transparency, but their value as gems is purely mineralogical.

The finest garnets in the world are those found near Gallup, New Mexico, Fort Defiance, Arizona, and Helena, Montana (see the three specimens numbered 8 in the colored plate). They are often associated with the oily green and olive green peridots called "Job's tears" (see the rough and cut specimen given as Fig. 9 on the plate) on the surface of ant-hills, where they have been carried not only by the ants, but also by the scorpions. They are there called rubies. Although the garnets found in the diamond mines at the Cape of Good Hope (the so-called "Cape rubies") are larger in size than these, and perhaps by daylight equal to them, there are undoubtedly no garnets found that appear better in the evening and by artificial light than those from the United States. The dark color of the Cape garnets remains in artificial light, whereas the American garnets show only the clear blood-red hues. The color of these is usually a rich red, but very often purple or almandine, and sometimes approaching to the tint of honey. Many thousand dollars' worth of these garnets have been disposed of. They are rarely larger than three carats each. Fine garnets are also found in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and New England.

The tourmalines from Maine have long enjoyed a world-wide renown as the finest known. Crystals over eight inches in length have been mined, but, unfortu-

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nately, many have been injured either by weathering or by blasting. A fine white cut achroite of 23 carats, a fine ruby-red tourmaline of over 20 carats, some green of over 25 carats, and a large number of almost all conceivable colors, are in the Hamlin and Shepard collections. The former contains the finest series of this gem in the world, and would furnish full suites for a dozen cabinets. The original of Fig. 10 is in this collection. At this locality are crystals white at one end, shading into green, then light green, and finally red at the other end. We find here also the interesting occurrence of a green outer crystal enclosing a white one, within which is a red or blue centre (see Fig. 11). The gems from this locality would amount to many thousands of dollars in value. Auburn, Maine, has also furnished a number of light blue and the principal lighter shades of blue and pink gems, but none over 10 carats in weight. Explorations at Newcomb, New York, during the last summer brought to light many fine brown and yellowish crystals, some weighing several carats, which are the finest yet discovered in this country, and closely resemble the brown gems from Carinthia, Austria.

The greenish-yellow and green mineral supposed to be diopside, and sent by Mr. W. E. Hidden to Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, the latter identified as a new variety of spodumene, and named it "Hiddenite." It was originally found by Mr. J. A. D. Stephenson. It is a silicate of alumina containing seven per cent. of lithia. Its hardness is 7. Only limited quantities of it have been found. Since it is a beautiful gem, and of purely American origin, some stones have sold at over a hundred dollars per carat; but, on account of the small quantities found, it was only purchased in the United States. It possesses a peculiar brilliancy of its own, although its color is not an emerald green. The finest crystal found is copied as Fig. 12 on the plate.



A CRYSTAL CROSS—NATURAL CLUSTER OF QUARTZ CRYSTALS, FROM CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN, ARKANSAS.

Crystals of quartz (rock-crystal) are found abundantly in many localities in the United States. At least a hundred wagon-loads are annually sold at Hot Springs to the local tourists, as are also rolled pebbles that are found on the banks of the Washita. The scarcity of the latter and the lively demand for them have awakened the cupidity of the farmers, so that they have learned to make rolled pebbles by placing a number of crystals in a box that is kept revolving a few days by water-power. These are purchased by tourists, and cut into mementos. The beautiful crystals of Herkimer County, New York, and of Lake George are familiar to most people. These small, exceptionally perfect crystals have been collected by the hundred thousand at these places. At times they are as brilliant, transparent, and perfect as any known substance, not excepting even the diamond. They occur in curious groupings, and often include small specks of bitumen and pearlspar. They often enclose fluid drops with moving bubbles, which contain two carbonaceous substances, one of which sinks and the other rises as the crystal is turned. North Carolina has furnished masses of transparent crystal over two inches and a half in diameter. From Alaska a 10-pound piece of a rock-crystal has been cut into clear crystal slabs for hand-mirrors three and five inches in diameter. The most remarkable locality for rock-crystals is that recently visited by the writer in Ashe County, North Carolina. One of these weighed 285 pounds, being 29 inches long. A perfect one weighing 22 pounds is the finest piece of rock-crystal that has been found in this country. Another fine crystal, large parts of which were clear, weighed over 300 pounds, but was unfortunately smashed by a Herculean twelve-year-old mountain girl. Fine crystals measuring from six to eight inches in diameter, that would afford crystal dishes, clocks, and other objects of luxury, have been procured here.



QUARTZ CRYSTAL WITH LIQUID ENCLOSURE.

Amethysts sufficiently perfect to be cut into gems have been found at Stow, Maine. The colored plate shows the finest

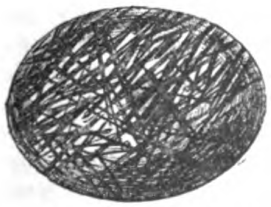
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one from this place (Fig. 13). The most remarkable amethyst found in the United States has been deposited by Dr. C. E. Lucas in the National Museum. It is a turtle-shaped, prehistoric clipping two inches and three-quarters in length, two in width, and an inch and a half in thickness. It is almost flawless, and would afford a fine gem.

At the Yellowstone National Park and at Holbrook, Arizona, amethysts line the hollow trunks of agatized trees. They are usually too small, however, for gem purposes. Large quantities of the smoky quartz from Pike's Peak region have been sent abroad for cutting. Transparent crystals over a foot long and five inches in diameter have been found. Through the West this material is familiarly known by the name of "cairngorm" or "smoky topaz" (see Fig. 14 on the plate). The plate shows a common tint. Rutile in quartz, *flèches d'amour* (love's arrows), or Venus's-hair-stone, as it is called, is found in a number of localities in the United States, the principal supply coming from North Carolina. This pellucid quartz is penetrated in all directions by red, golden, and black rutile, in the form of hair-like crystals, ramifying through the stone in every direction. It is made into a great variety of gems and ornaments. Probably the finest specimens were those found in 1847 near Middlebury, Vermont. They were of a rich red color, six inches long and three inches wide, and penetrated by many rich red and yellow crystals, from the thickness of a knitting-needle to that of a thin lead-pencil. From Rhode Island are obtained pieces of quartz penetrated by black hornblende, quite equal to anything found elsewhere.



"LOVE'S ARROWS."



HORNBLENDE CRYSTALS PENETRATING QUARTZ.

Agate, chalcedony, cornelian, silicified woods, and also jaspers, have been found in an endless variety in many American localities. Fine agate has been found at Agate Bay, Lake Superior, and in most of our Western States. The silicified woods



LAKE SUPERIOR AGATES.

from Arizona, rich and varied in color, are perhaps the most remarkable in the world. Sections of trees twenty-nine inches in diameter were recently cut for table tops at Sioux Falls, Dakota. The magnificent moss-agates from Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, and Utah, have been



MOSS-AGATES.

sold all over the world. When the stones were fashionable many of them sold at over ten dollars each, as much as twenty thousand dollars' worth being sold in one year.

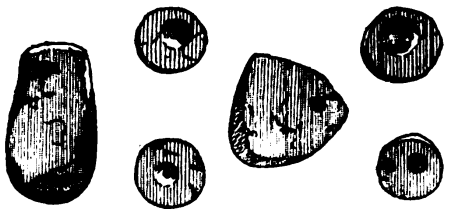
Banded jasper, white, yellow, and red, in masses from four to six inches across, comes from Collyer, Kansas. Beautiful blood-stone, or heliotrope (green jasper with red markings), is produced in Howe County, Georgia. Red and yellow jasper has been found at a number of localities in the United States—at Diamond Hill, Cumberland, Rhode Island, along the Hudson River from Troy to New York, and especially at Hoboken and Fort Lee, where there is a jasper outcrop. Beautiful green chrysoprase has been discovered in the nickel mountains of Oregon. The fire opal, without much opalescence, is obtained in Washington County, Georgia. Beautifully colored opalized wood abounds at many localities in California.

An opaque white hydrophane (a variety of opal) has been found in Colorado, that, from its curious property of becom-

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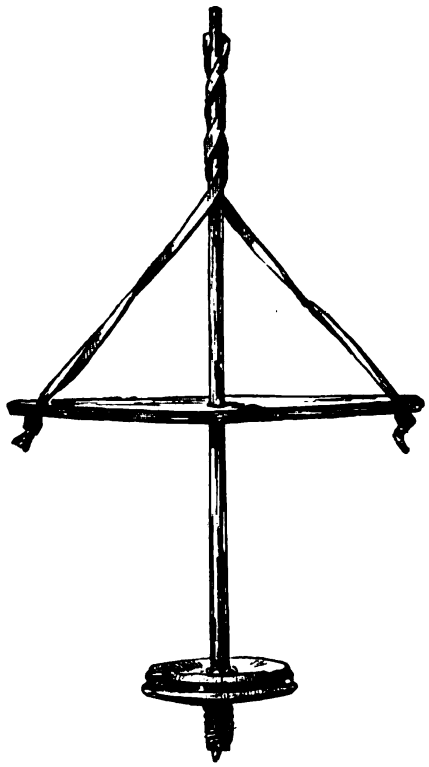
ing *entirely transparent* when water is dropped on it, has been named by the finder "magic stone"; and he suggested its use as a stone for seal rings, scarf-pins, or lockets, where it can be put over a photograph or other object, and when enough water is absorbed will reveal the concealed object. It absorbs its own weight of water.

Turquoise is found at Mount Chalchihuitl, Los Cerillos, Santa Fe County, New Mexico, and at Mineral Park, Mohave County, Arizona. Almost without exception all the gems from this locality are apple and pea green. Occasionally the gems are blue, but this is often changed after a slight exposure. Some of the green stones are often stained so as to resemble the more valuable blue ones. Turquoise is used in jewelry only for special purposes. The New-Mexican green turquoise was highly prized by the aborigines for ornament. The turquoise in both New



INDIAN BEADS OF TURQUOISE.

Mexico and Arizona, like that from Persia, occurs in veins throughout masses of yellowish trachyte, and many tons of rock may be broken before finding a valuable stone. The colored plate (Fig. 15) shows a rough specimen as it came from Nevada. In both of these districts the waste and *débris* excavated in former workings are very extensive, and on the slopes and sides of immense piles of rubbish are growing cedars and pines of great age. Along the line of the railroad, turquoise is sold to some extent by the Indians of the San Domingo Pueblo, New Mexico. The stones are ground into round or heart-shaped ornaments, which are drilled with a crude form of bow-drill. The drilling point is made either of a chip of quartz or agate, and the wheel, to give it velocity, is sometimes made as in this illustration from the bottom of a bowl. The price of these turquoises is now very low. One choice string, made up of many hundreds of these stones, was valued as the equivalent of a pony. The contents of a mouth, where the Indians usually



INDIAN DRILL FOR BORING TURQUOISE.

carry them, can be obtained for from twenty-five to fifty cents. Turquoise was used by the ancient Mexicans to incrust human skulls and to inlay mosaics and ornaments made of obsidian, and also, together with iron pyrites, for making mosaic inlays and incrustations, forming many rich and curious effects.

The rich green Amazon-stone from Pike's Peak, Colorado, enjoys a world-wide reputation for the magnificence of its rich green crystals, although it is very sparingly used in gem form. Beautiful sun-stone and moon-stone have been found in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and also in Amelia County, Virginia. Immense quantities of obsidian (volcanic glass) occur in Colorado, Nevada, and California, and a ledge over half a mile long crops out at Obsidian Cliffs, Yellowstone Park. Brown and black obsidian when mottled is called mountain mahogany.

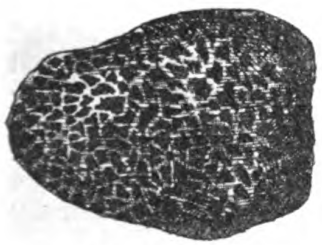
Beautiful labradorite has been found in the rocks and bowlders of a stream in Essex County, New York, which is accordingly named "Opalescent River." It is extensively quarried for ornamental purposes, and some exquisite pieces are cut as gems. Beautiful blue crystals of transparent kyanite, as fine as any of these pre-

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cious stones from St. Gothard, have been lately brought to light in Mitchell County, North Carolina.

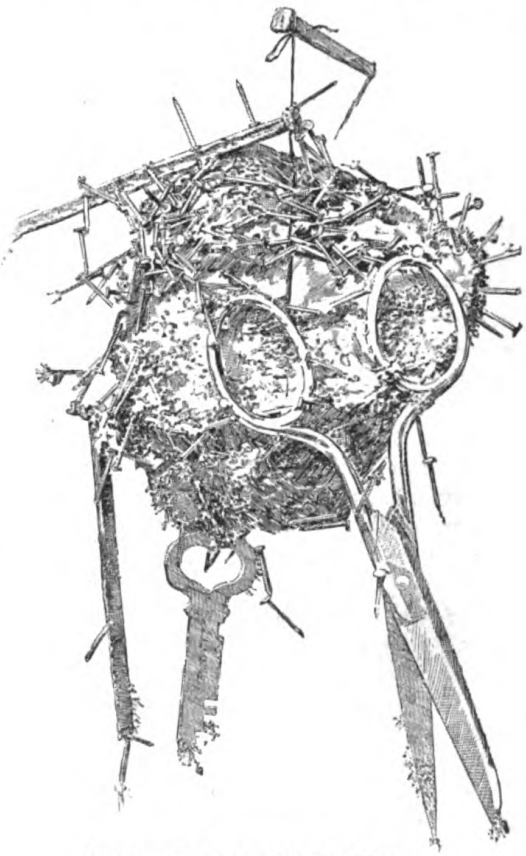
The magnificent American rutiles (pure titanic acid), in their variety of forms, lead the world. Magnificent large crystals, of which some have been used as gems, have been found at Graves Mountain, Georgia; and at several localities in Alexander County, principally near Stony Point, North Carolina. This rutile, when cut, more closely resembles the black diamond in color and lustre than any known gem, possessing all the desirable features of a rich mourning gem. Some of the crystals are almost blood red by transmitted light. Sodalite, deep blue and azure blue, resembling lapis lazuli, has been discovered at South Litchfield, Maine, in masses over one inch square, and has been cut into gems. Rhodonite, a silicate of manganese, which is extensively used in Russia for jewelry, was obtained at Cummington, Massachusetts, in fine large pieces, of rich flesh red color, occasionally beautifully streaked with black oxide of manganese, and equal in every respect to the finest from Russia. Willemite (silicate of zinc), a mineral occurring in any considerable quantities only at Franklin, New Jersey, is there mined as an ore. A number of gems (about ten in all), some of them eight carats in weight, have been cut from this material. The color is a rich canary yellow, with a vitreous lustre.

Chlorastrolite (a silicate of alumina, lime, and iron) occurs on the shores of Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, in small, rounded, water-worn pebbles, which fall from the trap-rock as it disintegrates, and is extensively sold as a gem in that region. It is of a peculiar light grass-green color, and is finely radiated or stellated in structure. It is one of the most pleasing of our purely American gems. The largest, from Mr. M. T. Lynde's cabinet, is represented above.



CHLORASTROLITE PEBBLE.

Lodestone, a magnetic iron ore, although not worn as a gem at present, for centuries has served this purpose, especially when gems were used for the powers they were supposed to possess. The strongest in the world is found in large quantities at Magnet Cove, Arkansas, and at present hundreds of pounds are annually sold by druggists, especially to the Southern colored people, for various purposes, principally as a preventive for rheumatism, but also as a conjuring stone.



AN ARKANSAS LODESTONE (HALF SIZE).

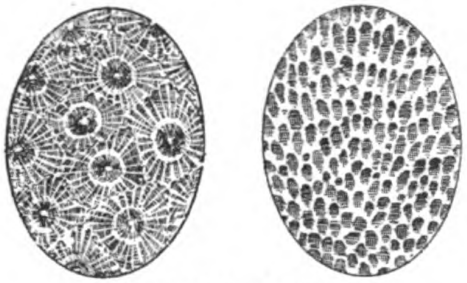
Only in July, 1887, a case was tried in Macon, Georgia, where a piece had been sold for five dollars to a colored woman as a charm to bring back her wandering husband. The man still remained away from home, so she sued the doctor, and as the market price for the magnet was only seventy cents a pound, the judge ordered the money refunded.

Thomsonite is another of the Lake Superior gems. Its color is flesh red with zones of green, red, and white, resembling the eye-agate. Like the chlorastrolite, it is weathered out of the trap-rocks of the region, and is extensively sold. Many fine varieties of serpentine are found in the United States. Williamsite, from Texas, Pennsylvania, is a new apple green variety.

The fossil corals, so extensive through

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the limestones of Iowa, are extensively cut and polished by the local collectors and jewellers, and sold all over the United States. Malachite occurs in seams from



GEMS OF FOSSIL CORAL.

three to four inches in thickness, and covering surfaces over a foot across, in the Globe copper mines in Arizona, as also in beautiful mammillary and radiated masses of sufficient thickness to be used in the arts, and equalling that from Russia, although not so plentiful.

Amber has been found at a number of American localities, but unfit for use in the arts. A mass weighing twelve ounces was washed out of the tertiary deposits on the shore of Nantucket, Massachusetts. A piece twenty inches long, six inches wide, and one inch thick, weighing sixty-four ounces, was dug up at Kirby's marl-pit, near Harrisonville, Gloucester County, New Jersey. Traces have been observed in North Carolina and in Alaska. Beautiful jet has been found in El Paso County, Colorado. It has been quite extensively sold for specimens, and rivals any known jet. Masses one foot long, four and five inches wide, and an inch thick, admitting of a fine polish, are not uncommon. The greater hardness and cheapness of onyx have almost entirely superseded the use of jet in the United States. The beautiful arrow points found in Oregon, which are made of rock-crystal, flesh-colored and mottled jasper, or various colors of chalcedony, are sold to some extent for mounting in jewelry as well as for cabinets. These are of small size, but of great beauty, representing the highest skill of savage stone-chipping, aside from the value of the gem materials. Three of these specimens are shown as Fig. 16 on the plate.

Pearls are produced in some of the unios (fresh-water mussels), of which there are many hundred species, especially those found in the fresh-water brooks traversing a limestone country. The first pearl of any note was the famous "Crown Pearl," found by a shoemaker, Daniel Howell, while collecting some of these mussels in Notch Brook, near Paterson, New Jersey. This was purchased by Messrs. Tiffany and Co. for $1500 in 1856, and led to the great pearl excitement. Millions of unios were collected, and many thousands of pearls found, and some of them very fine ones. One, however, which weighed nearly four hundred grains, and would perhaps have been the finest pearl of modern times, was destroyed by cooking the mussel. They have since then been fished out as far west as Ohio. At Waynesville and other places on the Little Miami River many fine pearls have been found, and more recently fine ones have been found in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas. One single firm has purchased over $100,000 worth of pearls found east of Texas. The pearls are rarely entirely round, usually a little oblong, button-shaped, flat on the back, and imitating every conceivable form, such as beetles, fish, bird wings, and often have had this feature assisted in the mounting of enamel and gold, after the manner of Dinglinger pearls at the famous Dresden Green Vaults. The color is rarely a true white, usually pink or bluish, often iridescent. The nacre is smoother, if anything, than in the Oriental pearls, and they are often more beautiful; single pearls have been sold for over $2000. The "Crown Pearl" above mentioned is shown in Fig. 17 of the colored plate.

Only one pearl of any kind is found in a hundred shells, and usually one in a thousand of any value, so that it is not a very profitable pursuit. The indiscriminate killing off of the mussels in fishing and by poisonous sewage will eventually lead to their extermination. The greatest destroyers, however, are the hogs, which kill off whole banks in a single low tide. Pearls are also secreted by the common hard-shell clam (*Venus mercenaria*); these are usually white, tinged with purple, or almost black. The latter colors are preferred, although they have little value. They sell at from $1 to $100 each, and are found as large as a hazel-nut. The common conch (*Strombus gigas*), fished extensively on the Florida coast for bait, often contains the so-called pink pearls. Although they are not true pearls, they have sold at $1000 each. Our oyster pearls have neither value nor beauty.

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CAPTAIN SANTA CLAUS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

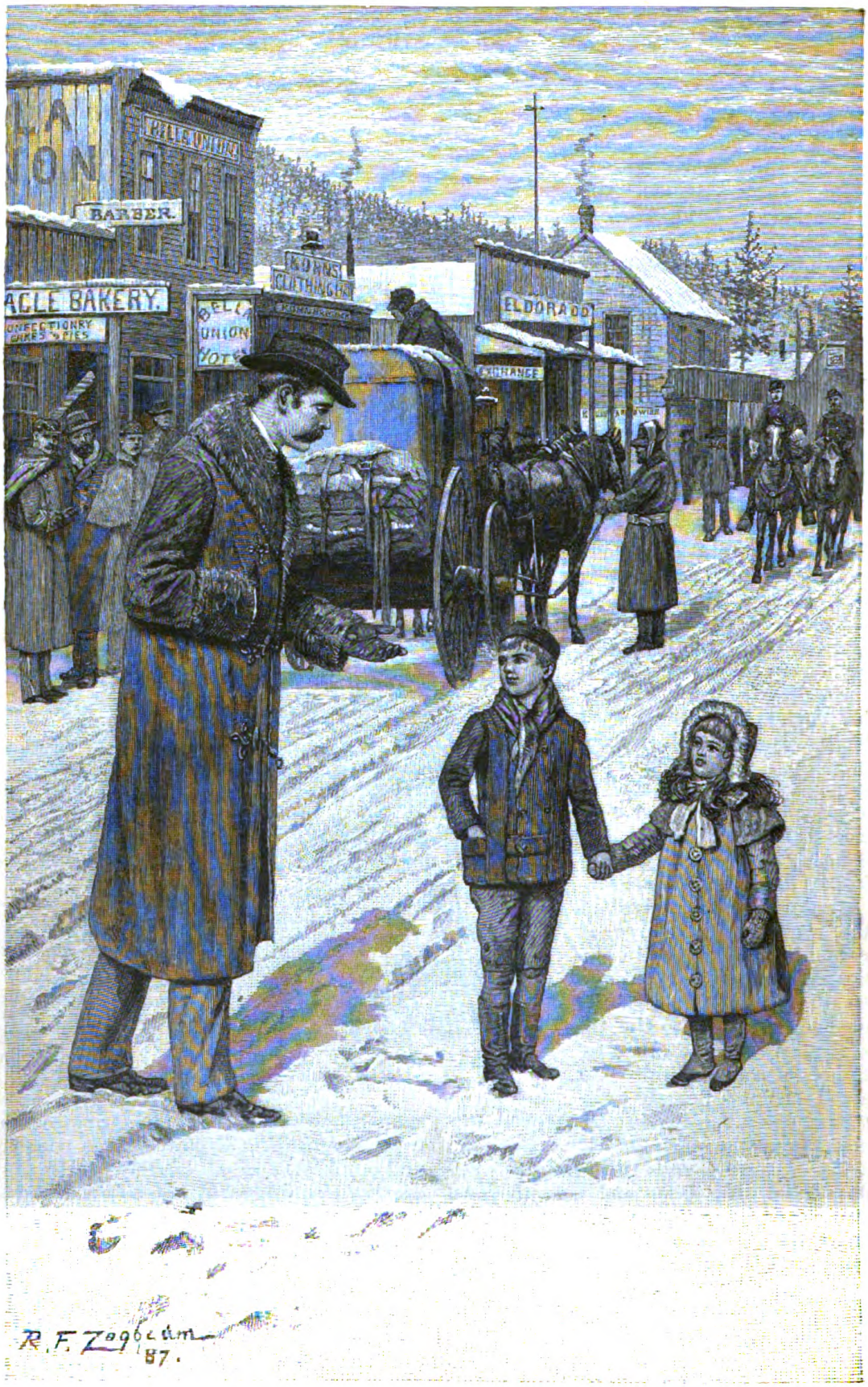
THERE was unusual commotion in the frontier mining town when the red stage, snow-covered and storm-beaten, lurched up in front of the Bella Union and began to disgorge passengers and mail. The crowd on the wooden sidewalk was of that cosmopolitan type which rich and recently discovered "leads" so surely attract: tough-looking miners; devil-may-care cow-boys with rolling hat-brims and barbaric display of deadly weapons; a choice coterie of gamblers with exaggerated suavity of manners; several impassive Chinamen (very clean); several loafing Indians (very dirty); a brace of spruce, clean-shaven, trim-built soldiers from the garrison down the valley; and the inevitable squad of "beats" with bleary eyes and wolfish faces infesting the doorways of the saloons, sublimely trustful of a community that had long ceased to trust them, and scenting eleemosynary possibilities in each new-comer.



But while the arrival of the stage was a source of perennial excitement in the business centre of Argentopolis, the commotion on this occasion was due to the tumultuous welcome given by a mob of school-children to a tall, bronzed, fiercely mustached party the instant he stepped, fur-clad, from the dark interior. Such an array of eager, joyous little faces one seldom sees. Big boys and wee maidens, they threw themselves upon him with shrill clamor and enthusiastic embraces, swarming about his legs as, with twinkling eyes and genial greeting, he lifted the little ones high in air and kissed their dimpled cheeks, and shook the struggling boys heartily by the hand, and was pulled this way and that way until eventually borne off in triumph toward the spick-span new shop, with its glittering white front and alluring display of fruit, pastry, and confectionery, all heralded forth under the grandiloquent but delusive sign, "Bald Eagle Bakery."

Upon this tumultuous reception Argentopolis gazed for some moments in wondering silence. When the transfer of the children and their willing captive to a point some dozen yards away rendered conversation a possibility, the spokesman of the sidewalk committee shifted his quid, and formulated in frontier phrase

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"'COME BACK,' SAID THE CAPTAIN, REASSURINGLY."

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the question which seemed uppermost in the public mind:

"Who 'n thunder's that?"

"That?" said the soldier addressed. "That's Captain Ransom. It's good times the kids 'll be having now."

"B'long to your rigiment?"

"Yes; Captain of 'B' troop. Been away on leave ever since we got here."

"Seems fond o' children," said the Argentopolitan, reflectively. "Got any of his own?"

"Nary. He b'longs to the whole crowd. The 'B' company fellers 'll be glad he's back. They think as much of him as the kids do."

"Good officer, eh?"

"You bet; ain't no better in the cavalry."

At this unequivocal endorsement from expert authority the eyes of Argentopolis again followed the big man in the fur overcoat. With three or four youngsters tugging at each hand, and a dozen revolving irregularly about him, he was striding across the street, keeping up a running fire of chatter with his thronging satellites. Soldier he was unquestionably. Tall, erect of carriage, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, with a keen, quick glance from under his heavy brows. Eyes full of light and fire, nose straight and prominent, a great mustache that hid the curves of his handsome mouth and swept out across the square and resolute jaws—a mustache that, like the wavy brown hair about the temples, was tingeing with gray. Strong white teeth glistened through the drooping thatch, and one or two merry dimples dotted his bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks.

Over on the neighboring side street, from the steps of the school-house, other children surveyed the group, and with envious eyes and watering mouths beheld the demolition of tarts and turnovers. Despite the keen and searching cold of the mountain air, rare and still and brimming with ozone as November days can ever find it, the school shoved its hands deep in trousers pockets and stared with all its youthful might.

Even so blessed a half-hour must have its end, and as the warning bell began to ring, and the Townies to shout that "reecess" was over, the merry throng, spoil-laden, came pouring down the bakery steps, with many admonitions to their big benefactor not to think of starting for the fort until school was out and they could escort him home. Two or three of the smallest still clung to him, explaining that only the big ones had afternoon school; *they* were all through; they had nothing to do until the ambulance came to take them all at four o'clock; and the Captain became suddenly aware of two little people standing on the sidewalk and regarding him wistfully. One was a sturdy boy of seven, with frank blue eyes and chubby rounded cheeks—a picture of solid young America despite the fact that his little fists were red and bare; his knickerbockers, though well fitting, were worn and patched; and the copper toes of his cheap, heavy boots were wearing suspiciously thin. He stood protectingly by a little maiden, whose face was like those of Sir Joshua Reynolds' seraphs—a face as pure an oval as ever sculptor modelled or painter limned, with great, lustrous, long-lashed eyes and delicate and dainty features, and all about it tumbled a wealth of glistening golden hair, and all over it shone the look of childish longing and almost piteous entreaty. One little mittened hand was clasped in her brother's; the other, uncovered, hung by a finger in her rosy mouth. She was warmly clad; her little cloak and hood were soft and white and fleecy; her pigmy legs were cased in stout worsted, and her feet in warm "arctics," and "mother's darling" was written in every ornament of her dress.

Ransom, stowing away a handful of silver, came suddenly upon this silent pair, and stopped short. Another instant and he had stooped, raised the younger child in his strong hands, and with caressing tone accosted her:

"Why, little Snow-drop, who are you? What a little fairy you are!"

"She ain't one of us," piped up a youthful patrician, disdainfully. "She's infantry. He's her brother, and they don't belong to the fort."

The boy's face flushed, and he looked reproachfully at the speaker, but said no word. Ransom was gazing with singular intentness into the downcast face of his little captive.

"Won't you tell me your name, little one?" he pleaded. "Why didn't you come in and have some tarts and turnovers with the others? I've got to run now and meet some other old fellows at the stage office. Here, little man," he

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said, as he set her down, "take Snow-drop in for me, and you two just eat all you can, and you pay for it for me." He held out a bright half-dollar. Snow-drop's eyes glistened, and she looked eagerly at her brother.

But the boy hung back. For an instant he hesitated, screwing his boot toe into a convenient knot-hole as means of covering his embarrassment. "Come, Jack," said the Captain, reassuringly, touching him on the shoulder. The little fellow shook his head.

"Why not, my boy?" pleaded Ransom. "Papa won't mind, when you tell him it was old Uncle Hal. That's what they call me."

A lump rose in the youngster's throat. His head went lower.

"It—it's mamma wouldn't like it," he finally said; and just then, with rush and sputter of hoofs, two officers came trotting around the corner, threw themselves from their saddles, pounced upon their comrade, and overwhelmed him with joyous greeting. Another minute and others arrived, and between them all he was led away up the street. While some of the children confidently followed, two remained behind: little Snow-drop, refusing to be comforted, was applying the back of her mittened hand to her weeping eyes, and turning a deaf ear to her manful brother, who was vainly striving to explain matters.

"Maudie Carleton's crying because Phil wouldn't take the money and get her some goodies," said little Jack Wilkins, in an opportune pause.

"Whom did you say?" asked Ransom, turning suddenly, and looking inquiringly at his friends. There was an instant of embarrassment. Then one of the officers replied:

"Maud Carleton, Ransom. Those are poor Phil Carleton's little ones."

"Wait for me at the office, fellows; I'll be along in a minute," was the response; and the Captain went striding back to the Bald Eagle.

It was an old story in the cavalry. Very few there were who knew not that Captain Ransom was a hard-hit man when Kate Perry—the beauty of her father's regiment—came back from school, and with all the wealth of her grace and loveliness and winning ways, refusing to see how she had impressed one or two "solid" men of the garrison, fell rapturously in love with Philip Carleton, the handsome, dashing scapegrace of the subalterns. It was "hard lines" for old Colonel Perry; it would have been misery to her devoted mother; but she was spared it all—the grass had been growing for years over her distant grave.

The wedding was a glitter of gold-lace, champagne glasses, and tears. Every one wished her—and him—all happiness, but dreaded the future. There was a year of bliss, and little Phil was born; another year when she was much taken up with her baby boy, and the father much abroad—a year of clouds and silence. Then came sudden call to the field, and one night with reeling senses she read the despatch that told her he was shot dead in battle with the Sioux. When little Maudie came there was no father to receive her in his arms. The gray-haired Colonel took the widow and her children a few short years to his own roof; then he, too, was called to his account, and with a widow's pension and the relic of her father's savings the sorrowing woman moved from the garrison that had so long been her home, and took up arms against her sea of troubles. She need not have gone. All Fort Rains knew that there were officers who would gladly have taken her and her beautiful children to their fireside. But she was loyal, proud, high-spirited, and she could not stay. All the roof her father had to leave her was the frame cottage at the ranch he had bought and stocked, a mile below the fort. She was a soldier's daughter, brave and resolute, she had her father's old soldier-servant and his wife to help her, and she moved to the ranch, and declared she would be dependent on no one. When first she had come into that glorious valley, a girl of eighteen, a large force of cavalry was encamped around the garrison in which her father's regiment of foot was stationed, and Captain Harold Ransom became one of her most devoted admirers, though nearly twice her age. Few men had much chance against such a lover as Phil Carleton, buoyant, brilliant, gallant, the pride of all the juniors in the infantry, the despair of many a prudent mother, and when that engagement was announced, the cavalry were rather glad to be ordered away, and to comfort themselves with the perilous distractions of Indian fighting for three or four stirring years. But, before they left, Ransom and others

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had bought much of the land on which Argentopolis gleamed to-day. Perhaps it was the silver that came into his hair as well as his pockets, but silver did not cause the lines that crept under his kindly eyes and around the corners of the firm mouth. He was rich, as army men go, but his heart was sorely wrenched. He went abroad when the Indian campaigns were over, and rejoined while his comrades were on the Pacific coast, and became the delight of the children and the children's mothers. Captain Santa Claus they called him at Walla Walla and Vancouver, where he was the life of those garrisons; and while men honored and women waxed sentimental toward him, it was the children who took possession of the tall soldier and made his house their home, who trooped unbidden all over it at any hour of the day, and made it the garrison play-ground when the rainy season set in and drove them to cover.

And then, after their four years in the Columbia country, the regiment crossed the big range, and, wonder of wonders, head-quarters and six troops, one of them Ransom's, were ordered to Fort Rains! He was again on long leave when the change of station occurred, and the widow drew a long breath. She found life very different, with her father's old friends and hers removed. As the children grew in years their needs increased. She sold the stock and much of the land of the ranch, keeping only the homestead and the patch around it, but she was glad to find employment at the fort as teacher of the piano and singing. She played well, but her voice was glorious, and had been carefully trained. The news that he was coming had given her a shock. It was more than eight years since she had seen him. It was more than five since she had briefly answered the letter he wrote her on hearing of her husband's death. It was so manly, sympathetic, and so full of something he knew not how to express—a longing to shield her from want or care. She had gently but firmly ended it all.

And yet— She was bitterly poor now. Handsomer than ever, said the officers who knew her in the old days; still wearing her mourning, and looking so tall and majestic in her rusting weeds. She was a woman whose form and carriage would be noticeable anywhere — tall, slender, graceful, with a certain slow, languorous ease of motion that charmed the senses. Her face was exquisite in contour and feature—a pure type of blond, blue-eyed, Saxon beauty, with great masses of shimmering golden brown hair. No wonder Ransom felt a thrill when he looked into Maudie's eyes: the child was her mother in miniature. At twenty-seven, with all her trials, Mrs. Carleton was a lovelier woman than in her maiden radiance at eighteen. What she had gained in strength and character, through her years of poverty and self-abnegation, God alone knew, and He had been her comforter.

For nearly a year the garrison children had been going in to town for school, an excellent teacher having been secured in the East, and Mrs. Carleton eagerly embraced the chance of sending hers. She could no longer afford a nurse to look after the wee one. She could not take her on her daily round of lessons, and her infantry friends had gladly seen to it that the little Carletons were carried to and fro with their own. So, too, when the cavalry came had Colonel Cross assured her that the ambulance should always come for them and bring them back to the post. Everybody wanted to be kind to her, or said so at least; but the ladies were all new and strange. She had never been the pet among them she was in her own regiment. They had not known and loved her father, as had the Colonel. They had heard of handsome Phil Carleton, as who had not? but they had heard of Hal Ransom's old-time devotion to her, and now he would soon be back. Rich, growing gray, everybody's friend, the children's idol—oh! what if she should set that widow's cap for him now! The possibility was appalling.

And Christmas was coming, and the children had been weaving glowing pictures of the bliss to be theirs because Captain Santa Claus was homeward bound, and little Maud was listening with eager ears, and her blue-eyed brother in silent longing. The boy was his mother's knight and champion. She took him into her confidence and told him many of her troubles, and time and again after Maudie was asleep the two were rocking in the big arm-chair in front of the hearth, the little fellow curled up in her lap, his arms around her neck, his ruddy cheek nestled against hers, that looked so fragile and white by contrast. He knew how hard a struggle mamma was having in keeping the wolf from the door, and he

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was helping her—little hero that he was—wearing uncomplainingly the patched knickerbockers and cowhide boots, bearing in soldier silence the thoughtless jeers of his school-mates, and taking comfort in the fact that sensitive little Maud was always prettily dressed. She had been petted from babyhood, for scarlet-fever had left her weak and nervous.

And so the coming of glad Christmas-tide was not to them the source of boundless joy it seemed to others. For days Maud had been coming home from school full of childish prattle about the lovely things the other girls were going to have. Couldn't she have a real wax doll, with "truly" eyes and hair, that could sing and say mamma; and a doll house, with kitchen, and a real pump and stove in it, and dining-room and parlor, and lots of lovely bedrooms upstairs; and a doll carriage like Mabel Vane's, with blue cushions, and white wheels and body, and umbrella top? She was tired of her old dollies and her broken wagon. Why didn't people ever give her such beautiful things? If she was very good, and wrote to Santa Claus, wouldn't he bring her what she wanted so very, very much? Poor Mrs. Carleton! Do our hearts ever ache over our own troubles as they do over the longings of our little ones? She promised Maud that Santa Claus should bring the very things she craved, and now she knew not how to fulfil her pledge. Commissary and butcher bills were still unpaid, and she so hated to ask even for what was due her! It is such an old, homely, heart-worn story—that of Christmas yearnings that must be unfulfilled! We lay down our cherished plans with a sigh of resignation, but when baby eyes and baby lips are pleading, God forgive us if we are not so humbly patient, if we accept our burden not without a murmur, or yield not without a struggle!

She had other sore perplexities. She well knew she must meet Hal Ransom. Two days had elapsed since Phil had told her of the reception accorded him, and Maud had preferred her complaint against her brother for being so mean to her in not taking the money and giving her a treat.

Heaven! how the widowed soul hugged her boy to her bosom that night, and kissed and blessed and cried over him! Come what might, he should have a Christmas worth remembering, for his remembrance of her! She had long planned to send to Chicago for a handsome suit to replace the worn and outgrown knickerbockers. It would have crushed her to think of her boy's taking money from him, of all people, no matter what the Forties did. Then came the question as to how she would meet him. Go to the fort she had to every day, and meet they must. It was not that he would be obtrusive; he was too thorough a gentleman for that, and her last letter to him was such that he could not be. It was written in the ecstasy of her bereavement, when she was hiding even from herself the faults and neglects of the buried Philip to whom she had given her girlish love. With lofty spirit she had told him she lived only to teach her children to revere their father's memory, and that she could never think of accepting aid from any one, though she thanked him for the delicacy and thoughtfulness of his well-meant offer. She had asked herself many a time in the last year whether, if it were to be done again, she could find it in her heart to be quite so cold and repellent. She wondered if he had ever heard that the last year of her handsome Philip's life had been devoted more to other women than to her. She could not tolerate the idea that he, above all, should suppose that between Philip and herself all had not been blissful, and that she had been neglected not a little. And yet—and yet was she unlike other women that just now her toilet received rather more thought than usual, and that she wondered would he find her faded—changed?

They met, as men and women whose hearts hold weightier secrets must meet, with the ease and cordiality which their breeding demands. Scene there was none; but she saw, and saw instantly, what she had vainly striven to teach herself she was utterly indifferent to, that in his eyes she was no more faded than his love in hers. She could have scourged herself for the thrill of life and youth it gave her.

That night little Philip was hugged closer than ever. He had been telling her how the Captain was moving into his new quarters, and the children trooped over there the moment they got back from school, and would not ask them, because they were infantry, and Maud cried, and the Captain himself came out and took her in his arms and carried her, and made him come too, and they all had nuts and raisins and apples, and the Captain was

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just as kind to them as though they were cavalry—"more too, for he kept Maudie on his knee most of the time, and wanted us to stay, but we had to go and meet mamma. And he said that was what made him proud of me from the first, because I was so true to you, mamma," said Phil. "I suppose because I wouldn't take his half-dollar."

She was silent a moment, pressing her lips to his cheek, and striving hard to subdue the tears that rose to her eyes. She had something to ask of her boy that was hard, very hard. Yet it had to be done.

"You were right, Philip. It would have hurt mamma more than words can tell had you taken money from—from any one. We are very poor, but we can be rich in one thing—independence. Mamma has not had much luck this year. It seemed all to go with papa's old regiment. But we'll be brave and patient, you and mamma, and say nothing to anybody about our troubles. We'll pay what we owe as we go along. Won't we, Phil?"

"I wish I could help some way, mamma."

"You can, my soldier boy."

He looked up quickly and patted her cheek; then threw his arm around her neck again. Something told him what it would have to be.

"Maudie is a baby who cannot realize our position. Philip is my brave little knight and helper. It—it is so hard for mamma to say it, my boy, but if we buy what she so longs for at Christmas, there will be nothing left for the skates, and I know how you want them, and how many other things you ought to have. You have helped mother so often, Phil. Can you help her once more?"

For all answer he only clung to her the closer.

And now holiday week was near at hand. It was Friday, and school would close that afternoon, and for two blessed, blissful weeks there would be no session at all. Christmas Day would come on Tuesday, and the Forties were running riot in the realms of anticipation. They hugged each other and danced about the street when the express agent told them of the packages that were coming almost every day for Captain Ransom, and the little Townies, who were wont to protest they were glad their papas weren't in the army, were beginning to show traitorous signs of weakening. It was a sore test, if every regiment had its own Santa Claus, as the Forties said.

And older heads were noting that for some time Captain Ransom drove not so much townward, up the valley as down; and that there was a well-defined sleigh track from the lower gate over to "the ranch." Officers coming up from the stables were quick to note the new feature in the wintry landscape, and to make quizzical comment thereon. Then, on Sunday, the third in Advent, a heavy snow-storm came up during the morning service, and the wind blew a "blizzard." It was only a few weeks after the Captain's arrival, but his handsome roans were well known in the valley already, and the ladies looked at each other and nodded significantly as they saw the team drawn up near the chapel door when the congregation came shuddering out into the cold. Mrs. Colonel Cross, who had a charming young sister visiting her for the holidays, and Mrs. Vane, whose cousin Pansy had come over from her brother's station at Fort Whittlesey, had both offered Ransom seats in their pews until he chose his own; but he had chosen his own very promptly, and it was well down the aisle opposite that to which Mrs. Carleton had humbly retired after her father's death. As a consequence the higher families reached the door only in time to see the Captain bundling the widow and her little ones in his costly robes, and driving away through the whirling storm.

That night the wind died away; the snow fell heavily, and all the next day it lay in silent, unruffled, unfurrowed beauty over the broad level below the fort, and though the Captain's sleigh went townward toward evening, and the butcher's "bob" tore an ugly groove along the lower edge, there was now no trail other than the foot-path along the willow-fringed river-bank joining the garrison with the widow's gate. When Friday came, and the plain was still unfurrowed, Fort Rains was unanimous in its conclusion: Captain Ransom had offered himself again, and been rejected.

The households of Vane and Potts, and the ladies at least at the Colonel's, breathed freer. Captain Ransom was invited to Christmas dinner at all three places, and begged to be excused. He explained that he purposed having all the children at his house from eight to ten for general frolic that evening: and would not

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the ladies come over and see the fun? Mrs. Vane and "Pansy" were for changing their dinner hour to five o'clock, if thereby the Captain could be secured, and Vane "sounded" him, but without the hoped-for result. He would have to be at home, he said. Mrs. Carleton was narrowly watched. Women who had been disposed to treat her coldly could have hugged her now, if they could be sure she had really refused the best catch in the cavalry, and left a chance for some one else. But Mrs. Carleton gave no sign, and she was a woman they dared not question. What staggered the theory of renewed offer and rejection was the warmth and cordiality of manner with which they met in public—and they met almost daily. There was something that seemed to shatter the idea of rejection in the very smile she gave him, and in the reverence of his manner toward her. Estrangement there certainly was none, and yet he had been going over to the ranch every day, and his visits had suddenly ceased. Why? They scanned his face for indications; but, as Mrs. Vane put it, "he always was an exasperating creature; you could no more read him than you could a mummy."

Monday before Christmas had come, and Colonel Cross, trudging home from his office about noon, caught sight of the tall and graceful figure of Mrs. Carleton coming toward him along the walk. He was about to hail her in his cheery style, when he saw that her head was bowed, and that she was in evident distress. Even while he was wondering how to accost her, she put him out of doubt. Her lips were twitching and her cheeks were flushed; tears were starting in her eyes, but she strove hard to command herself and speak calmly.

"You were so kind as to order the 'special' for me this morning, Colonel, but I shall not need it: I cannot go to town."

He knew well that something had gone wrong. Blunt, rugged old trooper that he was, he had been her father's intimate in their cadet days, and he wanted to befriend her. More than a little he suspected that hers was not a path of roses among the ladies at Rains. In his presence they were on guard over their tongues, but he had not been commanding officer of several garrisons for nothing.

"Mrs. Carleton," he impetuously spoke, "something's amiss. Can't you tell an old fellow like me, and let me—ah—settle things? Surely it is something I can do."

She thanked him warmly. It was nothing in which he could be of service, she declared, trying hard to smile: she was a little upset and could not go to town. But he saw she had just come from Mrs. Vane's, and he knew that estimable and virtuous woman thoroughly, and drew his conclusions. Whatever was wrong, it was not unconnected with her monitions or ministrations—of that he was confident. As for Mrs. Carleton, she turned quickly from the fort and took her lonely, winding way among the willows to her valley home, a heart-sick woman.

Counting her ways and means, she had found that to pay for the items she had promised Maud and had ordered for her boy—the latter being the suit sent "C. O. D." from Chicago—she would have to ask a favor of her patrons at the fort. She had arranged with the proprietor of the big variety store in town that he should set aside for her a certain beautiful doll and one of the prettiest of the doll carriages, and that she would come and get them on this very afternoon. To meet her bills and these expenses, and that there might be no disappointment, she had addressed to the parents of her few pupils a modest little note, enclosing her bill, and asking as a kindness to her that it might be paid by Saturday, the 22d. Courteous and prompt response had come from all but two, and with the money thus obtained she had settled her little household accounts. Mrs. Vane and Mrs. Potts, however, had vouchsafed no reply, and it was to the mothers, not the fathers, her notes had been addressed. On Monday morning, therefore, when she went to give Miss Adèle her lesson, she ventured to ask for Mrs. Potts, and Mrs. Potts was out—spending the day at Mrs. Vane's. So thither she went, and with flushing cheeks and deep embarrassment inquired if the ladies had received her notes. Mrs. Potts had, and was overcome, she said, with dismay. She had totally forgotten, and thought it was next Saturday she meant; and now the Captain had gone to town, and there was no way she could get at him. Then came Mrs. Vane's turn. Mrs. Vane, too, had received her note, but she was not overcome. With much majesty of mien she told the widow that she always paid her bills on

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the last day of the quarter, and that her husband was so punctilious about it and so methodical that she never asked him to depart from the rule. Mrs. Carleton strove hard to keep down her pride and the surging impulse to cry out against such heartless superiority of manner and management. There was a tinge of reproach in the plea she forced herself to make for her babies' sake. "You know there are no more lessons this term, Mrs. Vane; my work is done; and I—so needed it for Christmas, or I would not have asked." And she smiled piteously through the starting tears. Mrs. Vane was sorry—very sorry. She could hardly ask her husband to depart from his life-long practice, even if he were here—and he, too, had gone to town.

Yes, everybody seemed to have gone or sent to town for Christmas shopping. Her little ones were alone in having no one to buy for them. Harold Ransom too was going, for she saw the handsome roans come dashing up the drive, as she rose, with a burning sense of indignity, to take her leave. She came upon Miss Pansy in the hallway, all hooded and furred, and beaming with bliss at the prospect of a sleigh-ride to town—behind the roans, no doubt. Never mind that now. Her heart was full of only one thought—her babies. Where were now her long-cherished schemes? All Fort Rains was blithe and jubilant over the coming festivities; Maud was wild with anticipation; and she alone—she alone, who had worked so hard and faithfully that her children might find joy in their Christmas awaking—she alone had seen her hopes turn to ashes. In her pride and her vehement determination to be "beholden" to no one, she would seek no help in her trouble. She went home, asking only to be alone, thankful that the children were spending the day with friends in the garrison, and could not be there to see the misery in her eyes.

Full an hour she gave to her uncontrollable grief, locked in her room, sobbing in utter prostration. Her eyes were still red and swollen; she was weak, trembling, exhausted, when the sudden sound of hoof-beats roused her. The blood flew to her cheeks. Despite her prohibition, then, he was here. He had come again, and something told her he had fathomed her trouble, and would not be denied. She heard the quick, firm tread upon the steps, the imperative rat-tat-tat of the whip-handle on the door. She could have called to her faithful slave Mrs. Malloy, the "striker's" wife, who had known her from babyhood, and bidden her tell the Captain she must be excused, but it was too late. Bridget Malloy had seen her face when she came home; had vainly striven to enter her room and share her sorrow; had shrewdly suspected the cause of the trouble, and through the key-hole had poured forth voluble Hibernian fealty and proffers of every blessed cent of her savings, but only to be implored to go away and let her have her cry in peace. Even had Mrs. Carleton ordered her to deny her to the visitor, it is probable that Mrs. Malloy would have obeyed—her own instincts.

"Sure it's glad I am to see the Captain!" was her prompt greeting; "and it was a black day that ever let ye go from her. Come right in, an' I'll call her to ye. It's all broke up she is."

And so she had to come. There he stood in the little sanctuary where Philip in photographed beauty beamed down upon her from over the mantel, and Philip's rusting sword hung like that of Damocles by the fragile thread of sentiment that bound her to the past. There he stood with such a world of tenderness, yearning, sympathy, and suppressed and passionate love in his dark eyes! She came in, almost backward, striving to hide her swollen and disfigured face. He never strove to approach her. With one hand on the mantel, he stood gazing sorrowfully at her. With one hand on the door-knob, with averted face, she silently awaited his words.

"I have disobeyed you, Kate, though I left my sleigh and came on Roscoe. I have tried to accept what you said eight days ago, but no man on earth who has heard what I have heard to-day could obey you longer. No. Listen!" he urged, as she half turned, with silencing gesture. "I'm not here to plead for myself, but—my heart is breaking to see you suffering, and to think of your being subjected to such an outrage as that of this morning. Of course I heard of it. I made them tell me. The Colonel had seen your distress, and told me you had abandoned the trip to town. I found out the rest. Yes, Mrs. Carleton, if you so choose to term it" (for she had turned with indignant query in her eyes), "I *pried* into your affairs. Do

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you think I can bear this, to know you are in want—for want it must be, or you'd never have stooped to ask that vulgar, purse-proud, patronizing woman for money? Do you think I can live here and see you subjected to this? By Heaven! If nothing else will move you, in Philip's name, in your children's name, let me lift this burden from you. Send me across the continent if you like. I'll promise to worry you no more, if that will buy your trust. I've lived and borne my lot these eight or nine long years, and can bear it longer if need be. What I can't bear, and won't bear, is your suffering from actual *poverty*. Kate Carleton, won't you trust me?"

"How *can* I be your debtor, Captain Ransom? Ask yourself—ask any one—what would be said of me if I took one cent from you! I *do* thank you. I *am* grateful for all you have done and would do. Oh, it is not that I do not bless you every day and night for being so thoughtful for me, so good to my little ones! It wasn't for myself I was so broken to-day; it was for my—my babies. Oh, I—I *cannot* tell you!"

And now she broke down utterly, weeping hysterically, uncontrollably. In the abandonment of her grief she threw her arms upon the wooden casing of the doorway, and bowed her head upon them. One instant he stood there, his hands fiercely clinching, his broad chest heaving, his bronzed, honest, earnest face working with his weight of emotion, and then, with uncontrollable impulse, with one bound he leaped to her side, seized her slender form in his arms, and clasped her to his breast. In vain she struggled; in vain her startled eyes, filled with resolute loyalty to the old faith, blazed at him through their mist of tears: he held her close, as once again, despite her struggles and her forbidding words, he poured forth his plea.

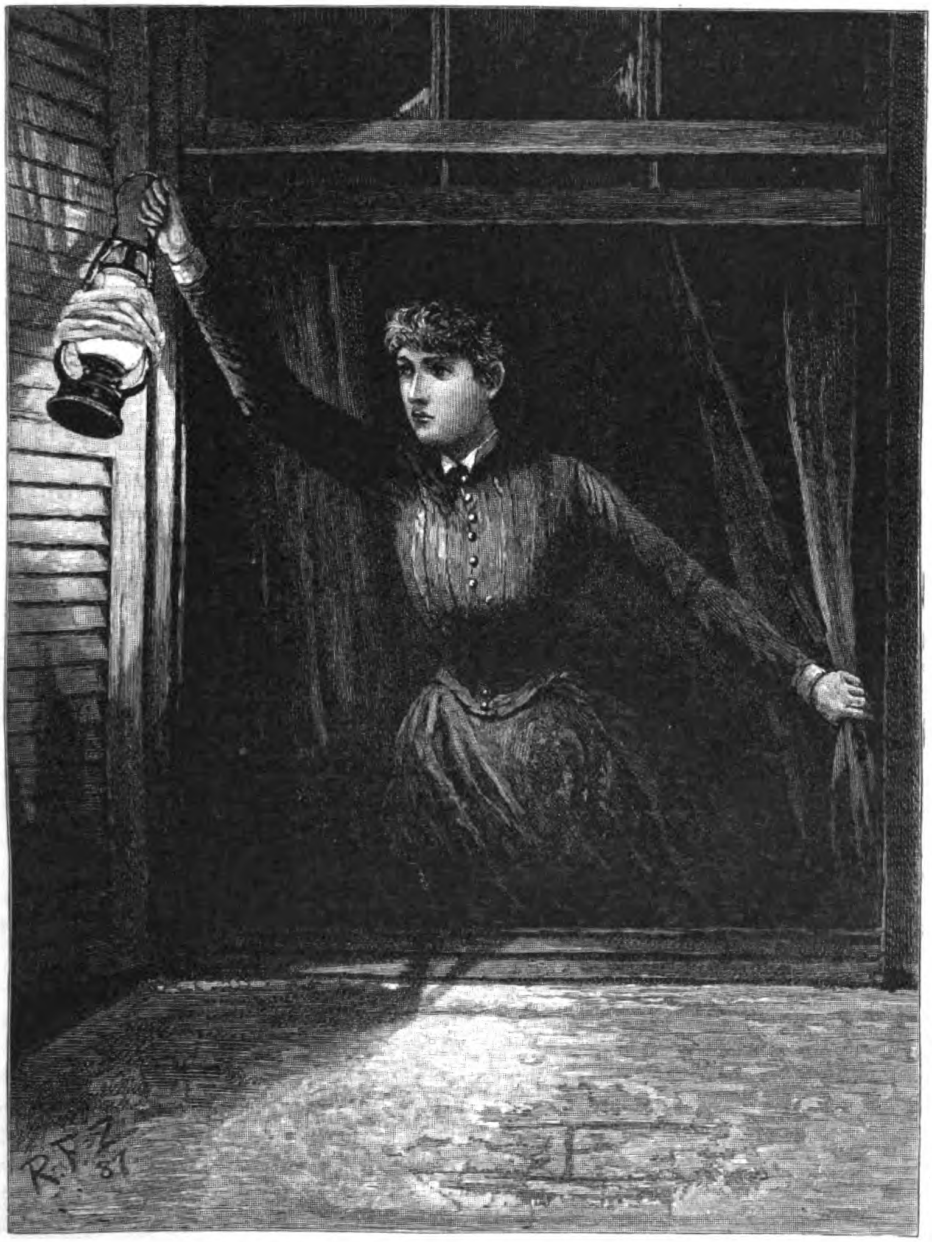
"You *can* take it, you *must* take it. For your own sake, for your children's sake—even for his!—give me the right to protect and cherish you. I—I don't ask your love. Ah, Kate, be merciful!" and then—fatal inspiration!—but the face he loved was so—so near; he never would have done it had he thought: it was only as utterly unconquerable an impulse as his wild embrace; his lips were so tremulous with entreaty, with love, sympathy, pleading, pity, passion, everything that impelled and nothing that restrained, that with sudden sweep they fell upon her flushed and tear-wet cheek, and ere he knew it he had kissed her.

There was no mistaking the wrath in her eyes now. She was free in an instant, and bidding him begone. He begged hard for pardon, but to no purpose. She would listen to nothing. Go he must—his presence was insult. And he left her panting with indignation, a vengeance-hurling goddess, a wild-eyed Juno, while he at full gallop went tearing through the snow-drifts, recklessly, dolefully, yet determinedly, back to the post. In half an hour he was whipping to town.

When sunset came, and the evening gun awakened the echoes of the snow-shrouded valley, and the red disk went down behind the crested bluffs far up the stream, a sleigh came out from the fort, and Captain Vane, with curious mixture of cordiality and embarrassment, restored Phil and Maud to the maternal roof, and begged to hand her the amount due from him and from Captain Potts for family tuition. He had only heard a—accidentally—a few minutes before, of her request. And wasn't there something else he could do? Would she not go to town with him to-morrow morning? She thanked him. She hardly knew what to do. Here was the money at last, but it was Christmas Eve now, and there was no time to be lost, and town lay full six miles away. Perhaps she wished a messenger now, suggested the Captain—he would send in a mounted man gladly. Knowing no other way to secure her treasures for her little ones, she breathlessly accepted his offer, briefly explained the situation, and told him how she longed to have the presents there, with the trifles she had made for them, to greet their eyes with the coming day. The messenger could go to the store and get the coveted doll and carriage; there would surely be sleighs from the fort that would bring them out for him, and he would find the box from Chicago at the express office, and could pay the charges and sign the receipt on her written order to the agent. It was arranged in a moment, and with reviving hope she gave the children their tea and strove to get them early to bed.

Ten o'clock came. The little ones were at last asleep. She had filled the stockings with such inexpensive but loving remembrances as she could afford, and had

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"ONE MOMENT MORE AND HER BIGGEST LANTERN SWUNG GLOWING IN THE WINDOW."

tottered dangerously near the brink of another flood of tears, when Malloy and his wife came in, the one with a box of tools for Phil, the other with a set of china for the doll house. She had finally bidden those faithful friends good-night, and having arranged the few gifts she had for the children, she threw over her shoulders a heavy shawl, and went to the gate to listen for the messenger's return.

It was a perfect night—clear, still, and sparkling. The moon shone brightly upon the glistening mantle of snow, and tinged with silver the pine crests across the stream. Westward, on a little rise, were the twinkling lights of the fort. Far beyond, far up the narrowing valley, other lights, dim and distant, marked the position of the town. She could hear the faint, muffled sound of shots with which the benighted but jubilant frontiersmen were hailing the coming of the sacred anniversary, like some midwinter Fourth of July, with exuberant and explosive hilarity. Then, nearer at hand, soft, sweet, and solemn, there floated out over the valley the prolonged notes of the cavalry trumpet sounding the signal "Lights

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out," the "good-night" of the garrison. Then all the broad windows of the barracks were shrouded in sudden gloom; only in the quarters of the officers, on the opposite side of the parade, were the lights still twinkling. In one of them, nearest the gate, high up aloft, and close under the gables, there gleamed a brighter light than all the others. Even in the chilly air she felt the flush of blood to her cheeks. That was Ransom's house. She well knew he had chosen it, farthest from the quarters and stables of his troop, simply because it was at the end of the row, overlooking the valley, and nearest her. Two weeks since he had said to her that he could not rid himself of the thought of her isolation. Though off the beaten track a full three-quarter mile, and within long carbine range of the sentries, she was still far away, almost unprotected. Though Indians were no longer to be feared, there were such things as tramps and blackguards in the settlements. She laughed at his fears. She had lived there three years, and never heard a sound at night other than the occasional howl of a coyote and the distant watch-cry of the sentries. She had brave old Malloy with his gun, and Bridget with her tongue and nails; she had Philip's sword, her own brave spirit, and her boy: what had she to fear?

All the same, struggle against it though she would, it was sweet to hear his anxious questioning. Even if unmolested by marauders, something might go wrong—Maudie have croup, a kerosene lamp burst. She might need help. Who knew? "I shall put a bright lamp and reflector in the little round garret window every night as soon as I get home," he said, "and should you ever be in danger or need, throw a red handkerchief over your biggest lantern, and show it at the top window. If the sentries don't see it at once, fire Malloy's gun." She promised, laughingly, though repudiating the possibility. She had told herself that Philip's spirit was all the protection she needed; but the night landscape of the valley, the night lights at the fort, had acquired of late an interest they never knew before. She would have scourged herself had she believed, she would have stormed at any one who suggested, that she went to look for his light; but if ever it failed to be there, at ten or eleven or later, she knew it. Whatever might be his evening occupation at the fort—a dinner, a card party, officers' school, "noncoms.'" recitation—it was his habit on reaching home to go at once to the garret and post his sentinel light. What would he not have given for an answering signal?

And there was the light now. He was home, then, and despite her anger and his banishment, he was faithful. Christmas Eve, and only ten, and he was home and watching over her. She was still quivering with wrath at him for that ravished kiss—at least she told herself she was, and had told him a great deal more. Was it quite fair to drive him from her home, as she had, when Phil was so fond of him and Maudie loved him so, and he was so devoted to them? What could he be doing at home so early? There was a party at the Adjutant's, she knew. She had been obliged to decline. She had three invitations for Christmas dinners, and had said no to all, gratefully. There were many who wanted to be kind to her, but she had only one dress she considered fit to wear, so too had little Maud, and as for her brave boy Phil, he had nothing—unless the suit from Chicago came in time. Without that he could not go to the Captain's Christmas tree. Why did not the messenger return? She was becoming feverishly anxious.

It was too cold to remain out-of-doors. She re-entered, and paced fitfully up and down her little parlor. She went in and bent over her sleeping children, and rearranged the coverlets with the noiseless touch of the mother's hand; she leaned over and kissed them softly, and now that her surcharged nature had had free vent, and the skies were cleared by the morning's storm, she felt far gentler, happier. Her cry had done her good. Her hopefulness was returning—but not the messenger. What *could* detain him? Where could he be? It was eleven, and long after, when at last she sighted a shadowy horseman loping across the moonlit plain, and slowly he dismounted at her gate and came to her—empty-handed. He was a soldier of Vane's troop, and his tale was doleful. He had been set upon in a saloon, robbed, and beaten. The money was gone, he had brought back nothing but bruises. As consolation he imparted the fact that 'twas too late to get the doll and carriage. The last ones had been sold that evening, as she had not come to

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claim them. Then he had stepped in to take a drink, because he was cold, and then the catastrophe had occurred. True or false as might be the story, there was no doubt of the veracity of that portion which referred to the drink. Conscious that it was too late to do anything at this hour, she simply dismissed him, bidding him go at once to the post, barred and locked her door, and sat down, stunned and heart-sick. This, then, was the joyous Christmas for which she had worked so long and hard! She raised her arms in one last appeal to Heaven; then threw herself upon her knees beside her little ones, and buried her face in her quivering hands. What would their early waking bring to them now but disappointment? For half an hour she knelt there helpless, stunned. Then lifted her head—startled.

Somebody was fumbling at the storm-door. With her heart in her throat, she listened, incredulous, fearful, then convinced. The boards creaked and snapped beneath a heavy, stealthy tread. She heard beyond doubt a muttered question, a reply. There were two of them, then! All was darkness in her parlor now, only the light burned in the children's room. Her heart bounded, but she stole, despite trembling knees, noiselessly, into the parlor, stooped, and peered through the slats, and, sure as fate, two men, burly, muffled so that they were unrecognizable, were bending down at the storm-house in front of her parlor door. Quickly she rose, scurried through the parlor, up the stairs to the room above the kitchen, where she rapped heavily at the door. "Malloy! Malloy!" she cried. No answer but a snore and heavy breathing. She rattled the knob and called again. This time with success.

"Who is't?" was the startled challenge.

"It is I—Mrs. Carleton! Quick, Malloy! Two men are trying to break in at the front door."

She heard the bound with which the old soldier leaped to the floor. She ran into the front room. One quick glance showed her Ransom's signal-light blazing across the mile of snow. One moment more, and muffled in red silk, her biggest lantern swung glowing in the window. Then down the stairs she hurried to her children, just as Malloy, with his carbine, and Bridget, with a six-shooter, swept gallantly into action. She heard his fierce summons, "Who shtands there?" and listened breathlessly. No response. "Who's dhere, I say?" Dead silence. Not even scurrying footsteps. She crept to the window and peered out. No one near. She raised the sash, threw open a shutter, and gazed abroad. The little piazza was deserted, unless both were hiding inside the storm-house. No! See! Over among the willows by the stream there are shadowy figures and a sleigh.

"They've gone, Malloy! They are up the river-bank with a sleigh!" she called. And then she heard him furiously unbarring the parlor door preparatory to a rush. She heard it swing open, an impetuous sally, a collision, a crash, the clatter of a dropped carbine against the resounding wood-work, a complication of anathemas and objurgations from the dark interior, and then a dialogue in choice Hibernian.

"Are ye hurted, Terence?"

"I am. Bad scran to the blagyards that left their thrunk behind 'em!"

Trunk! what trunk? She bore a light into the parlor, and revealed Malloy, with rueful visage, doubled up over a big wooden box planted squarely in the doorway. Robbers, indeed! Mrs. Bridget whisked him out of the way, ran and closed the children's door, and in another moment had lugged the big box into the parlor, and wrenched away the top. The two women were on their knees before it in an instant.

First they dragged forth a great flat paper box, damp and cool and moist, and this the widow opened tremblingly. A flat layer of white cotton, dry; then paper; a flat layer of white cotton, moist; and then, peep! Upon the fresh, green coils of smilax, rich with fragrance, sweet, moist, dewy, exquisite, lay store upon store of the choicest flowers—rose buds and rose blossoms in cream and yellow and pink and crimson, carnations in white and red, heliotrope and hyacinth, and fairest pansies, and modest little violets, and gorgeous tulips, even great callas—the first flowers she had seen in years. Oh, Captain Santa Claus! who taught you Christmas wooing! Where learned you such art as this? Beneath the box was yet another, bearing the stamp of the great Chicago firm, sealed, corded, just as he had got it from the agent that evening—Phil's longed-for suit. She hugged it with delight, while tears started to her

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dancing eyes. How good he was! How thoughtful for her and for her little ones! There, beneath, was the very white doll carriage, blue lining, umbrella top, and all, wherein reposed a wondrous wax doll, the like of which Maud had never dreamed. There was a tin kitchen with innumerable appendages. There was a glistening pair of club skates of finest steel and latest patent, the very thing that Phil so longed for, and had so lovingly resigned. There were fur cap and gloves and boots for him, and such an elegant shawl for Mrs. Malloy! He could send them all he chose, and no offence. But to her—on her he could lavish only flowers.

And then her Irish allies returned to their slumbers, and left her to the rapture of arranging the new presents and the contemplation of her flowers; and she was hugging the big pasteboard box and gloating over her treasures when there was sudden noise without, a rush up the steps, and before she could drop her possessions the door flew open, and in came a wild-eyed, breathless captain of cavalry, gasping the apparently unwarrantable query, "What's the matter?"

For an instant she stared at him in astonishment. Holding tight her flowers, she gazed at his agitated face. "Nothing," she answered. "How could anything be wrong when you have been so—so—" But words failed her.

"Why! your red light's burning!" he explained.

"I declare! I forgot all about it!"

Then another silence. He threw himself back in an arm-chair, breathing hard, and striving to recover his composure.

"Do you mean—didn't you mean to signal for help?" he finally asked.

"Yes, I did"—an arch and mischievous smile now brightening her face. "When I swung it I wanted you to come quick and drive—yourself away."

Then she put down her box, and stepped impulsively toward him, two white hands outstretched, tears starting from her eyes, the color surging to her lovely face—"Where can I find words to thank you, Captain Santa Claus?"

He rose quickly, his face flushed and eager, his strong hands trembling.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked.

Her head was drooping now; her eyes could not meet the fervent love and longing in his; her bosom heaved with every breath. She could only stand and tremble when he seized her hands.

"Kate, will you take back what you said to-day?"

She stole one glance into his passionate, pleading eyes, and her head drooped lower.

"*Can't* you take it back, Kate?"

A moment's pause. At last the answer. "How can I, unless—unless you take back what you—what caused it?"

Never before had the little Carletons waked to such a radiant Christmas morning. Never had the Forties known so royal a Christmas tree. Never before was "Uncle Hal's" so thronged with beaming faces and happy hearts. But among all the little ones whom his love and thoughtfulness had blessed there was no face that shone with bliss more radiant, with joy more deep and perfect, than that of Captain Santa Claus.

ANTHONY OF PADUA.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

THIS story with its simple rhyme,
This picture by a hand sublime,
Spring from a legend, in the time
Of Anthony of Padua.

Some doubt had cast its shadows strong
Upon the Saint, who well and long
Fought manfully to right this wrong—
Fought day and night in Padua.

Till in his arms, so it is told,
The Saint did his dear Lord enfold.
And there appeared a light like gold
From out the skies of Padua.

"O Christ Child, art thou come to me!
With wonder sweet I welcome Thee.
O Christ Child, can this wonder be!"
Cried Anthony of Padua.

"I thank Thee, Blessed One, for this.
Forgive what I have done amiss!
And let me greet Thee with a kiss,
Thou Dear One, come to Padua!"

"To him who struggles with his might
Our Lord has promised to bring light
And glory, as of lilies white,"
The angels sang in Padua.

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SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA.—From the painting by Murillo.

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"ALONE UPSTAIRS."—[SEE PAGE 126.]

ANNIE LAURIE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE outcry of the coming tide was pealing in. It had the resonance of a heavy sea; one could hear it a mile further into the town than one expected, and felt a sense of surprise at the depth of the tone. The ocean was quite gray. The sky seemed rather to take than to give the universal color which hung upon the village and the headland, and gathered against the breakwater with a force and an importance that made the impression of a waste of sadness; as if the world had filled up and brimmed over with it, and had gone into gray as people go into mourning; that being the easiest way of recognizing what there was nothing to be said about. The effect was heightened by the prevailing tones of the granite which filled the landscape. The great quarries in the background gaped into a gray earth; the cars which rolled or trundled by were loaded with massive grayness; so the sloops that lay at anchor in the little artificial harbors; the wharves were piled with gray paving, regularly disposed, making rectangular outlines against the sky, which hung close, like a curtain of a shade darker than the stone, against it. Derricks, lifting gray blocks, cut the gray air on either side of the street, where the stone dust blew about under the hammers of the paving cutters. Granite houses presented their unrelenting faces to the severe harmony of the scenery; and the breakwater itself, a solemn gray figure like a sarcophagus, stretched drearily out into the disturbed sea.

There was no fog. The face of the ocean was distinctly to be seen, furrowed with black wrinkles. Against the breakwater the surf leaped high; tongues of white flame licked the edge of the great granite dike and blazed up. The day was so gray that these dazzled the eye like the sunlight for which they were the substitute. The rocks, wet with an immense sweep of spray, glittered; they had not been frosted for some days, but now the night was turning cold. It was the 24th of December, and in Stoneport.

Stoneport lies far down the index finger of the Massachusetts coast, and has a

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right to its climate. God and the fishermen know what that is. Paralyzed with the weather, the long arm of the Cape stretches into midwinter, and bears the cold like dead flesh. When a gentle mood like that of this Christmas week comes to Stoneport in winter the people lift their eyes to the breakwater, glance at the bows of the boats to see which way the wind points, look to their little piles of coal, cut lasting for their windows, get out the children's woollen tippets, and say, "This is a weather-breeder: I wish your father was ashore."

It had been a singularly gentle week, peaceful and almost warm; purple mist throbbed and melted in yellow air, and the snow fled; the water had warm loving colors—April colors of blue and violet and tender browns; and the kelp palpitated on the red rocks over on the headland by the light-house as if it breathed; the quarrymen worked one day in their woollen shirt sleeves. Clearly this was well over now. The wind had set its teeth into the east, and all the world gathered itself for the coming storm.

The quarrymen had their share of Stoneport weather, be it understood; they understood it. It was no light job to be a fisherman, perhaps; but there were other people in the world than fishermen. Three hundred men looked up at the offended sky from the great quarries and works of Stoneport, and said, each man to himself or to his neighbor, according to his temperament, "We're goin' to have a spell of weather."

It was sometimes pretty cold chipping stone in winter in Stoneport, but it was not fashionable for the quarrymen to complain. There were a good many Scotch among them. They had reserve and pride —a man attended to his own business and took his own risks; he was not an object of pity to summer visitors or newspaper reporters; he respected his calling, and defended it; he was even in the habit of comparing it with others, to the disadvantage of any man not privileged to be a Stoneport quarryman. Grievances he had; but he did not babble about them; he treated them with a guarded reticence, as cultivated people do their physical infirmities, and brought his hammer down upon your question to remind you that *his* time and skill were marketable commodities. Every line in his heavily chiselled face, which looked as if his own tools had hacked at it for half a century, expressed skepticism as to the national usefulness of any person who had nothing better to do than to ask why he called his stand a "berth," or how deep a quarry was. Nevertheless, in the winter it was cold cutting granite in Stoneport.

"We'll have the quarry to shovel come mornin'," observed an authoritative-looking, square-built fellow from the bottom of the busiest pit in town. They were loading the derrick as he spoke; it groaned like a living thing beneath its mighty burden as the huge slab swung around and off into the snowy air. The men watched it with glances of something like sympathy, as if they felt a kinship between themselves and the straining, senseless thing. They were muscular men, most of them, and bent to their work sturdily.

"You're out there, Washington Rock," a cheerful voice made answer from the door of the engine-house. "I'd like to see the Granite Company that 'ud set *you* shovellin' on a holiday."

"Christmas! I forgot it; that's the gospel truth. She's got up some kinder rinktum for us to remember it by, Herself; hain't she, Jefferson? I wonder I forgot it."

"It's a kind of a party; it's a gatherin' at Her house. It's the day She celebrates," replied another, chafing his ears briskly, for it was undeniably growing cold and colder. "I had a letter myself for an invite. It was written on't: 'Mr. Madison Rock. R. S. V. P.' My woman said them two fust letters meant 'Rite soon,' but what 'V. P.' stood for she warn't so sure. Say, Monroe, what did you make on't? Did you have one?"

"Stands to sense I had one," growled Monroe from the pit's stairway. "Did ye ever know Her to slight anybody or sarse anybody? She's the only person I ever knew that treated me like a gentleman sence I was born a quarryman. Lord bless Her! My girl," he added, with an air of not being too proud to mention it—"my girl's been to high-school two seasons, and she says V. P. means 'Very Prompt'; that's what that stands for. But there's a girl alongside of her that's been to Boston, who says it stands for 'Verse of Poetry.'"

The other men listened with deference. The Rock boys were held in great respect in the quarry; there were four of them—two brothers, two cousins, named by patri-

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"I LOVE THEE, ANNIE."—[SEE PAGE 130.]

otic parents in the Presidential order mentioned. The Rock boys had always felt the dignity of their names, and perceived that they had something to live up to. They did not get drunk; they had money at the savings-bank; they "bossed" the rest of the gang as a matter of course. Now and then an old Scotchman by the name of Dawse rebelled faintly, and there was a Finlander who had lost one eye by

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an explosion, reported to be "worth something" himself, and maintaining on both grounds a certain right to private opinion.

"There's a book of etikwette at our house on top shelf somewheres along of the Bible and the cook book," said Washington Rock. "It ain't no gret of a chore to find out what R. S. V. P. dooz stand for. She knows we can read, if we ain't rich."

Miss Laurie, by-the-way, understood the quarrymen very well in this matter. The more ceremony about her hospitality, and the less they understood it, the better they liked it.

"Yon gaes the marster," observed the Scotchman, with the manner of one who thought the Rock boys had monopolized the conversational resources of the quarry long enough.

"Goes he to Her?" asked the Finlander, dropping his drills, and casting the scrutiny of his single eye, with the intensity belonging to deficiency, over the dreary landscape. "She deserves a husband."

"She's too good for him," protested Washington Rock.

"He ain't wuth the right to tie Her shoe-strings," cried Jefferson Rock.

"She'll never be married," said Madison.

"Lord forbid!" said Monroe.

"No man ain't blocked out fit for Her," urged Washington Rock in a final tone.

"He goes not to Her," objected the Finlander, peering between the guys of the moaning derrick. "He will turn him down the road by Satan's Pit."

"No, sir," persisted Washington Rock; "Martin Derrick's on his way to nowheres but to Her."

"That's so," said Jefferson Rock.

"Bet your Sunday mornin' brown-bread on't," said Madison, "he's after Her."

"Yes," said Monroe, "he's after Annie Laurie."

"Gin he war," suggested Dawse, the Scotchman, after a severe silence, "is there a lad in these quarries to hinder the lass?"

The men did not look at each other; no one answered the old man. They were poor quarrymen, plain fellows; she of whom they spoke was not of their sort: teacher, angel, idol, but woman not for them. They thought of her as they thought of the evening-star, which looked down into the quarry through a break in the clouds from a great height, piercingly, seeing everything, but touching nowhere. Yet there was not a man among them who could have wished her married.

"Mayhap it's right ye are, boys," said the old Scotchman, softly, as if he had been answered. "Gin I had the chusin' of a mon for Her me ain sel', I'd sooner tak' him frae th'ither warld nor this."

Annie Laurie sat in her little music-room alone. She had the thoughts that, like wild birds, venture near the heart only when one is alone and still.

Annie Laurie was fifty-one years old—fifty-one to-morrow, for Christmas was her birthday too. She had passed the years when one is a heroine. Life was behind her. She was a heroine to nobody now except to the quarrymen, poor fellows, who idealized, she said, a little common humanity, or perhaps a bit of experimental Christianity, so easily that one could cry to think of it.

She thought of it that evening, sitting there by herself, and twisting bonbons for their Christmas party. She had done a good many things for the quarrymen, as all Stoneport knew—womanly, neighborly things, warm-hearted, courageous, and characteristic. Stoneport expected them of her, but it was the first time that she had ever invited the quarrymen, her own particular quarrymen, to a party. She was as excited about it as if she had been fifteen instead of fifty-one.

"It is the pleasantest thing I ever did in my life," she said to Mrs. Tombs; "it is delightful!"

Mrs. Tombs lived with Annie Laurie—maid, mother, guide, philosopher, housekeeper, and friend—her vocation was complex. She was said to have a pretty, cheerful name—Kate, or Jenny, or what not; but Mrs. Tombs and only Mrs. Tombs she was and would be. It was supposed that she conceived herself thus either to maintain that personal dignity which defies position or that which comes from it; whether one was to forget that she cooked the dinner, or remember that she had been married, was never clearly proved. Authorities differed on this point; Miss Laurie yielded it without inquiry, and merrily called her Mrs. Tombs. Annie Laurie was often merry in her manner, for a solitary woman.

"It *took* you to think on't," said Mrs. Tombs. "I wouldn't stone a raisin for 'em, nor for no mortal human, without it was to amuse you. But, Lordy, if it amuses you!"

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Mrs. Tombs had succumbed on twisting bonbons. She said it gave her an indigestion in the brain to think of it. She had gone away to look after some heavy moral responsibilities in the matter of chocolate frosting. Annie Laurie could hear Mrs. Tombs singing in the kitchen,

"Day of wrath, that dreadful day,"

by way of Christmas carol, while she whipped the eggs. Miss Laurie herself, alone in the music-room, was submerged in waves of colored paper and in the tide of her own thoughts.

These to-night were the long thoughts of her years, the quiet thoughts with which peaceful middle-age comes to anniversary days. Annie Laurie had not always been quiet; she was too handsome a woman even at fifty to have had a quiet life; and then her eyes were too dark. They were deep as well as dark, and bright as well as deep; they flashed as easily as a September sea. She had abounding health, and sang like a morning-star sometimes even now; her hair seemed to have turned gray more because it became her than because she was growing old. She had an erect figure, richly moulded, and a firm, musician's hand. Her face was vivid and strong; when she was moved in the right way it was sweet.

Strong or sweet, or brave or merry, it was impossible at Christmas time and birthday time not to remember. *How* a woman remembers! She had often prayed for a man's power of forgetting, and then prayed to be forgiven for the prayer. She knew that she would not have felt she was half a woman if she could forget. She would have scorned herself as if she had done something rude. It was the way she was made; it was like the depth of her eyes or the quality of her soprano. Who was to help it? She had loved one man and he had died. Her story was the story of her country. Twenty-one, almost twenty-two years ago, Annie Laurie was one of those who "gave their happiness instead." He gave his life; she knew it was the easier portion; she never said so, lest she should seem to undervalue his share of their sacrifice or overvalue hers. They loved each other, and he went to the war.

They had loved much—being so young; and she had thought he would come through somehow and come back to her. She really had. It was her ardent, vigorous nature to do so. She hoped easily, or at least deeply; she did not believe that George would be killed. She had expected to be happy. She always had been. She had known the glad youth of health and ease and beauty. It was new to have to suffer. She had to learn how.

Theirs had been one of the natural, happy betrothals whereunto all the common currents of life set easily. Friends had blessed and circumstances had laughed. Annie Laurie was the daughter of the village doctor. George Cliff was in the Granite Company—*was* the Granite Company after his father died. (And the Granite Company failed during the war; after he was shot.) Her lover was older than she. They had known each other half their lives, ever since Dr. Laurie bought out the old deaf doctor's practice. Everybody was glad to have them marry. Their personal preference seemed really only the official expression of public opinion; that was delightful. The handsome girl was well liked in Stoneport even then; she had her father's hearty way with people, though she did not trouble herself about the quarrymen in those days. She was too merry a girl to play My Lady Bountiful. Hers had been the humanity learned at the feet of sorrow, and, like the other lessons which are taught by that thorough teacher, learned well if learned at all.

She was going down into the kitchen to give an order for her father's comfort (for she was a motherless girl) one May day, now almost twenty-two years ago, when the doctor came in and called her, in a voice which she had never heard in all her life. He met her at the head of the stairs. The entry window was open. She saw the sky and birds and the branch of the old maple. She had on a pink summer dress, for it was warm. Blue of the sky and rose of the happy woman's robe melted into a dense violet haze between herself and her father's face. The old man held the morning paper in his shaking hand.

"Wait a minute, father," said Annie Laurie. "Jane, make the doctor's coffee *carefully* for dinner. He is tired."

Then she turned and kissed him before she put out her hand and took the paper, and went away with it alone upstairs.

It would have been something if she could have laid her lips against the grass

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upon her soldier's grave. But he lay among the nameless dead six hundred miles away from her. He fell in the terrible charge at Chancellorsville, and was not seen by comrade or by friend again. She had no word, no trace. The poor girl had not even the ring she put upon his finger, nor her letters—not one of the little sacred signs that grief cheats itself upon. Jealous death had swallowed everything. He had dropped out of her life as a jewel drops into the sea.

The sorrow of the young is a cruel sorrow. Annie Laurie was strong as well as young, and she suffered as the strong do. Turn the leaf—turn the leaf upon the story, and read on.

Trouble, as we know, is one of the contagions of life. Her first was not her last, and before she had come past thirty years the brave girl had her heavy share. When the doctor took a malignant fever from a pauper patient, and yielded the struggle for life at a week's end, she was not out of the black dress worn for her lover; and so she kept it on.

She was left with her house, her musical education, her voice, and a bank account that paid the undertaker and the grocer. The week after the funeral Mrs. Tombs came in at the front door without ringing, and said: "I'm a patient. I set a store by the doctor. He cured me of a terrible thing I had the matter of me. I'd ha' ben alongside of Mr. Tombs if your father hadn't pervented. You'd better believe I was thankful to mercy for that. I loved the doctor. His patients did, you know. I'll live with you if you want me to. I can get along on board wages. I'm well off, considerin' what Mr. Tombs was. I'd like to do something for my doctor's daughter."

"Thank you, Mrs. Tombs," said Annie Laurie. She went up and kissed Mrs. Tombs, and that was the beginning and end of that. In three weeks she opened her singing-school; and the summer people took vacation lessons, when they came, for their little girls. She sang in a choir in Fairharbor; she played to rich invalids; she was not unheard of at parlor concerts; she toiled over the drifts of Cape Ann in winter to give private instruction to mechanics' daughters: in short, she struggled for existence, and had it. She was a brave, busy woman. Everybody knew Annie Laurie. She was not a saint—not a bit of it; her eyes flashed too quickly. She was a live human creature; she had even a little temper of her own; she scolded her quarrymen or her pupils if they deserved it, and made up for it next time by bountiful bursts of tenderness. Although a poor woman, she had moods; she was not always the same; she gave herself the luxury of a varied nature, and though she sometimes lost a friend because of it, she kept more than she lost. At fifty-one she was a bright-eyed, handsome, heartsome soul to look upon, with a maternal manner and the laugh of a girl.

People used to say that she would get over it and marry; but they had, for the most part, given that up now. She had been beloved, of course, as most women are; times not a few, as such women are. But she had followed her solitary life as one follows a page that is to be read.

Martin Derrick, coming up to her door that night, looked in from the threat of the storm to the caress of the house with heavy, hungry eyes. He could see her before he entered, for the curtain was not quite close, and even blew in the gasps of the rising gale that puffed through the loose, old-fashioned window-casings.

"She needs a carpenter here for a week," he thought. She made merry of her economies; one would have thought they were her luxuries; but it went hard with him to look on and see them.

She sat alone in the lamp-light (there was a rose-colored shade upon the lamp), with her fine fingers—whiter for the colors of the gay paper—flashing to and fro at her Christmas work. She sat erect and strong.

Her brave face was bent; it had a sweet mute look. He wondered of what she was thinking. Her thoughts seemed to him something precious and far, like the setting or the rising of the sun. He was a plain, busy man, who wrought in stone and lived a little rigidly. The granite of his quarries had got into him, one might say; his mind was well stratified. He knew what he wished; he usually had it. He had desired success, and got it; fortune, it came; marriage, and his wife adored him; children, and they were fine fellows—never fell sick and never went wrong. He had always prospered. He expected matters to go as he chose to have them. Nothing had ever thwarted Martin Derrick in all his life but death and Annie Laurie.

For Mrs. Derrick died, and Annie Lau-

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rie— He was a plain man, as I say, not given to that uncommercial weakness which we call imagination; but Annie Laurie seemed as far from him, at her nearest, as the color or the approach of the sky. He thought of her with the reverence with which a baffled man thinks of the unattainable; it amounts to religion in some men, and practically serves many of the same purposes.

This did not affect his general belief that a thing which was not to be had for the asking, was to be had by persisting. This was the natural belief of a successful man. When he came in that night and sat down by her and looked at her serene and stately face, his hands clinched.

Good God! he thought, if the heart of the solid earth could be hewn out and cut to pieces, and made to serve the human will, as he had seen it, as he had *felt* it, all his days and in all his being, could not the tenderness of one solitary woman be won? What was a man a man for if he could not do it? Why was a woman a woman unless she needs must yield? He brought his lips together under his gray beard, and watched her without disguise; she knew how it was with him; there was no passion either to conceal or to confess between them.

"I don't see," he said, with the abrupt candor of long acquaintance, "that you look a day older than you did when you were thirty-five. Of course you know that you are a handsome woman, though I don't know that I have talked about that. But to-night—what ails you to-night?"

"It is because I feel so young, I think," laughed Annie Laurie, turning her fine gray head in the penumbra of the rose-colored lamp. "I am fifty-one to-morrow, and fifty-one of my boys are coming to a birthday party with Mrs. Tombs and me on Christmas night. Will you come too? That will be delightful."

"I never knew anybody do such delicate things for rough people." He touched the dainty trifle she was twisting, with a tremor in his strong hand. "You cast your precious pearls before—"

"No, no!" she cried; "I have never felt the tusks—never once. You *know* better than that, Martin Derrick. How was it in the strike last winter? Did they behave like—"

"They behaved like lambs led at your feet by a piece of blue ribbon," admitted the master of the Granite Company. "You saved the Company a hundred thousand dollars; and the hands—but the thing of it was, they *couldn't* understand what you saved *them*. They took the trouble to keep out of ruin and starvation and the poor-house, with no idea in their skulls except that they were doing a favor to you." He brought his clinched hands down heavily upon the table among the bonbons.

"So they were," said Annie Laurie; "the greatest they could do me. I was very much obliged to them. It was delightful." She repeated this favorite phrase in the hearty girlish way she had.

The senior partner of the Granite Company smiled. "You attempt to reduce the whole tremendous labor problem which is convulsing the world to-day to the solution found in the influence of one extraordinary woman. That is not political economy."

"On the contrary, I reduce it to the solution wrought out by one extraordinary man," returned Annie Laurie, in a low voice.

"Who is that?" he asked, forgetting himself.

"He died some nineteen centuries ago," she answered, gently.

"Oh, if you make a religious question of it—" He waved his hand lightly, but the look in his gray eyes was not light. Perhaps Miss Laurie's way of speaking had the more weight because she was not exactly what is called in Stoneport "a pious woman," dealt more in flannels than in tracts, and was more apt to bring you beef tea than a Bible; was so destitute of a "gift in prayer" that it was said but one poor woman, a paralytic, whose only child had been killed by a premature blast, had ever heard that strong, merry, merciful voice pleading for the help of God.

"I have offered no political economy to the Stoneport Granite Company," she said. "I have nothing for anybody, be he in the quarry or in the counting-room, but a little good sense that I happened to find in the New Testament. I have never done anything for your quarrymen except to love them and to scold you."

"And I," he slowly said, "have done little but reverse the process. I have scolded them and loved—"

"Hark!" cried the woman; "I thought I heard—did you hear anything? Anything outside—in the storm?"

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For the storm was rising now, and the night was growing wild. She went to the window and flung it up with one strong hand. The wind rushed in, and snow; it was turning deadly cold. The fierce cry of the sea filled the air, and battled with the sound of the gale, and beat it down, and conquered it.

"There is nothing," she said, restlessly —"nothing else. I thought I heard—"

She shut the window and came back. Snow was on her hair and her black dress; she glittered in the red light by the lamp; her cheeks blazed; she looked like one who has the secret of eternal youth. His heart arose and worshipped her. His love came upon him with the power of the passion of middle life. But he only said: "You sing to the men sometimes. Give one song to the master, won't you? You know the one I like—everybody likes—to hear you sing. Let me have it, please, for Christmas' sake."

She obeyed him, silently moving to her little upright piano, looking gentle, dumb, and sorry. Her rich voice slowly rose and swelled and filled the warm, small room, which seemed to throb with it, like a heart.

> "Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
> Where early fa's the dew,
> And it's there that Annie Laurie
> Gied me—"

She dashed the music down and broke away.

"I can't. Not to-night. Not even for Christmas' sake. Don't ask me. Don't want it. Don't—"

"Don't love you? But you know I do." His square, gray-bearded jaw trembled; he put out his hands, but did not touch her. He thought how happy he would have tried to make her; he thought how hard her life was. It seemed to him as if his love and her loneliness would break his heart.

As if she understood and answered what he did not say, she raised her troubled eyes and looked at him piteously. "You are a good man, Martin Derrick. I am fond of you. I never liked any other man so much—except—but—"

"I should not ask you to give me the feeling you gave that dead man," he urged.

She lifted her head. The blush of fifteen came upon the cheek of fifty years. "Could a woman be a man's wife, and not feel—like that? It isn't my fault," she added, timidly; "I can't help it. I can't *help* being true to him."

The man of granite looked at her; his eyes had the expression of a hurt boy; he thought of his luxurious home, his fortune, what people called his position, his success—all those small things: they were so small she did not think of them at all. What was great? Nothing was great to her—in all this world, in all her solitary life, her coming age, her toil and trouble, her anxieties and poverty and growing need of daily tenderness—nothing was large enough for her to see but loyal human love.

Martin Derrick brought his hand across the notes of "Annie Laurie" as if he clutched at something. He was jealous of that ghost.

"I will go," he said; and so he said no more, but hurried from her. In his heart he meant to win her yet. He loved her so much that he could be patient. As he opened the outer door the storm came in with a stampede. Feet seemed to follow it—human feet. Annie Laurie sprang.

"The cry!" she said—"the cry! There *is* a cry. Doesn't anybody hear it but me? Let me come! Let me by!"

Before his wits or his hearing came to him she had sprung, and got herself past him and out into the snow. She had snatched a long cloak from somewhere, and was struggling to wrap it about her as she ran, for it dragged, and the wind took it and blew it away from her tall figure like the mantle of an Aurora on a Roman vase.

Feet, indeed, there were, and voices. In the advancing dark some of the quarrymen could be seen; they were moving to and fro with the wasted force and purpose of people in great excitement. Some of them turned irresolutely, then came pushing and rushing toward the music-teacher's house. Some one cried:

"Annie Laurie! Call *Her*. Send for Annie Laurie!"

Washington Rock, with a boy close at his feet, and the Finlander panting behind, dashed up.

"There's a man in the pit—Satan's Pit —the old pit."

"Why, but he must be got *out!*" said Miss Laurie.

"Get the men to work, and keep your wits, and don't bother the lady, Rock," said Martin Derrick. "It's no place for her. Go back to the house, Miss Laurie.

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I will attend to everything. Go.—Come, Washington."

His voice had the master's ring; but the man glanced at him with the sly smile of unemployed opinion.

"She'll go," he said. "She'd rather."

They were plunging on together through the fast-drifting snow, for no time had been lost in words. She had paid no more attention to Derrick's suggestion than if it were a snow-flake that she brushed away from her. She was used to being with the quarrymen in their emergencies—sickness, accident, whatever it was: they expected her. Their homes knew her, their wives loved her, their rascals feared her, their children kissed her; she was a part of their life, as delicate womanhood may become a part of the life of rough manhood, as love and wisdom and strength can become a part of suffering and ignorance and weakness. It was a matter of course. Nobody thought anything of it. If a wedding happened, or a burial, why, where was Annie Laurie? If a blast exploded too soon and hit in the wrong place, and somebody must hold him and catch the last words, and then go and tell the widow—send for Annie Laurie. If a man fell over a disused pit on a winter's night, sheer a hundred feet into the icy water—Annie Laurie! Annie Laurie!

"She comes!" called the Finlander. He rolled on ahead, to show that he could run as fast as any man, if he was a foreigner. "I see," he added, with the comfortable tone of one who argued that two eyes were therefore a superfluity.

"We've got her," cried the boy, who had gained upon them all; "we've got Annie Laurie."

It was longer than it should have been to Satan's Pit. It had never seemed so long before. Derrick held her up as they ran on together, but they wasted no strength in speech; she knew she should need it all. It was very dark. The lights in the lowly houses on the lonely street shone faintly through the snow. It was very slippery, for it had glazed over. Beyond the village the uttermost, nethermost blackness of the sea-line yawned like a chaos or chasm into which the whole world must sink. The rage of the full tide filled ocean, earth, and sky.

Yonder, nearer, more near, at last the lanterns of the little group of startled quarrymen trembled upon the edge of the disused pit.

"The feller was a stranger," piped the boy, in his shrill treble. "He never knew nobody used Satan in these parts these days. Madison Rock says that's how he come to tumble in."

"Nobody but a fool or a furriner would ha' thought on't," said Washington Rock, as decisively as a heavy man may speak who is running for dear life—not his own. The Finlander took untimely offence at this, and threatened to give his reasons at a more convenient season; but Miss Laurie paid no attention to this military episode.

As she ran, hand in hand with Martin Derrick, vigorously battling with the storm as she knew how, the sleet was sharp upon her face, the deadly peril of a human life was on her nerves, but her heart went strange ways.

Two-and-twenty were the years of the way it went. The night was warm, for it was June. The moon looked as it looks to the young and to the loving. On the edge of the old pit they stood together—they two, she who was living and he who was dead—and gazed down. It was in use then; the derricks were busy, the abyss was dry; they had grown up with it; they were not afraid of it; they wandered about it with the affectionate familiarity that we give to usual things. It was a place to be alone in, that was all. It was a pleasant place to be alone in on a summer night, and she wore a white dress, and he liked it; the moon shone in her face when she lifted it to him, and they walked and talked a little while; and when she said she must go home, for her father would be in and need her, he had said, "I love thee, Annie," and she had answered—

"Here we are!" said Washington Rock.

"Here we be!" cried the boy.

"We come!" panted the Finlander.

But Martin Derrick had let go her hand, and made on, and got among the men.

With the supple motion and the practised power learned of two-and-twenty years, her heart rebounded. Her lips moved; no sound came from them; but afterward she remembered that to herself she said: "George, I want to save this man. Help me, won't you?" Then she drew her hood back from her face, and walked quietly in among the men—went straight to the edge of the pit and looked down.

Half a dozen sprang to hold her; it was

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deadly slippery, and the wind blew so! They cried out that it was all up with him—that they had done their best; that Madison Rock had clambered half-way down; that two Scotchmen had tried; that it was so glazed over, and death to go; that nothing could be done. Mr. Derrick himself admitted that he feared the worst, but he busied himself in giving short, sharp orders—something about ropes, and the stairway in the rock. The men obeyed or made a feint of obeying the master, but they glanced at Annie Laurie.

She, shuddering upon the pit's edge, stood during all this protest, silently looking down.

"But the man is not in the water," she said, in a low voice; "he is clinging to the rock—he holds to the quarry. He is alive. He can be saved."

"He has slipped," somebody whispered behind her—"he has slipped from there, to there, since we first saw him."

"An' there's fifty foot of ice-water in the pit."

"Gin I war fifty year younger, I'd win doon for the mon me ain sel', by me lane!" cried old Dawse, stamping the icy snow.

"Ay, ay," muttered a voice; "but would ye send yer lad? Come, now; that's the question."

The little boy who had run on with the Finlander stood by, silently. He had the muscle and the eyes of children who work in the stone-yards; he was compact, like a miniature man, and observed everything. He did not speak, but went and stood by the old Scotchman; he drew himself to his full height, and locked his hands behind his little back.

"Charley," said his father, "if there's onything a lad can do to save the mon, I'll no forbear ye."

"I'd just as liefs," said Charley.

A sort of huzza arose at this, stifled below breath lest the outburst should startle the poor wretch below. Annie Laurie, who had till now remained peering over the pit's edge at the sickening sight, turned with the instinct of a general for the nature and the value of moments, and suddenly leaning over, threw the full force of her powerful voice off and down into the pit.

"Have hope!" she cried. "Have courage! Hold on for your life! Hold on! The Stoneport quarrymen will save you! Hold on! Hold on!"

"There, boys," she said, turning about; "I've pledged you to it."

"Ye hae no bairns to feed like we," said one of the Scotchmen who had tried the descent and failed to make it.

"Give me the rope!" cried Annie Laurie, towering in a passion. "Put it round me, some of you, and let me down, for by all that's brave in man or woman I'll not stand on this pit's edge and see a human being perish, and not a hand in Stoneport stretched to save him! I'd *rather* die!"

Murmurs ran around from man to man. They looked at her—they were accustomed to believe she was right; it was a habit to trust her.

"You're pretty hard on us," one voice said.

"I can go myself," answered Martin Derrick. He thought of those boys of his—motherless. He wondered if she remembered them.

"I'll go," said Washington Rock. "Mr. Derrick, sir, you ain't young enough. It ain't sootable. I'll go."

"I'll try," said Madison Rock.

"No," said Jefferson; "you and Monroe hain't no call; you are married men. Washington and me can manage."

"I come," said the Finlander, after a moment's hesitation.

It was not as long as it takes in the telling before this inevitable delay gave place to urgent action. Under Derrick's directions the volunteers moved as quickly as might be to the forgotten, disused stairway cut in the solid cliff, up and down which men had passed, on happier business than this, two-and-twenty years ago.

Lights flashed, cables swung, orders rang out, answers came; but Annie Laurie looked on, trembling and tortured. Her heart was breaking for her men whom her voice had sent upon this doom. She cried out and followed them, weeping like a very woman.

"Boys! oh, boys! I had no right to treat you so. I shouldn't have *shamed* you to your duty. I'd go myself, and thank you for the chance to take your places. Brave boys! my brave boys!"

"We'd ought to do it," Washington Rock made answer, slowly, as they adjusted the rope about his waist. "It ain't proper to see a fellar-critter drowned before your eyes—of a night before Christmas, too—and never try to do nothin' for him. It ain't *your* fault it's so slippery."

The quarryman spoke soothingly, as

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he would to a troubled child; he held out his rough hand and touched hers—for she wept so—and begged her not to mind, and shook hands with his brother, and said he guessed he wouldn't send any message to his mother, for like as not he'd come out all right. And so they gave the rope out, and he went down.

The ruined condition of the stairway, and the ice that covered everything, made the descent dangerous and solemn. The volunteer was so far protected as a stout rope and a score of men to hold it at the pit's edge could protect; but they could see that he clung like a goat for his footing, and that it went hard with him. The danger, which all recognized, but of which no one spoke, lay in the chafing of the rope against the icy edges of the pit.—If it should cut?

Annie Laurie, leaning over and looking steadily down, was the first to see the quarryman stop, and crawling from the stairway to the ledge below, come perilously out from the deeper shadow to the paler one, whereon, an atom between dark and dark, a heart-throb between the frozen rock and freezing gulf, the huddled figure lay.

The cry came up: "He is hurt; he ain't conscious. I must have help."

Madison Rock, tied in like manner with the other, went down without a word. The little Scotch boy came forward and pleaded to be allowed to follow: "I'd just as liefs as not. I ain't so big as some, but I can stick pretty tight. I've played hide-'n'-seek on that ledge. It ain't very broad—for a *large* man."

"Run for a doctor, Charley," said Miss Laurie; "you'll go faster than any other man."

Soothed to the soul by these last two inspired words, Charley smiled and ran.

One who was peering down from the quarry's edge could perceive that the men were having a hard time of it with their brave deed. They seemed to experience great difficulty in getting the rope about the body of the unconscious man, in traversing the space back to the stairway, in deciding what to do and how to do it, in all the terrible perplexity of the terrible moments, which seemed without an end to those who watched above. Above and below, it had grown significantly still. No one spoke. Mr. Derrick gave his orders by signs. He kept a clear head, and thought of everything. The men, from habit, obeyed quickly. The savage cry of the ocean pealed on. The wind had abated or lulled a little, but snow still fell steadily. Once a piece of ice broke, and dropped into the gulf. Annie Laurie could hear it splash into the black water. The lantern which she had taken and held at arm's-length shuddered in the snowy air, and sent a little sickly light over and down the chasm. Dawse the Scotchman stood close to her, and kept his hand upon her. She stood too near the edge. "I winna let her doon," he said to the men. He felt that the heaviest responsibility of the rescue rested upon him; only *here* was there preciousness in peril. What was the life of yonder pauper in the pit? Was there a creature in the whole world who cared? Not so much as a fule lassie to greet for him. But Annie Laurie!—oh, Annie Laurie!

The cry came up: "We're afraid we can't do it!"

Her cry went down: "Boys, you *can* do it! It must be done!"

The cry came up: "He's pretty heavy; he don't know anything; he can't help himself any."

The cry went down: "Boys, bring me up the poor man! Bring him up as if he were my brother! Handle him as if I cared— *Treat him, boys, as if I loved him!*"

"Sing," said old Dawse, softly; "sing to the lads while they do the deed. Ye'll hearten 'em."

"Ay, ay!" somebody made answer. "She sings to us times we're workin' in th' quarry. They're used to it; they'll like it."

"Oh, perhaps," wailed Annie Laurie, wringing her hands passionately; "but I'd rather be risking my life in the pit beside them than to stay safe up here and sing at them."

"It is the lassie's place," replied the Scotchman—"it is the lassie's part."

With this she stood erect, and throwing her long cloak back that she might be quite unimpeded in her motions, poured all her courage into her fine voice, and so began:

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie—"

The cry came up from the pit: "Ay, ay! Sing! That's right. Sing!"

The song went down:

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true."

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"AND THEY FOLLOWED HER WITH THEIR BURDENS."

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She sang and saw not—did not trust herself any longer now to see; knew that the quarrymen were ascending with their burden bravely, like the men they were, perilously as they must—but only kept "the lassie's part"; and standing high above them, tall against the sky, sang on:

"And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me dune and dee.
Which ne'er forgot will be,
Which ne'er forgot will be."

"It is all over," said Martin Derrick, coming up and trying to wrap her cloak about her, for she had now begun to shiver visibly, whether from horror or from cold. "They have come up. They are safe. Nobody is hurt. Go home now."

"I suppose I must see the man," she said, shrinking. "Is he dead?"

"Only fainted, I think, and hurt upon the arm and head; but really not much. It is one of the incredible escapes. I wouldn't look at him."

"Oh yes," she answered, in a strange tone, "I must look at him."

His face was turned away when she saw him, and the men said he looked badly, and advised her to leave him to them. He was a man of perhaps sixty years or so, his hair was quite white; he was a poor man, it seemed, scantily dressed, cruelly unprotected from the weather, from which he must have perished, even though uninjured, soon enough. He was some piteous, friendless creature, just the one, as they all knew, to set her sweet soul beside itself with sympathy.

When she had looked at him she said, authoritatively, "Bring him to my house."

Some one objected, but no one disobeyed. She turned in silence and walked on ahead of them, and they followed her with their burden, and so brought him to her door.

Mrs. Tombs (so she said) was sorely put about on Christmas morning. As though it were not enough to have chocolate cake for quarrymen upon one's hands, that a frozen pauper should be added, and Annie Laurie herself, suddenly gone, by the mysterious dispensation of Providence, as helpless as other folks. For Annie Laurie had no sooner got the poor wretch across her threshold than she had dropped him from her personal attention, as though he had been a gentleman.

The men, she said, would do everything, and Mrs. Tombs. The doctor would see to it all, and Mrs. Tombs should keep one of the Rock boys to do whatever was needed. She complained of feeling ill after all the shock and exertion, and got herself into her own room and locked her door. But when Mrs. Tombs came to it hours after to tell her that the man had come out of his faint spells, and for her part, she thought he wasn't hurt any more than he ought to be, and what in the name of goodness to gracious was she to do with a tramp in her spare room come mornin'? Annie Laurie unlocked the door and let the elder woman in, and for the first time in all the years that they had lived together, put her strong arms about the other's neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"It is the resemblance!" she cried. "Oh, it is the resemblance! I am used to them; I see a great many, all these years. Sometimes in the city on a street—or perhaps it is a face at church. It's just a look, something in the hair, or the way they move their head, or the color of something, or the eyes. For twenty-two years I've seen them. But *this* one—I was worn out, and it came so suddenly! I've behaved badly," she added, kissing the old woman, and smiling girlishly through her tears. "I was so tired; I've left too much to come on you. To-morrow I will see him; I will attend to everything; I will see the poor fellow in the morning."

In the morning it was as she had said. The injured man was quite comfortable, they told her, only weak and silent. They could make but little out of him; he seemed confused or troubled; he had asked whose house he was in.

The storm had now ceased, but the day was bitterly cold, and fires in that plain house few. Mrs. Tombs had got her unwelcome guest over into the music-room, and left him there alone, where it was warm; and there, in the broad, bleak daylight, sitting on the old sofa, with his poor head bound, and his arm in a sling, and staring toward her, Annie Laurie found him.

She shut the door and locked it. Why, she could not tell. She shut the door and went half-way across the room, and then stood still.

It was no resemblance. God of mystery!

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"HE CAUGHT AT THE TOP OF THE TALL ROCKING-CHAIR."

God of mercy! it was no resemblance. None of those tricks and feints of imagination; none of those cruel traps in which her weary eyes had caught her for two-and-twenty years. That pitiful figure, wan with misery, ragged, with a scared face; old, gray, with the beautiful eyes that had won her, the eyes that neither life nor death could change—whether blessed or accursed, whether she had died or he did live, God help her! it was past resemblance.

"*George!*" she cried, in a heart-breaking voice. They took one blind step toward each other, as the living and the dead meet in the world that is not as this. Then—for she came to herself—she stopped, threw up her arms with a terrible cry, and retreated from him.

The real meaning of the situation had come upon her. It had come like the hand of a God more cruel than the most impious thought of all her life could conceive.

"But you were dead!" she cried, in a ringing voice. "You have been a dead man for twenty-two years! I wish you were. I wish you had been!"

He seemed to put his hands out as if she had struck him, but she saw them not; he tried to speak, said nothing; caught at the top of the tall rocking-chair, and bowed his head before her. He did this in a way so piteous that, had she been less in mortal strait than she was, the sight must have come to her heart.

She had now gone deadly white, and stood towering above him, as men shot through a certain portion of the brain are known to keep on standing after death. As if she had been the dead and he the living soul, they parted from each other in that moment for the second time. The silence that fell between them was more cruel than the silence of the grave.

Then the woman gave one shudder, and then her words poured out:

"You were not dead; you were alive—all these years. You did not come to me. You chose—Oh, my gracious God! he was

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not dead! What shall I say to him? What does a woman say to a man who has done—such a thing?

"How cold I am! I shall die of the cold. My heart is ice. Feel my hands. No! he must not touch my hands. He did not die. He deserted me. You did not die. It is nothing, if it is only death. You see I know—I've borne *that*.

"Why, George—"

Her wild cry fell now into a wail that might have haunted the soul of a man as long as he had any. He made some effort or protest, as if he would have spoken or pleaded with her; but she was or seemed unconscious that he had the power of speech.

"Why, George, I loved you! I said I would be your wife. You asked me to. We loved each other. You went to the war, and you died—and I loved you. All these years I have been like—like-- Why, see! I have kept your ring upon my hand. My dress is black. I have been like—like your—" Her voice sank. She covered her face with her hands.

"I can't tell him—how it is. No, no. A woman must not tell a live man things like that. Oh, I thought I had a sorrow! I thought I had trouble because you were dead. I thought I had *suffered*—people do think so. I must tell them, I shall have to tell them, for they do not know any better. To live all your life—if he is dead—that is not *sorrow!* There is nothing hard in *that*. George Cliff, you might have left me your ghost to love. Why, I had it all—love, honor, truth—I had *all you*. *You* were not dead. You never died, you never died, you never died, till this minute here before my eyes. Oh, you have done wrong—you should have had mercy on me. You should—"

"Annie," said George Cliff—"Annie, I have a word to say to thee."

He advanced and gently touched her, lifting her clinched hand as indeed a spirit might.

"Annie, my girl, I couldn't help it. Try to believe me. I have been—where I couldn't come."

She smiled upon him in a frightful way. Her words were over; she had spent herself; her bitterness and scorn were going deaf and dumb.

"Perhaps I can't expect to be believed," he said, pathetically, "but I have been insane. I was hurt about the head. I have been in an asylum."

"For twenty-two years?"

"I do not know."

"Do not *know?*"

"As God hears me—no. I cannot tell you what has happened to me. I have been—a long time—sick—confused. When I came to myself I came to you. It is hard to explain it, Annie. I've had a pretty hard time," he added, gently. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have expected to be believed. I thought you'd listen to me. But I suppose it isn't a usual case, and it tires me to talk about it. I haven't talked much lately."

"Oh, as God made us two," cried Annie Laurie, "tell me the truth in His sight, and tell me all you can!"

"It hurts me—here;" he put his hand to his head weakly. She began to see how shattered, what a wreck he was; the force of his incredible words urged itself upon her before he uttered them; but she stood apart until she had heard them all; and so he spoke to her.

He told her such of the pitiful tale as his ruined memory served him to. It was a strange and broken story. Perhaps in the records of the civil war there may be stranger, but no sadder can be found.

He supposed, he said, it must be thus: That he had been left for dead upon the field, wounded in the head, captured in the delirium of surgical fever, and made maniac, or kept so, in some of those prisons of theirs; but he could not swear to her, for, before God, he did not know. This was his belief. He had further the belief that he must have escaped, perhaps got himself into some enemy's disguise, and still being as he was, been swept into some county hospital of the dark, old-fashioned type, where he had been detained, and no doubt with cause enough, for years, more than he had means of counting, and treated—as he was. He remembered something of the experience, and something of what befell him after. He thought he must have had periods of comparative sanity, in their turn succeeded by attacks of the other, produced by his despair of freedom. But the great trouble, he thought, had been with his memory.

The fate, not unknown to medical history, which, after wounds, fever, and hardships, paralyzes the memory, had come upon him. His past was gone; with it his home, his name.

He thought he had again escaped. Perhaps there was a fire; he seemed to re-

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member a fire, and that an old patient was burned; but whether he escaped or was discharged he could not say. That he had been free for several years he thought was true. He thought he had wandered westward and back again. Once he had been put in a county-house again; that was in Pennsylvania somewhere. There, he said, he had been cared for. He thought there must have been real medical skill; he was fond of the superintendent. One of the doctors said to another one day, "It is loss of identity." The words made an impression on him; he did not forget them. He grew better; they were kind to him. He told them what came into his mind, and he thought he must have told a straight story, and that in time they had discharged him; but as to that he could not say. He was quite sure that he had never been able to give them his name. He had tried hard to remember his name; it was probable that he had invented something when it served a purpose. He had tramped for a living, had worked in the fields and on the roads, as such cases do; he did not know how he got along. He tried a place in a store one cold week somewhere, but he could not make change, and they turned him off. His memory was always the trouble. He used to wish he could remember where he came from. When he escaped he always thought he should get home; it disappointed him that he never did. As he grew physically stronger, in the open air so much, and with his freedom and the hard muscular exercise, he said that he could remember how he struggled to remember, and that by degrees he seemed to catch and miss at something, but it did not come. Still he remained a man without a past. Sometimes he had strange, strong thoughts of rocks, a quarry, the sea; but these were confused, and gave him distress when he had them; he did not cultivate them.

"One day," he said—"it was evening, and I had mowed all day on a man's farm. It was sunset, and all the men were tired. It was a bright night. We started to go up over the pasture—for I remember that very well—in a long row, in a little foot-path, single file. Every man carried his scythe, and I saw the sun flash on the blades before me as I walked along. The men began to sing, while we were walking, to keep their courage up, for we were very tired. I was tired—tired in the body; but my head was cool and quiet. The men began to sing. They sang those lines you know—

> 'Her face it is the fairest
> That e'er the sun shone on....
> And she's a' the world to me.'

When I heard that I stopped short behind the men, and I said, 'Good God!' for the song they sang was 'Annie Laurie.' And it came upon me. My memory came upon me, like the brook that flowed across the field, quiet and trickling, and then as clear as clean water underneath the sky. I put down my scythe, and fell upon my knees, and lifted up my hands, and said: 'That is her name. Annie—Annie Laurie. That is my dear girl's name.' And then I said, flash! like that, '*George Cliff!* Annie Laurie, Annie Laurie, Annie Laurie! *She's a' the world to you!*'

"So my memory came upon me from that hour, and I arose and came to thee.—You must do as you think best about believing in me, Annie," he added, pitifully.

But she had sunken slowly, inch by inch, till she fell upon her knees, till she crawled upon the floor before him, and laid her cheek upon his ragged shoe.

The quarrymen had their Christmas party, notwithstanding. In all the shock and solemn strangeness of what befell her she did not forget them, and wished it to be so. She put away her black dress, and stood among them in a gown of white wool, looking unfamiliar to them and remote, as one who knew not whether she were of the dead or living. It was a suggestion of the long burden which love, the burden-bearer and burden-easer, would bring to her in such strangely heavy measure, that the sick man was too ill to be present.

The startled word of what had come to her had gone abroad among the men. They received it as the Sadducees received the resurrection. She tried to tell them how it was herself, but her strength failed her, and she asked Washington Rock to speak for her. He did the best he could. Despite themselves, the quarrymen looked skeptical and sober; they muttered about the crazy man, and the care she took upon herself; that he was likely to have spells. Who knew what he would do in them? And his folks and his property were gone: he'd be a burden to her. And thus, and thus, and so.

"Come, boys," said Washington Rock, "give her joy! You'd oughter. It is

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the Lord's doing, and it ain't for the like of us to argefy upon His miracles. If He takes the trouble to work 'em in Palestyne or Massachusetts, that ain't our lookout. It's Hisn. Give her joy, boys! Don't you think she needs it? Come! Think of the years she's been in and out amongst us—in our homes, amongst our wives and children and our old folks, when we was sick, and when we was well and happy, or if we was in trouble—she so different; she going home after it by herself, not like us; nobody that you might call her own. And now this that has happened, it has happened, boys; and the lad she has been true to ever since we knowed her, he was dead and isn't, and the hand of God was heavy on him. She says for me to tell you that they will spend their old age together, please God, and that she will care for him and do for him, and be a good wife to him, and be a happy creetur like other human creeturs, and that she'd like our love and blessin'—and I believe that's all. And I, for one, say, Give it to her—give it to her hearty!"

"Well," said Madison Rock, "we'll give it hearty."

"We bless her," said Monroe and Jefferson.

"I bless," said the Finlander.

"Amen," sobbed Mrs. Tombs.

"Hooroar!" cried Charley Dawse; "I'd just as liefs."

"I've said the word before the day," said the old Scotchman, "gin I had the chusin' of a mon for her, I'd sooner tak' him frae tither warld nor this."

"May God Almighty bless her!" said Martin Derrick, last of all. But he went out and walked to and fro upon the heavy snow, in the still, cold, Christmas night. It was quite still. It was very cold. The tide was going out. There was no wind. Against the dark sea-line the darker finger of the breakwater pointed to the east. The quarries yawned black like gulfs of silence, into which one might drop something articulate and lose it for all time. He wondered that he had ever been jealous of a ghost.

CRADDOCK'S HELDEST.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

CRADDOCK was our char-woman. We were a party of Americans who had taken a furnished house in Bath, England. The "Heldest" was Craddock's little daughter "Lizbeth."

Craddock had been in our employment a year before we so much as heard of the Heldest, and then coming down to dinner one evening, we caught a glimpse of Craddock courtesying repeatedly and apologetically in the background in the dimly lit hall, as if trying, yet fearing, to attract our attention. There were more courtesies when we stopped and asked if she wished to speak to us, and then Craddock "made bold," so she said; that is, she humbly begged that the next week's wage might be given her in advance. Things were going very badly with her, it seemed. "The childer" were "down"; there was the food, the medicine, the fire. "The Heldest managed wonderful," and "whatever she would do without her she couldn't see"; but she had pawned all she had, and was "that low in her mind as never was, not knowin' which way to turn," having actually been obliged, she said, to borrow "a respectable bonnet to go out in of a neighbor," indicating *the* most battered, dingy, disreputable head-covering that ever a woman wore, with a general air of having been slept in for months, after being rescued from an ash bin, and adorned with artificial flowers that would have made a daisy die of shame, if any such had come into contact with it. It emphasized, as it were, poor Craddock's air of flabby gentility, and framed fitly a pale, patient face, whose expression was meek to the point of self-effacement, and mournfully eloquent of a painful past and a dreaded future.

The recital of her woes took a little time, and Uncle John's voice was plainly to be heard through the open dining-room doors declaring that it was "all invented—every bit of it," and that "there never was anything so perfectly thriftless, helpless, hopeless, as the English poor."

My friend Nina Langford, who had lingered with me, closed the door, that Craddock might not hear. It opened again

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the next moment, just as she was about to run upstairs to get her purse, and the butler brought out ten shillings from Uncle John, which I gave Craddock, who fairly gasped, and turned white and red and white again, and protested it "couldn't never be meant," and then burst into tears, and retired hastily into the back premises, overwhelmed with confusion because her poor heart could find no better way of expressing her gratitude and relief.

Two Saturdays came after this with no sign of or word from Craddock, and Uncle John loudly and emphatically proclaimed her an impostor. When Monday came, Nina suggested that we should look her up. So we got her address from the servants (who all protested respectfully against our doing anything of the kind), and started off, without thinking it necessary to take Uncle John into confidence, for what Nina called "a walk through one of Dickens's novels." Nothing could more accurately describe our experience and sensations after we left the handsome quarter of the town behind us, with its crescents and circles and villas and hotels and clubs. Everything soon began to dwindle astonishingly, and to change into a very different Bath from the one we had known, or any we could have imagined. The streets narrowed, and overflowed with busy life. The shops, the "publics," the people, the very animals, were those of another world from that we had left behind us—the Bath that, if asked, we should certainly have said that we knew "all about." It was after fully an hour of twisting and turning and much inquiry of policemen that we at last found ourselves *chez* Craddock; and but that Nina had a genius for topography, and all an American girl's fearless independence, it seems doubtful whether we should ever have got there. The house was a little stone cottage, happily not set in any of the dark and dreadful courts and alleys up which we had looked, but in the very outskirts of the city, where the clean, blessed country was beginning to edge its way in, and leave with its compliments little patches of grass here and there, and an occasional daisy or primrose, just to let the poor folk thereabouts know that there were such sweet, innocent things left on earth, and a God and heaven above it.

The approach to the cottage was prosaic enough, for after crossing the street and the gutter, and stepping up on the place



UNCLE JOHN.

where the pavement ought to have been, one brought up suddenly against a straggling set of low-spirited palings, that shut in a strip of land not much bigger than a good-sized pocket-handkerchief, and a stone's-throw beyond stood the house. On the left there was no enclosure, but something worlds better—a bright little brook, that swept around from an adjacent field, and hurried to get away from so much brick and mortar as soon as possible, the Thames of the neighborhood and joy of every child around. The cottage was not a new building, as was shown by its weather-worn, time-stained walls, but it had a bright green, freshly painted door by way of vivid contrast and modern improvement, and at one of the windows there was a half-curtain of white cotton, snow-white, patched, and flanked by two or three pots of gay flowers on the ledge outside. The window was partly open, and we could hear the hum of childish voices as we approached. Nina knocked, and almost immediately the door was opened by a child of about eight—a slight, small child, dressed in a brown stuff frock and a pinafore of the wonderful build peculiar to the country. Her fair hair was taken back smoothly under a little black cap. I observed that her shoes were neatly blacked. As she stood

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there, holding in her hand the little garment on which she had been sewing, the sunshine pouring full upon her, she looked as though she had stepped out of an old Dutch picture, she gave such an impression of quaintness and prim grace. It was "Lizbeth," the "Heldest," a little taken aback even for such a dignified, wise young person, as was proved by her dropping a book she had tucked away under her arm and picking it up again hastily. She had probably only expected to see a neighbor. However, she soon recovered herself, and replied with great steadiness and gravity to our questions. "Mother had been very bad" (ill). "Mother had werrited enough not to get to her work." "Mother was hout, three mile and more away, digging pertaters along o' Tummas. Would we be pleased to walk in?" While she spoke I had been looking at her intently, interested by the small pale face with its childish roundness of contour, its expression of preternatural gravity. There was none of the smiling carelessness of childhood about Lizbeth. Her large gray eyes were serious, wanly thoughtful; there were anxious lines about her mouth that contrasted strangely with a pretty dimple set near it in the right cheek that would have laughed if it could. I saw at once that Lizbeth was to all intents and purposes a woman, and had been for a thousand years.

We thanked her, accepted her invitation, followed her first into a long, narrow passage, and then into the first room on the right—the room of the curtains and flowers, the only one Craddock occupied, and the scene of Lizbeth's very remarkable labors. It had a low ceiling, was very bare, containing only a bed, table, two chairs, and some stools, but it was very clean, and, as Lizbeth remarked, "Got the sun beautiful every day, for as much as two hours, when the weather was fine." Lizbeth seized the two chairs, dusted them briskly with her voluminous pinafore, reproved the two children who were playing about the room for staring and for not "courtesying proper to the ladies," apologized for their "untidy look, which they will rant their things, do all I can, miss"; and then, taking up her work again, she perched on the foot of the bed, and went on with her sewing, listening and replying the while with perfect composure and civility to what we had to say, and keeping a sharp eye on "the childer" all the while. We began the conversation, of course, by talking of them. We were told that "the black one" (meaning the one with dark hair and eyes) was "Hangy, which he was christened Halgernon," and that he was "a biddable child enough, but never done with his mischief," and, it further appeared, "subject to fits." As for the other one, it was "the baby." That seemed a voluminous biography in itself, and a beautiful look of love came into Lizbeth's face as she added that she was "the sweetest baby as ever was, and never gave no trouble, to call trouble." What had she been doing when we came in? "Oh, learning Hangy to spell a bit"—an accomplishment she had learned herself at the parish school before "feyther was took so bad."

In a little while we had learned most of the simple, pathetic facts of the child's past history and present life. "Feyther" had been "a coster," and, in Lizbeth's phrase, had "got a breast trouble," which, with other troubles, had sent the poor soul to the church-yard. And "mother charred mostly"—that is to say, got odd jobs of house-cleaning and washing and what not that kept her out from daylight until dark every day in the week except Sunday. And what did she do?

It would have been considerably easier for her to have enumerated the things that she didn't do. For, as I am a Christian, this child, this mite, this absurd little creature, with the air of a woman of forty, and the experience that many women never gain if they live to be a hundred, did the cooking, washing, bed-making, sweeping, dusting, mending, mothering, of the family left in her charge, ran errands, made purchases, and united in her own person the functions of a mother, house-keeper, cook, nurse, teacher, and heaven knows what beside! It was she who had "wiped down" the hall. She had put up the curtain. The flowers were hers. The kitchen utensils, three in number, testified to her energy, neatness, love of order, as they hung, each on its own peg, ready for use. It was she who "fetched the beer." That was a "hapron for Tummas" that she was making. "Tummas was a pickle—a perfect 'andful, and was took on by the butcher, and got hisself all dirtied over dreadful."

The two little ones had edged up to her

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LIZBETH'S COURTESY.

by this time, and were staring worse than ever at the visitors. Lizbeth put a protecting arm about them, as a mother might have done, her own little legs dangling below her the while. "Make a curchey to the ladies, Vicky," she said to the baby. "She do curchey beautiful when she likes" (to us), "but her bein' so young, I 'ates to make her, like. That Hangy there's in two syllables, he is, but he's that shy he'll never do it for strangers. Curchey, Vicky dear, won't you? Oh, fie! to be so silly!" The baby was giving symptoms of being about to burst into tears, and Lizbeth took her in her arms and carried her all about the room until she had recovered from Nina's incautious advances toward better acquaintance. This done, she was put down on the floor with an empty can and a few peas to amuse herself, and Lizbeth went back to her work, with a parting embrace and kiss.

"Isn't she dreadfully heavy for you to carry?" asked Nina, noticing how she had swayed over on one side under her burden.

"'*Er* 'eavy? Oh no, miss! not a bit. I've '*ad* 'em 'eavy. Tummas was like lead, he was. And Hangy the same, till he fell away to nothink at all. But 'er; she's not. It 'ud be all I'd ask if I 'ad the time," she replied. And then, with a sud-

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den impulse and a flush of motherly pride, she dropped her sewing, and running over, picked Vicky up and brought her to us, saying, "Whatever was I a-thinkin' of not to show you 'er teeth, miss! Look at 'em! Ain't she gettin' 'em beautiful? And never a fit! I've *'ad* 'em with fits dreadful. Hangy 'ad 'em awful both with his uppers and lowers, and betwigxt and between, till I was frightened to 'ave him out o' my sight, I was." She was replacing the lumpy, shapeless, very ugly, and wholly unattractive baby, who was evidently a model infant in her eyes, when, with one of her quick movements, she caught sight of Angy tiptoeing before the open cupboard near the fireplace, exclaimed, "Drat the child!" and darting across the room, she pounced upon him, shook him briskly, cried: "Always in the cupboard or the fire! Take that, sir" (a box), "and turn your face to the wall till you are let to come out." It was comical to see the little thing's severe air, and the way in which she marched the culprit into a corner, like a small domestic *gendarme*, though he was a well-grown boy, who might very well have turned the tables if the idea of revolting against Lizbeth's authority had ever entered his mind. That young person, however, was endowed with such an indomitable spirit, and such force of character, that I have not the least doubt she appeared quite twelve feet high to the other children, and was as imposing as the rector, or the parish beadle, or what they called "the perlice."

Having given him a farewell thump on the head with her thimble, she came back to us, and noticing our smiles, said, gravely: "Oh, that Hangy 'ave got to be kept down, miss; not but what he's a good boy, only wantin' to 'ave his own way, and 'owever 'e's to be kep' from burnin' up alive is what I don't see, nor can't say."

After this the conversation went on very quietly, we still questioning and she replying; and it was enough to make one laugh and cry in a breath, and grow almost hysterical, to hear Lizbeth's account of her daily life and duties, given with no idea whatever of posing as a heroine or martyr, or of gaining anything.

It was not to be thought of that Craddock should stay at home. That meant no food, no fire, no anything. And as it was, it must have been a terrible problem how to support the family on her wages of eighteen-pence a day, as one could see by looking at Lizbeth's face, which had in it all the mental anxiety, perplexity, shifts, devices, ingenuities, desperate remedies, of a whole committee of ways and means tackling the affairs of a bankrupt firm. We had been so interested by her, and by all we had seen and heard, that we had forgotten how the time was going. I had observed a certain restlessness and suppressed uneasiness of manner in her for some little time, when with a blush she rose and said, as she dropped us a courtesy apiece, "'Opin' you'll excuse me takin' the liberty, hit's time the childer should 'ave their bit of supper, miss." The poor child was "respectable," and had her own little morsel of proper pride. She had doubtless been waiting for us to go, and hoping that we would see how much fine folk are in the way of working-people. Finding that this was not the case, she went across to the cupboard, and had to tiptoe herself before she could reach a tin plate on which were some scraps of bread, and drippings from the meat given by some friendly cook to Craddock the day before. These she dexterously warmed up over a fire of not more than four good-sized coals. She then hesitated, and finally with fine natural breeding she approached us, blushed again, and said, "Excuse me hofferin' it; it ain't fit; there ain't much; but if you would, miss!" We thanked her, and declined, on the plea of having lunched heartily. We were both charmed, and I now protest that in gentle dignity and native courtesy no duchess could have behaved throughout that visit in a way that would have made her more than Lizbeth's equal. She now placed the two children on stools, bade them say their grace, and when they were fairly under way, she picked up her sewing again, bidding Angy "let his betters see his manners"—an injunction that seemed to half paralyze that unfortunate youngster.

"Was that all she meant to give them?"

"Yes; it was all there was in the 'ouse."

"And what would the others do?"

"Mother and Tummas, belike, would bring back summat."

"And what was she to have?"

"It didn't matter." Key-note to Lizbeth's character. Continued care for others; utter unselfishness.

"Would she like to come out with us and get something nice for mother's tea

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before she came in tired from her long walk ?"

"That will I," exclaimed the little maid, with the nearest approach to happy childishness that we had yet seen in her.

"Let me go too, Lizbeth ?" cried Angy, starting up from his sumptuous repast.

"Na, na; sit 'ee down," commanded Lizbeth.

"I will go; I *will!* I'll run away to Lunnon if I'm left," threatened Angy.

"Oh, you are a whole sixpenn'orth of fardens, ain't you ?" replied Lizbeth, with good-humored scorn, and as she spoke she closed and fastened the window. Lizbeth was a woman of action and resources. She walked briskly to the other end of the room, got down a preposterous straw mushroom hanging on a peg there, and put it on, took down a shawl (her mother's) worlds too big for her, which she wore with an air of immense dignity, got a small basket, which she hung on her arm, put into it a jug and a bottle. Seizing a long leather strap, she now bore Miss Victoria Craddock off, and in a twinkling had chained her firmly to the leg of the table, saying, "She'll get no 'arm there," and giving her a kiss. Angy followed her clamoring to the door, and tried to push his way out, but Lizbeth was too quick for him. "Oh, just look at the baby!—what ever is she hup to ?" cried the artful little maid-mother. Angy turned to see, and like a flash Lizbeth pushed him inside, shut the door, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and marched after us out into the street, regardless of a loud wail from the despairing Angy. "He's gettin' rampageous. I've '*ad* 'em like that before now. That Tummas stood me out to my face like anythink only this mornin', and 'ad to 'ave the broom-'andle 'ot and 'eavy. Not that 'e's a bad boy, not 'e. The rector's a-talkin' of takin' 'im on as knife-boy in a year or two," she remarked, sagely, to us. "But hit's *in* boys. miss, and 'as *got* to come hout." If "Tummas" had been standing for Parliament from that borough, with every chance of being elected, Lizbeth could not have spoken of his prospects with more pride.

"Here's eighteen-pence for you, Elizabeth. Do you know where to go and what to buy ?" asked Nina.

"Thankin' you kindly, miss, I *does*," said Lizbeth, with a deep courtesy. Being asked to lead the way to the shops, she started off in advance, very erect, with her mother's shawl drawn in quite imperial folds about her thin little shoulders, and all her back expressing an important mission. As she darted on in front of us, turned here, turned there, showing perfect familiarity with her surroundings, we mutually confided our amusement and amazement to each other, our thankfulness that Uncle John couldn't see us, our hope that we shouldn't be robbed or murdered in that sinister locality, our belief that there never had been just such a child as Lizbeth. That young person meanwhile had brought up before a butcher's, where the most curious and unpleasant looking meat, that had the air of having been left over from the siege of Paris, was displayed in front of a grimy little den of a shop presided over by a stout gruff man, who made no response to the polite greeting she gave him on entering, perhaps because he was staring so hard at us.

Lizbeth now gave her orders, in her shrill, childish treble, with much dignity and decision, and if she had been buying a set of diamonds and a cashmere shawl there could not have been more repressed pride and exultation in it.

"Fourpence-ha'penny of pig's fry, if you please, sir; and three-ha'p'orth of bones, and a penn'orth of bullock's liver. And please to cut it *fat*."

It was a large order, a bigger one than she had ever given there, but she felt that it was backed by ready money. She had evidently thought the whole thing out *en route*.

Her voice had a resolute, excited ring about it. Her eyes glittered with excitement as the packages were put up and handed to her. A bright spot of color rose in her pale cheeks. She counted the change over twice carefully. She rang each piece on the counter, then bit it; and having assured herself that no counterfeits had been palmed off on her, she tied the whole up in a clean rag that she produced from her pocket, wished the butcher "good-day," and left the shop. When Nina and I, who had watched the scene with the greatest interest and amusement, asked where she was going next, she replied, "To the baker's, if you please, miss"; and after a few more turns and windings we arrived at that establishment, where a good-natured Gamp of a woman, of the amplest proportions and frowziest apparel, and a most wonderful frilled cap, was

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very friendly with little Lizbeth, and beamed upon and courtesied to us to any extent as Lizbeth's friends. And from there we went to a general shop. The purchases made at these places were so remarkable that they deserve to be enumerated in detail:

"A tuppenny loaf, mem, and thank you" (as the woman threw in a small mouldy biscuit); "a quarter of a pound of scrapings, please" (the butter scraped from the barrel staves when the contents proper have been sold to richer folk); "two ounces of sugar, moist; a half-pound of treacle; three red 'errin's; a farden cake, a farden shoe-lace, a farden candle, and a farden back, please."

We thought she had done her shopping, and Nina exclaimed, "Oh, how dreadful! Oh, the poor child! What *would* be thought of her at home?" as she exchanged glances with me. But Lizbeth had not finished. Lizbeth was tempted. She hesitated full five minutes, and then she said, in a sort of impressive whisper, "Give me half of a quarter of an ounce of the *best* black Bohea," leaning across the counter, at which we both laughed until the tears came. And they were not far off. What depths of sagacity and poverty Lizbeth had been unconsciously revealing!

What painful precocity, suspicion, self-reliance, what suffering and privation, must she not have known to have made her what she was!—a child who seemed to us little more than a baby—a child, and therefore to be loved, petted, indulged, shielded from every breath of evil and harm—a little creature who would scarcely have been trusted to post a letter two squares off without innumerable cautions and directions, had she been born in a different station and reared in luxury, to be so sadly wise, so terribly provident! But if our hearts were oppressed by such thoughts, and full of pity for the little maid, Lizbeth was in anything but an unhappy frame of mind. She seemed to have wings at her heels by this time, as she sped on before us, so exhilarated and excited was she by a delightful experience, moving with a joyous *élan*, and turning toward us occasionally a face that actually looked radiant and young for the moment.

Before reaching home she ran into a public-house, and we heard her ask for "a half-pint of fourpenny Burton for mother."

When she came back, carefully carrying the jug of foaming beer in her hand, we gave her some messages for Craddock, and Nina laughingly said:

"Well, Lizbeth, you are a famous manager. How much have you got left of your money?"

"Not any, miss; leastways, a farden."

"Very well," said Nina. "Now, Elizabeth, here's sixpence for yourself. For *yourself*, do you hear? Get something you like."

"Please, miss, 'adn't it better go on the rent, bein' due?" said the child, the gayety all gone out of her face merely at the sight of money (money standing for worry and responsibility, and never for enjoyment, to her mind), three fine little puckering lines of anxiety starting out between her brows as she spoke.

"Bless the child! *No*," exclaimed generous-hearted Nina, with a sort of groan. "The rent, indeed! Leave the rent to me. Do as I say, and for goodness gracious' sake, Lizbeth, get something *foolish*—sweets, or nuts, or something of that sort. Now run along. We'll come and see you again soon."

With this ultimatum we bade the child good-by, and caught a last glimpse of her as she carefully set down her precious basket near the front door of the cottage, unlocked it, and disappeared inside, where (as we subsequently heard from Craddock) she prepared "a beautiful dinner," and "'ad everythink 'ot and comfortable" for her mother and "Tummas" when they came in "beat out."

That evening after dinner we gave a full account of our expedition to Aunt Margaret, who was all horrified sympathy, Uncle John listening behind his paper, but pretending not to. We also amused ourselves by setting down and then totting up a bill of Miss Craddock's remarkable purchases that afternoon, when we had told the family all about her. Here it is:

	s.	*d.*
Loaf of bread	0	2
Pig's fry and liver	0	5½
Cheese	0	1
Scrapings	0	1½
Sugar	0	1
Treacle	0	2
Three herrings	0	1
Soup bones	0	1½
Half-pint of beer	0	1
Cake, shoe-lace, and candle	0	0¾
Best bohea	0	0½
Total	1	5¾

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"OH, JUST LOOK AT THE BABY!"

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"Let's see that," said Uncle John, and laid down his paper. He read it; he read it again; he chuckled over it; he pored over every item. He was so charmed by Lizbeth's administrative talent and mastery of household economy that at last he burst out with an emphatic: "Fine child! Level head! Splendid wife and mother she'd make for a business man, Louisa, with his fortune to make, some of these days! Why, she could build up a business herself, and carry it on too. Bit the penny, did she, to see if it was counterfeit? 'Cut it fat!' Something must be done for that child, Louisa. She must get a chance. Such an example is badly needed in America. Haven't I often told you that I've seen enough wasted in every household I have ever lived in there, North and South, East and West, to keep another family?"

Uncle John is very rich. He has a passion for economy and economizing. As there is no necessity for it, we have hardly sympathized as much with him as we might have done in such matters; indeed, have considered him rather a screw at times, though, to be sure, whenever any member of the family gets into difficulties, and any serious demand has been made upon his generosity, he has always behaved most handsomely.

"America! The very thing! Happy thought! Make up a purse and send the Craddocks off, bag and baggage, to America! I'll give half the money. Oh, what a brilliant Uncle John it is to think of it!"

Uncle John hasn't thought of it, but is easily convinced that he has, and from that moment adopts the idea as his own. He and Nina, in a fine fever of enthusiasm, get out pencils and note-books, and go into estimates of outfit, expense, etc., and before ten o'clock comes have settled the family in a half-dozen States in turn. He looks at it from the point of view of a man of affairs, she from that of a woman of sentiment. They mutually suggest, correct, amicably wrangle, and grow more charmed with their plans every moment.

When Uncle John has "figured" over a whole sheet of paper to see, as he jokingly says, "what he can lay them down in New York for, exclusive of freight and insurance," and found it to be "a preposterously small sum," as Nina thinks, he agrees, if he sees no reason to change his mind on inquiry into the affair, to pay the other half of the money in question.

And finally it is decided to pay Craddock the compliment of asking her whether she would like to leave her own country and friends forever, and take her children some thousands of miles from any spot that she has ever heard of before, though both the benevolent conspirators, by this time, are so eager about it that they are almost ready to take her there by main force, willy-nilly.

The upshot of it is that Craddock is sent for next morning, and comes in looking very scared, her widow's weeds a shade rustier and fustier than ever, the borrowed bonnet to the fore again, and drooping dismally over her forehead.

Uncle John hates her on the spot. Hates her meekness; hates her untidiness; hates her way of courtesying and then flattening herself against the wall, like the fruit in the garden below; hates her for being afraid of him; hates himself for hating her. "There! there! don't dip and bob any more," he says. "Be a self-respecting, sensible woman. We are not going to eat you, either. We are not cannibals. We sent for you to know whether you'd like to take your children to America; that's all. You'd do well there, and get on, if you were honest and industrious, and they'd get a chance—get a *chance*. Nobody gets that over here, unless they are born with it in the shape of a silver spoon in their mouths. And that child of yours, that Susan" ("Elizabeth," corrected Nina), "ought to have a chance. She must be a remarkably level-headed child, that Susan."

It is extremely doubtful whether Craddock had ever so much as heard of America before, and Uncle John's gruff imperativeness, combined with Nina's fluent onslaught, reduced her mentally to pulp. She was "all took back," she "went all over," she clung to the wall again, she bobbed up and down at every sentence, she would and she wouldn't, she could and she couldn't, she shifted and vacillated and meandered about in a mental maze to which she had no clew herself, until Uncle John lost all patience, and hated her more than ever, and ordered her to "go home and make up her mind, if she had a mind, or get somebody else to do it for her."

Whereupon Craddock, who understood being bullied, at all events, suddenly became very complaisant, and seemed at last to catch the enthusiasm of her bene-

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"SHE WAS 'ALL TOOK BACK.'"

factors, and went away at last quite enamored apparently of the idea. In three days she was back again, and again made a wall-flower of herself, and courtesied at the rate of one a second, and "made bold to say as the Heldest 'ad sent her back, w'ich, beggin' your pardons, Lizbeth she do say what is the family to live upon with nothink hunderstood after they gets there? That gell of mine 'ave a long 'ead, she 'ave, miss, let who will deny it; and she sez if we're to starve, mother, better to do it at 'ome, w'ich, in a manner of speakin', is true," she explained.

Reassured on this point, she went home again, and active preparations began. Uncle John went to see Lizbeth more than once, and was delighted with her. Nina consulted her, found out what was most needed, went up to town and bought a comfortable outfit for each and every Craddock, had it packed, marked, and sent to Liverpool.

Nina came home radiant with satisfaction, and she and Uncle John confabbed more than ever over their beloved project. Uncle John went to Liverpool himself, took passages for the family, selected their

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quarters, wired Nina the fullest particulars, and he came home radiant. Both of them then begin to write batches of letters daily about their reception, route, destination, and occupation in America, it having been settled that they are to go to one of the three farms that Uncle John owns in Illinois. The postal revenue of England is materially increased, for dozens of other letters have to be sent to various parts of England for and about the Craddocks.

These preparations consume quite six weeks. The day is twenty-four hours off, and everything is ready, when Craddock changes her mind. She won't leave "dear old Hengland, not if 'twas to eat off gold and dress in satins—that she won't—and it's no use trying to entice her." The philanthropists are staggered, and most dreadfully disgusted. Nina begs and implores her to go, and tries every argument that she can bring to bear; Uncle John says, "*Entice*, woman!" and storms at her in his angriest vein. They both reproach her. But it does no good. For once Craddock is firm—adamant. Uncle John sends her "packing," and she goes off weeping copiously, but unconvinced. Nina jumps into a cab and goes down and appeals to Lizbeth, and it is she at last who gravely decides that "mother 'as give 'er solemn word and promise, and must keep it." The day comes. The whole family comes with it in cabs. Craddock and Lizbeth, Tummas and Hangy and Vicky, all neatly and completely dressed, as they've never been in their lives before. They all get out and are inspected, and it is found that all is well. Tummas stays in the hall, striving vainly to get the back view of his overcoat. Nina is all affability and content. Uncle John still rather disgusted, and much annoyed by Craddock's parcels (of which she has about fifty, containing things of no earthly value), which she drops about in turn, to his infinite exasperation. Lizbeth has one parcel—some fish and dry bread which she has taken from the bare cupboard at the last moment and wrapped up hastily.

The whole party get into cabs and are driven to the station, whisked off to Liverpool, and transferred to the steamer without further delays or complications. The steamer sailed as advertised, and when Uncle John got back he told us that the last he saw of them they were grouped together on deck, and were eating the rich plum-cake with which the woman of sentiment had insisted on assuaging their grief at leaving their native land.

"And quite cheerful," added Nina.

"Tummas will go to Congress from my district some day, very likely, and his descendants figure as a 'first family' of Illinois. Well, well, the mother's an idiot, but I'm glad that child Susan" ("Elizabeth," corrected Nina) "will have a chance. The one that bit the penny, she'll get on in America all right," said Uncle John, as he lit his bedroom candle and took himself off to bed.

All this happened twelve years ago, and I will only say that the experiment of transplanting the Craddocks proved a perfect success.

Elizabeth is grown now, married, mistress of her own house, and mother of her own children, and as much of a helpmate as Uncle John predicted she would be. Her husband owns one of the best farms in the State. Craddock, though, is still a gump, and is constantly regretting that she ever left the "dear old Hengland" in which she was so notoriously prosperous and happy.

FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

"WER ZUM ERSTEN MALE LIEBT."

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

WHO loves a first time is a God,
  Though he should be forsaken;
Who hapless loves a second time,
  Must for a fool be taken.

And such a fool, who loves without
  Response of love, am I:
Sun, moon, and stars they laugh at me;
  And I laugh too—and die.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Yule-log is lighted again, and the mistletoe is hung up, Maid Marian and the Lord of Misrule hold their court once more, and the waits sing in the moonlight. The boar's head wreathed with rosemary is brought in, Plum-Pudding and Mince-Pie swell the savory pageant, and old Christmas, crowned with perennial youth, returns to receive universal homage. His courtiers are clad in their best array. Every minion sports a new doublet or jerkin. Every buxom maid blooms more alluringly in a fresh fardingale. Even the Puritan doffs his sad-colored garment, and the Easy Chair, the ancient liege and bedesman of the Merry Monarch, appears in a new and comely suit of type, humbly to commend himself to the kind favor of the lords and ladies who sit at the Christmas feast.

It is a seasonable and even magical garment. For although the Chair were as old as the chair of royal Edward, in which the British king sits for his coronation, it would still show the green virility of youth under the enchantment of seductive type. Although its thin voice may be a piping treble, and its laugh a melancholy cackle, yet in this renewed and vigorous form the Chair may still wear the semblance of youth, and still its voice may sound in the late eighties as firm and clear as in the fifties, when it was first heard. And now that Christmas is seated in state upon his throne, and the Yule-log blazes brightly upon the hearth, and the flagons are foaming, which upon this happy day even Father Mathew might innocently quaff—here in our comfortable corner of the great hall, while the sports proceed, and the morrice-dancers spring, and the coy maids shrinkingly feign to resist the gentle force that draws them to the benediction of the mistletoe, the Easy-Chair, smoothing complacently its new holiday clothes, prattles mercilessly to its friendly gossips, who watch the ancient games:—

> "The wedding guest here beat his breast,
> For he heard the loud bassoon."

With this number the venerable Magazine begins its seventy-sixth volume, and this is its four hundred and fifty-first monthly issue. The complete index of its contents for the thirty-five years from June, 1850, to June, 1885, has been published in a handsome and generous volume, which gives a comprehensive view of the vast range of subjects which have been treated in its pages. No one could glance at it without admitting the truth of the judgment of the *Evening Sun* that "all departments of literature, pure and applied, are found in these books; and so, besides affording an opportunity for the study of science, history, higher politics, and current events, the scholars will also be instructed in literature, and in a manner that will be of permanent use. Besides, what a valuable library of reference this set of *Harper's* is, and hardly any subject of importance to a scholar can there be upon which he will fail to find a fund of information in these books. It is in fact a popular encyclopædia."

The grace of these kindly words is their truth. They are, indeed, so true that the Board of Education of Yonkers has decided to buy a set of this Magazine for use in the schools of that happy town, and the *Sun*, moved by the same spirit of truth, remarks that, used as text-books, the Magazine "will teach pupils the use of accurate and elegant English far better than any work on grammar," and will do so while furnishing rich stores of information, so that instead of finding reading a dreary and listless task, the delighted scholars will discover it to be a flowery bed of ease.

In one way the series of *Harper* is entirely without parallel. Its pages are the record of the development of the characteristic art of this country, the art of wood-engraving. The first numbers show the amusing and incredible crudeness of illustrative art of the kind prevalent nearly forty years ago. The few specimens in the early numbers were of the best achievement then possible. The pages now are covered every month with the exquisite and vigorous work of the wood-engraver and the artist upon wood, beautiful and masterly, and by its soft lines and chiaroscuro suggesting the color which the imagination completes. The steady and swift development of this art, as you trace it from month to month in the Magazine, is a most interesting study. It has opened a new delight, and in some of the best critical journals of the country the illustrations are the subject of regular com-

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ment no less than the papers which they illuminate.

Turning the long succession of pages, volume after volume, you travel in every country, from the tropic to the pole, beholding all forms of life, and the faces and figures of famous people; marking industries and interests and thought and society in every land, absorbing information, and keeping pace with the world, until you feel the very form and pressure of the time, and perceive that *Harper* is a panorama of the current age. How many famous books are spread out upon these pages! How many great authors have talked with the reader! How, like Puck, he has put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes! There have been many admirable magazines; there were the *Penny Cyclopædia* and the *Popular Cyclopædia;* there were Miscellanies and Repositories; and so there were great chiefs and generals before Agamemnon. But "oh, for an hour of Dundee!" Was it not reserved for *Harper* to body forth a true popular magazine?—

> "The wedding guest he beat his breast,
> Yet he cannot choose but hear."

The Easy Chair was the child of the second year of the Magazine. But its voice for nearly three years was a different voice from that which has since become familiar to the reader. Perhaps that earlier voice resembled no other so much as that of a *Bachelor* who fell into *Reveries* at that time, but who was not so far lost in *Dream Life* that he had not a shrewd eye upon the actual life around him, and a good word for every comer. There was no voice more welcome and popular in those days than that of the *Bachelor*, which the earliest voice of the Easy Chair so resembled that the charmed listener would have sworn them to be identical. The Easy Chair of that day looked upon the world as if through a *Lorgnette*, regarding men and women merely as players who had their exits and their entrances, and played before it a transitory comedy, which it observed through its enchanted glasses and smilingly reported. When at last another tone was heard in the Easy Chair's voice, those glasses were turned across the sea, and a newer *Outre Mer* appeared in "Our Foreign Gossip," which was told in the old familiar, fascinating voice that had gossiped from the Chair.

But has not the Easy Chair of every age, from the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, through the long lapse of time and magazine personages, down to Launcelot Langstaff's Elbow Chair and the Roundabout Papers, always surveyed the world through the same glasses, and preached its little sermons in much the same strain and voice? If not an apostolic succession, it is surely a succession of well-meaning preachers, whose voices rise sometimes into eloquence and music, who do not deal with the stormy passions and fierce controversies that shake church and state, but whose tones are those of the Christmas season, and whose exhortations are to peace and good-will. It is now more than a generation that the Easy Chair has spoken with the same voice, except for a few months some years since, when the attentive listener seemed to hear more stories of a delightful *Bad Boy*, or was it the musical voice of *Prudence Palfrey*, or the mystic strain of the *Stillwater Tragedy*? Whatever it was, there was that mingled cadence of the spicy Orient and of the cool New England hills which breathes in the verse and the prose of a pearl-diver in the *Atlantic*.

During these years of more than a generation there have been marvellous changes around this Chair. It saw yesterday, in a telegram from England, that Madame Goldschmidt, once Jenny Lind, the famous singer, was very ill. That word "once," with all the vagueness of the opening of fairy tales, "once upon a time," implies a remote antiquity in which the name of Jenny Lind was in every newspaper, the antiquity in which the voice of the Chair was first heard. It used to speak of Jenny Lind. It was very apt to recur to her whenever it treated of the opera, which was not seldom, and it is sometimes suspected even now of worshipping her as the only really great singer, and of cherishing her image as a kind of standard by which to test all other nightingales. Indeed, one chartered libertine demurely asks, whenever the Easy Chair hears a song with delight, whether Jenny Lind did not sing it, and another insists that the Easy Chair is secretly convinced that Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" was really but an invocation forecasting Jenny Lind.

Let the triflers laugh! But what a simple, pretty world the world of opera then was! How the eager idolaters of that

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entrancing *diva* used to crowd and struggle, and sacrifice their hats and coats, in the fierce contest at the ticket office! How their hearts melted when *Amina* came murmuring to the foot-lights, while the sweet tinkling accompaniment dropped a honey-dew of melody, and her exquisite voice soared ever sweeter, like a lark trilling in the sunshine, and how rapturous was the acclamation in sympathy with the final rippling outburst of ecstasy which was verbally interpreted in the vernacular of the pit as "Ah! don't mingle!" The story of those operatic days, and they were but yesterday, is heard and tolerated with good-humored patience by the sages of the Wagnerian epoch, in which it is our present happiness to live—heard and tolerated as the tale of a very young and innocent world, a pastoral age of simple Corydon and Chloe, which knew nothing of divine philosophy and the serious contemplations of superior minds.

But to have known that world and to have delighted in it, and to know and enjoy the other world into which we have passed, to sing with the poet who sang in that earlier world of thirty and forty years ago,

> "Roll eastward, happy earth, and leave
> Yon orange sunset waning slow;
> From fringes of the faded eve,
> O happy planet, eastward go!"

and with that planet to move eastward, toward the perpetual morning, with a heart not heavy with regret, but rich with recollection, that is a happiness which perplexes a little the kindly pity so graciously lavished upon Corydon holding his crook, and Chloe watching the silly sheep.

In the *Meistersinger* of our present musical lord of the ascendant, Hans Sachs, who enjoyed the old, enjoys the new, and he needs neither our sympathy nor our compassion. It is only Colonel Newcome wistfully gazing at Clive's picture, in the vain endeavor to understand its significance or to feel its charm, who is a truly pathetic figure. If in the gurgling cadence of the song of the Rhine daughters the Easy Chair hears still the throbbing tender melody of the sentimental opera, and if, when Materna, in the large utterance of the *Götterdämmerung*, phrases the music of to-day, the Easy Chair still hears, and delights to hear, that other voice—

> "In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,"

it does not ask forgiveness nor implore the charity of pity. It need not love the red rose less because it loves the white, and there is room enough in its admiration both for the ruby and the pearl.

This is but a little symbol of the change which the Chair has seen. It is a new city, State, country, world, which it beholds around it. Even the Christmas of that earlier day was but a germ of what we see this year. Or is this a Christmas illusion, and was the holiday of the early age of the Easy Chair, in its degree and proportion, quite as extravagant as the later saturnalia? It is an old trick of Father Time to hold the old better than the new, and to see the golden age around his cradle, and not about the easy-chair of later days. The orchards in which the boy roamed were gardens of the Hesperides, and bore marvellous fruit, but the trees of the older man seem to him to drop only apples of the Dead Sea. Or, again, is it only the magic of distance? The boy looks forward, and the heights that he must presently climb are rosy as the hills of paradise. The man looks backward, and the crags over which his young feet stumbled are transformed into the Delectable Mountains, whose soft violet glances allure him to return.

Jenny Lind, who is but a name to the votaries of Nilsson and Patti, of Lehmann and Brandt, is only a symbol of that vanished generation when this old Chair was new. What names her name evokes! Her contemporaries are a shadowy train of phantoms now. That busy, bustling world is like a sun half set as the Easy Chair regards it. It will be soon quite gone, and some younger Chair will presently moralize over its loquacious predecessor, at last forever silent.

To think of the Swedish Nightingale is to recall her contemporary songsters. They too are famous figures. There was the good-natured, immense, delicious-voiced Alboni, and the *prima donna assoluta*, the queen of the Italian opera, Grisi; nor was the great Pasta yet gone. In the midst of the Lind enthusiasm Pasta sang at a London concert for the benefit of her pupil Parodi, and Mazzini watched her from the stage-box, and Jerome Bonaparte was there, then wonderfully like his uncle. At the same time Duprez, the veteran of tenors, had exposed in Paris the ruins of his splendid voice, but such was the reverence even of the Paris which was

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then hearing Mario in his prime that it listened to the cracked and false notes of the old king of the French opera in sad silence, but when a few full, clear, true tones were delivered with matchless art, the uproar of delight was universal. At the "Italians" you could hear, besides Grisi and Mario, and in the same operas with them, Persiani and Lablache. Was there ever such a quartette? May there not be some satisfaction in being even an old Easy Chair when for a bright moment the inexorable curtain rises again and such figures at its bidding pass across the stage of memory and such voices fill the rearward air?

Rachel was acting at the "French Comedy," and Emil Devrient in Berlin. Meyerbeer was composing still, and the older and greater Strauss was leading his orchestra, and while the Swedish singer was entrancing London, Mendelssohn was buried in his prime. In London also Carlyle and Dickens and Thackeray and Mill and Charlotte Brontë and Tennyson and Browning were in the full splendor of their powers. Pelham was still busy, masquerading as Caxton, and Vivian Grey was converting the romance of politics into the reality, and while a disdainful Briton was saying to the Easy Chair that no Jew novelist would ever be a British Minister, Mr. Ben Disraeli was about to kiss hands as Chancellor of the Exchequer. All these famous men and women were of the time of the melodious Swede, and these were the conspicuous figures when the Easy Chair began to gossip. Cobden and Bright had won their great victory in England, and Sir Robert Peel, "himself a party," and denounced then, like Gladstone now, as a party traitor and renegade, had achieved his just renown, and killed by the falling of his horse, was lamented as a public benefactor. These were over the sea. In this country simultaneously with the first words of the Easy Chair in that earlier voice began the final national debate upon the great question—the debate which ended in civil war.

In that index to which the Chair has alluded there is page after page recording the various texts of its little sermons. It is a formidable list, and it has a pathetic air as of epitaphs, or of those piles of dusty, forgotten, and decaying theological treatises and ancient homilies which Hawthorne found in the attic of the Old Manse. He mentions that the ghost of the Manse, the preacher of the sermons, used to heave deep sighs — himself of course invisible—as if beseeching Hawthorne to edit selections for the press from the vanishing discourses.

But the Easy Chair, happier than that venerable ghost, need not sigh for an editor to snatch a handful of waifs from that all-embracing index, which, like amber, preserves everything with implacable fidelity. The work which the meritorious ghost sighed to have done is already accomplished for the undeserving Chair. It may be incredible, but it is true, that there is a generous and friendly man in this country who owns one book which is not elsewhere to be found. It is rarer than the first folio of Shakespeare. It is not possessed by the Vatican, nor by the British Museum. It did not stand upon the shelves of that mighty Alexandrian Library which Omar burned. It will be found in no library which future Astors or Lenoxes or Tildens may found. It will not be found there, for as a book it does not elsewhere exist, nor will it ever be reproduced. It is a work, a unique *princeps*, of whose existence the author himself only recently became aware. Surely friendship could go no further, for it is a complete collection of the essays of the Easy Chair, detached from the pages of the Magazine, and bound into a series of solid volumes.

The Easy Chair tells its rosary of memory before the cheerful Christmas fire. How fortunate it is that Christmas comes when its fire is most timely and most welcome, and serves to light the darkest part of the year with its ruddy glow! Just as the short, cold days, when the sun hastens out of the sky as soon after dinner as possible, threaten to depress the mind, the good genius of Christmas begins its cheery work. It fills us continuously with thoughts of generous giving and human sympathy, and keeps us so happily busy loading the back and baskets and bags of Santa Claus that when the great day is passed and he has made his mysterious descent and simultaneously crammed every stocking from Eastport, Maine, to San Jose, California, and whisked away unseen and unheard of every young eye and ear, keenly on the alert, from Katahdin to Elias—why, the short and dismal days are gone too.

Already the sun has begun to stay a little longer. The new year is beginning. The earth is getting ready to put forth the

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earliest crocus and violet. The landscape is preparing for its first blush of green. Girls and boys are thinking of kites and hoops. Young lovers begin to whisper of the wedding day. And the old Easy Chair, in its new suit, is wishing merry Christmas and happy New-Year to all its friends and gossips, and forecasting more of those pleasant chats with them which stir no difference and leave no sting.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE question of a final criterion for the appreciation of art, or of a "unity of taste," which Mr. J. Addington Symonds treated with so much reason, in the passage quoted from his last volumes in the Study for November, is one that perpetually recurs to those interested in any sort of æsthetic work. The reader will remember that Mr. Symonds held, in brief, that simplicity and naturalness and honesty were the lasting tests; moods and tastes and fashions change; people fancy now this and now that; but what is unpretentious and what is true is enduringly beautiful and good, and nothing else is so. This is not saying that fantastic and monstrous and artificial things do not please; everybody knows that they do please immensely for a time, and then, after the lapse of a much longer time, they have the charm of the *rococo*. Nothing is more curious than the fascination that fashion has. Fashion in women's dress, almost every fashion, is somehow delightful, else it would never have been the fashion; but if any one will look through a collection of old fashion plates, he must own that most fashions have been ugly. A few, which could be readily instanced, have been very pretty, and even beautiful, but it is doubtful if these have pleased the greatest number of people. The ugly delights as well as the beautiful, and not merely because the ugly in fashion is associated with the young loveliness of the women who wear the ugly fashions, and wins a charm from them, not because the vast majority of mankind are tasteless, but for some cause that is not perhaps ascertainable. It is quite as likely to return in the fashions of our clothes, and houses and furniture, and poetry and fiction and painting, as the beautiful, and it may be from an instinctive or a reasoned sense of this that some of the extreme naturalists now refuse to make the old discrimination against it, or to regard the ugly as any less worthy of celebration in art than the beautiful; some of them, in fact, seem to regard it as rather more worthy, if anything. Possibly there is no absolutely ugly, no absolutely beautiful; or possibly the ugly contains always an element of the beautiful better adapted to the general appreciation than the more perfectly beautiful. This is a hazardous and somewhat discouraging conjecture, but we offer it for no more than it is worth; and we do not pin our faith to the saying of one whom we heard denying, the other day, that a thing of beauty was a joy forever. He contended that Keats's line should have read, "Some things of beauty are sometimes joys forever," and that any assertion beyond this was hazardous.

II.

We should, indeed, prefer another line of Keats's, if we were to profess any formulated creed, and should feel much safer with his "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," than even with our friend's reformation of the more quoted verse. It brings us back to the solid ground taken by Mr. Symonds, which is not essentially different from that taken in a book read last summer, at the season when the newspaper noticers of the magazines suppose their conductors to be sharing the luxurious disoccupation of the daily journalists. It was at that season when these children of inspiration invariably announce that the July *Century* or *Atlantic* or *Harper* betrays the enervating influences of the weather in the lax and flimsy character of its contents (the number having actually been made up in the eager air of early May, when the sleepless energies of the editor were irritated to their highest activity by the conviction that the winter was going to last forever); and at the same time there came to us a carefully marked paragraph assuring us, in the usual confident and unsparing terms, that we were mistaken in supposing that literature should be true to life—"it should be true to art." Out of the envious spirit which will be readily attributed to us we suppress the name of

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the newspaper; but there is no reason why we should withhold that of the book, which every reader of taste will suppose an intimacy with, as we should ourselves have done six months ago. It was the great Mr. Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*—a singularly modern book, considering how long ago it was wrote (as the great Mr. Steele would have written the participle a little longer ago), and full of a certain well-mannered and agreeable instruction. In some things it is of that droll little eighteenth-century world, when philosophy had got the neat little universe into the hollow of its hand, and knew just what it was, and what it was for; but it is quite without arrogance; it is not even so confident as the newspaper which we are keeping back the name of. It will be seen that Mr. Burke differs radically with this other authority, which, however, he unwittingly owns to be of the sort called critical, and might almost be supposed to have had prophetically in mind. "As for those called critics," he says, "they have generally sought the rule of the arts in the wrong place; they have sought among poems, pictures, engravings, statues, and buildings; *but art can never give the rules that make an art.* This is, I believe, the reason why artists in general, and poets principally, have been confined in so narrow a circle; they have been rather imitators of one another than of nature. Critics follow them, and therefore can do little as guides. I can judge but poorly of anything while I measure it by no other standard than itself. *The true standard of the arts is in every man's power; and an easy observation of the most common, sometimes of the meanest things, in nature, will give the truest lights*, where the greatest sagacity and industry that slights such observation must leave us in the dark, or, what is worse, amuse and mislead us by false lights."

III.

If this should happen to be true—and it certainly commends itself to our acceptance—it might portend an immediate danger to the vested interests of criticism, only that it was written a hundred years ago; and we shall probably have the "sagacity and industry that slights the observation of nature" long enough yet to allow most critics the time to learn some more useful trade than criticism as they pursue it. Nevertheless, we are in hopes that the communistic era in taste foreshadowed by Burke is approaching, and that it will occur within the lives of men now overawed by the foolish old superstition that literature and art are anything but the expression of life, and are to be judged by any other test than that of their fidelity to it. The time is coming, we trust, when each new author, each new artist, will be considered, not in his proportion to any other author or artist, but in his relation to the human nature, known to us all, which it is his privilege, his high duty, to interpret. "The true standard of the artist is in every man's power" already, as Burke says; Michelangelo's "light of the piazza," the glance of the common eye, is and always was the best light on a statue; Goethe's "boys and blackbirds" have in all ages been the real connoisseurs of berries; but hitherto the mass of common men have been afraid to apply their own simplicity, naturalness, and honesty to the appreciation of the beautiful. They have always cast about for the instruction of some one who professed to know better, and who browbeat wholesome common-sense into the self-distrust that ends in sophistication. They have fallen generally to the worst of this bad species, and have been "amused and misled" (how pretty that quaint old use of *amuse* is!) "by the false lights" of critical vanity and self-righteousness. They have been taught to compare what they see and what they read, not with the things that they have observed and known, but with the things that some other artist or writer has done. Especially if they have themselves the artistic impulse in any direction they are taught to form themselves, not upon life, but upon the masters who became masters only by forming themselves upon life. The seeds of death are planted in them, and they can produce only the still-born, the academic. They are not told to take their work into the public square and see if it seems true to the chance passer, but to test it by the work of the very men who refused and decried any other test of their own work. The young writer who attempts to report the phrase and carriage of every-day life, who tries to tell just how he has heard men talk and seen them look, is made to feel guilty of something low and unworthy by the stupid people who would like to have him show how Shakespeare's men talked and

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looked, or Scott's, or Thackeray's, or Balzac's, or Hawthorne's, or Dickens's; he is instructed to idealize his personages, that is, to take the life-likeness out of them, and put the literary-likeness into them. He is approached in the spirit of the wretched pedantry into which learning, much or little, always decays when it withdraws itself and stands apart from experience in an attitude of imagined superiority, and which would say with the same confidence to the scientist: "I see that you are looking at a grasshopper there which you have found in the grass, and I suppose you intend to describe it. Now don't waste your time and sin against culture in *that* way. I've got a grasshopper here, which has been evolved at considerable pains and expense out of the grasshopper in general; in fact, it's a type. It's made up of wire and cardboard, very prettily painted in a conventional tint, and it's perfectly indestructible. It isn't very much like a real grasshopper, but it's a great deal nicer, and it's served to represent the notion of a grasshopper ever since man emerged from barbarism. You may say that it's artificial. Well, it *is* artificial; but then it's ideal too; and what you want to do is to cultivate the ideal. You'll find the books full of my kind of grasshopper, and scarcely a trace of yours in any of them. The thing that you are proposing to do is commonplace; but if you say that it isn't commonplace, for the very reason that it hasn't been done before, you'll have to admit that it's photographic."

IV.

As we said, we hope the time is coming when not only the artist, but the common, average man, who always "has the standard of the arts in his power," will have also the courage to apply it, and will reject the ideal grasshopper wherever he finds it, in science, in literature, in art, because it is not "simple, natural, and honest," because it is not like a real grasshopper. But we will own that we think the time is yet far off, and that the people who have been brought up on the ideal grasshopper, the heroic grasshopper, the impassioned grasshopper, the self-devoted, adventureful, good old romantic card-board grasshopper, must die out before the simple, honest, and natural grasshopper can have a fair field. We are in no haste to compass the end of these good people, whom we find in the mean time very amusing. It is delightful to meet one of them, either in print or out of it—some sweet elderly lady or excellent gentleman whose youth was pastured on the literature of thirty or forty years ago—and to witness the confidence with which they preach their favorite authors as all the law and the prophets. They have commonly read little or nothing since, or, if they have, they have judged it by a standard taken from these authors, and never dreamt of judging it by nature; they are destitute of the documents in the case of the later writers; they suppose that Balzac was the beginning of realism, and that Zola is its wicked end; they are quite ignorant, but they are ready to talk you down, if you differ from them, with an assumption of knowledge sufficient for any occasion. The horror, the resentment, with which they receive any question of their very peccable literary saints is to be matched only by the frenzy of the *Saturday Review* in defending the British aristocracy; you descend at once very far in the moral and social scale, and anything short of offensive personality is too good for you; it is expressed to you that you are one to be avoided, and put down even a little lower than you have naturally fallen.

These worthy persons are not to blame; it is part of their intellectual mission to represent the petrifaction of taste, and to preserve an image of a smaller and cruder and emptier world than we now live in, a world which was feeling its way toward the simple, the natural, the honest, but was a good deal "amused and misled" by lights now no longer mistakable for heavenly luminaries. They belong to a time, just passing away, when certain authors were considered authorities in certain kinds, when they must be accepted entire and not questioned in any particular. Now we are beginning to see and to say that no author is an authority except in those moments when he held his ear close to Nature's lips and caught her very accent. These moments are not continuous with any authors in the past, and they are rare with all. Therefore we are not afraid to say now that the greatest classics are sometimes not at all great, and that we can profit by them only when we hold them, like our meanest contemporaries, to a strict accounting, and verify their work by the standard of the arts which we all have in our power, the simple, the natural, and the honest.

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Editor's Drawer.



CHRISTMAS is supposed to be an altruistic festival. Then, if ever, we allow ourselves to go out to others in sympathy expressed by gifts and good wishes. Then self-forgetfulness in the happiness of others becomes a temporary fashion. And we find—do we not?—the indulgence of the feeling so remunerative that we wish there were other days set apart to it. We can even understand those people who get a private satisfaction in being good on other days besides Sunday. There is a common notion that this Christmas altruistic sentiment is particularly shown toward the unfortunate and the dependent by those more prosperous, and in what is called a better social position. We are exhorted on this day to remember the poor. We need to be reminded rather to remember the rich, the lonely, not-easy-to-be-satisfied rich, whom we do not always have with us. The Drawer never sees a very rich person that it does not long to give him something, some token, the value of which is not estimated by its cost, that should be a consoling evidence to him that he has not lost sympathetic touch with ordinary humanity. There is a great deal of sympathy afloat in the world, but it is especially shown downward in the social scale. We treat our servants—supposing that we are society—better than we treat each other. If we did not, they would leave us. We are kinder to the unfortunate or the dependent than to each other, and we have more charity for them.

The Drawer is not indulging in any indiscriminate railing at society. There is society and society. There is that undefined something, more like a machine than an aggregate of human sensibilities, which is set going in a "season," or at a watering-place, or permanently selects itself for certain social manifestations. It is this that needs a missionary to infuse into it sympathy and charity. If it were indeed a machine and not made up of sensitive personalities, it would not be to its members so selfish and cruel. It would be less an ambitious scramble for place and favor, less remorseless toward the unsuccessful, not so harsh and hard and supercilious. In short, it would be much more agreeable if it extended to its own members something of the consideration and sympathy that it gives to those it regards as its inferiors. It seems to think that good-breeding and good form are separable from kindliness and sympathy and helpfulness. Tender-hearted and charitable enough all the individuals of this "society" are to persons below them in fortune or position, let us allow, but how are they to each other? Nothing can be ruder or less considerate of the feelings of others than much of that which is called good society, and this is why the Drawer desires to turn the altruistic sentiment of the world upon it in this season, set apart by common consent for usefulness. Unfortunate are the fortunate if they are lifted into a sphere which is sapless of delicacy of feeling for its own. Is this an intangible matter? Take hospitality, for instance. Does it consist in astonishing the invited, in overwhelming him with a sense of your own wealth, or felicity, or family, or cleverness even, in trying to absorb him in your concerns, your successes, your possessions, in simply what interests you? However delightful all these may be, it is an offence to his individuality to insist that he shall admire at the point of the social bayonet. How do you treat the stranger? Do you adapt yourself and your surroundings to him, or insist that he shall adapt himself to you? How often does the stranger, the guest, sit in helpless agony in your circle (all of whom know each other) at table or in the drawing-room, isolated and separate, because all the talk is local and personal, about your little world, and the affairs of your clique, and your petty interests, in which he or she cannot possibly join? Ah! the Sioux Indian would not be so cruel as that to a guest. There is no more refined torture to a sensitive person than that. Is it only thoughtlessness? It is more than that. It is a want of sympathy of the heart, or it is a lack of intelligence and broad-minded interest in affairs of the world and in other people. It is this trait—absorption in self—pervading society more or less, that makes it so unsatisfactory to most people in it. Just a want of human interest; people do not come in contact.

Avid pursuit of wealth, or what is called

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pleasure, perhaps makes people hard to each other, and infuses into the higher social life, which should be the most unselfish and enjoyable life, a certain vulgarity, similar to that noticed in well-bred tourists scrambling for the seats on top of a mountain coach. A person of refinement and sensibility and intelligence, cast into the company of the select, the country-house, the radiant, twelve-button society, has been struck with infinite pity for it, and asks the Drawer to do something about it. The Drawer cannot do anything about it. It can only ask the prayers of all good people on Christmas Day for the rich. As we said, we do not have them with us always—they are here to-day, they are gone to Canada tomorrow. But this is, of course, current facetiousness. The rich are as good as anybody else, according to their lights, and if what is called society were as good and as kind to itself as it is to the poor, it would be altogether enviable. We are not of those who say that in this case charity would cover a multitude of sins, but a diffusion in society of the Christmas sentiment of good-will and kindliness to itself would tend to make universal the joy on the return of this season.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

HARTFORD, *Nov.* 6, 1887.

MADAM: You will remember that last May Mr. Edward Bright, the clerk of the Inland Revenue Office, wrote me about a tax which he said was due from me to the Government on books of mine published in London—that is to say, an income tax on the royalties. I do not know Mr. Bright, and it is embarrassing to me to correspond with strangers; for I was raised in the country and have always lived there, the early part in Marion county Missouri before the war, and this part in Hartford county Connecticut, near Bloomfield and about 8 miles this side of Farmington, though some call it 9, which it is impossible to be, for I have walked it many and many a time in considerably under three hours, and General Hawley says he has done it in two and a quarter, which is not likely; so it has seemed best that I write your Majesty. It is true that I do not know your Majesty personally, but I have met the Lord Mayor, and if the rest of the family are like him, it is but just that it should be named royal; and likewise plain that in a family matter like this, I cannot better forward my case than to frankly carry it to the head of the family itself. I have also met the Prince of Wales once in the fall of 1873, but it was not in any familiar way, but in a quite informal way, being casual, and was of course a surprise to us both. It was in Oxford street, just where you come out of Oxford into Regent Circus, and just as he turned up one side of the circle at the head of a procession, I went down the other side on the top of an omnibus. He will remember me on account of a gray coat with flap pockets that I wore, as I was the only person on the omnibus that had on that kind of a coat; I remember him of course as easy as I would a comet. He looked quite proud and satisfied, but that is not to be wondered at, he has a good situation. And once I called on your Majesty, but you were out.

But that is no matter, it happens with everybody. However, I have wandered a little, away from what I started about. It was this way. Young Bright wrote my London publishers Chatto and Windus—their place is the one on the left as you come down Piccadilly, about a block and a half above where the minstrel show is—he wrote them that he wanted them to pay income tax on the royalties of some foreign authors, namely, "Miss De La Ramé (Ouida), Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Francis Bret Harte, and Mr. Mark Twain." Well, Mr. Chatto diverted him from the others, and tried to divert him from me, but in this case he failed. So then, young Bright wrote me. And not only that, but he sent me a printed document the size of a news paper, for me to sign, all over in different places. Well, it was that kind of a document that the more you study it the more it undermines you and makes everything seem uncertain to you; and so, while in that condition, and really not responsible for my acts, I wrote Mr. Chatto to pay the tax and charge to me. Of course my idea was, that it was for only one year, and that the tax would be only about one per cent or along there somewhere, but last night I met Professor Sloane of Princeton—you may not know him, but you have probably seen him every now and then, for he goes to England a good deal, a large man and very handsome and absorbed in thought, and if you have noticed such a man on platforms after the train is gone, that is the one, he generally gets left, like all those specialists and other scholars who know everything but how to apply it—and he said it was a back tax for *three* years, and no one per cent, but two and a half!

That gave what had seemed a little matter, a new aspect. I then began to study the printed document again, to see if I could find anything in it that might modify my case, and I had what seems to be a quite promising success. For instance, it opens thus—polite and courteous, the way those English government documents always are—I do not say that to hear myself talk, it is just the fact, and it is a credit:

"TO MR. MARK TWAIN: IN PURSUANCE of the Acts of Parliament for granting to Her Majesty Duties and Profits," etc.

I had not noticed that before. My idea had been that it was for the Government, and so I wrote *to* the Government; but now I saw

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that it was a private matter, a family matter, and that the proceeds went to yourself, not the Government. I would always rather treat with principals, and I am glad I noticed that clause. With a principal, one can always get at a fair and right understanding, whether it is about potatoes, or continents, or any of those things, or something entirely different; for the size or nature of the thing does not affect the fact; whereas, as a rule, a subordinate is more or less troublesome to satisfy. And yet this is not against them, but the other way. They have their duties to do, and must be harnessed to rules, and not allowed any discretion. Why if your Majesty should equip young Bright with discretion—I mean his own discretion—it is an even guess that he would discretion you out of house and home in 2 or 3 years. He would not *mean* to get the family into straits, but that would be the upshot, just the same. Now then, with Bright out of the way, this is not going to be any Irish question; it is going to be settled pleasantly and satisfactorily for all of us, and when it is finished your Majesty is going to stand with the American people just as you have stood for fifty years, and surely no monarch can require better than that of an alien nation. They do not all pay a British income tax, but the most of them will in time, for we have shoals of new authors coming along every year; and of the population of your Canada, upwards of four-fifths are wealthy Americans, and more going there all the time.

Well, another thing which I noticed in the Document, was an item about "Deductions." I will come to that presently, your Majesty. And another thing was this: that Authors are not mentioned in the Document at all. No, we have "Quarries, Mines, Iron Works, Salt Springs, Alum Mines, Water Works, Canals, Docks, Drains, Levels, Fishings, Fairs, Tolls, Bridges, Ferries," and so-forth and so-forth and so-on—well, as much as a yard or a yard and a half of them, I should think—anyway a very large quantity or number. I read along—down, and down, and down the list, further, and further, and further, and as I approached the bottom my hopes began to rise higher and higher, because I saw that everything in England, *that* far, was taxed by name and in detail, except perhaps the family, and maybe Parliament, and yet still no mention of Authors. Apparently they were going to be overlooked. And sure enough, they were! My heart gave a great bound. But I was too soon. There was a foot note, in Mr. Bright's hand, which said: "You are taxed under Schedule D, section 14." I turned to that place, and found these three things: "Trades, Offices, Gas Works."

Of course, after a moment's reflection, hope came up again, and then certainty: Mr. Bright was in error, and clear off the track; for Authorship is not a Trade, it is an inspiration; Authorship does not keep an Office, its habitation is all out under the sky, and everywhere where the winds are blowing and the sun is shining and the creatures of God are free. Now then, since I have no Trade and keep no Office, I am not taxable under Schedule D, section 14. Your Majesty sees that; so I will go on to that other thing that I spoke of, the "deductions"—deductions from my tax which I may get allowed, under conditions. Mr. Bright says all deductions to be claimed by me must be restricted to the provisions made in Paragraph No. 8, entitled "Wear and Tear of Machinery, or Plant." This is curious, and shows how far he has gotten away on his wrong course after once he has got started wrong: for Offices and Trades do not have Plant, they do not have Machinery, such a thing was never heard of; and moreover they do not wear and tear. You see that, your Majesty, and that it is true. Here is the Paragraph No. 8:

> Amount claimed as a deduction for diminished value by reason of Wear and Tear, where the Machinery or Plant belongs to the Person or Company carrying on the Concern, or is let to such Person or Company so that the Lessee is bound to maintain and deliver over the same in good condition:—
>
> *Amount £*_____

There it is—the very words.

I could answer Mr. Bright thus:

It is my pride to say that my Brain is my Plant; and I do not claim any deduction for diminished value by reason of Wear and Tear, for the reason that it does not wear and tear, but stays sound and whole all the time. Yes, I could say to him, my Brain is my Plant, my Skull is my Workshop, my Hand is my Machinery, and I am the Person carrying on the Concern; it is not leased to anybody, and so there is no Lessee bound to maintain and deliver over the same in good condition. There. I do not wish to any way overrate this argument and answer, dashed off just so, and not a word of it altered from the way I first wrote it, your Majesty, but indeed it does seem to pulverize that young fellow, you can see that yourself. But that is all I say; I stop there; I never pursue a person after I have got him down.

Having thus shown your Majesty that I am not taxable, but am the victim of the error of a clerk who mistakes the nature of my commerce, it only remains for me to beg that you will of your justice annul my letter that I spoke of, so that my publisher can keep back that tax-money which, in the confusion and aberration caused by the Document, I ordered him to pay. You will not miss the sum, but this is a hard year for authors; and as for lectures, I do not suppose your Majesty ever saw such a dull season.

With always great, and ever increasing respect, I beg to sign myself your Majesty's servant to command, MARK TWAIN.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, LONDON.

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SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD.

A MUSICAL DRAMA OF 1864, AFTER THE FASHION OF A FRENCH VAUDEVILLE.

[WELL FOUNDED ON FACTS.]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—MESSRS. PEPPER AND MUSTARD'S *store.* (*Scene set for a country store.*) YOUNG PEPPER, *solus, behind the counter. To him enters* L. H. L. E., *as from the street, with hat and cane,* Mr. FORTUNE.

Mr. Fortune. Good-morning, Harry.

Young Pepper. Good-morning, Mr. Fortune.

Mr. For. A good day at last—a good day. I think our friends Sickle and Longswath have rain enough this time. Ah, yes! I told them the rain would stop when the moon came into the third quarter. I told Sickle he would get in his oats all right. I know something of the weather, if I do not take the *Country Gentleman* or the *Buckeye Farmer*. Well, Harry, I am thinking of our friends at the front. We must not forget the Boys in Blue.

Y. P. (*much embarrassed*). Oh no, sir! I never forget them.

Mr. For. No, my boy, you do not, I know. I wish nobody did. That cursed copperhead Burdick, I met him last night as he came up from the creek. He said to me, "Good-night." And I said to him, "A good-night to all who are not traitors." I wanted none of his impudence.



Y. P. (*still embarrassed*). Did you— Have you— Will you— Shall I put up anything for you?

Mr. For. Why, my boy, you did not think I meant you, did you? Why, my poor Harry, I know you would have gone out with Frank, but the surgeon would not pass you. Never you fear, Harry. Peg away on my friend Pepper's hog and hominy. Yes, Harry, make your mother give you her best cream on your oatmeal. We'll fatten you up. We'll put on an extra inch, and when Frank comes up in the spring to recruit the regiment, I'll squeeze you in somehow. Jove! you shall go, if it is only to pick up the old socks in the camp for the sewing circle to foot them. By Jove, you shall go, Harry!

Y. P. (*more embarrassed*). I hope so. What did you say you wanted?

Mr. For. Wanted? I did not say I wanted anything. All the same, I did want some things. Where's my list? My sisters made a list from Frank's last letter. But I have— Where is it? [*Unbuttons vest.*] Well, well, well, I shall remember most of the things. Where is that list? I have left it—yes, I left it on the corn box in the barn, when Jim brought out Griff, and I mounted. Well, no matter for the list. You see we want to send the Captain another box. We must not let the fine fellows go hungry.

Y. P. (*distressed*). No, sir; no, indeed.

Mr. For. And I tell you, Harry, hardtack and salt junk is poor picking three times a day. Well, take your own book, and I will tell you. There was cheese, I know. He likes your Dutch cheese better than he does Pamela's home-brew. Jove! so do I, if only I dared tell her so. But Frank does tell her, and she will let Frank do anything. Begin with cheese.

Y. P. (*hesitating*). Yes, sir, cheese.

Mr. For. But you do not write. Well, perhaps your head is better than mine. Now I like a list. Well, after cheese, say olives. No, not olives. The olive jars broke the last time, and made a mess of his night-gowns. What I was to say was "no olives." But you keep Bagley's Mayflower, do you not? That will hurt nobody. And what are these cigars? [*Examining.*] And I say, Harry, are there any of those Bordeaux prunes we had last week at the house?

Y. P. (*very nervous*). Oh yes, plenty, sir. But please sit down, sir. [*Comes from behind the counter and places a chair.*] Please wait a moment, sir; I think my father will like to fill your order. He understands about the prunes better than I—or perhaps Mr. Mustard. Excuse me. Let me fetch my pencil myself, and I can take your order. Won't you take a chair? Here's the paper—no, I forgot; my father wants the paper. Here's the Bible—no; you won't care for the Bible. Perhaps you would like the Directory? Excuse me. My father will be here in a moment. [*Exit.*

Mr. For. (*laughing, steps to the front and addresses audience*). I came for cheese, and he offers me the Bible; I asked for prunes, and he gives me the Directory. [*Sings.*

I offered the best that I had,
But see what a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip!
For this very critical lad
Will not look at my greenbacks or scrip;
He despises my greenbacks and scrip.

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I asked him for prunes and for cheese,
But the boy will not look
At the bait on my hook,
And instead of such trifles as these,
He gives me this very dull book.
A plague on his stupid old book!

I wanted a box of sardines,
And he said—

[*Enter* OLD PEPPER, *slow and serious, R. H. L. E.*

Mr. For. (*gayly*). Pepper, how are you? I am singing to amuse myself. Your store is lonely, Pepper. Is business dull? Why, if you had not come in, I should have begun to dance.

Old Pepper. I am glad— I hope you are well. I am surprised— My boy said— Have you seen the paper?

Mr. For. Paper?—no. Is there good news? Have we thrashed the rascals again? Old Grant's my man! Did not I tell you—

O. P. Here is the paper. There is a great victory. But our losses—are very heavy. I think—I believe—here is the place.

Mr. For. (*reads*). Good heavens! "The Ohio 209th cut to pieces!" What!—no! Can it be true? "Captain Fortune, gallantly leading his men



to a renewed charge, was shot through the head." Oh, my dear, dear brother! Why, Pepper, here is a letter from him—so jolly and so well!

Curtain falls.

ACT II.

Hall of MR. FORTUNE'S *house. Practicable doors on right and left. Front door in back of scene. Enter* BRIDGET, *R. H. L. E., meeting* DELIA, *L. H. L. E., each with a work-basket and black stuff on her arm.*

Bridget. Has Mrs. Furbelow come?

Delia. No; and it is half past nine. She was due at nine. I have the skirt here, but we are never sure about Miss Pamela's waist.

Bridget. We can never go to the church unless Miss Marabout keeps time better than she did at Easter.

Delia. But black, you know, is always ready. When I have a shop of my own, ladies shall not have to wait twenty-four hours. [*Door-bell rings.*] There she is, I declare!

[*Opens door. Enter* MRS. FURBELOW *with large basket. Two girls behind with bandboxes and baskets. The girls wait at the door.* MRS. FURBELOW *comes forward.*

Mrs. Furbelow. And how is poor dear Miss Pamela? What a shock, to be sure! I said to Marianne only that morning, as the wagon passed with the mail coming from the train—I said I was sure that it was a long time since the family on the hill—and when we say the family on the hill we always mean Miss Fortune and Mr. Fortune; for the Blanchards, you know, since their sister went to Paris, do not seem to count. Paris, when people talk to me about it, always seems to me—

Bridget. Yes, ma'am; I know Miss Corinna thinks so too. Would you please come upstairs and see her? [*Door-bell rings.*] Excuse me, ma'am, while I answer the door.

[*Enter* MISS MARABOUT *with hat-boxes. A servant follows with large pasteboard boxes.* MISS MARABOUT *comes forward.*

Delia. The ladies will be glad to see you, miss. Will you come upstairs?

Miss Marabout. I came for that purpose. But first I wish to see Mr. Fortune; I have a message for him.

Delia. I will speak to him.

[*Is about to knock at door, R. H. U. E., when* MR. FORTUNE *comes out with hat and coat on: heavy black crape on the hat. As he passes* MISS MARABOUT *she calls him to one side.*

Miss M. I have a private message from Miss Flint.

Mr. For. And who is Miss Flint?

Miss M. The lady—the young lady—who—whose—to whom—

Mr. For. Nominative who, possessive whose, objective whom. Who or what is she?

Miss. M. Why, your brother's, Captain Fortune's, young lady.

Mr. For. My brother? A young lady?

Miss M. The engagement was never made public. But they had corresponded—oh, since they were boy and girl.

[*The other women have been drawing near.*

Mrs. Fur. Oh, not quite boy and girl: since the war began.

Miss M. Since 1848.

Mrs. Fur. Never saw her till the second Bull Run.

Miss M. I know what I am talking about. I have just left her.

Mrs. Fur. Left her! She is sitting in my carriage at the door now.

Miss M. That old scarecrow!

Mrs. Fur. Who says scarecrow?

Bridget and Delia. Hush, ladies—hush! Remember Miss Pamela and Miss Corinna.

[*All step forward and sing.*

Quartette and Ensemble.

Miss M. I cannot disguise
My disgust and surprise
When such barefaced announcements appear.
Of such things I have heard,
But indeed, on my word,
I never expected them—here.

Mrs. Fur. She rolls up her eyes,
She looks in the skies,
As stricken with terrible fear,
And she thinks it absurd
Because he preferred
A stranger to charmers more near.

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Delia (*pointing upstairs*).
She sobs and she cries,
She ruins her eyes,
In grief for a brother so dear,
But before he's interred,
The girls, in a herd,
To ask for his pension appear!

Bridget (*pointing upstairs*).
In respectable guise,
My lady she tries
To stifle the natural tear,
But her feelings are stirred
At each gossiping word
These artistical dress-makers hear.

Ensemble.

Miss M. I cannot disguise, etc.
Mrs. Fur. She rolls up her eyes, etc.
Delia. She sobs and she cries, etc.
Bridget. In respectable guise, etc.

[*As they close, bells ring violently from upstairs.*

Miss Pamela (*at the head of the stairs*). Bridget!

Miss Corinna. Delia!

Bridget and Delia. Yes, ma'am—yes, ma'am.

[*Exeunt all the women, with baskets and boxes.*

Manet MR. FORTUNE *solus.*

Mr. For. My poor dear brother! And if he hated anything, it was public display. But I have given way. They could not have a funeral. Who knows where the brave fellow's body lies? But when they all urged it so, I consented to have these obsequies at the church. To be sure, they all loved him.

[*Bell rings, door opens, and enter* MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN *at the back.*

Mayor (*advancing*). Is Mr. Fortune in? [*Recognizes* FORTUNE.] Your pardon, my dear sir. The light was against you. I cannot tell you what we feel, how we sympathize in this bereavement. We are grateful indeed, all the citizens—I may say all the county-zens, and the citizenesses and the county-zenesses—all our people of every sex are grateful to you that you permit a public demonstration of our sympathy.

Mr. For. It is impossible for me to resist such kindness.

First Alderman. We should not interrupt you or the ladies, we should have respected your privacy, but for a little doubt in the arrangements.

Second Alderman. Not important, but critical.

Third Alderman. Which we must ask you to decide.

Fourth Alderman. If it is agreeable to you to do so.

Mr. For. Why, there need be no arrangements. The service at the church belongs to the clergyman. We are, of course, present; but we have nothing to decide.

The Mayor. Ah! but who are "we"?

Mr. For. We?—are I and my sisters.

First Alderman } (*at one* } And Miss Flint.
Second Alderman } *moment*). } And Mrs. Sparks.

Mr. For. Flint and Sparks!—who are they? Is there Tinder too?

Third Alderman. Miss Flint was engaged to the Captain.

Fourth Alderman. No; it was Mrs. Sparks.

Mr. For. (*confused*). Impossible. [*Sings.*

Solo and Chorus.

This mine that these ladies have sprung
Evinces some intricate plan;
The Captain was not Brigham Young.
But a highly respectable man.
Chorus. A highly respectable man



Mr. Fortune.

I thought that he thought that we thought,
With no wife his fortune would do;
I am certain, quite certain, that naught
Ever led him to contemplate two.
Chorus. Ever led him to contemplate two.

The Mayor. But these ladies have papers.

First Alderman. Very warm letters, sir, written in 1846.

Second Alderman. Mrs. Sparks has a deed of his estate dated six months ago.

Mr. For. I know nothing of either—and I care less.

The Mayor. With your permission, sir, then Miss Flint shall have pew No. 40 in the broad aisle, and Mrs. Sparks shall have 41, which is opposite.

Mr. For. Very well, if there is no powder between.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Kitchen at Mr. Fortune's.

Delia (*discovered at a table cutting bread, sola. She comes to the front as the curtain rises*). They are all gone to the funeral. They leave me at home. But nobody in the village liked the dear Captain better nor I. All the same, I'm glad to be here, away from their mopping and mowing. They can make their speeches, and Delia can cut their sandwiches for them, and make their coffee. An hour hence they'll care more for the coffee than for their singing and howling. [*Sings.*

[*A March played without.*]

Yes, I've heard of the grief of the town;
But before all is over, I think,
Before to-day's sun has gone down,
They all will want something to drink.

The procession will move very soon,
The music and show all complete;
But by five o'clock this afternoon
They all will want something to eat.

[*Heavy knock at the door.*

Delia. Who ever is there?

[*Opens door. Enter* PRIVATE STUBBS.

Stubbs. Your servant, miss. Could you give a poor soldier a glass of water? I've been on a long march to-day.

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Delia. Soldier? Yes. Sit down—sit down. We can do better than that by you.

[*Takes hat and belt.*

Stubbs (*sits*). I was afraid this house might be shut. All the others are.

Delia. They're all at the poor Captain's funeral. That is—I say funeral, though there's no corpse.

Stubbs (*shuddering*). Enough of them where I come from, and enough on 'em buried without prayers. It will only be even, miss, if— Whose funeral is it?

Delia (*sobbing*). My poor dear master—Captain Fortune's. He was shot through the head at the moment of the great victory.

Stubbs. Whose victory? Grant's victory?

Delia. Yes, I believe so.

Stubbs. Last week's battle?

Delia. I think so. Here it is. I cut it from the paper. [*Gives him the scrap.*

Stubbs. I do not read well without my glasses. Read it to me.

Delia (*reads*). "Captain Fortune, gallantly leading the 209th Ohio to a renewed charge, was shot through the head." Oh, my poor Captain!

Stubbs. Shot through the head, was he?



Delia (*sobbing*). Yes, his head; and he so handsome.

Stubbs. Now look here, miss, for a man shot through the head, the Captain has a very loud voice and a very good appetite. I am servant of Captain Jones, of the Second Company of the 209th, and I tell you that only Sunday night, four days after your victory, Captain Fortune sung as good a song and eat as good a supper in my Captain's tent as any man in the army

Delia. What do you say?

Stubbs. I say that when I had my furlough Monday, and went round for Captain Jones's orders, Captain Fortune see me, and says he, "Stubbs," says he, "you'll be hungry," says he, "before you get to the river," says he, 'n' he give me two hardtack, he did, to eat by the way, and much obliged to him I was. Shot through the head, indeed!

Delia. But the newspaper says so.

Stubbs. Newspaper be—hanged, says I. The Captain climbed over that pesky rail-fence jest ahead of me, and jest as he sung out to us when he was over, whir, whew, came a minie-ball and knocked his cap off. But the Captain never stopped. "This way," says he; 'n' in two minutes he spiked the gun with my own ramrod.

Delia. Then the newspaper was right *almost.* He was shot through the hat. [*They sing.*

Duet.

Delia. If I had a voice,
If they gave me my choice,
If I might select betwixt two,
Between this or that,
My head or my hat,
I know what I'd tell them, don't you?

Stubbs. It might hit me pat
Through the crown of my hat,
This wriggling sarpint of lead;
Let it go here or there,
Let it go anywhere,
If it go just atop of my head.

Delia. But we must not stand singing here. We must stop the funeral. By this time they are singing the dead march in *Saul.*

Stubbs. How can we stop it?

Delia. You must run to the church. [*Looks out of window.*] The people are all inside. Run, run, as quick as you can. Tell Mr. Tollbell, the sexton, that the Captain is alive. Say I sent you, and that the funeral must be postponed. [*Exit* STUBBS.] Will they want the sandwiches now? Shall I cut the second ham? I think I will. Them pious is awful hungry. There will be more here than if they had staid to the service, for then they would have had to go right home to milking, most of them. The parson will come, he's one; Mrs. Primrose, his wife, and the children will come, that's thirteen; the Mayor and Aldermen will come, that's twenty-eight; the Common Council and School Committee— Oh, deary me, yes! I must cut the second ham and both the tongues. [*Works at table, humming,* "*If I had a voice.*" *Comes to the front again.*] I wonder if Mrs. Sparks will come —or if it will be Miss Flint—or if they will both come? That will be fun. [*Sings.*

My dear Miss Flint, says Mrs. Sparks, just walk the other way,
Just make a little room for me, and heed to what I say·
A difference there is, my dear, 'twixt cabbage-rose and tea-rose;
The one is fit for little boys, the other's fit for heroes.
Some folks are fit for little boys, some folks are fit for heroes.

My dear Miss Flint, says Mrs. Sparks, now really it appears
You do not understand at all the deference due to years,
For captains bold don't think, I'm told, of untried chits like you,
They turn the head, and look instead on folks of forty-two—
They turn the head, and smile instead on folks of forty-two.

[*Enter* STUBBS, *running.*

Stubbs. I've stopped them!—I've stopped them!

Delia. How did you do it?

Stubbs. I see your man in the porch; he was peekin' in at the door. And I says, says I, "The girl at Captain Fortune's sent me," says I, "and I'm to say that the Captain's as well as you be. I see him last Monday myself." "He's shot through the head," says he. "He's shot through the hat," says I. "Hat?" says he; "hat?" says he again. 'N' he marched right up the church to the parson, who was reading his book, 'n' he pulled the parson's sleeve and whispered. 'N' the parson he says, "Sing the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm." 'N' they begun to

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sing. 'N' the parson he come to me down the church, 'n' the Mayor he come, 'n' the Aldermen. 'N' when they heerd that the Cap'n was alive, the Mayor he turned round 'n' he says, "Three cheers for Captain Fortune—he's shot through the hat!" says he. 'N' all the folks got up and hollered. 'N' I run down here to tell you they was all a-coming.

[*Enter* MR. FORTUNE *in haste.*

Mr. Fortune. Delia, have you heard our good news?

Delia. Indeed I have, sir; and I am so thankful!

Mr. For. The people are all coming. Have your coffee ready, and something to eat.

Trio and ensemble.

Stubbs. I have tramped on the highway all day,
I have blistered the soles of my feet,
And now the best thing I can say
Is, "Something or other to eat."

Mr. For. Our sorrows have vanished away;
And to make our enjoyment complete,
We call in our neighbors, and they
Will join us in something to eat.

Delia. We worry at work and at play,
In our houses or out in the street;
But whether we go or we stay,
We always want something to eat.

Ensemble.

Mr. For. "Our sorrows have vanished away," etc.
Stubbs. "I have tramped on the highway all day," etc.
Delia. "We worry at work and at play," etc.

[*Bell rings loudly. Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

Parlors of MR. FORTUNE'S *house. Large rooms connected by folding-doors half up the stage.* MR. FORTUNE, MISS FORTUNE, MISS CORINNA FORTUNE, *all in black, receiving their friends. The* MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN *on one side, the* COUNCIL *on the other. Other guests enter.*

Enter MRS. SPARKS.

Mrs. Sparks (*with effusion, to* MISS CORINNA). And are you, indeed—is it possible?—my own hero's sister?

Miss Corinna (*coldly*). I hope you are very well, Mrs. Sparks.

[*Enter* MISS FLINT. *She crosses the stage and falls on her knees at* MR. FORTUNE'S *feet.*

Miss Flint. My more than brother, give me your blessing.

Mr. Fortune (*puzzled*). Bless me! I don't know how to bless you. How do people bless people? Had you not better stand up?

First Alderman (*producing a large deed with seals*). I think if you would examine this deed— Captain Fortune has given to her all his property.

Second Alderman (*producing a portfolio of letters*). If you will look at these tender notes, which show how a true heart beats—

Quartette and Chorus.

First Alderman.
Indeed, if you'll read through this deed,
I'm sure in a moment you'll see—

Second Alderman.
And I, if you try— Cast your eye
On this note and this—*letter B.*

Mrs. Sparks.
You know how they show what a flow
Of pent-up emotions for me—

Miss Flint.
I heard he preferred not a word
Should be spoken or whispered till he—

Tutti.
The Captain himself will decide.
The Captain he can,
Like a resolute man,
Unravel the plan,
And show how the knot shall be tied;
For of course he can tell who's the bride.

[*Cheering without. All rush to the windows. Enter* CAPTAIN FORTUNE, *R. H. U. E., with friends.* MR. FORTUNE *and the* CAPTAIN *meet eagerly.*

Captain Fortune. How are you, old fellow?

Mr. For. My dear, dear brother!

Captain F. And my sisters? [*Kisses them.*] In black? What death is there? We are all here.

Mr. For. (*laughing*). We have all come from a funeral.

Captain F. And you all come laughing? What is the mystery?

Mr For. My dear boy, it was your funeral.

[*The* CAPTAIN *hardly heeds him, being busily welcoming* MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN *and others. In by-play the* MAYOR *and he speak and come forward.*

Mayor. Your fellow-citizens, dear sir, proud of their favorite son, had met in the church yonder to do honor to your gallant and untimely death.

Captain F. Death? Mine? I never was more alive.

[FIRST ALDERMAN *presents* MRS. SPARKS, *who advances coyly.* CAPTAIN FORTUNE *does not recognize her.*

Mrs. Sparks. Dear Captain Fortune—

Captain F. You have the advantage of me, madam. [*Sensation.*

Captain F. (*to* MR. FORTUNE, *aside*). Who in thunder is she?

Mr. For. She? Why, isn't she—is she—



Captain F. That's what I asked you.

[SECOND ALDERMAN *brings up* MISS FLINT.

Mr. For. (*aside to* CAPTAIN FORTUNE). Here is the other.

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Captain F. (*aside*). Other what?

Miss Flint (*flings herself on his neck*). My own hero! my pet! my Willy!

Captain F. (*in despair*). Who is it? Not old Whetstone?

First Alderman. Sir, guard your words.

Second Alderman. Sir, you forget yourself.

Captain F. I don't forget myself; I forget them. No; I remember her—she's old Whetstone. Taught us French at the academy. But who's the other?

First Alderman. Sir, she is your betrothed wife. What is the deed, sir?

Captain F. Wife! Deed! [*Examines deed.*] Oh, you are the schoolma'am, are you? This is the deed the government gave her of a freedmen's schoolhouse in Culpepper Court House. Yes, I gave her the deed. I commanded the post.

Second Alderman (*presenting portfolio of letters*). And there, sir, what are these?

Captain F. (*examines, and laughs*). These are my school exercises—translations from a French letter-book. I see they are dated in '46. Dear old Whetstone! have you kept them so long?

Miss Flint. Ingrate! [*Faints in* DELIA'S *arms.*

Quartette.

First Alderman (*sings*).

It's very hard indeed
To know how to proceed.
He acknowledges the deed,
You know!

Second Alderman.

Put yourself in her place,
And ask if you would face
The shame and the disgrace,
You know!

Captain F. Whatever road I've tried,
When I walk or when I ride,
Behold! a blooming bride,
You know!

Mr For. But really, after all,
The evidence is small
For a breach of what you call—
You know!

Ensemble.

In the posture that he's in
It would not be a sin
To begin the thing again,
You know!

Captain F. (*shakes hands with both Aldermen*). That is just what I think, Mr. Jones. Smith, those are my sentiments precisely. And you know, my dear brother, my leave only lasts for ten days. Indeed, I am here only to pick up a few fine fellows for the regiment. Grant will not wait long for us before he goes in. So I stopped over a train at Louisville, and the dearest girl in the world agreed, on the shortest notice, to make me happy.

All. Happy?

[CAPTAIN FORTUNE *has turned to the friends who entered with him. Leads forward* FAUSTA, *veiled, to his sisters.*

Captain F. Dear Pamela, here is your new sister. Dear Corinna, this is Fausta. She is as good as she is pretty.

Both sisters (*unveiling her and kissing her*). Then she is a saint indeed.

Quartette. Finale.

Capt. F. You could not all come to the marriage,
The church is so terribly far,
And one cannot wait for his carriage
When one is returning from war.
But as soon as the wedding was over,
And the parson made one out of two,
This dear little girl and her lover
Determined they'd come and see you.

Pamela. We could not all go there together,
Or I could not go there at least,
And now I am questioning whether
To ask all our friends to a feast.
But I am sure what was served for our sorrow
For happier Fortunes will do;
We need not postpone till to-morrow
A sandwich and "coffee for two."

[STUBBS *and* BRIDGET *come forward with trays.*

Stubbs. To Bridget and me, as we're thinking,
The comedy seems all complete;
And if any one tires of drinking,
We'll give to them something to eat.

Bridget. We need none of us sing any more tunes,
Enough has been sung and been said.
A happy day this for the Fortunes
When nobody's shot through the head.

Tutti.

A happy day this for the Fortunes,
When nobody's shot through the head.

Curtain falls.



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"THE SHEPHERDS SAID ONE TO ANOTHER, LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM."
From the painting by John Lafarge in the Church of the Incarnation, New York City.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. JANUARY, 1888. No. CCCCLII.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

THE story of the Wise Men who came from the East to pay their homage to the Holy Child at Bethlehem has always been a favorite theme of Christian art and legend. It was depicted everywhere: on the walls of the Catacombs; on the sculptured faces of sarcophagi; in the glittering mosaics of the basilicas; in the palaces of the rich and the churches of the poor; on gilded drinking-glasses, and carved doors, and marble pulpits, and painted ceilings, and bronze coins, and jewelled shrines—everywhere that art has left its touch we see the Magi worshipping the infant Saviour. From the second century the long, rich train of representations runs on unbroken through the nineteenth. There is hardly one of the great artists who has not left us his conception of it. We may safely say that there is no subject in the range of history, sacred or profane, which has found so many or such splendid illustrations.

Side by side with this stream of pictures and carvings runs the kindred current of imagination speaking to the ear instead of to the eye. Traditions and fables, myths and allegories, fragments of history and philosophy, poems and plays and chronicles, gather about the story in marvellous abundance. It is like a trellis overgrown with vines, so luxuriant, so fertile in leaves and blossoms, that the outline of the sustaining structure is almost lost. It would be easy for one who looked at it carelessly to suppose that the whole fabric was flowery and fictitious, with nothing substantial about it. On the other hand, it is no less easy to mistake the growth of fancy for the framework of history, and accept the later legends as if they belonged to the original narrative. Even among the most cautious Christians, who have a rooted dislike for everything that is later than the first century, this mistake is made; and I suppose the hymn,

"We three kings of Orient are,"

is sung in many a Protestant Sunday-school in hearty unconsciousness that its first line embodies two ecclesiastical traditions.

Our first task, then, if we would understand the adoration of the Magi, is to go back to the simple narrative as it is given in the original records of Christianity. Then we must trace the growth of the legend which has been trained about it, and then at length we can hope to comprehend and appreciate something of the works of art in which it has been illustrated. For the study of Christian art, let me say once for all, is no mere pastime to be taken up in an idle hour by those who know little or nothing of Christian history or doctrine. It is a study not only serious, but also useful. It helps to illuminate those beliefs and customs and affections of the past by which it is illuminated. It is profoundly true, as a rule of human activity, that men will not paint or carve that which they do not love and believe. Pictures and sculptures tell the story of religion as veraciously as the decrees of councils and the chronicles of historians. But their meaning does not lie upon the surface. It yields itself only to him who studies them with care and patience in the light of the age from which they came.

The story of the Magi, as it is given by the evangelist Matthew, is astonishingly brief and unadorned. He tells us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreigners arrived at Jerusalem. He does not tell us how many they were, nor of what race, nor of what

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station in life; although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod, and from the fact that they carried treasure boxes with them, that they were persons ancient region of Chaldea, lying beyond the Jordan and the desert. Their explanation of their journey to Herod was that they had seen an appearance in the heavens (whether one star, or many, or a comet,



ONE OF THE MAGI.

From the painting by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence.—[See page 176.]

ot wealth and distinction. The most important statement in regard to them is that they were Magians, that is to say, disciples of Zoroaster, and members of the sacred or priestly order of Persia, which was then widely scattered among the Oriental nations, and included men of exalted rank. They came from the East, a word which to the dwellers in Palestine could hardly have any other meaning than the they did not say) which led them to believe that the King of the Jews had been born, and they had come to do reverence to him. Herod was greatly troubled at hearing this, and sent for the chief priests and scribes to inquire where the prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be born. They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was

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since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him. Having set out on their journey, they saw once more the celestial sign, and its motion was such that it guided them to the place where Jesus was. Coming into the house (for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable), they saw the young Child with Mary his mother, and prostrated themselves before Him in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

It must be confessed that if we accept the tradition as a part of the narrative, and suppose that they saw a new single star which moved directly in front of them all through their journey, and finally took its stand just over the door of the house of Joseph in Bethlehem, it would be difficult to parallel or confirm the story. It must be accepted, then, on simple faith. But if we take the account as it is given by the evangelist, we find a remarkable light thrown upon it by the discoveries of modern astronomy. The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of sidereal events. It occurs only once in eight hundred years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A.U.C., shortly before the birth of Christ. In the following year it took place again, and now the planet Mars joined the conjunction. In 1604 the astronomer Kepler observed a similar conjunction, and saw, between Jupiter and Saturn, a new, brilliant, evanescent star. The astronomical tables of the Chinese, which are the most ancient records of the sky, mention a star of the same character, which, according to the best calculations, appeared and vanished in the year 750 A.U.C. These strange things must have been visible to all who observed the heavens in that year. Certainly they could be seen from Jerusalem, and to one leaving that city they would appear to lead in the direction of Bethlehem. It may be that we have here, in this "fairy tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story of religion, a hint and trace of

"the light that led
The holy elders with their gift of myrrh."

Once having entered the house and found the child whom they sought, their conduct in his presence could hardly have been different from that which is described by the evangelist. Their deep obeisance was a sign of that religious reverence with which every Persian was accustomed to regard a king. The gifts which they took from their treasuries were appropriate to the region from which they were brought and the person to whom they were presented. It may even be that the Magians attached a symbolical meaning to them, for the language of the Orient is figurative; and perhaps Irenæus gives us historic truth as well as poetic beauty when he represents the Wise Men as offering gold to the royalty, and incense to the divinity, and myrrh to the humanity of the new-born King.

It was no wonder that the Christians of Rome, painting upon the walls of their underground hiding-places and cemeteries these rude but cheerful pictures, like bright flowers blossoming in the darkness, which expressed the hope and joy of their early faith, fixed upon this story as one of the first subjects of their art. It spoke to them of the universality of their religion, of its swift passage beyond the narrow limits of the Jewish race, of its coming triumph over all lands and thrones, of the glory and dignity which touched the Christ even in his cradle. For the chapel and for the grave it



FRESCO FROM THE CATACOMBS.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

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THE WISE MEN AND THE STAR.

From the painting by R. Vander Weyden, in the Berlin Museum.—[See page 174.]

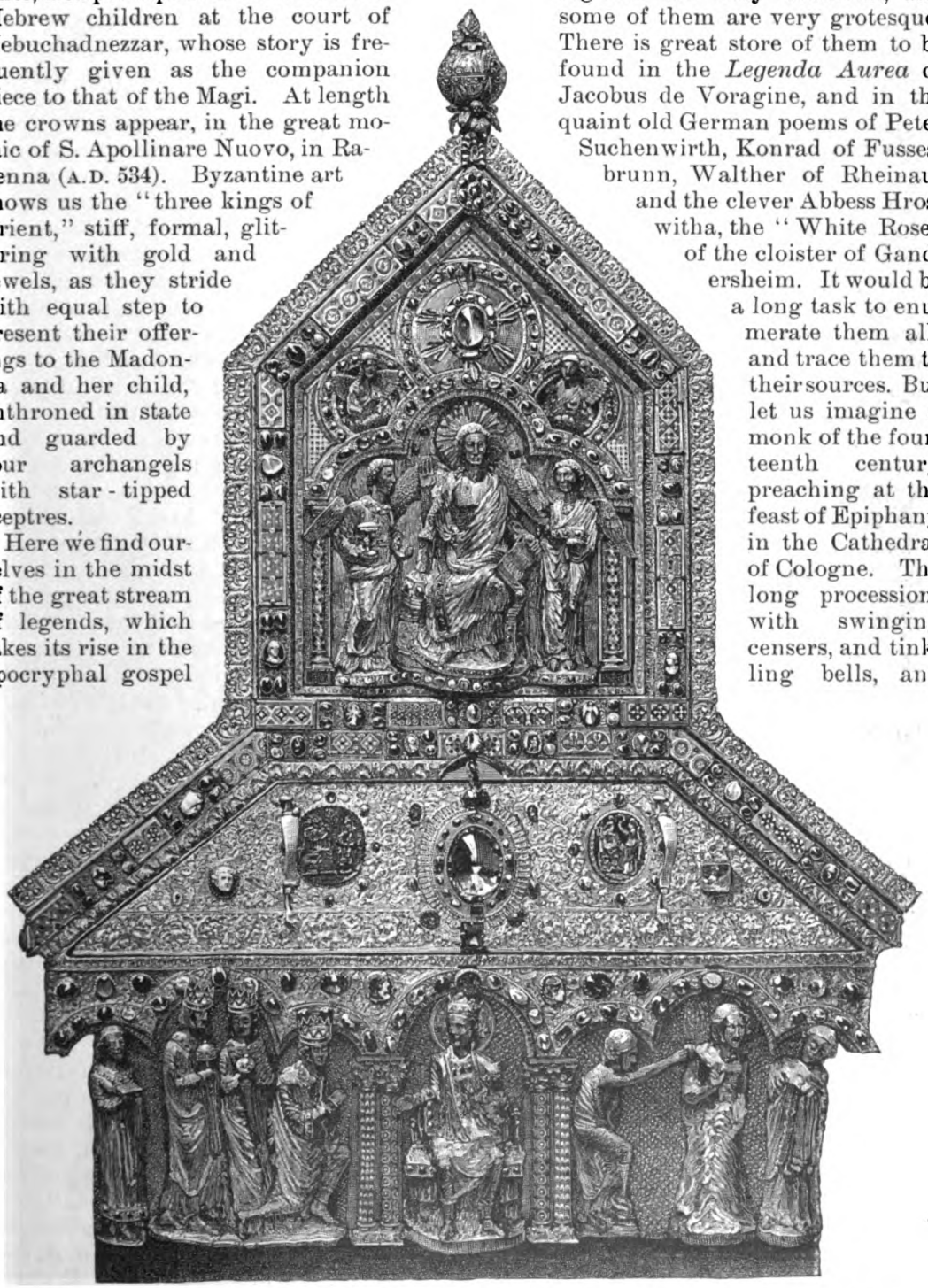
had a word of promise, glad, generous, and exultant. In the hands of these first artists the picture corresponded with the simplicity of the gospel narrative. It was little more than a sketch, a vague outline, without fixed form or curious detail. The number of the Magi varied from six to two. On page 169 is a representation of one of the earliest paintings found on a wall of the Catacomb of SS. Marcellinus and Peter. Mary is seated in a large chair; her brown hair is unveiled, as a sign of her virginity, her bare feet are crossed, and her eyes are downcast. She holds the child in her arms. Two Magi approach, one from either side, and present their gifts in golden dishes. There is no sign of royalty about them; but their Phrygian caps, short tunics, mantles, and Persian trousers show that they come from the East. This picture dates from the first half of the third century.

As we go on tracing the subject through the long series of representations in the fourth and fifth and sixth centuries we find its form becoming more fixed and particular. New details are added: an open book, to show that the Magi were familiar with the prophecy of Balaam; a star above the child, to show the way in which he was

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recognized; an old man standing behind the chair of Mary and pointing upward, to represent Joseph, or the prophet Isaiah, or the Holy Ghost; the heads of camels, to tell the story of the journey. The number of the pilgrims is fixed at three, to correspond with the number of their gifts, and perhaps also with the three Hebrew children at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, whose story is frequently given as the companion piece to that of the Magi. At length the crowns appear, in the great mosaic of S. Apollinare Nuovo, in Ravenna (A.D. 534). Byzantine art shows us the "three kings of Orient," stiff, formal, glittering with gold and jewels, as they stride with equal step to present their offerings to the Madonna and her child, enthroned in state and guarded by four archangels with star-tipped sceptres.

Here we find ourselves in the midst of the great stream of legends, which takes its rise in the apocryphal gospel of St. Thomas, and flows on, through sermons, and mysteries, and miracle-plays, and poems, and chronicles, until finally there is hardly any conceivable question which pious curiosity could ask about the Magi for which the pious fabulist had not a ready answer. Some of these legends are very beautiful, and some of them are very grotesque. There is great store of them to be found in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine, and in the quaint old German poems of Peter Suchenwirth, Konrad of Fussesbrunn, Walther of Rheinau, and the clever Abbess Hroswitha, the "White Rose" of the cloister of Gandersheim. It would be a long task to enumerate them all, and trace them to their sources. But let us imagine a monk of the fourteenth century preaching at the feast of Epiphany in the Cathedral of Cologne. The long procession, with swinging censers, and tinkling bells, and



SHRINE OF THE THREE KINGS—ALTAR-PIECE BY MEISTER STEPHEN IN THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.
From a photograph by the Arundel Society, London.

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waving banners, has carried the splendid golden shrine of the Magi, crusted with precious stones, in its solemn circuit of the church. The music dies away, and the preacher mounts the pulpit and unfolds the familiar tale of wonder.

"In this casket, my children, sleep the bones of three mighty kings. Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar were their names, but in Greek they were called Galgalat, Malgalat, and Sarithin. Now Caspar was sixty years old, and he came from Arabia; Balthasar was forty years old, and he was black, for he came from Saba; Melchior was twenty years old, and his country was Tarshish. These kings had heard the word of the prophet Balaam that a star should come out of Jacob, and they waited for its appearance. Moreover, certain great miracles had happened to them. One of them had seen an ostrich hatch an egg, out of which came a lion and a lamb. Another had beheld a flower more beautiful than a rose, growing on a vine, and out of it flew a dove which prophesied of Christ; and the last had a child born to him which foretold the birth and death of Jesus, and after thirty-three days, as the child had said, it died. So these kings did use to go together to a mighty pleasant place, with fountains and choice trees, on the side of a high mountain, called Mons Victorialis, to watch for the star. And suddenly, while they were praying, with hands and eyes lifted up, it appeared to them in the form of a little babe, exceeding bright and shining, so that all the other stars were lost in its brightness. Then these kings were very glad, and gat them in haste upon their dromedaries, and followed the star day and night, without eating or sleeping, till they came on the thirteenth day to Jerusalem. And some say they went so swiftly because God helped them; but it may have been, my children, that the dromedaries were very fast.

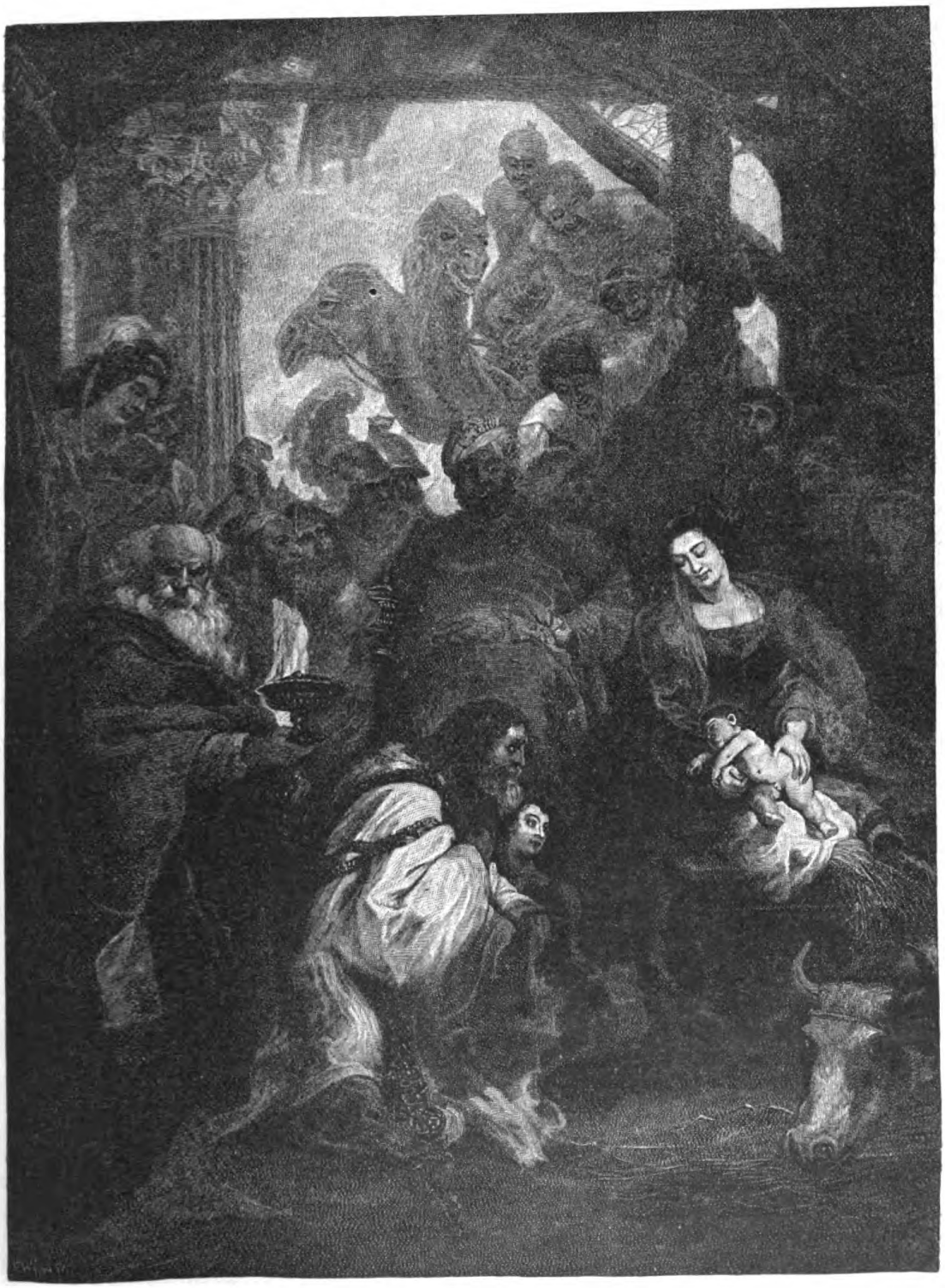
"Now when they had inquired of Herod the place in which the King of the Jews shou'd be born, they went on to Bethlehem; and the star, going before them, stood still over the very house where Jesus was dwelling. So they entered, and found the Holy Virgin and the child, and worshipped them, offering gifts. And Melchior gave thirty pieces of gold, the same which had been made by Terah, the father of Abraham, and given by Joseph to the Sabeans as the price of the spices with which he embalmed the body of Jacob, and brought again by the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit King Solomon. Nor did the three kings forget the parents of our blessed Lord, for as they were departing they gave to the Virgin money and silken robes, and to Joseph gold and jewels. And Mary gave to them one of the linen bands in which the child was swaddled, which they kept as a great treasure, for when it was cast into the fire the flames had no power upon it, but it came out whole.

"Now an angel had spoken unto them in a dream that they should not return to Herod, for he was seeking to destroy them and the young child also. So they took ship, and went around by Tarshish into their own country. But after they had departed the star fell into a deep well hard by the house. And in that place, my children, a great wonder is seen. For those who look into the well behold the star in the bowels of the earth, moving from one side of the well to the other, just as if it were in the sky. But when many persons are looking in, the star appears only to those who are wisest and most sound in mind. And this doubtless is the reason why that French deacon from the church of Tours who went lately to the Holy Land could not see the star, though he looked long into the well.

"Now many years after the three kings had returned to their country the holy apostle Thomas travelled thither and baptized them in the Christian faith. So they went out to preach, and were slain by the barbarous Gentiles of the far East. But the holy Empress Helena of blessed memory discovered their bones, and brought them to Constantinople. From there they were carried to Milan, and not long after the Emperor Barbarossa brought them from that place unto our own city. Here at last the bones of these great travellers and wise kings find their rest, and have worked many great miracles, and are the glory of our city, so that you, my children, must rejoice in them, and give liberally of your gold that this cathedral may be finished to the praise of God and the honor of the three kings."

Something like this was the legend which the curious fancy of the Middle Ages evolved out of the history told by St. Matthew. A modern version of it, less miraculous but more realistic and picturesque, is given in the opening chapter of that wonderful book, *Ben-Hur*, with its

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THE ADORATION.

From the painting by Rubens in the Museum at Antwerp.

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three camels emerging suddenly from the unknown, and its mystic meeting of the travellers in the lonely valley of the desert. If we wish illustrations for the story, there is hardly a single point of it for which we cannot find some creation of art, fantastic, or splendid, or lovely, as the genius of the artist and the spirit of his age and country may have moulded his work.

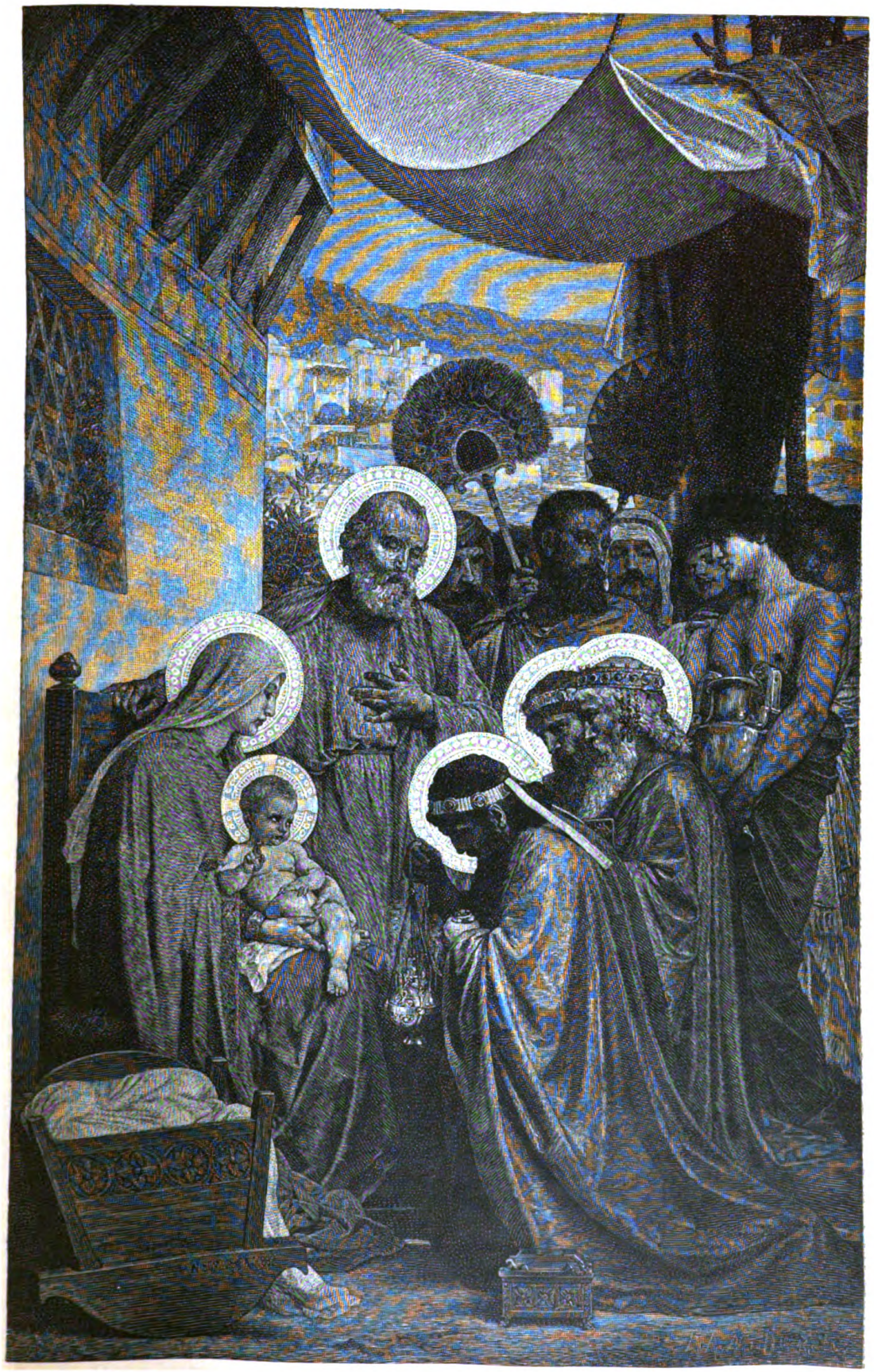
Would you be certified of the names of the kings? Here the sculptor has carved them for you on a bass-relief over the portal of S. Andrea in Pistoia. Would you know how the star appeared to them? Taddeo Gaddi will show you in the chapel of the Baroncelli at Florence; and here also you shall see how St. Thomas baptized them. Would you follow their pilgrimage? You may do so under the guidance of Andrea del Sarto in the cloisters of Sta. Annunziata, or of Peselli in the gallery of the Uffizi, or of Bonanus on the bronze doors of the Cathedral of Pisa. Would you behold them before Herod? You have only to look at the ceiling of the cloister-church at Lambach, or the chancel arch of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. Would you watch their adoration of the Christ-child? Meister Stephen will display it to you above the high altar of Cologne, or Hans Memling in the hospital at Bruges, or Gentile da Fabriano in the Florentine Academy, or Francia in the picture-gallery at Dresden, or Titian in the museum at Madrid, or Palma Vecchio in the Brera at Milan, or Niccola Pisano on the glorious pulpits of Pisa and Siena, or Paul Veronese in the National Gallery at London, or Rembrandt among the treasures of the Queen of England. Would you know how Joseph looked when he received his present? There he is in the bass-relief of the parish church of Villach. Would you see the kings warned in their dream to keep away from Herod? They are sleeping on the portal of the cathedral at Benevento and on Giovanni Pisano's pulpit at Pistoia. Would you behold their embarkation in the ship of Tarshish? Lorenzo Costa sends them off on their homeward journey by water. You have only to choose what you want, devout feeling, or gorgeous color, or dramatic intensity, the patient realism of Germany or the splendid idealism of Italy, marble or wood-carving, bronze or mosaic, fresco or oil-painting, and you shall have it from the hand of a master.

Here are five illustrations of the story, two from the fifteenth century, one from the seventeenth, and two more from the nineteenth.

The painting by Roger Vander Weyden (from the triptych in the Berlin Museum) representing the appearance of the star is well worthy of reproduction, for it is one of the best works of the great school of the Van Eycks, and it shows not only the depth and simplicity of religious feeling, but also the perfection of technique, in early Northern art.

But perhaps the most remarkable and interesting of all pictures of the Magi is Benozzo Gozzoli's long fresco of the "Viaggio" in the Riccardi Palace at Florence. Now this Benozzo was a delicious man, most correct in his conduct, respected and beloved by his neighbors because of his amazing industry and exemplary piety. But he was filled with a great passion of wonder and delight for all the creatures of God. Everything that was in the world seemed to him curious and beautiful and worthy to be painted, and as soon as he began a picture he was carried away with desire to show the excellent things that he had seen in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. So it was that when the Medici sent for him to adorn the chapel of their palace with a representation of the Wise Men of the East, this quick-eyed, sharp-faced, bald-headed little painter, working month after month by lamplight (for there was no window in the room), covered the entire walls with the most wonderful and splendid procession that ever was seen. Prancing steeds, stately warriors, graceful pages, wrinkled councillors, spearmen and huntsmen, footmen and horsemen, sleek greyhounds, leaping stags, spotted leopards, and keen-eyed hawks, all go winding forever through a landscape of rock and river and valley, in which the pines stand straight and solemn, and the laurels show their glossy leaves, and the palms lift feathery heads against the sky. Michael Paleologus, Emperor of the East, dark, haughty, superb in his dress of green and gold, rides on with his face turned upward and his right hand upon his hip, looking just as he did when he rode through the streets of Florence in 1439. The graybeard Patriarch of Constantinople, the founders of the family of Medici, little Giuliano with his hunting-leopard

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THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

From the painting by William Bouguereau in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris.

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behind him, the painter himself with his name on his cap, find a place in the train. But the central figure is doubtless this beautiful young Lorenzo, afterward called the Magnificent. With dark curls clustering about his smooth olive cheeks, and proud eyes looking out at you serenely, with hands crossed over his gemmy bridle, and spurred feet daintily touching the stirrups, he bestrides his grand white charger, which tosses its head as if to say, "I am carrying the flower of the Medicean house, the hope and glory of Florence." But was he one of the Magi? What has all this to do with the story of the gospel? Little enough, to be sure, if we take it literally; but it was the best that Benozzo knew of the pomp and splendor of earth; and if the innocent old painter could only have brought it all in truth to the feet of the infant Christ, Florence might have had a happier history, and the dream of the Emperor Paleologus might have been fulfilled in the union of Eastern and Western Christendom.

The immense "Adoration" in the museum at Antwerp is one of the most triumphant works of that robustious pagan Peter Paul Rubens, who went to mass every morning, and used the same model for a Madonna and a Venus. It is said that he finished the picture in thirteen days. It was a *tour de force*, yet from a painter's point of view there is hardly a stroke or a color to be altered. The figures are wrapped in a flood of warm light, brilliant without glare, and filled with harmonious tones. Types of beauty and of ugliness appear side by side. The two noble princes in the foreground; the burly African in green and peacock blue, with his thick lips and rolling eyes, looking down in scornful surprise upon the babe whom he must worship; the grotesque heads of the camels; the grinning Nubians peering beneath the cobwebbed beams of the stable; the joyous child, leaning from the lap of his mother, who smiles at his eagerness; the curious spectators; the soldiers' helmets; the Corinthian pillar in the background; the head of the ox, dashed into the foreground with a few swift, sure strokes of the brush—what a vigorous tableau is this! How rich, how dramatic, how frankly heathen!

The picture by Bouguereau in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, is likewise one of the greatest that its author has painted. But here we have passed from the religious atmosphere of Antwerp in the seventeenth century to that of Paris in the nineteenth. The artist is learned; he respects the traditions; he is devout; he will not lose the doctrinal meaning of the scene. Yet he is, above all, a beauty worshipper. He must have graceful outlines, smooth surfaces, sweet colors. The heads of the kneeling kings are exquisite; the face of the Virgin is tender and refined; the figure of Joseph, standing with hand upon his breast, is perhaps the best of all, grave and kind, dignified and protecting. But, after all, the picture lacks something. It has an air of unreality about it, a beauty which is too elaborate. It is not deep enough. It says too much and too little; for a truly great painting must be at once frank and reserved. It must have a mystery in it, something below the surface, which leads the mind on into the secret of visions.

When we come to Lafarge's picture in the Church of the Incarnation, at New York, we find these conditions met, and may justly say that this latest work of art upon the familiar theme is also one of the noblest. It fulfils in large measure the hope which was expressed in this Magazine two years ago, that the wonderful story of the birth of the Christ-child might have a worthy illustration in our own age and our own country.

In drawing, the picture is not faultless; there is a touch of insecurity in some of the outlines. In color, it is a daring and victorious experiment, which may well be compared with the famous "blue Titian" in London. In spirit, it is far above any religious picture that Titian ever attempted. The painter has abandoned the traditions, and returned to the simplicity of the gospel narrative. He shows us four pilgrims, not kings, but Magians of the East. One of them has dismounted, and kneels, uncovered, with outstretched, trembling hands, a sincere and eloquent figure. The others, seated high upon their wearied horses, are still in the background. A shining angel, white as snow, points to the couch where Mary is lying with her babe.

How significant the action with which she lifts the veil from "the light of the world"! How sublime the meaning of the scene! For now the sweet pastoral seclusion of the Nativity, with its angelic songs

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"THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST TO JERUSALEM, SAYING, WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING OF THE JEWS?"

From the painting by John Lafarge in the Church of the Incarnation, New York.

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and wondering shepherds (represented in a companion picture by the same artist, an engraving from which serves as the frontispiece to this number), is broken by the contact of the great world. The vast stream of history, flowing down from the cradle of nations in the Orient, sweeps suddenly toward the cradle of Jesus. The past, with all its venerable traditions, the scattered races of mankind, the philosophy of the ages, the honor and power and wealth of earthly kingdoms, come thronging dimly in the train of these mysterious visitors to do homage to an infant on his mother's breast.

And when our world learns this lesson; when pride bows down to meekness, and experience does homage to innocence; when every child is reverenced as a royal heir of heaven because it is a brother of the Christ-child—then the Epiphany will come, and a great light will lighten the nations.

THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BY J. S. FARRER.

THE palace of Monte Citorio was, not many years ago, the head-quarters of the papal police. The American tourist was required to leave his passport at Monte Citorio within twenty-four hours after entering Rome, and when the time came for him to leave Rome he had again to visit Monte Citorio, and to receive back his passport, covered with seals and miraculously illegible signatures. To-day the Chamber of Deputies of a free nation meets at Monte Citorio.

The palace is an immense building, but it contained no room large enough to hold five hundred and eight Deputies. The great square court-yard was therefore roofed over and converted into a hall, attractive in appearance and admirable in its acoustic properties. At one side of the hall is the throne and the President's chair. Immediately below is a long table, at which the ministers sit to be baited with questions by the opposition, and the rest of the space is occupied by rows of semicircular seats, rising one above another, and on parliamentary field nights almost completely filled by a legislative body the superior of which in ability and patriotism it would be difficult to find among the parliaments of constitutional Europe and America. Provision is made for the public by galleries which encircle three sides of the hall, and to which women are admitted as freely as men.

The Chamber consists of five hundred and eight Deputies, representing one hundred and thirty-five electoral districts. In order to be an elector an Italian male citizen must be of age, must be able to read and write, and must pay taxes to the amount of at least nineteen lire and eighty centesimi annually, equivalent to about $3 82. Of the whole number of electors in Italy about one-half ordinarily stay away from the polls. A comparatively small proportion of these abstinents are partisans of the temporal power of the Popes, and as such decline to recognize the legitimacy of the Italian government by taking part in a parliamentary election. Why thousands of loyal men decline to take the trouble to vote has never been satisfactorily explained. It is perhaps due to a cheerful optimism which assumes that the best candidate is sure to be elected without the aid of any one individual voter. The result is that "the favorite" is not infrequently beaten, simply because his friends have been too confident of his success to go to the polls.

The members of the Chamber receive no pay, and almost their only perquisite is a free pass over the Italian railways. In a country where railways are government property a railway pass given to a legislator cannot in any possible way be construed as an effort to corrupt him, and in point of fact the more frequently a legislator travels over a government railway, the more readily he perceives any defects that may exist in its management, and the more anxious he is for their removal.

A Deputy holds office for six years, unless the Chamber is dissolved in the mean time. In point of fact he is almost certain to lose his seat through a dissolution long before his six years have expired. There have been six Italian parliaments since 1867, and the last general election took place in 1886. The average life of an Italian parliament has thus latterly been only about three years, though the probability is that hereafter general elections will be less frequent.

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BERNARDINO GRIMALDI,
Minister of Agriculture.



GIUSEPPE ZANARDELLI,
Minister of Grace and Justice.



AGOSTINO MAGLIANI,
Minister of Finance.



GIUSEPPE SARACCO,
Minister of Public Works.



COAT OF ARMS.



FRANCESCO CRISPI,
Minister of the Interior.



AGOSTINO DEPRETIS,
Prime-Minister.



GEN. ETTORE BERTOLE VIALE,
Minister of War.



BENEDETTO BRIN,
Minister of Marine.

THE LAST CABINET.

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When a Deputy has proved himself an honest and capable man, he rarely fails of a re-election whenever he desires it. As for the men who took part, on the field or in the forum, in the great work of the Italian *risorgimento*, they have almost a prescriptive right to sit in the Chamber. Thus Garibaldi was always elected to parliament, although he was never present except at one session, and although during his later years it was manifestly impossible that he should attend to any legislative duties. What will seem odd in comparison with our American political methods was the refusal of Garibaldi's political opponents to nominate any candidate against him, for the reason that it was thought "indelicate" to oppose a man who had fought so magnificently for his country.

The occupation of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, and the removal of the Chamber of Deputies from Florence to the new capital of united Italy, to a great extent removed the political differences between the two great parties, the parliamentary Right and Left. The former had been somewhat more conservative than the latter. It claimed to inherit the traditions of Cavour and Ricasoli, while the Left called itself the Party of Progress, and professed to be impatient of the slower methods of its opponent. When no longer divided by the question what policy would soonest complete the unity of Italy by securing Rome as its capital, the two parties differed only as to minor questions of administrative detail.

In 1876 the Left, under the leadership of Signor Depretis, came into power with an overwhelming majority. The majority, however, was too large to secure a harmonious administration. The Left was divided into groups captained by half a dozen prominent men, and these groups could not be permanently held together in support of Depretis. During the years from 1876 to 1879 there were four successive cabinets, each of which in turn was overthrown by a combination of the Right with two or three dissatisfied groups of the Left. A permanent government, at least one which lasted until the spring of 1887, was finally secured by what is known in Italy as "transformism." The supporters of Signor Depretis claim that as there had ceased to be any real difference of political programme between the Left and the Right, this "transformism" was nothing more than the patriotic decision of the greater part of the men of the Right, then led by the late Signor Minghetti, to give to the Depretis administration a hearty support. That part of the party of the Left which opposed Depretis claimed that transformism was the desertion by him and his immediate followers to the Right, and that the new party thus formed was simply the old Right, led by the chief whom the Left had placed in power.

The practical result of transformism was a new division of the Chamber into the party of Depretis and the party of his opponents. There were, it is true, a few "Dissidents," members of the old Right who preferred to maintain an independent attitude rather than to accept the leadership of Depretis; but the greater part of the Right, including the subdivision of the so-called Centre, accepted transformism, as the greater part of the Left rejected it. In the face of the new enemy, the groups of the Left abandoned their occasional hostility to one another, and formed a close alliance, popularly known as the "Pentarchy," from the fact that while the parliamentary leadership of the party was given to Signor Cairoli, its policy was really conducted by a sort of informal commission of five prominent chiefs of groups, Signori Cairoli, Crispi, Nicotira, Zanardelli, and Baccarini.

In the winter of 1886–7 occurred the massacre of Dogali. Five hundred Italian soldiers, unexpectedly attacked by fully 15,000 Abyssinians, stood their ground with a heroism that has never been surpassed since Thermopylæ. Over four hundred were killed, and their bodies were afterward found lying in ranks, as if they had been shot down at parade. Only eighty escaped, by feigning death, all of whom, with a single exception, were badly wounded.

In the first excitement caused in Italy by the news of this massacre there was the usual impulse to hold the government responsible, justly or unjustly, for the death of the heroes of Dogali. The Dissident Right had been slowly growing in numbers, and the opponents of Depretis proved so strong that, although he obtained a vote of confidence, it was by such a small majority that he resigned.

It was, however, so apparent that neither the party of Depretis nor the party of the Pentarchy could secure a good working majority that the parliamentary cri-

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sis lasted for some weeks, and it was due to a new phase of transformism that a new administration was secured. This time Signor Depretis turned to his opponents of the Pentarchy, and induced Signori Crispi and Zanardelli to join with him in a new cabinet. In this cabinet there were, in addition to Depretis himself and four other members of the old cabinet, Signori Crispi and Zanardelli, of the Pentarchy, and Signor Saracco, of the old Right. By this new transformism Signor Depretis secured, for a time at least, the accession of a very large part of the Left, retained the support of the Right, and received in addition the support of many members of the Dissident Right. The Pentarchy was virtually dissolved, and the opportunity for the followers of Cairoli, Nicotera, and Baccarini to come into power has been indefinitely postponed.

Toward the latter part of the winter of 1887 the health of Signor Depretis began to fail. Insomnia and a partial cessation of the digestive functions soon reduced him to a condition which made it impossible for him to preside over the meetings of the cabinet, and that duty was assumed by Signor Crispi. On the approach of hot weather the aged statesman was removed to his home at Stradella, where he died on the 29th of July, in his seventy-sixth year. Events had so clearly pointed out Signor Crispi as the successor of Depretis that the King lost no time in placing him formally at the head of the government.

Unquestionably the foremost man in the Chamber was Agostino Depretis. He was the only man who had been a member of every Chamber that had been elected since the constitution of the Italian kingdom. He had been in public life continuously since 1848. He was a Piedmontese, and was born near Stradella in 1811. In his early political life he was an advanced liberal, and as such was elected to the Sardinian parliament. He was in Sicily with Garibaldi, who left him in Palermo as pro-dictator when the Thousand and their comrades crossed to the main-land, and he was afterward, with Crispi and Mordini, regarded as one of the chiefs of the loyal Italian democracy. He became Minister of Public Works in the cabinet of Rattazzi in 1862, and with Rattazzi went out of office after the affair of Aspromonte. In 1866 he was Minister of the Marine under Ricasoli, and a year later he became Minister of Finance.

The death of Rattazzi left Depretis the leader of the Left, and when the Left came into power in 1876 Depretis was called upon to form the cabinet. Twice since then he has returned to power by the defeat of his adversaries, and more than once the King found it necessary to refuse to accept his resignation, simply because no man could be found to take his place.

However close may have been the affiliation of Depretis with the Garibaldians in earlier years, he had become decidedly conservative even before his first feat of transformism made him the leader of a new Right. Of his devotion to constitutional monarchy no one can have the slightest doubt, and the record of his life is a sufficient evidence of his unswerving patriotism. His vast experience in public life gave him a knowledge of parliamentary tactics in which no one except Crispi can dream of rivalling him; and in the art of holding together his followers and of conciliating his opponents he was easily without a rival.

Before the late crisis Depretis was President of the Council, or Prime-Minister, and Count Nicolo di Robilant was Minister of Foreign Affairs. The latter retired when the cabinet was reconstructed, and Depretis assumed his portfolio in addition to his duties as Prime-Minister. Although Count di Robilant is not now a member of the Chamber, he was so recently Minister of Foreign Affairs that his name can hardly be passed without mention. He, like Depretis, is a Piedmontese, but it was not until 1871, or when he had reached the age of forty-five, that he entered the diplomatic service. His early life was passed in the army, where he rose to the rank of major-general. His empty coat sleeve — he lost his arm at Novara — as well as his tall, slim figure, renders him conspicuous whenever he is seen among a group of public men. He was made Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Vienna in 1871, and five years later was made ambassador. To the skill of this able diplomatist is due in a large measure the cordial relations which exist between Austria and Italy. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1885, and whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the conduct of the Italian Foreign Office while it was occupied by

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ANTONIO MORDINI.



DIEGO TAJANI.



RUGGERO BONGHI.



GIOVANNI NICOTERA.



DUKE OF SAN DONATO.



GIUSEPPE BIANCHERI.



FREDERICO SEISMIT-DODA.



BENEDETTO CAIROLI.



FRANCESCO GENALA.



PASQUALE MANCINI.



GIUDO BACELLI.



SILVIO SPAVENTA.

ITALIAN DEPUTIES.

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Count di Robilant, even his opponents recognize in him an able diplomatist, a gallant soldier, and a man of stainless honor.

Italy has been fortunate in possessing a number of eminent financiers, for the financial problem which the new kingdom had to face was more difficult than any political problem. In Signor Scialoja Italy possessed one of the great financiers of the century, and Signor Magliani, the present Minister of Finance, is believed by his admirers to be hardly the inferior of Scialoja. Certainly only a very slight acquaintance with recent Italian history is needed to prove that Magliani is an exceptionally able manager of the finances of the country. It was Magliani who solved the problem of the resumption of specie payments—a task of enormous difficulty in a state as heavily taxed as Italy has necessarily been. Signor Magliani, like many of the prominent statesmen of to-day, is a native of the south of Italy. He was born in 1824, and since arriving at manhood has devoted himself to politico-economical and financial studies, in connection with which subjects he has published a number of books and pamphlets. He has never sat as a Deputy, but for his eminent services he was made Senator in 1871, and passed directly from the Senate to the Ministry of Finance.

In Italy, as in France, the Minister of War is always a soldier, and the Minister of the Marine is usually a naval officer. The new Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Bertolè-Viale, distinguished himself in wars of Italian independence, and was more than once a Deputy, representing the district of Crescentino in the Chamber. He was three times Minister of War in the three cabinets of General Menabrea, and succeeded General Ricotti as Minister of War in the Depretis cabinet.

Benedetto Brin, the Minister of the Marine, is a native of Turin, and a naval engineer and constructor. He rose to high rank in that branch of the service before he became Minister of Marine in the cabinet of Depretis in 1876, in that of Cairoli in 1878, and again in that of Depretis in 1884. To him, perhaps more than to any other man, is due the successful prosecution of the policy which has furnished the Italian navy with its gigantic ironclads.

Signor Francesco Crispi, the Minister of the Interior, is a Sicilian. He was born in 1819, and although he studied law, nature intended him for a revolutionist, and at an early age he ranged himself with the intelligent and virtuous men of southern Italy in what then seemed the nearly hopeless task of conspiring to drive out that Bourbon government called by Mr. Gladstone "the negation of God." The active part taken by him in the insurrection of 1848 forced him to take the path of exile. Expelled from Paris by Napoleon III., he went to London, where he was on intimate relations with the veteran conspirator Mazzini, until, with nearly all the other exiles, he returned to the Peninsula in 1859.

To Crispi is due to a very great extent the famous expedition of the Thousand. At the peril of his life he went to Sicily in disguise, and carried the fiery cross of revolution through the cities and the mountain villages. Having thus prepared the way, he returned to North Italy, and by his report induced Garibaldi to undertake the redemption of Sicily. Crispi was one of the Thousand, and was throughout the whole campaign Garibaldi's most trusted political adviser. Entering the Italian parliament, he immediately became one of the leaders of the Left; but, like many other republican conspirators, he frankly accepted the government of Victor Emmanuel, and his loyalty has never been for a moment doubted. He was President of the Chamber in 1876, and afterward Minister of the Interior for a short time.

Next to Depretis, Crispi has been unquestionably the most skilful parliamentarian in the Chamber. He is an admirable debater, and an extremely clever political manager. Although not the nominal chief of the Pentarchy, he was in reality its leader. His tall figure and snow-white mustache make him one of the striking individualities of the Chamber, and he has in his face the unmistakable look of a man of power and courage.

Giuseppe Zanardelli, the Minister of Grace and Justice, is a Brescian. He fought as a volunteer in the Sardinian ranks at Novara, and at an early age was elected a Deputy in the Sardinian parliament. He is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in Italy, and his knowledge of political economy and of jurisprudence is perhaps greater than that of any other statesman. He is a profound admirer of John Stuart Mill, and has generally been regarded as the most radical of the leaders

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of the Pentarchy. He has once before held his present portfolio, and was also in 1878 Minister of the Interior. He is nervous and excitable in manner, and has a peculiarly incisive style in debate. Few men in Italy are more thoroughly respected by men of all parties than is Zanardelli, and his writings on legal and politico-economical subjects have a European reputation.

The Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, Signor Bernardino Grimaldi, looks younger than he really is, for he is now forty-six. He is from Catanzaro, in the extreme south of Italy, and, like most of the Southern Deputies, is a lawyer by profession. In 1878 he was Minister of Finance, and was a not unworthy successor of the older and more eminent financiers who had preceded him. As yet, Grimaldi is looked upon as a "coming man," for in a country where a statesman of seventy years of age is regarded as in the prime of life, a statesman of forty-six is supposed to be only on the threshold of public life.

Signor Giuseppe Saracco was taken from the Senate-Chamber, during the last crisis, to be made the successor of Signor Francesco Genala in the Ministry of Public Works. Signor Genala, who is an able jurisconsult and a brilliant writer upon purely literary as well as legal topics, made a very satisfactory minister, but in the reconstruction of the cabinet Signor Saracco was given the portfolio of Public Works as the representative of the old Right. Like Genala, Saracco is a North Italian, and although in former ministries he has held important posts as Secretary-General, he has never before been a member of the cabinet. He was made Senator in 1865, where he has been recognized as one of the ablest debaters, especially in all matters connected with finance and with public works.

Signor Michele Coppino, another Piedmontese, is the Minister of Public Instruction. As Professor of Rhetoric in Turin he became famous for his lectures on Dante. He has been Minister of Public Instruction on six different occasions and in five different ministries, of all political shades—a fact which is the strongest testimony to his eminent fitness.

In Benedetto Cairoli, the accepted leader of the Pentarchy, the romance of Italian politics finds a splendid personification. He is a native of Pavia, and in the days of '48 he, a young man of twenty-two, fought in the ranks of the students of the university against Austria. Since that date Cairoli never failed to respond to the call to arms. He was one of the Thousand of Marsala, and one of the bravest of the brave at Mentana. His four brothers died for Italy on the battlefield or in the hospital, and to the wounds which he had received in battle Cairoli added the wound made by Passanante's dagger when the life of King Umberto was saved by Prime-Minister Cairoli, who threw himself between the King and the assassin.

Cairoli became Prime-Minister in 1878, and again in 1879. Later he was Minister of Foreign Affairs under Depretis. When Depretis became the leader of the transformed Right, Cairoli became the leader of the Left—a place which he will unquestionably hold as long as he remains in public life. Soon after Crispi and Zanardelli were taken into the cabinet he received the collar of the Annunziata, the highest honor in the gift of the King.

Without the political experience of Depretis, Cairoli shares in perhaps an equal degree the confidence of the country. His spotless character, his romantic history as a knight of Italian liberty, and his wonderful personal magnetism have made him the idol of his followers. He is a splendid orator, and the spell of his presence wins recruits to his standard even among those who regard him as inferior to more than one other statesman in real statesmanship. He is a modern Chevalier Bayard, and in making him their leader the men of the Pentarchy paid a profound tribute to the power of stainless integrity and heroic patriotism.

In 1857 a handful of young men, led by Carlo Pisacane, landed at Sapri, in South Italy, to raise the flag of revolt against the Bourbons. They were attacked and overwhelmed by numbers. Pisacane and many others were killed, and the remainder taken prisoners. Among the latter was Baron Giovanni Nicotera, the second in command. Nicotera was a Calabrian, who took part in the Neapolitan insurrection of May, 1848. After its failure he managed to escape, and fought bravely in the defence of Rome. His reckless bravery as well as his ardent republicanism made him readily join the forlorn hope led by Pisacane.

Nicotera was tried and condemned to

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death, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was taken to Favignana, a desert island off the west coast of Sicily, and placed in a cell that even the Neapolitan officer in command of the prison called "not very healthy."

Set free by the coming of Garibaldi to Sicily, Nicotera joined the Garibaldians as soon as his strength would permit. He fought magnificently at the Volturno, and took part in every subsequent Garibaldian campaign, including those of Aspromonte and Mentana.

In the Chamber, while Nicotera has been one of the leaders of the Left, he has never been an extreme radical. He was Minister of the Interior in 1876, and is now, next to Cairoli, the most prominent leader of the party of the late Pentarchy.

At Nicotera's trial he was defended by Diego Tajani, a liberal Neapolitan lawyer, who soon after was himself compelled to go into exile. Tajani has for some years represented the district of Amalfi, and was recently Minister of Grace and Justice under Depretis.

The southern provinces have furnished and continue to furnish many of the ablest members of the Italian bar. Pasquale Mancini is generally regarded as the foremost advocate in Italy, and forty years ago, while Naples was under King Bomba, Mancini had made a reputation that was European. Like all other able Neapolitans, Mancini was dreaded by the King, and in 1849 he fled to Turin to escape imprisonment. After the unification of Italy he was elected to parliament, and in 1881 became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the cabinet, of which Depretis was President of the Council. To Mancini was due in a large measure the occupation by the Italians of Massowah, on the Red Sea. Signor Mancini left the cabinet in 1885, and was succeeded by Count Robilant. He has not since taken any active part in politics, although he retains his seat in the Chamber.

Another conspicuous Neapolitan Deputy is the democratic Duca di San Donato. Although a member of a distinguished patrician family, Di San Donato was imprisoned for liberalism in 1847, and was driven into exile in 1849. He became a prominent journalist in Piedmont, fought under Garibaldi in 1859, and has represented Naples in the Chamber almost continuously since the meeting of the first Italian parliament. Although he is ranked with the Left, he occupies himself very little with national politics, and devotes himself wholly to his Neapolitan constituents.

The two leaders of the Dissident Right, or, in other words, that part of the old Cavourian Right which was unwilling frankly to accept transformism and place itself under Depretis, are both from the South. Of these Silvio Spaventa, who was born in the mountains of the Abruzzi, is incontestably one of the foremost men in parliament. He was a Professor of Philosophy at Monte Casino, and being guilty of the crime of liberalism, was thrown into prison by King Bomba in 1848, where he remained until set free by Garibaldi twelve years later. He first sat in parliament as a Deputy from Naples, but having been defeated in the election of 1876, he accepted a candidacy in Bergamo, which city he still represents. He was Minister of the Interior in 1862, and Minister of Public Works in 1873. At present he is a member of the Council of State.

The Marquis Antonio di Rudini is from Sicily. He was Minister of the Interior in 1869, and although when transformism was new he supported Depretis, he has since joined with Spaventa, with whom he shares the leadership of the Dissidents.

If any one man, now that Minghetti is dead, and the old Right has apparently passed wholly under the control of Depretis, can be said to be the leader of the Right, it is Ruggero Bonghi, who as Minister of Public Instruction in 1874 gave a vast impulse to the cause of popular education in Italy. Signor Bonghi is "the scholar in politics." He is a man of immense and varied learning, and perhaps the ablest Italian author of the day. He has been Professor of Philosophy at Pavia, of Latin Literature at Florence, of Ancient History at Milan, and since 1870 of Ancient History in the Roman University. Liberal in religion as well as in politics, Bonghi is nevertheless a thoroughly earnest believer in Christianity, and his influence is always hostile to infidelity, and on the side of purity in creed and life. He is, with the possible exception of Cairoli, the most magnetic orator in the Chamber, and has all the traditional warmth and enthusiasm of the South. A Neapolitan, Bonghi of course went into exile in 1848, but he now represents a Venetian constituency in parliament.

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And takes his snuff from a jewelled box).
They have cunningly carven singing clocks
In their refectory; when they dine
They drink the best and the beadiest wine;
They have silver spoons and forks—nay, more,
They have special spoons for the *café noir*
That clears their brains when the feast is o'er.

"This Dagobert" (so the Padre said)
"Usurps the power of the Church's Head,
And cares not a fig what Rome has wrought!
The Santa Cruzada itself is naught;
And thirty years it hath been, in full,
Since Papal or Apostolic Bull
Hath reached his flock; but the people fare
Content to follow the singing Père;
For in truth he sings, and sings, alas!
With a seraph's tongue at the daily mass."

Further he told how this singing priest
Forgot the fast and shifted the feast
Of the Holy Church at his own good will,
With the people blindly following still.
He hinted at comely quadroons astare
With bold black eyes at morning prayer
In the convent chapel, or strolling, gay,
Through the convent halls at close of day.
"And the rascals grow daily richer! Your Grace"
(He groaned) "must look to this godless place,
And humble the head of this haughty friar!"

His Grace was shocked. With a holy ire
He sped his edict across the sea.
But a wrathful Province heard the decree,
And Governor, Alcalde, citizen staid,
Riffraff, soldier, matron, and maid,
All swore nor Church nor State should dare
To rob them of Father Dagobert!
So back to Spain the Padre went,
Humbled himself, and penitent.
The Père, unruffled, pursued his way,
Disturbed nor vexed to his dying day;
And the friars rejoiced to their convent's core,
And slept and ate at their ease once more.

III.

Down in the weed-grown Cimetière
St. Louis reposes the worthy Père;
And they say, when the nights are warm and sweet,
And stayed is the sound of passing feet,
That he clambers down from his snug retreat
In the crumbling vault, and up and down
The narrow walks, in his fine serge gown
And three-cornered hat, he makes his way,
And sings as he goes till the break of day;
And the powdered dames of the old *régime*,
And the pigtail courtiers, all agleam
With jewels and orders, come thronging out
From tombs and vaults—a shadowy rout—

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To sit atop of the mouldy stones
That cover the common plebeian bones,
And listen, all wrapped in a vapory mist;
While the hands they have pressed, the lips they have kissed,
In the olden days, grow warm again,
And the eyes whereon rusty coins have lain
For a hundred years and more grow bright
With the deathless joys of a long-gone night.

—A bell in Don Almonaster's tower
By the old Place d'Armes rings out the hour.
Short in his canticle stops the Père
To cross himself and mutter a prayer;
Then he climbs to his chilly resting-place
And pulls his cope up over his face,
And folds his hands in a patient way,
And rests himself through the livelong day.

The dames and courtiers slowly rise,
Brushing the dews from their softened eyes,
And courtesying grandly as they go,
They pass along in a stately row;
They pause at the doors of their family tombs—
Glancing askance at the inner glooms,
And lifting a finger with slow demur—
To say with that air of a *connoisseur*
That greeted a Manon, when she and they
Trod the stage of the *vieux carré*,
"*Ma foi!* 'tis a wondrous thing and rare,
The singing of Father Dagobert!"

VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.

"IT'S a girl," said Roden, laying a wager with himself. "No; it's a boy. Hanged if it isn't a girl!" He took his short brier-wood pipe from his mouth, knocked out its contents against the side of the wagon, and pocketed it.

The time of the year was January, the scene a country road in Virginia, and it was drizzling a thick Scotch drizzle, abetted by a lusty east wind. Even the branches of the straggling locust-trees that lined the red road seemed clogged with it. It hung in folds upon the sides of the mountains, and was blown in masses between the clefts of the rolling meadows.

Roden was not only a new arrival in Virginia, but in America, and the impression made upon him had not, to speak very moderately, been favorable. Coming from Washington, some one in the train had asked him if it did not remind him of England. He had answered with some curtness that it did not, demanding at the same time why he should be particularly reminded of England by the state of the weather in Virginia. His interlocutor had replied with the never-failing urbanity of the Virginian farmer that "anybody could tell he was an Englisher by th' way he talked, and them loose pants."

At the moment he first saw the figure alluded to, the owner of the British accent and the "loose pants" was shivering in spite of the top-coat turned up about his ears and the soft hat pulled down to meet it.

It was indeed a girl; she wore a soft hat, the counterpart of his own, fashioned of the same stuff as her dark gray jacket and the kirtle which reached just below her knees. On her legs were shooting gaiters of russet leather, decidedly influenced as to color by the tyrannic soil, and on her feet stout cowhide boots. She

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carried a gun on her shoulder, and a game-bag hung at her side. She further appeared to be bounded on the east, west, north, and south by dogs. An old mastiff lounged sulkily at her heels. Far in front a collie gave chase to a stately buzzard, which sailed away undisturbed by its pursuer's shrill barking, while an asthmatic pug sought a Juggernautal fate between the ponderous wagon wheels, and a little black-and-tan terrier, sniffing hither and thither among the mist-drenched weeds, reminded Roden of the accounts of the Dendaen ants as related by the credulous Herodotus.

The girl, who had been walking with head bent, looked up as the creaking of the wagon wheels arrested her attention.

"I beg your pardon," said Roden, "but can you tell me if I am on the right road to Caryston Hall? I think that's the name."

She looked at him seriously for a moment, and then said: "Yes, you are. I s'pose you're th' new Englishman. Are you?"

"I suppose so," said Roden. "My name is Roden. I have bought a farm somewhere in this neighborhood, and it is called Caryston Hall."

"That's it," she said; "you're right. My father's th' overseer there. Why don't you get down and walk? You look so cold. I'll show you."

"Thank you," said Roden; "I think I will;" and he jumped down beside her.

Judging by her attire, he had at first thought her a sporting country-woman of his own, like himself an exile in a far country; but after she had spoken he found that the soft, slow intonation was strange to his ear. "The overseer business explains it," he thought. "She is a native, and this language is Virginian." In the mean time the girl was also making mental observations. He was the third English gentleman she had seen, though of immigrant Britishers she had known full threescore and ten. She was thinking that he had spoken to her with an unusual civility, and wondering how long it would continue. Civility this young Virginian had not found to be a characteristic of the British settler in her native State.

"I'm very lucky to have met you," said Roden, as they walked on, having dismissed the services of the ancient wagoner, whom the girl addressed as "Unc' Dick." "I would like to ask you some questions about the place, and it's awfully kind of you to go back with me."

She said, indifferently, and without lifting her eyes this time: "Oh, I was goin' back anyway! 'Tisn't any bother."

Her long strides matched Roden's exactly, and the rapid motion through the stiffly yielding medium under foot began to warm his veins. They saw the serpentine flourish of Unc' Dick's voluminous whip-lash outlined against the pale sky as the wagon descended a hill just in front of them. Two more buzzards appeared, slanting in still absorption toward the west. Instantly the collie was after them.

"Why didn't you telegraph?" said the girl, suddenly.

"I did," said Roden, with some grimness. "I telegraphed twice. I also had the pleasure of re-reading both telegrams when I arrived at the station about an hour ago."

"Seems to me," she said, turning to look over her shoulder at the mastiff, pug, and terrier, who were having a tow-row over an old shoe (which same seem to be sown in lieu of corn in the thorns by the Virginian way-side)—"Seems to me that letters reach us twice as quick as telegrams, anyhow. You must have thought it funny we didn't send for you?"

"I don't know that I found it very amusing," said Roden, truthfully, adding, in a tone of helpless aggravation, "All my luggage was left behind in Washington."

At this direct appeal the overseer's daughter at first looked as sorrowful as even Roden could have desired, bursting the next moment into peals and roulades of laughter. Roden, after the first sharp inclination to feel angry, joined in her mirth.

"Pore fellow!" she said at last, taking off her rain-soaked hat, on which she appeared to dry her brimming eyes—"Pore fellow! it all seems awful to you out here, don't it?"

"It does," said Roden in his heart, but out loud he replied with mendacious civility that it did not. He was, moreover, occupied in a close scrutiny of her uncovered locks. They were of a pale golden color, lying close to her forehead in thick, round rings, after the manner of a child's, and clustering heavily with the dampness. As he stood beside her he saw also that she was very tall, taller than most

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tall women, and that her fair throat, rising boy-like from a dark red kerchief, had unusual suggestions of muscle beneath its smooth surface.

Presently they walked on. The top of a tolerably high hill was soon reached, surmounted, as Roden at first thought, by an almost impenetrable thicket. As they approached nearer, however, he perceived an aperture in the mass of foliage and a long wooden gate, hanging by one hinge in an aimless, desultory manner, and ornamented also as to its dingy gray with copious splashes of red mud. On either post were rusty iron vases, wherefrom there sprouted two stunted specimens of the aloe tribe. One of these vases, having been broken some years before, hung over to one side with a suggestion of inanimate sentimentality highly ludicrous. Some kind Samaritan had thrust a stick in between its disabled joints, thus preventing it from utter downfall.



"I CAN'T COME TO DINNER."

The view beyond the gate was unique, and to Roden rather pleasant after his morning's experience. The lawn proper was shaped like a lady's slipper, and outlined by a gravel carriage drive. It seemed as though some Titaness might have set a careless foot among the surrounding shrubbery, crushing out of existence all save a bordering fringe of evergreen and acacias. The long, low house of red brick —with wings outspread after a protective, hen-like fashion in the direction of the many out-houses—was to be seen through the bare branches of two splendid tulip-trees. A little Alderney heifer was grazing near the portico, and some dorkings stood resignedly on long yellow legs under the shelter of the large box bushes.

As they walked along the sinuous carriage-way Roden looked with a feeling of ownership at the glimpses of distant hill and forest, as visible through the crowding tree stems. Here he was to make his home for at least the next two years, and he was glad not to find it so bad as he had expected.

As she opened the hall door the girl said to him: "Father won't be here until six o'clock. I'll have you some dinner ef you want it. But you'd better go to your room first, hadn't you? You're so wet. I'll send you some things the larst Englishman left behind him. There's a barth ready, and plenty of towels. I'm used to fixin' for you English, you see. Well, good-by till you're dressed; then I'll show you over the house."

She sent a little "nigger," who conducted him with wordless dignity to the apartment allotted him, and who some five minutes later returned again with the "last Englishman's things." That personage must have been of very slight pro-

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portions and medium height, whereas Roden stood six foot one in his stockings, and was of excellent figure. He struggled for some time with the meagre garments, and then decided that he could not put in an appearance until his own garments should be dry. At this moment some one knocked at the door with the announcement "Dinner rade-y."

"I can't come to dinner," said Roden at the key-hole. "The clothes won't fit me; say I am very sorry."

The departing footsteps echoed down the narrow corridor that led to the room which had been given him, and Roden, who had taken the silk coverlet from the bed and rolled himself in it, stretched out before the fire of pine cones in the big fireplace. The room was large and square, and had hangings of faded green silk embroidered with tarnished gold. A ponderous mahogany wardrobe, looking like nothing so much as a grim wooden mausoleum, occupied nearly all of one wall. Facing this on the opposite side of the room was a low chest of drawers, also of mahogany, with brass lion-head handles. A square mirror in a wrought brass frame hung over it. The bedstead was low and wide, with foot-board and head-board of a like height. Voluminous curtains of faded green fell from a mahogany frame fastened to the ceiling, and were tucked back behind brass knobs on either side of the bed. There was a huge, pale green paper screen crowded into one corner of the room, and behind this Roden discovered a bath-tub and a washhand-stand. One picture hung over the mantel-shelf, a reproduction of the Madonna of the Chair, done evidently with a very hard and very pointed lead-pencil, and faintly tinted with pink chalk as to lips and cheeks.

Roden lay in the soft embrace of his one Indian-like garment and stared up at this work of art. He became fascinated in wondering how many days it must have taken its indefatigable perpetrator to make the million of little scratches that composed it. He wondered if it were the production of generations past or present. Could Virginia herself have been guilty of it? He thought not. At all events he hoped not. Her voice seemed to put her beyond the pale of such possibilities. He recalled it to his memory's ear now with a distinct sensation of pleasure. There had been in it a certain rich sonorousness. It was grave, serious, soft as the rush of the rain through the short grass without. A beautiful voice attracts men always, even as the *timbre* of a fine instrument invariably attracts a musician. It is, so to speak, the overture to the whole character. No: the pink-cheeked Virgin, with the slate-colored infant tilted against her wooden and unresponsive bosom, could never have been the work of the maiden in the Rosalind costume. Never, never! Why, now that he thought of it, should the cheeks of the pictured Madonna so blush? unless, perhaps, at the culpable drawing of her sacred proportions. Why should she have been drawn at all? There was absolutely no reason that he could discover. The pine cones crackled and blazed up with a savory smell. The fragrant warmth stole pleasantly over the young fellow's relaxed limbs. The pink and gray Madonna faded slowly and surely away in a golden haze. There was a pleasant humming as of a summer field within his ears. Why did he seem to be pulling up a scarlet window-blind, which obstinately refused to remain in position, in order to let three large black sheep gambol at their pleasure about that imposing mahogany catafalque? And why did the loss of a brass key at least three feet long, and which seemed to belong to his hat-box, occasion him such acute mortification when called upon by a very old woman in blue kid low shoes to explain its whereabouts? And why did—and why didn't—and what on earth made them all? Roden had not slept so soundly since leaving British soil.

He was awakened by a vigorous rapping at the door. He sat up and rolled himself more tightly in the big green silk quilt.

"Who is it?" he said.

"'Tis yo' clo'es," replied a solemn voice. "An' please, sur, ter dress ez quick ez you kin, 'case supper soon be rade-y."

Roden admitted his once more dry outfit through a small aperture in the door, after having inquired as to the time, and finding that he had slept two hours.

"Miss Faginia she say ez how she ben think you'd rayther eat yo' supper jiss so, 'thout sp'ilin' it with er sorter dinner," chanted the monotonous voice without.

Roden admitted that "Miss Faginia" had been quite right in her conjecture. In half an hour he went out into the big hall, which, divided by three arches, ran through the centre of the house. Over

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the first was a fine moose-head. There were skins of many beasts here and there on the slippery oak floor, and straight-backed chairs set against the panelled wall, which some barbarian had painted white. A much-carved oak table on one side supported a large silver flagon and two old-fashioned tankards. On the other was an old-fashioned hat-rack, filled mostly with feminine head-gear of various makes and sizes. A pair of branchy antlers supported riding-canes of all descriptions.

Guided by the sounds of a piano softly played, Roden opened a door on his left, and found himself in a large fire-lit room, whose walls were absolutely covered with pictures large and small, all in old Italian frames, all more or less stiff and ill painted, all hung regardless of size or shape, as close to one another as they could possibly be placed. The effect of the thus concentrated colors was, in spite of the defects of the pictures themselves, quaint and jewel-like. Over the mantel of carved oak reached upward to the ceiling an enormous square mirror in the style of the First Empire. On one side of the room was hung its mate, also in lonely grandeur, and facing the portrait of a very rosy dame in a still rosier tulle dress, the whole suggesting in color the presence of the all-pervading Virginian soil.

Just under this second mirror was a piano, and at this piano was standing the overseer's daughter, striking idle chords with her left hand.

She had taken off her Rosalind costume, and appeared in a blue homespun dress, neat and scant of make, and with her two big braids hanging over her shoulders.

"Oh, it's you," she said, addressing Roden. "I was just trying th' piano to see 'f any 'v the keys 'd stuck since the last Englishman left; but th' haven't. D'you like music?" she went on, in her vibrant voice, which seemed in some strange manner to harmonize with the fire-light and the now steady hum of the rain without. "I'll tell you, before you say anything, I can play very well."

Roden found her open conceit a very novel and amusing sensation, but when she had struck a few chords firmly, her long fingers sinking in among the keys as might the fingers of a miser among the gold coin that he loved, he thought no more of anything save the melody that filled the room.

"Gad!" said he, when she had ceased, "I should say you could play, rather! Where on earth—who taught you?"

"No one," she said, absently, striking noiseless chords with her left hand, and not looking at him. "I've heard people, and I do 't by ear. And the men that 've had th' Hall 've been awful kind 'bout lettin' me play—an' that's all," comprehensively, adding, with sudden irrelevance, "Were your clothes quite dry?"

"Quite," he assured her; "but they are beastly dirty to come to supper in."

"I dried them myself," she continued, taking no notice of his last assertion. "Such work as I had, too! I really think if Milly hadn't helped me, you'd 'a been in —in—in your green silk quilt now."

She leaned forward for some moments, laughing, with her head against the music rack, so that the piano reverberated shrilly with the clear sound. Roden laughed with her.

"Who told you—the little nigger?" he asked. "And who is Milly?"

She got suddenly to her feet, as suddenly becoming grave, and closed the piano.

"Milly's one o' th' darkies," she said. "Come and get your supper."

He followed her across the wide hall into the dining-room, and found that supper at Caryston Hall was a very pretty meal. It was served on finest but much-darned damask, by the light of six tall candles in silver candlesticks, each ornamented by a little petticoat of scarlet silk, which gave them the appearance of diminutive coryphées pirouetting on one slender wax leg. A bowl of violets and primroses occupied the centre of the table, flanked on either side by crystal dishes, filled, the one with the pale amber of honey, the other with the deep crimson of cranberries.

The overseer's daughter poured out tea behind a great silver urn, while on her right hand a monstrous cut-glass flagon foamed with richest milk. "Positively artistic," thought Roden, feeling a certain respect in his British breast for this little maiden of Virginia who could evolve out of her own country-bred brain effects so charming. "It's a beastly pity," he told himself, though in what the pity consisted he could not quite have told any one else, unless perhaps that a being so gifted with a talent for instrumental music and the setting forth of appetizing supper tables should be hemmed in from further

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progress by the scarlet soil of her native State, and should murder his sovereign's language with ruthless regularity by beheading some words and cutting the remainder in two.

He also pondered somewhat as to the way in which Virginian overseers and their children expected to be treated by resident foreigners. He noticed that the girl ate nothing herself, sitting with her hand in her lap after she had poured out his cup of tea, and pulling idly at the frayed edge of the table-cloth, with eyes downcast. He wished very much that he knew how to address her, and was casting about in his mind as to how he might find out her surname without being rude, when she answered him directly.

"My name is Virginia"—she said "Faginia"—but it came softly to the ear—"Virginia Herrick."

"They ought to have called you 'Julia,' Miss Herrick," said the young Englishman, regarding gravely her grave face.

"Why?" she said, with her swift change from listless to alert—"why ought they? It's a hideous name, I think."

"It isn't very pretty—not near so pretty as 'Faginia,'" said Roden, gallantly; "but there was a fellow once called Herrick who was always writing songs to 'Julia.'"

"Oh," said the girl, with a sudden dawning in her sombre eyes, "that's the man wrote 'To Daffodils' and 'Primroses' and things, ain't it?"

"That's the man," he said.

"Well," she replied, slowly, "I don't see why *I* ought to be called Julia. Her last name wa'n't Herrick, 'cause he wouldn't 'a written those kynder things to his sister, and a man wouldn't 'a taken th' trouble to write songs to 's wife."

"Why?" said Roden, fixing on her his eyes, at whose blueness she began to wonder in a vague way. Thus looking out from the young man's sunburned, weather-marked face they reminded her of some vivid, sky-colored flower springing into sudden azure among brown summer grasses.

"Why?" he repeated. "Are all Virginian husbands so ungallant to their wives?"

"So what?" she said, contracting her level brows.

"So rude, so careless of their wives."

"Oh, I reckon so," she made answer. "I don't know much 'bout men 'n' their wives. My father's died when I was born, an' somehow I don't take much *to* women, nor they tuh me. But I know 'nuff," she supplemented, "to know a man ain't goin' to make a fuss over 's wife."

"If you ever marry," said Roden, "do you think you will put up with that sort of thing?"

"Sho!" she exclaimed, rising and pushing back her chair, which made a sharp sound on the polished oak of the floor. "I'll never marry in *this* world."

"Well, you certainly won't in the next," said Roden, smiling broadly; "that is, if you're orthodox."

"What o'dox?" she said, pausing to question him, with one hand on the table.

"Orthodox—if you believe all that the Bible tells you."

"Well, I don't," she said, quickly; "not by a long sight. I don't believe all those things got into one place like that ark without killin' each other clean out. An' I don't believe those bars eat them children for laughin' at that ole feller's bal' head (I've laughed at many of 'em myself, an' no bars 'ain't ever eat me; an' if 'twas right then, 'twould be right now). No, I cert'n'y ain't or-or-orth'dox," said Miss Virginia Herrick, beginning to clear away the supper dishes.

"You're not commonplace, at all events," Roden told himself, as, after having obtained her permission to smoke, he lighted a cigarette. It was now past eight o'clock, and still no signs of the recreant overseer. Roden occupied himself with putting many questions of a more business-like character to Miss Herrick as she moved about the room restoring things to their proper places. He found that the little petticoats which ornamented the candles were some more of the things left by "the last Englishman"; and that the primroses and violets grew in what was called the "greenhouse," a narrow glass-fronted corridor reaching along the front of the east wing of the house, and opening out of the dining-room.

He said he would like to go in to look at it, and she at once conducted him there, carrying no candle, since a full-moon looked in at them through the lattice of the winter trees. A thick soft air, spongy with dampness, closed about them. The flowers rose dark and redolent on all sides. Roden could make out the large, bunchily

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growing leaves of a magnolia-tree outside, seen in rich relief against the dim sky.

Roden, who had an artistic soul, found much pleasure in watching her. He was beginning to think that in her own unique way she was beautiful, and she was certainly shaped like a young caryatid.

After she had answered various queries about house and out-house, niggers and stables, they returned to the dining-room, and lifting one of the tall candlesticks from a side-table, she opened one of the many doors.

"I'm going to father's room," she announced; "'f you like you can come too. Most of 'em" (alluding probably to the preceding Englishmen)—"Most of 'em liked to smoke there. I've got my spinnin' an' some things to do. Ef you want to stay here, there's books." She made a comprehensive sweep with her candleless hand in the direction of a low bookcase which ran around three sides of the room.

"I think I'll come with you, if you really don't mind," said Roden.

"Lor', no!" she hastened to assure him. "But 'f you don't like dogs an' 'coons an' things, you'd better not."

"Oh! I don't mind 'coons and—and things," said Roden, somewhat vaguely. "I'll come, thank you."

They went down a long hall, descended a little stairway whereon the moonlight fell bluely through a square window high above, down more steps, along another passage with sharp turns, and in at an already open door. An old negress, vividly turbaned, was heaping wood upon an already immense fire.

"Lor', mammy!" called Miss Herrick, "for mercy's sakes stop! 'F you put any more wood on that fire you'll have to get up on th' roof an' shove 't down th' chimney." The "'coons and things" were already crowding about them.

Roden recognized several of his canine friends of the morning, and there were, moreover, two splendid old hounds, who at sight of their evidently beloved "Faginia" set up a most booming yowl of welcome. There were also the 'coon; a curious flat-stomached little beast, who flew about after a startling fashion from chair to chair, and which Miss Herrick introduced as a "chipmunk"; a corncrake; a young screech-owl; and three large Persian cats.

All these pets, he discovered later, had been presented from time to time by the "last Englishman," or "the Englishman before the last," or "the Englishman before the one with the glass eye," or the fat wife, or the ugly sister, or what not.

"If I can only add a gorilla or a condor to this unique collection," reflected Roden, "my position is assured. I will probably be forever the 'last Englishman,' and I will always be mentioned as 'the Englishman who gave me the gorilla.'"

He then sat down in a corner as far removed as was consistent with politeness from the other inhabitants of the apartment, and occupied himself with watching "Faginia," her "mammy," and the "things." "Aunt Tishy," said Miss Herrick, indicating him with a movement of her bright head, as he sat withdrawn into his coign of vantage, like a hermit-crab within its shell, "that's the new Englishman, Mr. Roden."

"How yo' do, sur? Hope yo' coporosity segastuate fus rate, sur," quoth the dusky dame, with an elephantine dab, supposed in the innocence of her Virginian heart to correspond to the courtesy of civilization.

"My what?" said Roden.

"She means she hopes you are well," explained Virginia, about whose neck the raccoon was coiling himself with serpentine affection.

"Oh yes, thanks, very well. Are you?" said Roden.

"Gord! yes, sur; Tishy she *al'uz* well—ain' she, honey?" this last appeal to Virginia.

"Oh yes," said that young woman, "'cep' when you get th' misery, or th' yearache in th' middle o' th' coldest nights, an' have me huntin' all over creation for somethin' to put in your year. Oh yes!"

"G'way, chile!" exclaimed the thus maligned personage, with an air of indignant sufferance. "If I didn' know yer wuz jess projeckin', I sutny would feel bade."

"Oh no, you wouldn't," said her mistress, easily. "*This* one," again indicating Roden, "'s goin' in fur horse-racin'. Some of his horses 's comin' day after tomorrer. That's better 'n Herefordshire cattle, ain't it?"

"Co'se *you* think so," said Aunt Tishy, with something between a sniff and a grunt, as she settled herself in the chimney-corner with a basket of darning, and

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fell to work, stretching the stockings to be mended over a little gourd.

"Why, Aunt Tishy?" said Roden, beginning to feel as though he were a character in a book, and might spoil the plot by saying the wrong thing.

The old negress looked up at him over her big gold-rimmed spectacles, with her great underlip pushed out, showing its pale yellowish lining.

"Lor'! sur," she said, "Miss Faginny's plum crazy 'bout horses. Ev'ybody on de place 'll tell you dat. I alwuz hol's as how somebody done cunjur her mar 'fo' she was bown. Dat's why she so run made 'bout horses. Somebody sutny *is* cunjur Miss Faginny. I'll say dat with my last bref!"

"Oh, shut up, mammy!" here interpolated Virginia.

"I sutny will," reiterated the old black.

"Cert'n'y will what?" said Miss Herrick; "shut up? I'm sure I hope so, and I know Mr. Roden does."

She rose and put down the raccoon, who immediately clambered up to the carven top of an old oak press close by, and hung there, smiling genially.

Virginia busied herself in getting out her spinning-wheel and winding the distaff with blue wool. As she sat down to her spinning, with her closely plaited fair hair falling into her lap, a fantastic thought suggested itself to Roden, namely, that this blond maiden might be a Desdemona dressed up as Marguerite, with the Moor concealed as her nurse.

He watched with a strange sensation of unreality the whirring wooden wheel, the soft falling of the blue thread upon the floor, the dusky smoke-stained rafters of the room, wherefrom hung strings of onions and red peppers in gay festoons; the old negress, wrinkled as to her black face with busy absorption; the moving of the different creatures in the sombre depths of shadow. Now it was the glint of the corn-crake's flame-like crest as he thrust an inquisitive head from his position on a shelf over the mantel. Now the white gleam of the raccoon's sharp teeth as he grinned with an amiable persistency upon the room and its inmates. Now the old hounds grumbled uneasily in their sleep, or the Persian cats leaned against his legs with luxurious, undulating appeals to be caressed.

"Why don' yo' sing, honey?" said Aunt Tishy; "yo' know yo' kyarn' harf wuk ef yo' don' sing."

"Yes, do sing, Miss Virginia," said Roden. "A nig—I mean a darky song," he added, quickly.

"What shall I sing, mammy?" questioned she.

"Dat 'pen's on whut kinder song de gen'leman wants."

"Well, what kind do you want?" she asked him.

"Something characteristic," he replied.

Thus adjured she sang to him, in a very rich contralto voice, the following ditty:

"Ole ark she reel, ole ark she rock,
Settin' up on de mountain-top.
Ole ark a-movin', movin', chillun—
Ole ark a-movin', I thank Gord!

"Ole hyah, whut make yo' eye so pop?
I thank Gord fuh tuh see how tuh hop!
Ole ark a-movin', movin', chillun—
Ole ark a-movin', I thank Gord!

"Ole hyah, whut make yo' legs so thin?
I thank Gord fuh tuh split 'gin de win'!
Old ark a-movin', movin', chillun—
Ole ark a-movin', I thank Gord!

"Ole hyah, whut make yo' hade so bal'?
I thank Gord ben butt 'gin de wall!
Ole ark a-movin', movin', chillun—
Ole ark a-movin', I thank Gord!"

Before Roden could say anything, she rose and put aside her spinning-wheel, holding out to him her long shapely hand, which was covered with tan as with a brown glove to within about an inch of her homespun sleeve. "Good-night," she said; "I'm sleepy. Father won't be here now till to-morrer. I s'pec' he slept at Cyarver's. Everything's ready—your barth an' everything."

Thus dismissed, Roden took himself off to bed. As he dropped to sleep to the tune of "Ole ark a-movin'," he was conscious of uncomfortable memories concerning haunted rooms in old Virginian mansions. Not that he believed in ghosts—Heaven forbid!—but some one might—some little nigger, you know—might play one a trick.

He was roused suddenly and unpleasantly by three solemn raps on the door at his bed's head.

"Well? what is it?" he said, in an unnecessarily loud tone.

"'Tis me—Aun' Tishy," replied an unmistakable voice. "Please come to de do', sur, jess a minute."

He answered this appeal, opening the door cautiously an inch or two, where-

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upon she thrust into his hands a little white bundle.

"Dis heah's fo' yo' to war tuh-night. Marse Gawge he don' war no night-shuts, and dey ain' none o' th' other Englishers lef' none; so I jess stole you one o' Miss Faginny's. Don' say nothin' 'bout it, please, sur, 'case ef dar *is* one thing Miss Faginny's 'tic'lar 'bout, 'tis her clo'es."

Roden took the long white garment gingerly, as men lift a young baby, bade Aunt Tishy good-night, and closed the door. He then went to the fire and began to examine what that colossal personage had inferred to be "Miss Faginny's night-shut."

It was a capacious arrangement of very thin linen, and superfine little frills of a like material — hardly the garment in which an overseer's daughter would have wooed repose. The young man looked at it carefully and gravely from all points of view, then went and hung it over the mirror, and returning to bed, regarded it with the mute attention which he had before bestowed on the drab-colored Madonna. It was a dainty thing, probably a relic of some previous Englishman's wife or daughter, and the rosy light from the handful of fresh cones which he had thrown on the fire stole in and out of its sheer folds caressingly.

He left it hanging there, and the last thing he remembered that night was its gleam, as of a pretty ghost in the fire-lit dusk of the big room.

II.

He could have sworn that he had slept but a moment when a terrific squeaking and squealing, yelping and growling, under his windows, aroused him with sufficient abruptness.

His first idea was that the "'coons and things" were "killin' each other clean out," after the fashion of Miss Virginia's supposition in regard to the Scriptural beasts in the story of the ark.

Looking out, however, he saw that a large black and white hog was being chased, nipped, barked at, and otherwise maltreated by the mastiff and the collie. The frightened beast rushed hither and thither, squealing and grunting, and the two dogs followed, falling over each other in the eagerness of pursuit. After a while the mad trio disappeared to the further end of the long terrace.

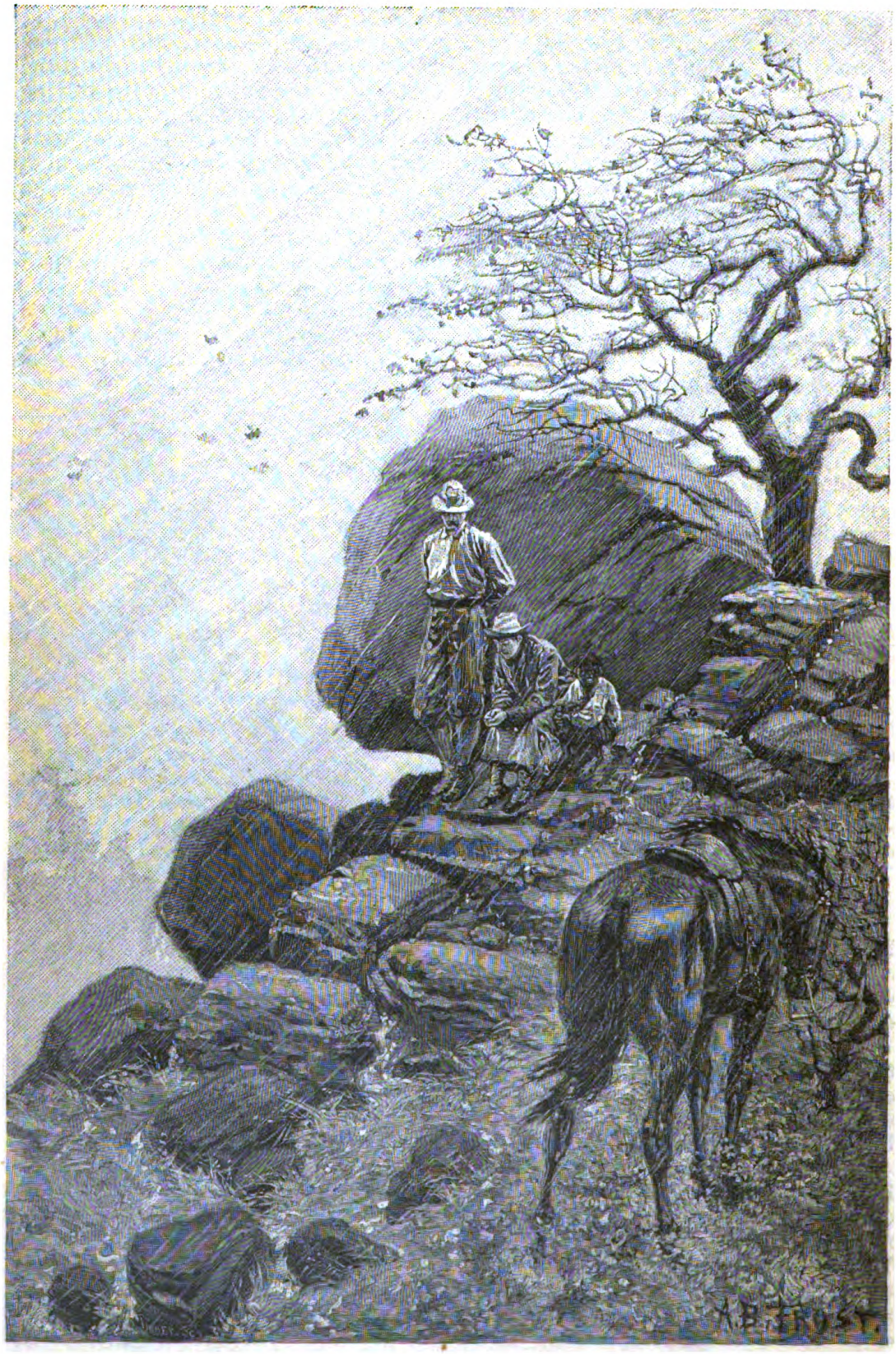
Dawn had just broken. The east was one deep even tone of mellow gold, translucent, palpitating. Over against it lay gray streamers as of a tattered banner. The morning-star seemed to spin with a cold blue glitter as of ice in the voluptuous saffron of its setting. A band of trees stood out against the vivid east, with bold relief of indigo leaves and branches like a gigantic tracery of unknown hieroglyphics. Over field and lawn a white steam rose and melted slowly—blue hill and tawny meadow appearing and disappearing as the pearly masses rolled together or dissolved.

Roden heard with supreme delight the confidential voice of a little nigger an-



"AW-W-W PO-PO!"

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ON THE TOP OF PETER'S MOUNTAIN.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

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nouncing through the key-hole (their favorite channel of communication) that his "trunks dun come."

He got with all speed through his ablutions, and, when his boxes were brought, into a well-worn shooting coat and knickerbockers, determining as he laced his hobnailed boots to "do" the farm thoroughly that morning, and devote the rest of the day to mountain-climbing and explorations generally.

As he went out on the square portico at the front of the house he met Miss Herrick, again in her boy's dress, leading the mastiff and the collie with either hand. She had evidently been to the rescue of the black and white hog, and both dogs had a sneaky appearance, as though they knew a flogging was in store for them.

"Mornin'," she said to Roden, with her grave directness of regard. "How'd you sleep?"

Before he could reply, a voice, rising in long, wailing tones upon the chill air, interrupted them.

"O-o-o-o Po!" it called; "O-o-o-o *Po!*" then a pause as if waiting for a reply. Then again, "Aw-w-w Po-po! Aw-w-w *Po*-po!"

"It's father callin' Popo," explained Virginia.

"Who's Popo? Another nigger?"

"Yes," briefly.

"What does 'Popo' stand for? Napoleon?" questioned Roden, much interested.

"No," she said. "'F you wait an' listen you'll hear. Father always calls like that at first. 'F Po answers terecly he'll jus' stop. 'F he don't answer, father'll jus' go on callin' till he says th' whole name."

Roden listened with absorbed attention.

"O-o-o-o Popo! Popo! Popo!" rang out the voice, with angry staccato insistence. "You Popo! Aw-w-w! you *Po*-po!" Then, presently, "O-o-o-o! you Po-po-cat-e-petl!"

"Good heavens!" said Roden, bursting into laughter. "Is that really the poor little devil's name?"

"Mh—mh," said Virginia, with a nod of assent. "There was three of 'em born all to oncet. One's called Popocatepetl, an' one Iztaccihuatl, an' one Orizaba. We call 'em Popo, an' Whattle, an' Zabe."

"That triumvirate ought to rule something," said Roden. "Could a nigger ever be President, Miss Virginia? What a lark it would be to speak of President Popocatepetl! What's the other name?"

"Page," said Miss Herrick.

"Page!" echoed the young Englishman—"*Page?* why surely that name belongs to the 'F.F.V.'s,' doesn't it?'

"All the darkies took th' name o' th' fam'lies they b'longed to after th' war," she explained. "I had a cook here oncet called Faginia Herrick; she used to b'long to father 'fo' th' war."

"By gad!" was Roden's sole remark. "By *gad!*" said he again.

"*You* needn't say nothin'!" she exclaimed, breaking suddenly into her melodious laughter; "there's two little right *black* niggers at th' mill, an' one's called Prince Albert and th' other Queen Victoria, 'n' 'f you leave off th' 'Prince' or th' 'Queen' they won't answer you — neither."

She was evidently delighted with his expression of face at this, and released the two dogs in order to indulge more freely in her mirthful mood. She sat down on the stone steps, letting her arms hang simply at her sides, and putting down her head, laughed into the hollow lap of her gray kirtle, as though confiding her surplus merriment to its care.

It was at this moment that the overseer came into sight—a tall, gaunt man, with a beard that seemed flying away with his round head, after the fashion of a comet's tail; little steely blue eyes drawing close to the bridge of his nose as though it magnetized them; long, crooked teeth, not unlike the palings in one of his own fences for tint and irregularity; and a wide-open square smile, like the smile of a Greek comic mask. He wore a waistcoat of as many hues as Joseph's renowned garment, a blue cotton shirt, ginger-colored trousers tucked into heavy mud-crusted boots, and a straw hat, impossible to describe, tilted to the back of his head. In his arms he carried the little black-and-tan terrier which Roden remembered, and twisted its untrimmed ears while talking.

"Howdy? howdy?" he remarked, genially. "My darter Faginia's tole me 'bout you. Got all yo' clo'es lef' in Washin'ton? Hey? Got 'em this mornin'? You don' sesso? Well! My darter Faginia says as how you're goin' in fur horse-racin'? That so? You don' sesso? Well, what d'you think er my darter Faginia, anyhow? Darter, go 'n' bring me some

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water; I'm mortal thirsty." Then, as the girl disappeared, "Well, what d'you think er her?"

"She seems to me very—very charming," ventured Roden.

"Well, sir, you 'ain't got no more idea of th' sweethearts that girl's had—I mean would 'a had 'f I'd 'lowed it. The las' one was Jim Murdoch, a hoop-pole man. But, sir"—here Mr. Herrick assumed a tone of the most pompous dignity—"but I will tole you, sir, as how my darter Faginia shall deceive *no* retentions, *respecially* from a hoop-pole man!"

"A hoop-pole man?" said Roden.

"That thar's hit, sir, an' I cert'n'y means what I says," replied the overseer, relapsing again into his former slipshod easiness of speech and manner. "Consequently were, the beauty of the question air my darter Faginia won't get married twel she gets a mighty good offer."

"I should say you were perfectly right," assented Roden.

"Well, yes, sir; I should sesso. I s'pose you ain't married, air you?"

"No. Do I look very like a married man?" said Roden, who continued to be amused. He thought the overseer almost as interesting as Virginia.

"Well, no," assented old Herrick, manipulating his abundant beard with an air of deep thought. "But the beauty of the question air, you kyarn't al'uz tell. Them as looks the mostest married gen'ly ain't. An' contrarywise, them as don't, air—"

"Married?" said Roden.

"Well, considerbul, mostly," said the overseer.

Here Virginia returned with a gourd of water, keeping the quick-falling drops from her father's not too immaculate attire while he drank by means of her skilfully hollowed hands.

"Yo' breakfas' 's ready," she said over her shoulder to Roden. He went in, and found it to be a slight variation on the last night's meal. There were some corn-meal cakes—batter cakes, Virginia called them—and miraculously cooked mutton-chops. A half-hour later the overseer appeared at the window to offer his services as guide over the farm.

When Roden returned from his investigations it was one of the great clock in the hall, and the sky like a vast blue banner overhead.

He went out on the "front porch," and called to Herrick as he crossed "the yard," with the little terrier at his heels. "Is there a good view from that hill just back of the house?" he asked.

"Mos' people goes fyar crazy over it," said Herrick. "Hit's a right rough climb to the top. Want ter go up? Faginia kin show you. O-o-o-o-o Faginia! Faginia!"

Virginia appeared, clad from throat to heels in a vast brown apron, her half-bare arms covered with flour, and her thick braids skewered across the top of her head with a big wooden knitting-needle.

"Makin' bread?" said her father. "Well, yo' kin get yo' mammy to finish that. Mr. Roden here he wants to go trapeezing up to th' top o' Peter's Mountain. I tole him you could show him."

"All right," she said, briefly; "but I kyarn't walk: the Alderney heifer stepped on my foot this mornin'. I'll ride if you like?" this last to Roden.

"By all means," he said; "but if you do not mind, I had rather walk."

"Of co'se," she said, and disappeared again.

"The beauty of the question air," said her sire, looking proudly after her, "that girl kin ride like a Injun."

"She seems to do everything well," said Roden, with a pleased recollection of those mutton-chops which Aunt Tishy had confided to him "Miss Faginia done herself."

"She cert'n'y does," said Herrick, and after making some unique excuse disappeared also.

Miss Herrick appeared a few moments later, again clad in her boyish attire, and mounted upon a fidgety little roan mare. She had slung a wicker basket from the saddle, and Roden heard a merry clink as of glass kissing silver when the mare sidled about.

"That's a clever-looking little nag," said Roden. "Is she yours?"

"Nuck," said Virginia. "I reckon she's yours: she goes with the place."

"I didn't see her this morning," Roden said, somewhat puzzled.

"No; she'd gone to the shop to get a new shoe; that's why. I reckon you'll name her over."

"Why?" said Roden. It seemed to him he had never put that monosyllabic question so often before in the entire course of his life.

"'Cause it ain't very pretty," Virginia

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explained. "Father named her — it's Pokeberry."

"Oh, I don't know," said Roden, laughing. "I rather fancy it. It's uncommon, to say the least. I don't think I'll change it."

"Well, there's two others I *know* you'll change," she asserted. "They're two carriage horses, an' they're named Peckerwood an' Hoppergrass."

"Capital!" said Roden, laughing again. "Change them?—not much! Shall we start now?"

It was a perfect day—perfect as only a day in Southern winter-tide can be. The air was radiant, wine-like, while with a still further suggestiveness little glittering insects spun around and around in the sunlight like the particles of gold-leaf in eau-de-vie de Dantzick. The roads, dried in some sort by the steady wind of the past night and morning, were mellowed to a dull orange in lieu of their former startling crimson. Infinite tones of faded browns and grays wrapped wold and hill-side. The sky, of an intense metallic pallor, was covered with gauze-like masses of wind-torn cirri. As they went on, a sycamore thrust its bone-white arms before a dark hollow in the mountain-side, reminding one of a skeleton guarding the mouth of a cavern, where during its life it had concealed some treasure. The harsh call of crows, beginning in the far east, passed in *crescendo* above their heads, and died away as the heavy birds flew westward.

Virginia, apparently unconscious of his presence, was watching Roden narrowly as he walked at her side. Owing to that peculiar faculty with which only women are endowed, she was enabled thus to observe him while seemingly absorbed in the sun-shot vista of the road before them. He had taken off his coat, as the increasing sunlight and the exertion of walking had overheated him, and his flannel shirt expressed damply the splendid modelling of his supple body. She noticed how the sunburn stopped in a line about his throat, the fair flesh showing beneath with a girlish whiteness, as is often the case with very strong men.

"It's a heap whiter than mine," thought Virginia.

"I wish you'd sing," he said, suddenly. "Will you?"

"A nigger song?" said the girl, with a growing intuition in regard to his wishes. She then sang as follows:

"Bright sunny mornin'
Nigger feel good,
Axe on he shoulder
Goin' fur de wood.
Little piece er hoe-cake
'Thout any fat;
White folks quoil
'Case he eat all o' dat.
Hop 'long, hop 'long, hop 'long, Peter,
Hop 'long, Peter's son!
Hoppergrass sittin' on a sweet-e'ayter vine,
Big tuckey-gorbler come up behine,
Hop 'long, Peter's son.

"One bright mornin' John did go
Down in de medder fur ter mow;
Ez he mowed acrost de fiel',
Great big sarpint bit him on de heel.
He juck it up right in he hand,
And back he went tuh Maury Ann;
'Oh, Maury Ann, oh, don' you see,
One ole sarpint done bit me!'
Hop 'long, hop 'long, hop 'long, Peter,
Hop 'long, Peter's son."

Roden was delighted with her rich, reed-noted voice. She imitated the negroes' tones to perfection. The inflection and intonation were without fault.

"How well you do it!" he said. "It's really awfully pretty. Can't you give me another?"

She sang him one or two more, and ended by repeating in a singsong fashion a little rhyme which convulsed him:

"Mars'r had a leetle dorg,
An' he was three parts houn';
Ev'y time he strike a trail
He bounce up off de groun'."

"They make up all these things, of course?" he asked her.

"Oh yes," said Virginia: "they're awful fond of 'makin' hymes,' as they call it. Here's another:

"Ef I had a needle an' thread,
Big ez I could sew,
I'd stitch my 'Liza to my side,
An' off down de road I'd go."

He amused himself by trying to sing some of the various ditties after her, but, as they begun to ascend the mountain, found that he needed all the breath at his command.

The dead leaves, sodden with the winter rains, closed in masses about the feet of Pokeberry, and of the young Englishman as he tramped untiringly at her muzzle. The shaft of a young pine rose slender and virginal from the lace-work of bare trees, its plumy crest breaking with lucent emerald the sea-blue reach of sky. A cardinal-bird flashed with unconscious contrast against the neutral tints of the woody distance, meshed as it were in the

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multitudinous glittering of sunlit twigs. From the leaf-stirred silence, far in the heart of the forest, came the urgent rat-a-plan of a woodpecker. Dead leaves occasionally, loosened by the fitful wind, fell, turning slowly in their descent, now between the startled ears of Pokeberry, themselves most leaf-like, now upon Virginia's skirt or hat, as she sat wordless, listlessly supporting the reins upon her knee.

They came presently to a narrow mountain stream, clear and brown, over the sunken leaves. The sunlight through the swaying tendrils of a wild grape-vine overhead sent dim but sharply defined shadows wavering back and forth over its bright surface, as though being spiritualized they breathed with a new life. A corn-crake, moving cautiously among the withered water-grasses, thrust forward its gay crest and peered inquisitively at them, whereupon the collie cleared the brook with an arching bound, and set forth in mad pursuit of this new quarry. The crake at once rose into the blue lift, with the harsh, derisive cry from which it takes its name.

After a while they came upon a log cabin set in a little patch of cleared ground. From a small window close against the roof flaunted a mud-stained curtain of sacking. The red clay marks responded to a certain morbidness in Virginia, by suggesting the wiping of bloody hands upon the coarse stuff. There had been a murder some years before on this very mountain, and thoughts of a grewsome sort were easily called forth in her when remembering. A few black and white pigs of the genus "nigger" hurtled squealing down the hill-side, pursued by the indefatigable collie, while a little fawn-colored child, with whity-brown hair and purplish-white eyes, stood in the door and apparently bit its thumb at them.

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" quoted Roden, cheerily, whereat the little darky fled, with a shrill "Yah!" of mingled delight and terror, into the bacon-perfumed room beyond.

They were now stopped by some draw bars, which passed, they found themselves ascending a steep incline sown with large stones, as though Jove and his giants might have had a sharp encounter just in that spot. But having gained the top of the bluff, they came upon a view at which Roden stood and stared in silent admiration. It seemed to him that he had never before so entirely realized the ball-like character of the earth. It seemed now to be swinging like a magician's globe, imprisoned in another of larger size, which was hollowed from some marvellous, million-colored gem.

The air had changed suddenly from balmy warmth to a strange damp keenness, while the sky, which had cleared on their way up, was strewn from east to west with the same woolly clouds which had at first covered it. All above them was a lustrous monotone of gray, brightening toward the east into a pale daffodil, and further toward the south into a lurid orange. From south to west a band of vivid violet-blue stretched solidly, cleft here and there with wedges of pale light slanting in regular order, like the bayonets of a vast army marching eastward.

"That," said Virginia, indicating the gorgeous phenomenon, "means rain."

"Oh, I think not!" said Roden, carelessly.

"Very well," said Miss Herrick.

The wind blew ever stronger and stronger from the north, shifting suddenly to the northeast. Virginia felt a heavy splash of water upon her hand. She said nothing, but held it out to Roden in silence, and at the same moment the wind, scolding like an old hag who has been deprived by some adventurous urchin of her dinner, bore down upon them.

"Never mind," said Roden, "we are only about a quarter of a mile from the top."

"Won't you put on your coat now?" said Virginia, blinded by the blowing of her hair into her eyes.

He replied that he did not feel the need of it, and strode on a little ahead. The wind sent his shirt in fine ripples across his back. One could distinctly see the muscles at work beneath the flexible skin. Strength above all things was what this little barbarian admired, and she saw it now in a perfection which filled her with unconscious satisfaction.

"My! couldn't he double that braggin' Joe Scott up!" she told herself. "Whew! I'd like to see somebody make him right mad. Couldn't he lick 'em!"

As they neared the summit the gale became more furious. Roden was obliged to lead the thoroughly frightened mare, and Virginia's long hair, becoming unbound, whipped with the sting of a lash

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across his face. She recaptured and held it firmly with one hand, while he, furtively observing it, thought it must be at least two yards in length. She assumed a new phase in his eyes, wrapped thus in her plenteous tresses. A certain boyish look, transmitted to her through the medium of the short locks about her brow, had vanished completely. She looked like some mountain Godiva hidden all as in a banner of cloth of gold. Roden wondered if such marvellous hair was a characteristic of Southern women.

They came at last to the one stunted apple-tree which crowned the noble crest of the mountain, with an effect as bathetic as the scalp-lock of an Indian brave. The wind screamed through the gnarled ground-kissing branches with the sound of a gale through cordage. Pokeberry squatted ignominiously in the fierce hurly, and put back her nervous ears, while Virginia swung from the saddle. Once on the ground, she found that to keep the perpendicular was a matter of some skill. She put one arm around a mass of the tangled branches and looked up at Roden with a laugh, which was seized and dashed down the steep declivity or ever it reached his ears. He in the mean time having tethered the mare securely, resumed his coat, and unbinding his covert coat from the saddle, offered to help the girl on with it. She looked at him in evident surprise, but made no resistance. As she loosened the branches in order to put her arms into the sleeves, which were whirling wildly, with an air of reckless intoxication, a sharp gust blew her, coat and all, directly into Roden's arms.

He laughed, disentangling himself as best he might from the wet bondage of her heavy locks, but she, reddening vividly through all her clear, sun-browned skin, gave her attention to the garment that he held. It seemed to her a strange thing that he should offer to lend it. She had been on rainy expeditions with many men, both English and Virginian, while none that she could remember had ever before offered to protect her in such wise from the inclemency of her native heavens.

She looked down a little consciously at the weather-stained tan-color of the little coat. She felt that it would be an insult to suggest to so mighty a pedestrian the idea of taking cold; at the same time she was afraid that such would be the memento he would bear away with him from the top of Peter's Mountain. As for herself, she was as accustomed to wind and rain as one of the big oxeye daisies in her own fields.

"There's some sandwiches an' a glass in that basket," she said, or rather shrieked, to Roden. He went to get them, tacking through the stiff wind with much dexterity, and they partook of thin slices of Aunt Tishy's bread and Virginian ham with a heroic disregard of the downpour. All at once they were confronted by a small ebon figure, hatless and breathless.

"*Popo!*" said Miss Herrick; "what in the name o' sense are you doin' here?"

"Oh, Miss Faginia, Miss Faginia," howled the little black, "de lightnin' dun gone throo Marse Johnson's house an' kill he an' he horg! An' I wuz so skeered 'bout you I jess took out an' run up de mounting to see ef you wuz all right."

"Well, I am," said his mistress. "You poor little thing, how wet you are! Come and get here under these branches."

The faithful Popocatepetl came and crouched on his heels at her side. He was drenched to the skin, and his dark hide showed in patches through his shirt of some thin white stuff, which elsewhere puffed out in irregular blisters, like the wet linen in a washer-woman's tub. From a strange freak of nature, not unusual in these Virginian mountains, his knotty wool was of a pale tan-color. It is a mistake to think that the little negro perpetually grins. Nothing absolutely could have been more full of woe and resignation than the expression of the young Popo as he watched with Pokeberry the ceaseless flood that swept over hill and valley.

Although comparatively sheltered, there still escaped through the tangled apple boughs moisture sufficient to prove extremely unpleasant. The large drops fell heavy and monotonous, some into the furry hollows of the mare's flexile ears, causing her to toss her head with a swift impatience of movement that set the little metal buckles on her head-gear tinkling faintly, some upon Roden's breast and hands, some upon the uncovered head and cheeks of the girl at his side. She tossed her head once or twice with a close reproduction of Pokeberry's impulsive gestures.

The surrounding mountains were by

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this time entirely blotted from sight by the lead-colored sheets of wind-urged rain. The branches of the trees on the slopes below them seemed living creatures, who, frantic with alarm, tugged and twisted to free themselves from their native boles, and to flee before the ruffian wind that assaulted them. Blown leaves, like troops of frightened birds, were driven past in gusts. Not a sound was to be heard save the ceaseless hiss of the rain on the hard ground, the creaking of the tortured trees, and the fluctuating roar of the wind above all else. Pokeberry, cowed and shivering, gazed wistfully down at the swimming field below.

The darkness had increased palpably within the last five minutes, and the wind, raging downward through the stems of the tall pines on the eastern slope of the mountain, made a sound like to the angry breathing of some giant through his locked teeth.

"That is almost wolfish," said Roden.

"There was wolves in these mountains when my father was a little boy," she responded.

Darker clouds seemed to be ever rolling up from the east, veined with glittering threads of lightning, which pierced the irregular masses on all sides like the fronds of an immense leaf. The trees on the slopes, still wind-swept, seemed anon pale with terror or dark with dread as their light and dark leaves were alternately tossed upward. Over against the West was a dull citrine glare, like the smoke that overhangs a battle-field on a sunlit day, reflected here and there in the slimy soil and rain-roughened waters of a stream some way beneath them.

Suddenly Virginia turned and swung out of Roden's coat with one of her swift movements. "Please put it on," she said to him.

"Why no," he said; "I don't want it. I'm perfectly comfortable. I don't know why I brought it—unless from a happy inspiration in regard to you," he added, pleasantly. She turned from him, and stooping, wrapped the shivering Popo in it.

"They feel the cole so!" she said to Roden, standing erect again. "An' I never wrop up." Roden did not know whether to laugh or to swear.

When the rain had abated somewhat and they returned to Caryston, he told himself, as he soothed his inner man with some excellent Scotch whiskey, that he "really rather liked it in the girl; but—d—n the little nigger!—that was my pet coat!"

III.

Roden was the younger son of an Englishman of title. He was also what is sometimes graphically described as being *sans le sou*. It was his intention to try stud farming in Virginia. No better horseman than Roden ever put boot in stirrup. He had, as an old pad-groom once remarked, "a genus for osses." It was a mania, a fad of the most pronounced type, with him. No woman's eye had ever possessed half the charm for him that did the full orbs of his favorite mare, Bonnibel, as she gazed lustrously upon him over her well-filled manger. No sheen of woman's hair had ever vied in his opinion with the satin flanks of Bonnibel. What was it to love a woman? Was it half the zest, the delight, of feeling a good horse between one's knees, what time the welcome cry of "Gone away!" makes glad delirium in one's veins, while the music of the spotted darlings thrills air and soul? Roden would bluntly and unpoetically have informed you that you were a "duffer" had you attempted to argue the point. He had never cared much for women, either collectively or as individuals. They had perhaps played too small a part in his life. "Egad, sir!" his father had cried to him one day in a fit of anger, "you'll grow up with a pair of legs like pothooks!"

Mr. Herrick informed him on the second day after his arrival that "the beauty of the question were, he cert'n'y did have a mighty good foothold on a hawse."

It was on that day also that most of the horses arrived from New York—Bonnibel among them. She was as beautiful a daughter as Norseman ever sired. Deep of girth, clean of limb, broad of loin, with splendid oblique shoulders, bossed with sinew and muscle which quivered with restrained power beneath the silky, supple hide; a small compact head with ample front, over which the sensitive leaf-like ears kept restless guard; great limpid eyes, a crest like a rainbow, and quarters to have lifted Leander clean over the Hellespont. In color she was a rich brown, touched with tan on muzzle and flanks, while the slight floss of mane and tail had also flecks of gold toward the

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ends, like those in the locks of some dark-haired women. Like her great granddam, Fleur-de-Lis, she stood full sixteen hands, but was neither leggy nor light of bone.

"May I give her an apple?" said Virginia, turning her slow, dark look from Bonnibel to her master. That clever damosel was already reaching after the coveted golden ball in the girl's hand, with cajoling little movements of her soft nose. Having obtained permission, Miss Herrick threw one arm over the mare's graceful crest and presented her with the apple—one of those renowned Albemarle pippins on which no duty is demanded by England's gracious Queen.

Bonnibel ate it with evident participation in her sovereign's good taste, rubbing her handsome head against the girl's arm with an almost cat-like softness of caress.

"I don' s'pose any one ever rides her but you?" said Virginia, with a suggestion of wistfulness in her low voice.

"Well, no," said Roden; "only the lad who gives her her gallops. She is as kind as a kitten, but rather hot-headed and excitable. Why do you ask? Would you like to ride her?"

"Yes, of co'se I would," said the girl, calmly; "but you needn't bother: I know how Englishmen are 'bout their horses. Some time if the boy as rides her gets sick, if you'll let me I'll show you whether I kin ride or no."

"Your father says you ride like an Indian," said Roden.

She moved her shoulders beneath her loose gray jacket with something very like a shrug. "I don't bleeve father ever saw a Injun in his life," she remarked. "You wait; I'll show you."

"I don't doubt you have a good seat," said Roden, pleasantly: he took particular pains to speak pleasantly always to Herrick and his daughter. "But the chief thing with a horse like Bonnibel is the hands. How are you about that?"

"How do you mean?" she said, puzzled.

"Why, have you nice light hands? Are you gentle in handling your mount?"

"Oh," she said, with the comprehensive indrawing of the breath which he was beginning to recognize as one of her chief characteristics. "You mean am I kind about yerkin' 'em. Well, I'll tell you: I never pulled any rougher on a horse's mouth in my life than I'd like anybody to pull on mine."

"I wish some of my friends would take that for their motto," said Roden. "I'm thinking I'll let you ride Bonnibel some time, if *she* will." He ended with a smile.

It was not more than a week afterward that he had occasion to require Virginia's services. One of the other horses, a rank, irritable brute, called Usurper, had jammed Roden's shoulder quite severely against the side of the box, and Bonnibel's own especial groom had been sent back to New York to bring on two new-comers but just arrived from England.

"I don't think she'll stand a riding-skirt," he said, rather doubtfully, as the beautiful beast was led out, reaching after the reins with her supple neck.

"I ain't goin' to ride her with one," said Virginia.

He then saw that Bonnibel was saddled with a man's saddle, and the next moment the girl was astride of the mare, the reins gathered skilfully into her long brown fingers, head erect, and hands well down, lithe, beautiful with the beauty of some sunburned, mountain-bred boy.

As Bonnibel felt the strange touch upon her mouth she wheeled, rearing a little, and the girl's soft hat was shaken from her head. Roden wondered if he had ever seen anything prettier than the sunlight on the young Virginian's sun-like curls, and the glossy hide of Bonnibel.

The mare was going quieter now, mincing along and picking up her feet after a fashion much in vogue among equine coquettes. She was beginning to like the feel of the light, firm hands, and to be sensible of the masterly pressure of the strong young knees upon her mighty shoulders.

"By Jove! what a graceful seat the little witch has got!" Roden said to himself with sufficient admiration. "And hands as steady as an old stager!—Gad!" This exclamation, breaking forth at first from an impulse of terror, ended in the relieved announcement, "That was fine; as I live it was!"

Bonnibel had bolted, going straight for a snake-fence at the bottom of the hill on which the stables were builded. To stop her was, he knew, impossible; to turn her aside on the slippery turf, more unreliable than usual with the spring rains, would have been culpably perilous. The fence just here was fortunately not very

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high, but Bonnibel had one serious fault. When excited, she had a way of going at her fences head down, after a fashion calculated to break her own neck, and certainly that of the person who rode her. He saw the girl sit well down in the saddle, run the bit through the mare's mouth, and bring her head up, showing her the leap in front with a skill he could not himself have rivalled, and Roden was no tyro. Bonnibel cleared the rails in gallant form, and Virginia then took her for a canter around the field beyond.

She came up to Roden, ten minutes later, with flushed cheeks and her great eyes brilliant.

"If she had a-hurt herself then," she said, flinging herself tempestuously to the ground, "I'd 'a got one o' th' grooms to kill me." She turned and showered the mare's sleek crest with kisses, then tossed the reins to Roden, and ran swiftly out of sight toward the house. He thought her the strangest creature he had ever seen.

In the mean time the days wore on. Roden was more than pleased with his Virginian venture. He had three excellent stables building, his gees were all in first rate condition, and his prospect for the provincial races more than fair.

Virginia now rode Bonnibel every day. There sprung up between the two, mare and woman, one of those mutual attachments as rare in reality as they are common in fiction. Virginia could catch the nervous beast when it meant danger to others to come within reach of her iron-shod heels. Virginia seemed to murmur a strange language into her slender ears, as certain in its effects as the whisper of the Roumanians to their horses. For Virginia would Bonnibel become as a spring lamb for meekness, or one of her own mountain streams for impetuosity. It afforded Roden a strange pleasure to watch the relations which existed between this beautiful savage maiden and his beautiful savage mare.

On the other hand, he found the girl more than useful to him. She knew all the owners of good horseflesh in the surrounding counties. She explored strange woods with him, while it came to be an understood thing that every day she should go with him on his long tramps. She marched sturdily at his side through brake and brier. She had no skirts to tear, no under-draperies of lace to draggle. She was always good-tempered and never tired.

It was one day about the middle of March that they stood together on a wind-blown hill-side. A dark blue sky gleamed overhead, set thickly with clouds of a vivid, opaque white, like the figures on antique Etruscan ware. The chain of distant hills clasped the tawny winter earth, as a violet ribbon might clasp the dusky body of an Eastern slave. So like was the pale horizon to a sunlit sea that the white gleam of a wood-dove's wing across it suggested instantly to them both the idea of a sail.

There was a sound, now far, now near, vague, intermittent, made by the rushing of the wind through the dry grass in the fields. The forlorn discord of the voices of spring lambs reached their ears, together with the reassuring monotone of the ewes. A sudden commotion among the flock caused Virginia to run suddenly forward, shading her eyes with her hand.

"It's that narsty Erroll dorg again!" she said, wrathfully. "He'll jess run those sheep to death."

"What dog?" said Roden, coming up beside her. "By Jove! it's a German sleuth-hound," he added. "I'm afraid he'll play the deuce with your father's sheep, Miss Virginia."

"He will so, ef he ain't stopped," she said, gloomily. "I didn't know the Errolls had come back to Windemere. Plague gone him! Look there, now!"

Just here came the shrill sound of a dog-whistle, then a clear voice calling, "Laurin! Laurin! Laurin, I say!"

They saw a girl on a chestnut horse, galloping toward the terrified, bleating sheep. She gained upon the great hound, came up with him, swung from her saddle, and caught him by the collar. After a moment or two she began to walk toward them through the weeds and brambles which overgrew the hill-side. As she came nearer they could see that she held a lamb beneath one arm: a tall, slight girl in a dark habit, with dark curls escaping about her forehead from her very correct pot hat. The hound followed meekly. "I am so very, very sorry," she called out, while yet some distance off. "I am afraid my dog has hurt this poor little thing." As she came closer Roden saw that there was blood on the lamb, and on the dog's dripping jaws.

"Please look at it," the girl said, wofully. "I'm afraid nothing will ever break him He will have to be sent

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away. They are your father's sheep, aren't they, Miss Herrick—you are Miss Herrick?"

Virginia lifted her full look to the stranger's face. "Yes, that's my name," she answered. "Why don't you muzzle him, or keep him chained? He'll get shot some day."

The girl looked sadly down at her huge pet. "I'm afraid he will," she said, gently. "I wish he wouldn't do it. I can't feel the same to him. Ah! you beast!" this last to the recreant Laurin, in a tone of wrath. In the mean time Roden had finished his examination of the lamb.

"I don't think it's serious," he said, kindly; "but it will have to be looked after a bit. Miss Herrick here will doctor it successfully, I've no doubt."

"Oh, couldn't I have it?" said the girl, eagerly. "I'm such a good hand at curing things. Do let me have it, Miss Herrick."

"Take it if you want it," said Virginia.

"But cannot you have it sent?" said Roden, as the girl held out her hand for the lamb. "I am afraid you will get blood all over your habit, Miss—" He had not meant to fish for her name, and stopped abruptly.

She looked at him with a soft smiling of lips and eyes. "My name is Erroll—Mary Erroll," she said. "And thank you, I would rather take it. Laurin will follow me now. *Ah!* you beast!"

"You will have to put it down until you mount," said Roden, laughing a little in spite of himself, as the old lines about Mary and her little lamb crossed his mind.

"Oh no, I wouldn't put it down," she said, hastily. "Miss Herrick will hold it for me, won't you?—and if you would be so kind as to mount me, Mr. Roden."

"You know my name?" said Roden, as he took the slight foot, arched like Bonnibel's crest, into his hand.

"Why, who in the neighborhood does not?" she said, settling herself in the saddle. "Not to know you would be to argue one's self very much unknown in this neighborhood. Now give me the lamb. Thank you so much. Come, Laurin. Good-by, Miss Herrick." She placed the lamb carefully against her side, whistled to the hound, and started off at a round trot. Her figure, in its trim Quorn-cloth habit, came into bold relief against the vivid sky. He watched admiringly the long supple waist as it swayed to the motion of the horse, the bold graceful sweep of the shoulders, and high carriage of the small head. He had read so much concerning the gathers and gilt braid of the Virginian horsewoman that it struck him as something entirely strange, the fact that Miss Mary Erroll should wear a neat, well-cut habit, and a chimney-pot hat. He also recalled that her saddle was all that it should be, and that instead of the gold-and-ivory-handled cutting whip which he had been led to expect, she carried a light but sturdy crop.

"By Jove! how she rides!" he said to himself.

"Don't I ride as well?" came the soft monotone of Virginia, at his ear.

He answered her, still with his eyes on the vanishing figure of the girl in the Quorn-cloth habit. "You ride like an Arab," he said. "She rides like—like—like an English woman."

"You don't think I ride as well," said Virginia, in an indescribable voice, turning away. She was filled with an unreasoning, unchristian, wholly uncivilized desire to mount Bonnibel, overtake, and spatter Miss Mary Erroll with as much mud as possible. Suddenly she turned and came back to Roden. "I—I—I s'pose you think a gyrl oughtn' to ride straddle?" she said, with an unusual hint of timidity in her rich tones.

"Oh, I don't know that there's any harm in it," he said, carelessly. Again she stood away from him. A feeling of utterly unreasonable anger and rebellion was swelling in her heart and straining her throat. Was it against Miss Mary Erroll or against Roden? She could not herself have told. One fact was entirely apparent to her: he did not deem what she did or did not do, things worthy his consideration.

"I bet she couldn't ride Bonnibel!" she said, passionately, between her locked teeth, as she went blindly on through the furze and briers. "I bet she couldn't ride Bonnibel—straddle or no straddle!"

It was not until three days later that she found out from her father the fact of Roden's having been to call (nominally) upon the lamb of Miss Mary Erroll.

"The beauty of the question air," ended that modern Solomon, as he filled his white clay pipe—"The beauty of the question air, that thar gyrl cert'n'y is goin' to

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lead that young fellar a darnce. They say she's got it down ter a fine p'int."

"What?" said Virginia, curtly.

"Why, coquettin'—hyah! hyah! *That's* the darnce she'll lead *him*. 'N' they sez, moresomever, as how th' English fellars takes to her like the partridges ter th' woods—plague 'em! 'Count o' her w'arin' boots like a man, an' skirts at harf-marst when she goes out on hawseback. Lawd! I cert'n'y do 'spise ter see a woman hitched onter th' side uv er hawse like a peckerwood a-stickin' ter rer tree trunk!"

Virginia came and leaned on the back of his chair, picking some bits of straw from his many-hued waistcoat. "You don't think it's any harm for a girl to ride straddle, do you, father?" she said, slowly.

"Harm!" said old Herrick, twisting about in his chair to look up at her—"*harm!*" He set his pipe firmly between his teeth, and pushed out his underlip with an expression of entire scorn. "Is there any harm in a hoppergrass hoppin'?" he questioned. "G'long! don' talk none o' yo' nonsense ter me!"

This, however, did not entirely satisfy her on the question in point.

Roden was not a little astonished to meet her, as she returned from giving Bonnibel her morning gallop, in a very fair imitation of Miss Mary Erroll's habit, and an old pot hat that had evidently belonged to some one of the previous Englishmen.

"Why, what a swell you are!" he said, pleasantly, joining her. "But how does Bonnibel like the change?"

"It don't make any diff'r'nce how she likes it," said Miss Herrick, curtly, adding hastily, with a swift change of manner, "She r'ared once or twice at first, but that's all." Then she stopped suddenly, and stepped around in front of him. "How—how does it look—really?" she said, with a shamefaced and comprehensive downward glance at her skirt.

"It looks awfully well," Roden assured her—"awfully well. How tall and strong you are, Miss Virginia!"

"I've got a right good mustle," she said, showing her handsome teeth in one of her rare and vivid smiles. "Mornin': I've got a heap to do."

Roden watched her as she stalked away with her splendid swinging stride, thinking vaguely of her beauty and its absolute waste in her position. "She'll marry some 'po' white' who talks as much like a nigger as her own father," he thought, half regretfully; "have a lot of children, and end by smoking a pipe—ugh!" He then went to call, for the third time that week, upon Mary Erroll. The visit ended by their going for a ride, and just as they neared the gates of Caryston a smart shower came pelting down the eastern slope of Peter's Mountain.

"Do come in and wait until this is over," he said, urgently, bending from his horse to open the long gray gate, which was now proudly supported on strong hinges. "Miss Herrick will chaperon us."

"Why, of course I'll come," she said, amazed, in her Southern freedom, that he should pause to question the propriety of her so doing. At one o'clock in the day, and with her little darky henchman mounting guard, what possible objection could any one find? She ran up the stone steps with a pretty clattering of her little boots, and Roden threw wide the doors of the great hall. She was delighted with everything; got on a chair to examine the great moose-head; struck some chords on an old harp that she discovered in a dark corner; made friends with the collie and one of the Persian cats, who came purring up from the recess of a distant window; looked over his collection of curious weapons; and on finding that he had spent some years of his life in Mexico, questioned him about his experiences there with a pretty assumption of almost motherly interest.

"Can't you say some—some Mexican?" she said. "I should so like to hear it."

"I love you, most beautiful of maidens," said Roden, lazily, in the Mexican *patois*.

"What does that mean? It sounds enchanting."

"It means enchantment."

She leaned suddenly forward and looked at him with her bright, soft, childishly chaste eyes. "Mr. Roden," she said, sweetly, "if I were not very sure you were only laughing, I should accuse you of trying to ensnare my simple country soul with a spurious sentimentality."

Roden roused himself from his lounging position in one of the big hall chairs with a jerk. An expression half of amusement, half of guilt, crossed his handsome sunburned face. "You are very unjust," he said. "I am certainly not laughing, and I couldn't be sentimental if I tried."

"Oh! oh!" she said, with her pretty

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Southern accent. "How very, how rudely unflattering!"

"I meant I would not have to try to be so—with you," said Roden, dexterously mendacious.

"How very, how rudely untruthful!"

They were here told by Popocatepetl that "lunch dun rade-y."

Roden's meals were generally presided over by Virginia, and she came forward to meet him now with a little silver dish of apples in one hand, evidently utterly ignorant of the presence of Mary Erroll. She stopped short, half-way across the room. A shadow as definite and sombre as the shadow from a brilliant cloud upon a laughing grass field in May settled over her face.

"I'll have to fix another place," she said, curtly, and turned her back upon them in order to do so.

Miss Erroll expressed herself charmed with her luncheon. She ate bread and honey with all the gusto of the queen of nursery lore, taking off her riding-gloves and showing long, flower-like hands, that were reflected as whitely in the polished mahogany of the round table as the pale primroses which adorned its centre.

Virginia moved about noiselessly. All at once she stopped beside Roden, and put one hand heavily on the back of his chair. He looked up in some surprise. Her eyes were flashing under her bent brows like the "brush fires" of her native State under a night horizon.

"I'll wait on *you*," she said, in a smothered voice—"I say I'll wait on *you, but I won't wait on her.*" She dashed down his napkin, which she had lifted from the floor, and strode with her swift, noiseless movements to the door.

"Virginia!" said Roden, aghast—"Virginia!"

"I don't care!" cried the girl, passionately, swinging open the heavy door—"I don't care! I ain't anybody's nigger!"

She rushed out tempestuously, dragging from one or two rings the heavy portière, which with a native incongruity hung before the door itself.

"How vulgarity will crop out!" said Roden, rising to shut the door. "That poor little girl has behaved so well until to-day!"

That evening, as he sat writing in a little room opening into the dining-room, Virginia entered, and came and stood beside him. He did not look up. She had annoyed him a good deal, and he was not prepared to yield the forgiveness for which he felt she had come to plead. She stood there some moments quite silent, then reached over his shoulder and dropped something on the table before him.

"You said th' other day you wanted one for the silver. There 'tis," she said. She turned before he could speak, and left the room.

Lifting the crimson mass from the table, he saw that it was an old-fashioned purse of netted silk, secured by little steel rings. He recalled a speech which he had made a day or two ago concerning the inconvenience of modern purses as regarded silver currency. He started up and opened the door, calling the girl by name two or three times. No one answered, and he went down the hall and into Herrick's room.

The overseer was there whittling something by the light of a smoking kerosene lamp. Aunt Tishy was there, grumbling to herself about "folks cuttin' trash all over de flo' fur her ter break her pore ole back over." The raccoon was very much there, as he seemed to be having a fit just as Roden entered, but there was no Virginia. Her spinning-wheel stood idle in its corner; her heavy boots were drying in front of the wood fire; there was a book, face down, upon the deal table—a book which she must have been reading, as no one else at Caryston, besides Roden, ever glanced between the covers of one.

He lifted it, expecting to find some Dora-Thornesque romance of high life. It was a condensed copy of *Youatt on the Horse*, and beneath it was a racing calendar for '79. Alas! alas! even this discovery told nothing else to this otherwise discerning young man. He smiled as he put down the volumes, thinking that the little Virginian was bent on making him acknowledge her a superior horsewoman in all respects.

He then inquired of Herrick as to the whereabouts of Virginia. Neither the girl's father nor Aunt Tishy could tell him.

"If you'll lend me a pencil I'll just leave a note for her," he said, feeling instinctively that she would not care to have a message, in regard to her little gift, left with her father or the old negress.

He scribbled a few words on one of the fly-leaves of the racing calendar, tore it

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out, folded it securely, and handed it to Herrick.

"Please give that to your daughter when she comes back," he said. "Good-night," and left the room.

Old Herrick waited until he heard the distant clang of the dining-room door; then he settled his spectacles very carefully upon his large nose, pushed out his underlip, and unfolding the little note, thrust it almost into the flame of the lamp while reading it.

"'DEAR MISS FAGINIA' (Humph!),—'Many thanks fur yo' beeyeutiful purse. I will alluz keep hit. Very truly yours,

"'J. RODEN.'"

"Humph!" said Herrick again—"humph!"

He set one long, knotty hand back down against his side, and turned the bit of paper about scornfully between the thumb and forefinger of his other hand, regarding it the while over his spectacles. "Humph!" he said for the fourth time.

IV.

It was one o'clock on that same night. Virginia Herrick leaned with round bare arms on the table, above which hung a little oblong, old-fashioned mirror in a warped mahogany frame. The one candle on a little bracket at her right hand brought out the clear tones in her face and throat and arms, and dived vividly into her masses of loosened hair; beyond her was a background of vague shadows; she looked from the tarnished mirror like a painting from its frame. Her eyes were sombre and heavy under their dark lids. The light falling down upon her sent long delicate shadows trembling upon her cheeks—shadows such as are made by the bending of summer grasses across a woman's white gown, and which in Virginia's case were cast by her thick, curled lashes.

She had taken off the waist of her home-spun dress, and the folds of her much-gathered chemise assumed a silvery tone in the concentrated light. The contrast between the dead white of the stuff, and the living white of her neck and arms, was as perfect as when Southern peach-trees, blossoming before their time, are seen next day against vast fields of snow.

One of the Persian cats leaped with soft agility upon the table, and passed purring between the girl and her fair image in the dingy glass; she swept him from her way with one sure motion of her strong bare arm, and returned to her intent scrutiny of her own face.

The time passed on. A rat began an intermittent nibbling in the old wainscoting of the room; sharp, sudden noises were heard overhead; the fire died out in tinkling silence; a heavy shroud of semi-transparent tallow wrapped the one candle. Two o'clock had sounded through the hollow depths of the old house some time ago. Suddenly she spoke. "I wisht I knew ef I war pretty," she said. Then, with passionate reiterance, "I *wisht* I knew ef I war pretty."

The cat, hearing her voice, leaped again beside her, as if to answer; again she swept him to the floor. The soft, cushioned thud of his feet against the bare boards sounded quite distinctly upon the silence, so alert to catch every noise. "Oh, I wisht—I *wisht* I knew ef I war pretty," she said once more.

Poor little savage, you are pretty indeed—with a prettiness which civilization would give many of its privileges to possess. So, I doubt not, were fashioned the wood-nymphs of old, with strength and with health and with grace beyond all power of reproduction—even so have they gazed deep into their woodland lakes; and the lakes, did they not answer? Who but Beauty was ever mother of such curves and tints?

This time she put another question. "I wisht I knew ef—it—pleased—*him*."

She had yielded up her secret to the old mirror, and to Hafiz—what better confidants? The one had no tongue; the other, a tongue used only for lapping unlimited supplies of Alderney cream.

With a sudden movement she leaned forward and blew out the sputtering candle. She did not wish even her own eyes in the mirror to pry upon her.

Three days later Roden and Usurper figured in a hurdle race of some note in the neighborhood.

This Usurper was by King Tom out of Uarda, and as rank a brute as ever went headlong at his hurdle, often taking off nearly a length too soon. Virginia, who had seen him day after day at his work, ventured timidly to suggest to Roden that one of the lads should ride the horse. He laughed, and told her he had thought her above that very ordinary failing of women

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—nervousness. She said nothing more, turning short on her heel with the customary dissenting movement of her fine shoulders.

These races were to be quite a swell affair, and there were a good many carriages outside of the course. Miss Erroll and her mother, sunk deep in an old-fashioned landau, talked to Roden as he leaned on the side of the carriage, very brown and gallant in his racing togs.

Virginia was seated on Pokeberry, not three yards off. She watched curiously each movement of Miss Erroll, dwelling with strained, wondering eyes upon her pretty wrinkled gloves; her close-fitting corsage of white serge; her little dark red velvet toque; her parasol, a vivid arrangement of cream-color and red, which made a charming plaque-like background for her fair face; she also noticed the posy of blue and white flowers which was pinned on the left side against the white bodice of Miss Erroll. Roden's colors were blue and white. Virginia herself had a little knot of white and blue hyacinths on her riding-habit; she jerked them out with a savage movement, tossed them on the ground, and carefully guided the hoofs of Pokeberry upon them.

All unconscious was she that in her eyes, blue now with anger, and her cheeks so white with pain, she wore his colors whether she would or not.

There were two races before the one in which he rode. Then he went off to be weighed, and Virginia dismounted from Pokeberry, and gave a little nigger a cent or two to hold the mare.

She went and leaned against the railing, waiting for the start. All went well enough until the finish. Roden came sweeping down the homestretch in an easy canter, Usurper well in hand and going game as a pebble, and one more hurdle to jump.

Virginia held her breath; she had a horrible certainty that Usurper would refuse that last hurdle, or do something equally idiotic. Roden sent him at it in fine form. There was a second of expectancy, a smart crash, and then Usurper, scrambling heavily to his feet, tore off down the course, leaving a mass of blue and white half under the débris of the hurdle. The brute had not risen an inch, and had flung Roden head-first into the hurdle, turning himself a complete somersault.

On came the other horses, ten of them, in full gallop. Mary Erroll stood on her feet, with a little broken cry. Some men, until now paralyzed with astonishment and horror, started forward; but swifter than all, unhesitating, strong of arm as of nerve, Herrick's daughter, diving beneath the rail, rushed out into the middle of the track, and seizing the senseless man beneath his arms, dragged him by main force out of the way of the coming horses. The hoof of one of them, however, struck her on her left shoulder, taking a good bit of flesh and cloth clean away as though with a knife.

There was a good deal of blood about Roden's head—some at first thought that he was seriously injured. They carried him into a tent, and sent for a surgeon. In an hour he was all right, however, and wrote a few words upon some little ivory tablets, sent him by Miss Erroll for that purpose, to assure her of his entire recovery. Mary then sent to ask if Miss Herrick would not be so very kind as to come and speak to her. The girl came, sullenly enough, touching from time to time the bandages about her left shoulder, as though restless under even so slight a restraint.

"I want to thank you so very, very much," said Mary, in her sweetest voice. She leaned far out of the landau and held out her hand to Virginia.

"What a' *you* thankin' me fur?" demanded the girl, fiercely, stepping backward from the extended hand. "*You* 'ain't got nothin' to thank me fur—have you?" she ended with a sudden change from aggressiveness to appeal, infinitely pathetic.

A swift red had dyed Mary's face at the first reception of her kindly meant advances. It faded out now, leaving her very pale.

"Every one who is a friend of Mr. Roden ought to thank you, if they do not," she said, with great dignity. "I am sorry I spoke, since it has been so disagreeable to you. Good-morning."

Virginia was dismissed—she felt it. The knowledge went scorching through her veins as kirsch through the veins of one not accustomed to its fire. She hated the girl with a mad, barbaric impulse, which was as much beyond her control as its tides are beyond the control of the ocean; she felt an animosity to Miss Erroll's very hat, to her pretty parasol with its bunch

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of red velvet ribbons on the bamboo handle. She would have liked to seize and tear them to pieces, as a humming-bird tears the flower which has refused its honey. A red mist rose to her eyes. The Erroll carriage and its occupants seemed to be melting away and away in a golden haze. She stepped backward, keeping her eyes on it, as a fascinated bird looks ever on the serpent that has charmed it.

"I hate her—I hate her—I hate her," she said, back of her teeth, not fiercely, as she had at first spoken, but with a dull assertiveness.

She refused several offers from kindly neighbors who would have driven her home. She could ride quite well, she said, without using her left arm.

The evening was lowering and purple toward the northeast, full of vague shadows and noises of homeward creatures. The west was aglare as with floating golden ribbons from some mighty, unseen May-pole behind the luridly dark mountains.

The slanting light touched the crests of the clods in a newly ploughed field to her left with a vivid effect, remindful of the light-capped wavelets on an evening bay. Further on, it was long, glistening stalks of fodder which caught the level gleaming from the west, as might the rifles of a regiment that has been ordered to fire lying down. The fresh green hollows of the hills were full of a palpable golden ether, like cups of emerald brimmed with the lucent amber drink of other days.

A leather-winged bat brushed against her cheek, flying heavily into some broom straw just beyond. She saw nothing, felt nothing, heard nothing, beyond the dark hours ahead of her, the heavy aching of her heart, and its loud, monotonous beating, to which she unconsciously set words as one does to the iterant chatter of a clock.

"Yes, he loves her—yes, he loves her," so it seemed to say, over and over, again and again. Almost she could have torn it from her breast and flung it from her, had not it been sacred to her for the love of him with which it was filled. Think of it; try to imagine it. A woman fully developed, heart and body full of the South from bright head to nimble feet, as the South is full of beauty; free as the birds that cleaved her native air with strong, untiring wings; unlearned in all emotion whether of love or of hate; not weary in sense or perception; untutored, unknowing, uncivilized—and loving for the first time in all her one-and-twenty years of living!

There was no analysis here, no picking to pieces of little emotions, no skewering of butterfly passions to sheets of paper from the book of former knowledge. No comparison between then and now—between now and what might possibly have been had the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope of existence assumed a certain difference of juxtaposition. She loved him. Why she loved him, how she loved him, she could no more have told you than she could have told the names of the different gases which composed the tears with which her hot eyes brimmed.

It was seven o'clock of that same evening. Roden, restless and feverish, flung from side to side on an old leathern sofa in the library. There were no candles, but a great fire of chestnut-wood sought and found all such points as were capable of illumination in the sombre old room—the brass claw feet of the tables and chairs, the great brass hinges of the rosewood bookcase, the glass knobs on an old writing-desk in one corner, Roden's eyes and hair as he lay listlessly resigned for a moment or two staring into the noisy labyrinths of the flames.

It was half an hour later. The leaping flames had settled as in sleep upon a bed of red-gold coals; a little ever-ascending spiral of gray-white smoke escaped from a cleft in the end of one of the half-burned logs. The old chimney-place was like a vivid picture set in the dark wall. Its yawning black throat, heavily clogged with soot, was tinged faintly for some way up by the glow from the lurid mass on the hearth. The great iron fire-dogs, at least four feet in height, were connected from shaft to shaft by a chain in grotesque suggestion of the Siamese twins. The much-burned bricks had assumed opaline tones, in rosy grays and greenish-yellows, beneath the intense heat and light. On the hearth-rug the collie lay stretched, his ruffled legs every now and then executing an unavailing canter, as in his dreams perchance he chased a soaring buzzard.

They were all three asleep—the fire, the collie, Roden. A soft crooning wind, conducive to slumber, sighed at the doors and windows, vibrating every once in a while with sonorous minor cadences.

Suddenly the incessant monotone was

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snapped, as it were, to silence. The door leading into the library had been opened; some one entered cautiously, stood still; then the door was again closed noiselessly.

The person who had entered crept forward a pace or two. It was Virginia. She had not yet taken off her riding-habit, and the bandages were yet about her shoulder. Some dark stains here and there told where the blood had soaked through. As she came forward, nearer to the rich lambency of the fire, her white face borrowed some of its roseate flush, but the lines of pain, mental and physical, were traced as with a fine chisel about the sombre mouth and eyes. Stealing past the foot of the sofa on which Roden lay, she stood a moment looking at him. Her crossed wrists pressed one another hard against her bosom, her long fingers drawing the stuff of her habit in wrinkles, with the tenseness of their grasp upon it. Her breast rose and fell, impatient, eager, behind the close prison of her arms, as some woodland thing so held might seek to be free. All at once she sank down to her knees upon the hearth-rug, lifting both hands to her bent face, and rocking herself to and fro with wild, swaying movements of her supple body. The collie raised his head with a drowsy curiosity, and let it fall heavily again upon the floor. The varying monody of the wind had begun again through the chinks in the closed door.

At last she lifted her head, letting her clasped hands fall loosely into her lap. A sudden flame showed her with an added vividness the face of Roden as he lay in tired unconsciousness upon the old lounge. She moved nearer to him, still on her knees; then again lifting her hands to her bosom, leaned forward and gazed upon him as though one should drink with the eyes. Her great braids, ruffled and half unplaited, followed the lithe curves of her back with glittering undulations, as of two mated golden serpents. So passed some moments.

Presently, as though uneasy, even in the far-off Land of Nod, beneath those moveless, hungry, beautiful eyes, the young man stirred, and muttered something in his sleep. Swift and noiseless as a cat she leaped backward into the folded shadows; but he did not wake. Once more she came forward. With a stealthy movement she drew out a little pair of scissors from the bosom of her dress; then, bending over, lifted, with the touch of a butterfly upon a flower, one of Roden's much-tossed curls. There was the sharp hiss of steel through hair, and the soft brown semicircle lay in the girl's palm. She lifted it to her lips with the gesture of one who, half starved, finds suddenly bread within his grasp. Then turning, she stole out again, even as she had entered.

V.

Roden was not able to leave the house for several days. During this time Virginia waited upon him, sang to him, brought into service her every power of amusement.

She coaxed her perverse "mammy" to teach her new darky songs by reading endless chapters in the Bible. All her spare time was spent in setting them to appropriate accompaniments. She would sit and recount absurd anecdotes to him by the hour in her slow, sweet monotone, as unsuggestive of anything humorous as can well be imagined. Sometimes she fetched her spinning-wheel and spun as she talked. He felt vexed with himself that he could not sketch her as she sat plying the dull blue thread with her nimble fingers. Her homespun dress dropped naturally into those broad, generous folds beloved of sculptors. She had a clear, placid profile, which always found shadows sufficiently willing to serve as background for its pale beauty. Her head was noble in its contours, and as graceful in its startled, listening movements as that of a stag. Roden did make several attempts to fix her upon paper, but ended always with a contemptuous exclamation, and a hurried, clever drawing of a steeplechase, or Bonnibel, or some other equally horsy subject.

One day he happened to mention that as a lad he had played tolerably well on the violin. Virginia rose at once, saying that she thought there was one in the attic.

She took a candle, and went up the little corkscrew staircase that led into the roof of the house—a dark, dusty, cavernous place, smelling of mould and old books. There were many hair-covered trunks studded with brass nails, heaps of old saddles and harness, fire-dogs, brass and iron, a disused loom.

The corners of the room were veiled in a thick and rustling obscurity, suggestive

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of parchment and rats. Onions and red peppers adorned the ceiling.

Virginia set down the candle on one of the moth-eaten trunks, and lifted the lid of a second.

A fine cloud of little white particles flew out into her face, as impalpable, as easy of escape, as impossible to recapture, as the contents of Pandora's box. The girl thrust in her long brown arm, and drew out a bunch of white ostrich feathers.

They were shedding their delicate moth-nibbled filaments like snow upon her dark gown and the bare floor of the attic. She drew them caressingly through her fingers as though in pity; it seemed to her sad that things so charming should have so common a fate. She then stooped, and after a little searching drew out the violin.

She was about to shut down the lid of the trunk, when something caught her eye—a bunch of cherry-colored ribbon, which burst from beneath a mass of moth-eaten gray fur, like a sudden flame from covering ashes.

She reached down and pulled it out; but lo! it was not only a knot of ribbons; something more followed—a sleeve of heavy antique silk, stiffly brocaded in red and gold flowers on a cream-hued ground. Then came more ribbons, a mass of fine lace, a scarlet petticoat. The girl put down the violin, held up this relic of the Old Dominion, and shook it out somewhat contemptuously. A little parcel fell from the musty skirt—a pair of slippers with high red heels and little red rosettes. As she looked, a sudden change came over the girl's face, a sudden flash of resolve, a quick suffusion of bright color. She seized the little shoes, bundled them again into the dress, and drew her own home-spun skirt over the whole. Then, tucking the violin under her arm and lifting the candle, she ran at a perilously hurried pace down the contorted stairway and into her own room.

She closed and locked the door, laid the dress and violin on the bed, and still standing up, pulled and tugged at one of her heavy shoes until it came off in her hand, discovering one of her shapely feet in its blue yarn stocking. But alas! Virginia present could not get her foot into the slipper of Virginia past. She sat down on the edge of the bed in mortified vanquishment, and turned the pretty, absurd thing about in her strong hand. Then once more she tried to put it on. She found that by squeezing her toes into the toe of the slipper she could manage to walk, as there was no restraint at the back of the foot. She then lifted and put on the dress. It would not meet by several inches about her splendid young bosom, and the waist gaped at her derisively from the little mahogany-framed mirror. She was, however, determined. She hid these defects as best she might, by snipping away bunches of the cherry-colored ribbon here and there, and pinning them in reckless profusion above the gap in the bodice. My lady of the time of George the Third must have been shorter than this damsel of the first year of President Cleveland's administration. The stiff, flowered skirts stopped short at least three inches above her instep. Virginia had fortunately very commendable ankles, and peeping thus from the mass of mould-stained red and yellow frillings, they looked as sleek and trim as the neck of a bluebird peeping from autumnal foliage.

She tilted the little glass forward by means of one of her discarded shoes thrust behind it, and darted a shamefaced glance at her transformed self. Bravo! bravo! Miss Herrick. You are worthy of that famous name. So hath Abbey oft drawn Julia, plenteous in her shining skirts and tresses, beribboned, beautiful. Ah! what eyes! what lips! what an exquisite expression, half of self-conceit, half of timid uncertainty! What a throat for a dove to envy, supporting the face kissed brown by the sun, like an orchid whose stem is fairer than its flower! Snood up that banner of golden hair, my good Virginia; twist it about with the string of little shells you yourself gathered at Old Point Comfort last summer; make yourself as lovely as possible, my little fawn, for the sacrifice. The gods have demanded it from time immemorial—a band of fair maidens every year to appease the Minotaur Despair. Good-by, Virginia; good-by; good-by. Never again will that dim green glass reflect such looks from you. Do not forget the violin. Was it not for him that you went to fetch it? Is it not for him that you have forced your strong young body into the curveless dress of 1761? Is it not all for him? And even unto the end will it not be for him?

Roden, conscious only of her presence by the unusual rustling of her skirts, looked up questioningly. When he saw

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"I—I—I LOOK A AWFUL FOOL—DON'T I?"

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her, who she was, he started to his feet, his lips parting in an expression of utter amaze. It was as though one of the bepowdered Caryston dames had stepped from her massive gilt frame in the hall without and confronted him. He could say nothing but her name, in varied tones of astonishment, inquiry, and approval.

She stood before him on her high heels as uncertain as a child learning to walk, smoothing out the much-creased folds of her gay attire with restless, nervous fingers, the stringless violin in her other hand. "I—I—I look a awful fool—don't I?" she said, laughing not very merrily. "I—feel 's 'f I'd sorter got roots to my feet in these shoes." She thrust out one foot, in its incongruity of yarn stocking and Louis Quinze slipper, tilted it to one side, and regarded it in apparent absorption.

Roden was only thinking what a charming picture she made tricked out in all this red and gold of other days. She stood there before him like a beautiful present, clad in the garments of a past as beautiful. He felt a strange sensation of having stepped back into the time of Henry Esmond and the Virginians. He glanced down at his wrists, half expecting to see lace ruffles spring to adorn them, under the magic of the hour.

"You pretty child!" he said at last, "what on earth made you think of getting yourself up in this style?" But he knew that she was more than pretty. He would have liked to tell her so, only he was always very careful what he said to this little Virginian, and florid compliments, though perfectly adapted to the period of her costume, would smack of the familiar when considered under the lights of the nineteenth century.

He wondered at the radiance in her suddenly lifted face. How could he know that at last the so often asked question nearest to her heart was answered, and answered by him? He thought her pretty!

"I brought you the violin," she said, turning away with an effort. "I reckon I'd better go 'n' take off these things. They cert'n'y do look foolish—don't they?"

"No, don't," said Roden. "You ought to humor an invalid, you know. You are so awfully nice to look at in that queer old gown."

Dimples that he had never before seen, just born of joy, stole in and out about the corners of the girl's red lips. She was more even than beautiful; she was enchanting. How ever had she come by all those old-time airs and movements? Had she perchance imbibed the spirit of the past with the air of the old house where she had always lived? Did some of those old *grandes dames* lean from the walls at night to teach her that subtle, upward carriage of the head?

He forgot all about the violin, and stood looking at her in wondering absorption.

"I—I've got a new song for you," she said, presently, in a low voice. She seated herself sidewise at the piano, as though diffident of the furbelows that composed the back of her novel attire, striking at the same time noiseless chords with her left hand.

"You said you liked Scotch songs. I found this one in a old book that b'longed to my mother. She was Scotch. Mus' I sing it?"

"Please do," said Roden.

Thus encouraged, she sang to him in the following words:

I hae a curl, a bricht brown curl,
  A bonny, bonny curl o' hair,
An' close to my heart it nestles warm,
  But its brithers dinna ken it's there.

I stole my curl, my silk-saft curl,
  My bonny, bonny curl o' hair,
An' a' the nicht it sleeps upon my heart,
  But its master doesna ken it's there.

O bricht, bricht curl! O luvely, luvely curl!
  O curl o' my bonny, bonny dear!
I wad that again ye waur shinin' on his head,
  But I wad that his head waur here!

Now although Roden had often before heard her sing, he was conscious of a sound in her voice to-night which was utterly new to him—a sound so marvellous, so altogether exquisite, so melting sweet, that almost he was afraid the beating of his heart would prevent some of its beauty from reaching him. There was in it a divine fulness which he had never before heard in a human voice. It was like the sea on summer nights. It was like the distant wind in many leaves. It was like the eternal complaint of the voices of the fields on April noons. It filled him with a sense of peace and unrest at the same time. It thrilled him and possessed him utterly. Blind that he was, however, no faintest inkling of what had produced this divine result came to his mind. He was touched, but touched only as he would have been by any other voice as perfect.

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"My dear little girl," he said, bending over and kissing her smooth brow with one of his rash impulses, "we must see what can be done with that voice. I am thinking that you will add to the honor of your name some day, Miss Herrick."

She started to her feet. It was as though her very heart's blood had risen to meet his lips. A delicate, vivid rose-color dyed all her brow and temples. "How do you mean?—how do you mean?" she said, in a rough, shaken whisper, holding both hands against her heart as though afraid it would leap from her body.

"Never mind what I mean just now," he said, with the smile of a wiseacre; "and, Virginia, since you have sung that song so charmingly, I am sure that you will be glad for me about something which I am going to tell you."

Glad? Was she not always glad for anything which gave him joy? Had she not read her eyes almost sightless, night after night, in mastering that strange horse lore which would enable her to help him in his enterprises? She came nearer in bright expectancy; lifted her face to meet his looks and words.

"Yes," she said; "please tell me. I know I'll be glad—I cert'n'y will."

"I am engaged to be married," he told her. "I am engaged to be married to Miss Mary Erroll, and—I want you to be the first to congratulate me, Virginia."

He could recall nothing afterward but the swift withdrawing of her hands from his. He could not even remember how she had left the room. She seemed to vanish as though in reality she had been but a wraith summoned up by fancy from days long fled.

But Virginia? Ah! Virginia. Out, out, out into the night she sped on, supple, unshod feet. She had torn off those queer little parodies of shoes at the hall door, and held them now mechanically to her breast as she ran.

The air, redolent with peach blossoms and hyacinths just born, rushed to meet her from the dark jaws of the east, as though some leviathan should breathe with a sweet breath upon the night May earth. There was no moon in the lustrous blue-gray of the heavens, but the stars seemed trying to atone for her absence by their multitudinous shining.

As Virginia dashed on past a clump of box bushes, her skirts brushing the stiff leaves set them rattling, and woke the nested birds to querulous complaints. Her feet were wet with the night grasses, and bruised with the pebbles of the carriage-drive. She reached the lawn gate, opened it, and rushed through. On, on, across a field of grass, close cropped by the not fastidious sheep, who, warmly folded on a neighboring hill-side, still nibbled drowsily between their slumbers such luscious blades as were within their reach.

She came at last to a little enclosure set about with evergreens and almost knee-deep in withered grass. Her eyes, grown accustomed to the wan light, could easily make out two little hillocks, as it were, formed within by heaped-up earth, and clasped by the tangled herbage. She knew them well. Underneath their sometime verdant rises slept the first twain who in Virginia bore the name of Caryston. Side by side, so had they lain, in death together as in life they had been. Virginia knew well this their self-chosen resting-place. Here on summer afternoons would she come to knit. Here she always brought the first spring flowers, and here she had always placed boughs of white and purple lilacs every day while they lasted. She had dreamed and wondered and enjoyed here, and here she came to suffer, as from some subtle instinct a man turns to his childhood's home to die.

Just outside the wicket-gate the daffodils were all in plenteous blossom, as though day, for once relenting, had dropped an armful of gold into the lap of night. On a locust-tree near by a mocking-bird trilled and warbled. She cast herself face down upon one of the graves, clasping it about with her bare arms, as one clasps a proven friend in time of trouble. She had spoken no word as yet. She suffered as keenly, as dumbly, as any creature, wild or tame, to whom there is no soul. But all at once a cry broke from her, then over and over again, "O my God! O my God! O my God!"

The sobbing piteousness of this desolate prayer as it tore its way from the depths of her wild heart—who shall write of it? Not I—not I—even if I could. She was a savage. She suffered like a savage. Will any say there was no justice in it? It is something, is it not, to be capable of passion such as that? She suffered beyond most people, men and women, it is true; but was she not in that much blessed above them?

She lay there until the dawn looked

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whitely above the eastern hills upon the waking earth. In her quaint old dress one might have thought her the tortured ghost of the woman who had so long slept in peace below the grass-hidden mound. She staggered, when at last she rose to her feet, and fell for a moment upon her knees. There was a sense of vagueness that possessed her. She did not seem to care now, somehow. She wondered if they would be married at the little church in the neighborhood, and if they would let her come. She thought *he* would. She thought that she would not mind much seeing it. Of course they would live here. She would see them together every day. Well, what of that? She was surprised in a dull way that it did not affect her more. Then she remembered that she had not made any bread for him, such as he liked, the night before. Well, it was a pity; but it was too late; it wouldn't have time to rise now. She must think of something else. Morning came on apace, clad all in translucent beryl-colored robes, and brow bound with gold and with scarlet.

The birds were waking and chattering as women chatter over their morning toilets. Some more hyacinths had bloomed in the night, and there was a great clump of iris, that she had not noticed the day before, on the hill-top. A cardinal-bird, sweeping downward like a flame fallen from some celestial fire, made his morning bath in the hollow of a tulip-tree leaf —a relic of vanished winter filled by kindly spring with fragrant rain.

As she neared the lawn gate she saw some one leaning over it. A swart, red-kerchiefed figure, clad in a dress whose stripes of blue and white circled her large body as its hoops a barrel. It was Aunt Tishy. She pushed open the gate, jamming her stout proportions uncomfortably in her haste to reach the girl.

"Gord! Miss Faginia, whar *is* you ben? An' gret day in de mawnin! what dat you got on, anyhow? Gord! Gord! ef de chile ain' jes ez wet 's 'f she'd ben caught in de Red Sea wid Pharo. Honey, whar *is* you ben, in de name o' Gord? Tell yo' mammy. Is you been see a harnt? What de matter wid my baby? Gord! Gord! dem eyes sutney *is* ben look on suppn dradeful. Po' lamb! po' lamb! Look at dem little foots, an' de stockin's all war offen 'em same as de rats dun neaw 'em. Ain' yo' gwine tell yo' mammy, my lady-bug? Come 'long so. Mammy kin 'mos' kyar yo' ter de house."

Virginia submitted listlessly to the old black's blandishments. She was not sorry to have Aunt Tishy's massive arm about her. Her feet ached and smarted; there was a sharp pain in her side when she drew her breath, and that dreadful feeling of being a thing just born, a creature who had no past, still held her in its numbing grasp.

Aunt Tishy took her into the big kitchen—an out-house consisting of one room, and a fireplace in which one might have roasted a whole ox. It was lined on two sides with great smoke-darkened pine presses. The other walls and the ceiling had once been white, but were now stained the color of a half-seasoned meerschaum pipe. The two windows had casements with diamond-shaped panes of dingy glass set in lead. Enormous deal tables stood here and there. From the surrounding gloom came the glimmer of brightly polished tin, as brilliant in its effect as the glint of a negro's teeth from the dusk of his face.

Aunt Tishy, having seated her nursling in an old wooden rocking-chair, dragged a basket of chips and shavings from the capacious ingle-nook, and set about making the fire. She first scooped away the yet warm ashes of yesterday with her shapely yellow-palmed hands (negroes have generally well-formed hands and remarkably pretty finger-nails). Then she began laying a little foundation of shavings and lightwood splinters; here and there she stuck a broad locust chip. When these preparations were all completed she went out to "fotch a light," she said, assuring Virginia of her speedy return.

In a few moments she was back, carrying a handful of live coals in her naked palm, having first sprinkled a few ashes over it for protection. With these she kindled the fire, which soon made a busy clamor in the hollow throat of the old chimney.

Once more she disappeared, returning with a bundle of things in her arms: a big shawl, Virginia's shoes and stockings, and her homespun dress.

"I gwine take dat dar outlandish thing offen yo', honey," she announced, seating herself on the pine floor in front of the girl, and beginning to draw off her torn stockings. "I gwine mek yo' put on yo'

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own frawk 'fo' dey sees yo' in d' house. Marse Gawge he ain' knowin' nuttin' 'bout yo' bein' out all night. I 'mos' skeered to deaf 'bout yo', but I ain' seh nuttin' to *naw*-body, 'case I didn' think my honey gwine g'way fur good." She took the little cold bare feet into her cushiony palms, and rubbed them softly. Every now and then she bent down her gayly turbaned head and blew with warm breath upon them, after the negro fashion of ministering to any frozen thing, from a bit of bread to a young "squawb."

"Yo' barf's all rade-y in de house," Aunt Tishy continued, as she knelt up and began unfastening the ribbons from the front of the old-time garment the girl had donned in a mood so different.

"Gord! honey," she said, as the pins accumulated in her capacious mouth, "in de name o' sense what dun persess yo' tuh put on dis hyah thing? Name o' Gord! *who* ever see sich a thing *ane*yhow?" She held it up with much of the contempt with which Virginia had at first regarded it, tossing it finally into the chip-basket.

Virginia said nothing from first to last. She was almost sure that she was dreaming, and would soon awake.

"My sakes 'live," chuckled Aunt Tishy, as she hooked the homespun dress about the girl's waist, "wouldn' I 'a thanked Gordamighty ef yo'd 'a ben dis good when yo' wuz leetle, honey? Mk, mh-*mph!*"

(This final ejaculation I find impossible to describe with pen and ink.)

When she had completely altered her charge's appearance, replaiting her dishevelled hair, and unwinding from its tangled meshes the little chain of white and red sea-shells, Aunt Tishy took her by the hand and led her across the side lawn to the house.

"Now yo' kin dress comfbul," she told her, "an' jess mek yo'se'f easy, my lamb. Tishy she ain' gwine seh nuttin' tuh *naw*-bode-y."

Virginia tried to smile upon her. Something stiff at the corners of her mouth seemed to prevent her. She turned, lifting one hand to her cheek, and went into the yet quiet house.

VI.

Roden wondered a good deal, during such moments as his thoughts reverted not to his ladylove, concerning Virginia's recent neglect of him. Popocatepetl was his attendant now at meals, dried his newspapers, and gambolled for his amusement. Virginia had come to him on the afternoon of the day following that upon which he had announced to her his en-



"I GWINE TAKE DAT DAR OUTLANDISH THING OFFEN YO', HONEY."

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gagement, and had said she "didn' know what took her las' night. She cert'n'y was glad he was so happy. He mus' please scuse her 'f she'd ben unperlite. She cert'n'y was glad." But Roden missed her very much. Besides, he wished exceedingly to hear her sing again. He wanted to be quite sure that he had not deluded himself in regard to the possibilities contained in her sonorous voice.

Virginia continued to be very economical of her presence, however, and three days afterward he was summoned to New York by telegraph to attend the bedside of an ailing thorough-bred.

Virginia did not come to tell him goodby. He thought it strange at the moment, but did not have time to ponder over it subsequently. She, in the mean time, kneeling behind the "slats" of her bedroom window-blinds, watched the little Canadian fishing wagon as it drove away, with Popocatepetl proudly installed on the back seat. She held something crushed against her breast—an old Trinity College boating cap which belonged to Roden. She knelt there for full a half-hour after the last grinding of the cart wheels on the carriage-drive. No tears rose to soothe the burning in her eyes. She had not wept since that night spent by those lonely graves. At last she rose and went over beside the fire. The day was unusually raw for the season of the year. Rebellious robins chattered on the eaves. A fitful wind swept rudely over the fields. Virginia, with unseeing eyes on the low-smouldering fire, caressed the bit of blue cloth in her hands with absent, slow-moving fingers. Anon she lifted and examined it closely. It seemed to her that the lion on the coat of arms might have been better done. She remembered an old print of Daniel in the lions' den which was in the big family Bible. Therein the king of beasts was, she thought, far more ably depicted. This lion had an inane expression, owing probably to the two black dots which stood for his fierce eyes, a paucity of mane, and a superfluity of tail which struck her as undignified. Suddenly she burst out laughing. Peal after peal of the merry, staccato sound rang through the winding passageways above, and echoed down into the lower halls. Ripple upon ripple of wild merriment. A rush, an abandonment of jollity, in which she had not indulged for many a day. She tried in vain to stop. She could not. That little oblong lion with his much-curled tail was too much for her. Ha! ha! Oh, how funny — how funny it was! and how she enjoyed a good laugh! And was it not far, far better to laugh than to cry? Oh, that funny, funny, funny little beast! How merry he made her, how jolly, how care-free, once more!

A voice rang out suddenly, calling her name: "Faginia! O-o-o-o-o Faginia! O-o-o-o-o-o Faginia!"

Startled into sudden gravity, she slipped the cap into the breast of her brown stuff gown, and went to the door.

"That you, father?"

"Yase, 'tis. What 'n th' name o' goodness 'r' you hyahhyahin' 'bout up thar all by yo'self? Howsomdever, the beauty of the question air, thar's a young lady down here as wants ter see you, an' I'd never 'a knowed yo' was in the house ef yo' hadn' been goin' on like a wil'-cat with the stomach-ache."

"Who is it?" said Virginia.

Back came the name in strident unmistakable syllables, "Miss—Ma-ry—Erroll."

There was a second's pause.

"I'll be down in a minute," Virginia called back.

Miss Mary Erroll was walking up and down the "front hall" in her Quorn-cloth habit, whistling softly to herself. Her short riding-skirt needed no holding up to enable her to move comfortably, and her hands were clasped behind her about her hunting-crop.

Virginia, coming slowly down the many convolutions of the broad stairway, noticed the dark sheen of the thick braid folded away under the smart little hat, the glimpse of fair cheek and throat, the thorough-bred lines of the slight figure.

"Mornin'," she said, briefly.

Miss Erroll stopped in the midst of an intricate aria, unbent her red lips, and held out her hand in its loose dog-skin glove: evidently she intended to ignore the unpleasantness of their last interview.

"I came to Caryston for two reasons," she announced, cheerily. "First, to give your father a message which Mr. Roden left with me. Secondly, to bring you something, Miss Virginia. I believe you like dogs?"

"Some dawgs," said Virginia, speaking in a dull, even tone.

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Miss Erroll, nothing daunted, led the way to the library; she pulled off the wrappings from about a wicker basket, and lifted out a sturdy mastiff pup, who, supported across the palm of his whilom mistress's fair hand, made ungainly motions with his great paws, as though trying to swim.

"Won't you take him, Miss Virginia? We have so many dogs at home, it would be a real kindness."

"Most likely my father 'd like to have him," said Virginia. "I don' have much time ter 'tend ter dawgs. I'm much obliged ter you, though."

Miss Erroll, thus rebuffed, set down the little mastiff on the floor, and pushed it with the toe of her riding-boot. One of the characteristics of this young woman was an insatiate desire for the good-will of every one. It was weak, no doubt; but, as the celebrated saying hath it, the weakness was very strong. Somehow it made Mary uncomfortable to think that the overseer's daughter, humble though her position was, should not succumb to the charm which she chose to exert for her benefit.

The unconscious little peace-offering in the mean time was making abortive efforts to peer into every object out of his reach which the room contained.

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Virginia, a sense of unnecessary rudeness, and of the uselessness of it all.

"I—I'll take him, thank you," she said, stooping and lifting the puppy into her capable young embrace. "I'm mighty glad to have him. He cert'n'y is pretty."

Poor Virginia! She felt the baldness of these phrases without knowing how to remedy them. "He cert'n'y is cunnin'," she added.

Mary was much relieved. "I thought you would like him," she said. "I have named him 'Mumbo,' after one of his ancestors. If you don't like the name, please be sure to change it."

"Oh, I like it!" said Virginia. "I couldn't give him a better one to save my life. I kyarn't never scarsely think o' names fur the critters on th' farm. Does he know it yet?"

"Oh no!" Miss Erroll assured her. "You'll have to teach him that."

She looked down intently at one of her gloves, and began to unbutton it. "I suppose you have heard of my engagement?" she said, without looking up.

Yes, Virginia had heard of it. She said so in an even monotone which had in it no suggestions either of approval or disapproval. She was astonished to feel Miss Erroll's hand on her arm.

"Miss Virginia," said that young lady, with a sweet and whole-souled blush, "I'm going to ask you to do me a tremendous favor. I—I would like so much to see Jack's—Mr. Roden's room just as he left it, don't you know—with his boots and coats and whips lying about. I don't want your father or any of the servants to know, because they would think me crazy; but I'm sure you'll understand."

Virginia led the way without a word. The mastiff pup made playfully affectionate dabs at her round chin with his rose-leaf tongue. Roden's bedroom was on the ground-floor. He did not occupy the majestically gloomy apartment in which his first night at Caryston had been spent. This room was in the east wing of the house, plentifully perforated with small casements, and panelled from floor to ceiling. This panelling had all been painted white, and the result of the heavy coatings, renewed from time to time, was a rich, ivory-like smoothness of tint and tone. A little single iron bedstead stood in one corner of the room, between two windows. There were some capital old sporting prints upon the walls, numberless hunting-crops and riding-canes stacked on the high mantel, spurs, gloves, tobacco-bags, cartridges, and what not heaped pell-mell on tables and chairs, about twenty pairs of boots and shoes ranged along one side of the room, some on and some not on trees. Garments of divers kind were pitched recklessly about. It is perhaps needless to say, after the foregoing description, that confusion reigned supreme.

Miss Erroll, at first shyly conscious of Virginia's presence, soon began to move about after her usual airy fashion. She lifted the brier-wood pipe, so often smoked in Virginia's presence, and pressed her lips playfully to its glossy bowl.

"Aren't women geese, Miss Virginia, when they care for any one?" she said, turning to laugh at the girl over her graceful shoulder.

She was entirely at her ease now, and went about from object to object, touching some and merely looking at others, with a little conscious air of possession which was like the turning of a rusty knife in

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"HE MUST 'A HAD A MIGHTY LEETLE CROP."

the girl's heart. She tossed an old shooting-coat from the bed's foot to a chair, remarking as she did so: "What careless creatures the best of men are! I shall have to give Master Jack a lesson in the old proverb concerning places and things —when—when I am Mrs. Jack!" she ended, merrily.

Turning over some things on a table near one of the windows she came across an old-fashioned netted purse of red silk, with steel rings and tassels—the purse Virginia had netted for him during such odd moments as she could steal from her many occupations. She watched Miss Erroll now with hungry eyes, the eyes of a wounded lioness who watches, helpless, the taking away of one of her cubs. Her heart beat against her homespun bodice with short, quick throbs. She stooped and set the struggling puppy upon the floor. It seemed to her as though she had been holding fire in her arms.

"Oh, this is so pretty!" said unconscious Mary. "This is so very quaint and pretty! I must have it. Of course he'd give it me. I'm just going to take it without saying by your leave;" and with that she slipped it in the pocket of her habit.

Virginia shut her eyes for a moment, dizzy with pain and anger; but the red light which seemed to surround and envelop her when she did so made her fainter than ever. She lifted her dark lids and stared out at the blank strip of sky above the box bushes outside the window, vacantly, unseeingly.

She had no distinct recollection of the remainder of Miss Erroll's visit. That one fact concerning the taking away of the purse which Roden had promised to keep always alone remained distinctly in her mind. She had tried honestly to overcome the all-powerful, unreasoning dislike of Miss Mary Erroll, and the result had been worse than if it had not been

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tried. The discordant, insistent yapping of the mastiff pup irritated her almost beyond endurance. He seemed bent on intruding upon her his regret for the departure of his former mistress.

As she went wearily into her father's work-room, and sat down to her spinning-wheel, she heard his voice at the window calling her.

"Well?" she said, listlessly.

"'Pears to me," said he, jocosely, "as having rained, it air cert'n'y pourin'. Heah's Joe Scott come ter bring yo' them jorhnny-jump-ups he sez as he promised yo'."

She got violently to her feet, upsetting the wheel and tearing her skirt against a projecting nail as she hastened to the window. "Tell him I'm sick," she said. "Tell him I'm in bade. I ain't a-goin' ter see him; that's flat. If needs be, tell him so."

But Mr. Joseph Scott had already entered the room. He was a person of sinuous, snake-like presence, and seemed capable of shedding his complete attire by means of one deft wriggle. His neck rose from a turn-down celluloid collar after the fashion of the neck of Alice in Wonderland, what time she had partaken of the cake which caused her to exclaim, "Curiouser! and curiouser!" His long locks, of a vague, smoky tint, exuded an unsavory smell of (I am ashamed to say) rancid pomatum. He wore a threadbare summer overcoat, though in his case the "over" was a decided misnomer, as there was nothing under it but an unbleached cotton shirt, and a sporting vest which had evidently belonged to some Briton. His necktie would have put an October forest to the blush. His mud-colored trousers were pulled down outside of his great cowhide boots, which presented their very apparent tops in a ridgy circle beneath the stuff of his trousers.

A strangling sense of loathing and revolt rose in Virginia's throat. She felt as though she would indeed suffocate beneath that terrible combination of smell and vulgarity. She leaned far out of the window, and spoke to him without turning her head.

"Mornin'," she said, curtly. "P'r'aps you heard me tell father I was sick."

"Lor'! air you?" said Mr. Scott. "I cert'n'y am sawry. Here's them jorhnny-jump-ups I hearn you seh ez how you wanted."

"Thank you," said Virginia, in a stifled voice. She still leaned out of the window, and the conversation flagged.

"Larse night," suddenly announced Mr. Scott, with spasmodic assertiveness—"Larse night a peeg-horg came down th' mounting and gneawed all pa's corn orf."

"He must 'a had a mighty leetle crop," said Virginia from without the window. Her voice came back into the room softened by the purring air without.

"I'm tawkin' 'bout gyarden corn," said Mr. Scott, failing to appreciate the sarcasm.

Again a silence. The mastiff pup, diverted by the arrival of the new-comer, went sniffing about his redolent person.

"Ef he was a fox," thought Virginia, dryly, "'twouldn't take no houn's ter foller his scent. I could track him a week arterwards myself." Out aloud she said, "Air them roots or flowers you brought me?"

"Both," said Mr. Scott.

Another pause.

"The tarryfied fever's a-ragin' up ter Annesville," he announced, presently.

Virginia faced about for the first time. "Is it?" she asked. "Who's down?"

"Nigh all o' them Davises. The doctor says as how it's 'count o' their makin' fertilizer in their cellar."

"What?" said Virginia.

He repeated his assertion.

"Ef that's true," she said, slowly, "I ain' goin' to bother my head 'bout 'em; such fools oughter die."

(Be that as it may, she "bothered" herself enough to tramp on foot all the way to Annesville, some eight miles, that very afternoon, and offer her services as sick-nurse. The house fortunately was under quarantine, and there was assistance enough.)

"But that ain' nothin' ter th' skyarlet-fever over the mounting," Mr. Scott pursued, in a tone whose threadbare lugubriousness revealed the morbid satisfaction which lined it. "That's fyar howlin'; an' they sez, moresomeover, ez how it can be kyard an' took from a leetle bit o' rag."

Old Herrick, who had come again to the window, was listening intently. "'S that so?" he said, finally. "Well, consequently were, the beauty of that question air, thar ain' much rag trade goin' on between that side o' th' mounting an' t'other. Hyeah! hyeah!"

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"How can you laugh, father?" said the girl.

"Godamighty, gyrl! I ain' laufin' at the folks as is got the fever, but at them as 'ain't."

"They says as how it kin be kep' in a piece o' ribbon or sich fur over twenty year," pursued Mr. Scott, who, apparently not content with his own fragrance, continued from time to time to bury his long nose in the bunch of johnny-jump-ups which he still held.

"'S that so?" said old Herrick again. "I tell yo' what, darter, 'f that thar's true, yo'd better have them things ez th' las' Englisher's wife lef' up in th' attic burned up."

"Why?" said Mr. Scott, before Virginia could reply.

"'Case thar baby died o' th' red fever, and thar's some o' its belongin's up thar inter a cradle—some little odds an' eens ez they furgot ter take away with 'em in their trouble."

"Yo'd cert'n'y better burn 'em," said Mr. Scott, with knowing gloom. "I'd as soon sleep with a bar'l o' gunpowder over my hade."

"Well, seems to me ef there's danger 'n either, 'twouldn't be in th' gunpowder," said Miss Herrick, dryly, "seein' as it don' never blow down, an' yo'd be onder it."

"G'long, Miss Faginia!" exclaimed her not-to-be-rebuffed admirer. "Yo'd have yo' joke 'bout a dyin' minister!"

He left a half-hour afterward, all unconscious of the seeds of disaster which he had sown, and the next day Roden returned from New York in excellent spirits. On the following Tuesday he went into the kitchen and had a private conference with Aunt Tishy, which resulted in his leaving it with pockets considerably lightened and shoulders laden with the thanks and praise of its eldritch proprietress. He also confided in Virginia, and asked her assistance. He wished to give his bride-elect and her mother a little dinner—wouldn't Virginia help him? She was so very clever about such things. He knew, if she would only help him, that everything would be perfectly satisfactory. She promised, and he went off on Bonnibel to Windemere entirely content.

Miss Erroll drove her mother over to Caryston in a village-cart, and, as luck would have it, a sudden shower caught them about a quarter of a mile from the house. Mary, however, got the brunt of the shower, as she was driving, and had at once wrapped her mother in all available rugs and wraps.

Mrs. Erroll stepped out upon the front porch at Caryston only a little damp as to the ruffle at her throat, and somewhat limp as to the plumes in her bonnet; but Mary's dress of white wool was soaked through and through, and her hat a sodden mass of white lace and straw.

Roden relapsed at once into the agonies of alarm in which newly engaged men are apt to indulge when the health of their *fiancées* is called into question. He went again to Virginia, and overwhelmed her with instruction and entreaties. Miss Erroll was conducted to a bedroom bright with blue chintz and many wax candles, and Virginia, having provided her with some of her own clothes, went off to dry the soaked garments. That, however, Roden would not hear of. It was too far to Windemere to send back for dry garments. Then Virginia must lend Miss Erroll one of her dresses.

Virginia had three dresses besides the one she wore. She brought them all in and laid them on the bed. Miss Mary, who had an artistic eye, chose a gown of garnet wool with plain round waist and short skirt. When she had turned it in a little at the throat, and fastened a bit of cambric, which Virginia brought her, kerchiefwise about her neck, she looked like a charming Cinderella who had resumed her humble attire to please her Prince. Mary's throat, however, could not stand the severe test of laceless exposure. It was too slender and long. Where Virginia's massive column of cream-hued flesh rose from the clasp of such a kerchief with infinite suggestions of mythical forests and Amazonian warriors, Miss Erroll announced that she looked "scraggy." She took up the bit of black velvet with its buckle of Scotch pebbles which she had worn about her throat when she arrived. But the wet stuff left dark stains on her fingers, and had assumed a cottony, lack-lustre hue. "If only I had a bit of velvet to go about my throat!" she said, regretfully. "I can't go down this way—I'm so indecently thin!" She laughed a little and sat down as in despair.

A sudden thought leaped hot in Virginia's breast. A bit of velvet? She had no velvet of any kind, but she knew where a piece was. A bit of dark blue velvet

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ribbon, just such a bit as Miss Erroll wanted. True, it had been used to loop a baby's sleeve, but around that slender throat it would reach most amply.

"I—kin—get—you a piece," she heard herself saying.

Her voice sounded strange and disembodied to herself, as though it did not issue from her own lips. She thought that she to whom she spoke must start up with horror for the change. But no, she only smiled blandly, sweetly, with that faint suggestion of patronage which was as perceptible, though not as palatable, as the dash of bitter in orange marmalade.

"Thank you so much!" she said. "I shall quite suit myself then."

Virginia took a candle and went up into the attic, as ten days ago she had gone. The damp, dusty smell brought back to her that terrible memory as only a perfume can recall the past.

Her veins throbbed ever hotter and fiercer. Her time was come. Revenge was in her hands. What fever could be more virulent, more deadly, than the fever that dark-haired girl had set raging in her veins? What was the verse that she had read only last night to Aunt Tishy out of what the old negress called "de Holy Wud"? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Joe Scott was not the only person she had ever heard speak of such a thing. It had simply served to recall it to her mind. Ha! ha! She had never liked Joe Scott before, and she had been very rude about those johnny-jump-ups. Poor Joe! She would thank him the very best she knew how when next she saw him. Poor Joe! good Joe! dear Joe! Yes, there it was, the pretty bassinet cradle, with its faded blue and pink ribbons. That little English baby had died full four years ago. She walked toward it, shielding the candle with one scooped hand from the playful assaults of the night wind. The cradle stood just in front of an old hair-covered chest. As she neared it, a consciousness of eyes regarding her came upon her. Ah! there they were. A rat, paralyzed for the moment by the sudden light, had paused on the edge of the old chest, and fixed her with his little, protruding, evil-looking eyes. She made a spasmodic, terrified movement with her hand, and he leaped down, his sleek, tight-skinned body striking the floor with a repulsive sound as of unsavorily nurtured corpulence. The girl turned with a strong, uncontrollable fit of shivering toward the cradle. It was rocking slowly back and forth in the uncertain light, its pink and blue ribbons fluttering with a ghostly and ill-timed gayety. A cry almost broke from between her gripped lips, but she remembered suddenly that the rat must have set it in motion when he leaped from the top of the chest. Setting the candle on the floor beside her, she stooped over and began lifting out the little sheets and blankets and bundles of linen and silk. One of those sudden noises which disturb sleep at night in an old house jarred through the room. She stuffed the things hastily back and looked behind her. Nothing there. But as her glance went round the room she saw before her, black, assertive, monstrous, the likeness of a huge cradle, cast by the candle against the whitewashed wall of the garret. Her heart beat with laboring, heavy thuds. If it were not quite so black, she thought, or if it had only been more the size of the real cradle; but its vast presence in the low-roofed room seemed like the presence of some presiding fate. She tore away her look from it by sheer force of will, found what she wanted, caught up the candle, and rushed headlong from the room.

Miss Erroll received her with the same sweet smile. "You were pretty long," she said. "I'm afraid I've given you a lot of trouble."

"No, none," said Virginia. She cleared her throat and repeated the words. They were indistinct at first, because of the dryness of her tongue and the roof of her mouth. She watched with hot, moveless eyes the slim fingers of Miss Erroll as she first crimped the curling bit of velvet between her fingers, with a deft, almost imperceptible movement, and forced the teeth of her little buckle through it.

"How damp it smells!" she said, as she lifted it to her throat to put it on. "Just as if it had been stuffed away in some old attic."

Virginia's knees smote together. She put out her hand to steady herself, and sank heavily into a chair.

"'Tain't nuthin'—'tain't nuthin'," she said, roughly, as Mary ran to her side. "I'm better jess so. Don' tech me, please. An' please ter scuse me. I kyarn' bear no one to tech me when—when I'm like this."

Alas! alas! Virginia, when were you

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ever "like this" before, in the whole course of your seventeen years of strength, and health, and placid, if bovine, contentment?

The dinner, thanks to Virginia, was a success. Roden's wines were excellent. They were going to ask Virginia to sing for them. Roden said he thought it would please her so much. After dinner Mrs. Erroll sat down to the piano, and the sweethearts wandered off into the "greenhouse," leaving open the door between the rooms. A rhomboid of pale yellow light from the candles on the dinner-table fell into the narrow, flower-crowded corridor, touching the great geranium leaves into a soft distinctness, and showing here and there the flame-colored and snow-white glomes of blossom.

Roden, out of sight of Mrs. Erroll, had straightway put an arm about the supple waist of his betrothed, and one of her hands had found its way to his short curls with a movement as of long habit. As the slanting light from the room beyond caught the sheen of her delicate throat above its velvet ribbon, he bent his head and pressed down his lips upon it and upon the bit of velvet.

Virginia, by some strange coincidence or freak of fate, was at this moment crossing the lawn to put the mastiff pup into his kennel. Attracted by the unusual light in the greenhouse, she looked up. Looking up, she saw Roden as he stooped and kissed his sweetheart's throat. She gave a fierce broken cry like an angered beast, and turning, ran with all her might into the house.

Poor Mrs. Erroll, summoning up musical ghosts from her maidenhood's *répertoire* on the old piano, thought that one of Roden's horses had gone mad and galloped through the room.

In the mean time Virginia, panting, wordless, seized Mary with one strong hand, and with the other tore off the velvet from about her neck. "I—I—I've read as how it was pizen; I jess remembered. Here's yo' buckle."

She rushed madly out again, and flinging herself upon the bare floor of her little bedroom, beat the hard boards with her hand and dragged at her loosened hair.

VII.

There is One who hath said that to Him belongeth vengeance. When His creatures take into their incapable grasp the javelins of His wrath it is generally with as impotent and baleful a result as when young Phaeton, seeking to guide the chariot of the sun, brought to himself despair, and scorched to cinders the unoffending earth. Thus was it with Virginia. With the nearness of her unbridled love and anger she had forever seamed as if with fire the fair world of her content. It seemed to her that space itself would be too narrow to hold her apart from such women as were good and true.

Just God! could it be that her sin was to be visited upon the being whom of all the world she loved best, because of whom that sin had been committed? Was Roden going to suffer, perhaps to die, in the stead of the woman she had sought to slay? He was not often at Caryston now; most of his days were spent with his betrothed. He did not notice the change which was stealing over Herrick's daughter. He had no time to wonder that she did not sing now at her spinning as once she had sung. He would not have paused to listen to her had she done so.

He was called away again to the North on the last of May, and on the day after his departure Aunt Tishy burst into Virginia's room with flour-covered hands. "Gord! Gord! honey," she said, tossing her blue checked apron up and down with wild, savage gestures of dismay and grief, "what yuh think?—Marse Jack's sweetheart's dun got de rade fever, an' dey don' think as how she'll live."

Virginia stood and stared at her with eyes which saw nothing. Her face took on a ghastly greenish pallor. About her brow and mouth there stole a cold moisture. She opened her lips, and seemed to speak. Her lips framed the same words stupidly over and over again.

"Gord! honey," cried the old negress, seizing her, as she swayed backward as if about to fall, "is yuh gwine be sick yuhsef?"

Virginia pushed her away, walked steadily over to an old oak cupboard, took out a jug of whiskey, and drank from its green glass throat as she had seen men do. The stinging liquid filled her veins with a hot, false strength. She spoke quickly now, in a harsh tone, seizing the old nurse by the shoulders, and thrusting her white face, with its lambent, distended eyes, close to that of the terrified Aunt Tishy.

"When was she took? Who tol' you? Are you lyin'? Ef you're lyin' I'll curse

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you with such curses you won' be able to be still when you're dead. But you wouldn' lie tuh me, would you, mammy? You wouldn' lie to me to send me tuh hell in th' spirit 'fo' I was called there fur good. Yo' hear me? Why didn' yo' tell me befo'? Who's with her? Who's nursin' her? Put up my clo'es. I'm goin'—I'm goin' right now. God! Air yo' a-tryin' to hold me? Ha! ha! That's good—that cert'n'y is good. I'll make father larf at that when—when I come back. Why, you pore old thing, I could throw you outer that winder ef I tried. Well, don' cry. What a' you cryin' fur? God! God! God! have mercy on me!"

She fell upon her knees, wringing her hands and throwing backward her agonized face, as though with her up-looking, straining eyes she would pierce the very floor of heaven and behold that mercy for which she pleaded. Then she leapt again to her feet. All at once a calmness fell upon her. She resumed the old dull listlessness of some days past as though it had been a garment.

"I'm goin' to Mis' Erroll's," she said, quietly. "I wan' some clo'es. Send 'em; I ain't er-goin' tuh wait. Tell father."

Virginia, arrived at Windemere, went down the basement steps into the kitchen. The cook, a young mulatto woman named Lorinda, came forward to meet her on cautious, brown-yarn toes.

"Miss Mary's a-dyin'," she announced, in a sepulchral whisper. "De doctor seh ez how she kyarn' live nohow. She's jess ez rade ez a tomarker fum hade tuh foots. An' she's jess pintly 'stracted. Yuh never heah sich screechin' an' tuh-doin' in all yuh life."

"Kin I see Mis' Erroll?" Virginia said, shortly. She sat down on an upturned half-barrel near the door, and leaned with her forehead in her locked palms. Lorinda, rebuffed but obliging, went to see. Virginia was not surprised when she returned shortly, followed by Mrs. Erroll herself. Her heart would never quicken its beat again for anything this side of torment, she thought. Poor, erring, repentant, suffering little savage, what are you enduring now if it be not torment?

Mrs. Erroll, nervous and hysterical, took the girl's hands in hers, and scarcely knowing what she did, bent forward and kissed her cheek. Virginia started back with a harsh cry, which was born and died in her throat.

"Poor child," Mrs. Erroll said, humbly. "I beg your pardon. But if you feared contagion you ought not to have come here."

"'Tain't that—'tain't that," said Virginia. "Don' mind me; I'm queer like sometimes. I didn' mean nuthin'. Ev'ybordy in this neighborhood 'll tell yo' I'm a good nurse. I've come to he'p yo'. I've come to take kyar of her. I've come to *make* her live!"

She lifted one arm with a gesture of command almost threatening. The next moment it dropped heavily to her side. The old dull look crept like a shadow over the momentary animation of her face. "They'll tell yo' I'm a good nurse," she said, in her slow monotone.

Mrs. Erroll was only too thankful for the proffered services. She had no assistance from the whites in the neighborhood; indeed, all of the neighboring families had left for the Virginia Springs.

Virginia, after removing her shoes, went at once to the sick-room. As her eyes fell upon the flushed face on the pillow it was as if every drop of blood in her body turned first to fire and then to ice.

She stood with her hands against her breast and looked down at her own work. The beautiful dark tresses, erstwhile so smoothly braided about the small head, now ever turning from side to side as though in search of rest which it found not, were tangled and matted until no trace of their former lustre remained; the red lips, ever moving, gave forth wild, incoherent cries and mutterings.

About the slender throat coiled the wraith of a dark blue velvet ribbon.

"Take it off, take it off," whispered Virginia. "She kyarn' git well while that's there—she kyarn'." Reason came back to her with a sudden rush, and she knew that only her mind's eye saw the velvet ribbon.

She then took her place by the bedside, from which she did not move to eat or sleep for twelve days and nights. They brought her bouillon and made her drink it under penalty of being turned from the room. For twelve times four-and-twenty hours she listened to those senseless ravings. She was mistaken in turn by the sick girl for her mother, for some of her school-room friends, for Roden. Mary would sometimes put up both narrow, fever-wasted hands to her little throat,

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and cry out that she was choking—that Virginia had brought her a band of fire and locked it about her throat. By what strange coincidence such a fancy should have possessed her, who shall say?

Thus they went together, those two, through the Valley of the Shadow—the all but murdered, the almost murderess—and she who had sought to slay brought back to life.

Roden, detained by some business complication in New York, heard nothing of his sweetheart's illness until telegraphed for on the day of the crisis. It was just the balance of a mote in sunshine between life and death. Life brought the mote that won. They told him he must thank Virginia. They had all thanked her, and blessed her, with thanks and blessings which burned her guilty soul with twice the fire of red-hot maledictions. That they should bless her whom God had cursed! Ah, God! she prayed not. She would but know if God himself wept not because of the sad mockery.

A wild thought came to her with healing in its wings, as when a blade of grass forces its way between the stones in a prisoner's cell. She had read of atonement: might she not atone?

Perhaps God would let her buy forgiveness with her life. Why had she not taken the fever; or was this fever now which rioted through her veins? She was walking homeward with her shoes slung across her shoulders. The grass felt cool and damp against the bare palms of her feet. Would it not wither where she trod? She looked backward over her shoulder with a laugh. It seemed to her that her footprints would be set as with fire across that lush June field.

Then came a curse upon her eyes. For her the earth lost all its summer green; the heavens above her bent not bluely down to meet the blue horizon. The birds ceased singing, and echoed her mirthless laugh; all nature took it up—a monstrous harmony of jovial sounds. At what were they making merry, these creatures large and small—the crickets, the wild birds, the many voices of field and forest, of air and water?

Was it at her they laughed? Did they jeer at her because she had lost her soul? Ah, for the cool green to look upon! Ah, that its blue would return to the lurid heavens! The curse of blood was upon her. Because of it she looked on all things as through a scarlet veil. Red was the vault above her; red the far-reaching line of well-loved hills; red, red, the whirling earth.

Virginia did not die. A week after her recovery she sent and asked if Roden would come to her father's room; she wished to speak with him.

He went most willingly, having never felt as though he had sufficiently thanked her for what she had done for one who was to him as the life in his veins.

As he entered the room, in spite of all his self-control he could not restrain a slight start. Was this Virginia Herrick? this snow maiden with eyes of fire, and tangled hair that seemed to flame about her white face as though it would consume it? this fragile, wasted, piteous memory of a woman? She was as poor a likeness of her former self as a sketch in white chalk would be of one of Fortuny's sunlit glares of canvas.

He came and stood beside her, wordless, and then put one of his strong brown hands kindly on her hair.

"Wait," she said, drawing herself away from him—"wait."

"Ah, Miss Virginia," he said, in his breezy, gentle voice, "we will soon have you out of this. You won't know yourself in two weeks."

"Wait," she said, her great eyes burning into his.

"My poor little girl," he said, almost with tenderness, "I am afraid you have over-estimated your strength. You had better let me go now. I will come to-morrow whenever you send for me."

"Wait," she said a fourth time, in that strange, still voice.

He had a horrified doubt in regard to her reason as he took the chair to which she pointed and sat down facing her.

"Well," he said, with an assumption of gayety which he was far from feeling, "what is it? Am I to be scolded for anything?"

"Do you believe in torment?" said the girl. She kept her hollow, stirless eyes on his. There was an absence of movement about her almost oppressive. She seemed not even to breathe.

"My dear child," said Roden, nervously, "do choose a more cheerful subject. Really, you know, it isn't good for you to be morbid now. Let's talk of something jolly and pleasant. Don't you want to hear how the mokes are coming along?

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And Bonnibel, poor old girl! I'm afraid her feelings will be awfully hurt when I tell her you didn't ask after her."

"I s'pose ev'ybody bleeves in torment that has felt it," said the girl. She had not moved in any wise. Her deep, still eyes yet rested on his face. She seemed drinking his looks with hers. "I've sorter come ter think as hell's in th' hearts o' people," she went on. "There ain't no flames ez kin burn like them in people's hearts."

Roden jumped to his feet, and went over beside her. "Virginia," he said, kindly but firmly, "I'm not going to let you talk like this. Good Heaven! those country quacks know as little about medicine as I do; not as much, by Jove! for I'd not have let you leave your bed for a month yet. Come, dear, let me persuade you. Go back to bed. I'll come and see you to-morrow in your room, if your father'll let me. You must, Virginia."

"It ain't no worse, do you reckon," she went on, dully, "ter be in hell than ter have hell in you? I've thought er heap 'bout it. I've most answered it, but I'd rather—"

"Hush! hush!" said Roden, imperatively. He thought her delirious, and started to the door to call her nurse.

"Wait!" rang out her voice, with all its old, clear strength. She had risen to her feet. She was there before him. The light from the window behind her struck through her hair, so that she seemed standing between rows of living flame. "I want tuh tell you," she said. "I didn't use ter think I was a coward, but I am—I am." She beat the palms of her hands together, and tossed back her head as though seeking to be rid of the superflux of agony which tore her. "I kyarn' bear to say it tuh yo'; I kyarn' bear to hear yo' curse me, ez I have so often hearn yo' in my dreams. I kyarn' bear—O God! —I kyarn' bear fur yo' tuh know me ez I am. O God! O God! this 'll wipe it out, won't it? This 'll buy me peace?"

"Virginia! Virginia!" said Roden, beside himself. He tried to force her again into her chair.

"Ah! don't touch me!" she cried out— "don't you touch me, ter hate me worse than ever when you know— Listen—listen hard, 'cause you ain't a-goin' to bleeve me when first yo' hear. Yo' come here tuh thank me fur savin' her life. Listen: 'twas me ez tried to kill her—'twas me! me! me!" The last word broke from her with a wild sob, almost vindictive in its urgent violence. She seemed like one who scourges mercilessly his own flesh for its sins against his soul. "I done it—I done it. I tried ter kill her. Listen! You've hearn o' fever bein' cyar'd in bits o' ribbon—in leetle bits o' velvet ribbon—one, two, ten, twenty years? There was a leetle baby died here oncet. It died o' th' fever *she* like to 'a died of. I give her that piece o' velvet to w'ar round her pretty throat. I went up into th' attic, an' hunted an' hunted till I found it in th' baby's cradle. I give it to her. I tried to kill her. O my God! Do yo' want ter touch me—now?"

He stood and stared on her like one dazed by a sudden blow, though not quite stunned.

"You are crazy," he said, thickly. "Poor Virginia, you are crazy."

"O God!" she wailed. "I wisht I wuz—I wisht I wuz! Oh! ef I wuz only like them dumb beasts in th' stables out thar! Ef I wuz only Bonnibel, then—then—then yo' wouldn' hate me; an' ef yo' did, I wouldn' know."

"You are raving," he said again.

"Ask her—ask her, if yo' don' bleeve me. Ask her 'f Faginia Herrick didn' bring her a leetle bit o' blue velvet to w'ar round her throat the night she got wet in th' rain. She said then it smelt damp like it had been in a attic. Ask her—ask her."

"God in heaven!" said Roden, between his teeth, "can you be telling me the truth?"

"*He* knows I am!—*He* knows I am!" she said, wildly.

Roden turned from her, resting his hand on the back of the chair in which he had sat when he first entered the room. His head fell down upon his breast. The double horror seemed like a palpable thing at his side.

"D' yo' bleeve me?" she said, with panting eagerness.

"Yes," he said. She would not have recognized his voice had he spoken in the dark.

She waited a few moments, motionless, frozen, as it were, with suspense and dread. Then she leaned forward, and holding fast her bosom with her crossed arms in the gesture usual with her, fixed her dilating eyes upon him. Was it possible, could it be true, that after all he

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could not curse her? Nay, dear God! was he even going to forgive her?

"Say somethin'," she said, in a bated voice—"say somethin'. Jess so you don' curse me, say somethin'."

Still he spoke not. She fell upon her knees and laid her head upon his feet. "O my God! my God!" she sobbed, "air you goin' ter furgive me?"

Then he spoke to her. "Forgive you?" he repeated—"forgive you?" He laughed a short, rough laugh. "By God!" he said, turning away from her, so that her forehead rested on the bare floor instead of on his feet, "it's all I can do not to curse you!"

When she rose again to her knees she was alone in the darkening room.

VIII.

Roden did not return to Caryston that night, nor the next day, nor the day after that. A boy was sent from Windemere to bring over some of his boxes. On Monday of the next week he went with the Errolls to Old Point Comfort, where Mary had been ordered to stop during her convalescence.

As much as he despised Virginia for her confession, that pathetic, joyous cry of hers as she thought him about to forgive her would sometimes ring in his ears; her deep, still, pleading look, as of some dumb beast, for mercy haunted him at times. He could feel her forehead on his feet, and the eager grasp of her hands upon them. It was not pleasant, all this; for while it annoyed and even pained him, he could not say honestly to himself that he felt any disposition to forgive her. Forgiveness is no doubt divine. Roden was quite sure that it was an attribute which, like happiness, belonged solely to the gods. As for himself, he was distinctly, vehemently, entirely human. He did not forgive—almost he did not wish to feel forgiveness. What! forgive a creature who had sought to murder his manhood's one love? Verily, he would be no better than herself did he so much as dream of pardon. Between her and her God must rest that question. He would none of it. And yet why did that earnest, wistful voice, so thrilling with a timid exultation, come ever to his mental ears: "O my God! my God! air you goin' ter furgive me?" Pshaw! what balderdash! He had not cursed her. Let her comfort herself with that. He did not know many other men who would have been as forbearing. And yet again—those hands about his feet, that huddled form prone before him in humblest entreaty! It made him irritable at times. He was conscious of having acted with perfect justness, and yet he felt that his justness had not been tempered with overmuch mercy.

In the mean time Virginia lived on, if one can be said to live whose heart is dead within her. She did not dare to pray for death; she did not dare to hope for peace; she feared to die, poor ignorant child, because of the roaring flame which waited to devour her. She feared even more to live, because of the fire with which she was already consumed. She never moved save to go to bed and get up again. Sometimes she would sit all day out-of-doors under the great horse-chestnuts, already shrivelling in the June sunlight. Nothing roused her; nothing moved her in any wise. Poor old Herrick would recount to her his drollest stories, ending with a vociferous "Hyeah! hyeah!" in hopes of eliciting some answering mirth from her. But when he had reached the most excruciatingly funny climax, and paused to hear her laugh, she would turn on him her vague, gentle eyes, and say, "What's that, father?" or, sometimes, "Were you a-talkin' ter me, father dear?"

The old man went heavily about his work. He was like some willing beast too late in life called upon to support a heavy burden. He was disgusted and angry to feel the big tears on his cheeks.

"The beauty of the question air," he quoth, angrily, to himself one day, "I ain't wuth th' victuals I eat. I'm a pore ole fool ez oughter be a-suckin' ov a sugar rag, 'stead o' tendin' ter er beeg place like this; but, Godamighty! ef that thar gyrl don' git a heap peerter 'fo' long, I'm gwine plumb crazy. My sakos! who'd 'a ever thought Faginia would a-set all day like that a-studyin' her own han's like they wuz the book o' Gord! Howmsodever, 'tain't many ez studies th' book o' Gord ez faithful ez my pore leetle gyrl studies them han's o' hern. Somethin' cert'n'y *is* out o' kelter with that thar chile. Godamighty! ef Faginia wuz ter die—"

He stopped blankly in the midst of the cornfield through which he was walking, and thrusting his hands deep in his brown jeans trousers pockets, looked up appealingly at the hot blue sky.

That same evening he was summoned

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as juryman to Charlottesville, a village some fifteen miles from Caryston, and as he kissed Virginia good-by his heart rose in his throat. The face she lifted to his was so wan, so patient, so like the face of her young mother just ere she died, twenty-one years ago.

"Leetle gyrl—leetle gyrl," said the old man, brokenly, "ef you don' want tuh hurry yo' father tuh his grave, yo'll hurry en take them purty leetle foots out o' yourn. Darter, honey, try 'n' git some o' them ole red roses in them white cheeks. Please, Faginia, honey—I'm 'mos' worrited to death 'long o' you."

"Pore father!" she said, stroking his face—"pore father!" that was all. Her listless hand fell again into her lap. Her eyes fixed themselves with their vague, uncomprehending look upon the far blue distance. She was as much apart from him as though she were already dead. He rose to his feet, strangling a sob in his brave old throat, that he might not distress her, and rode manfully away to his unpleasant duty.

That night a dreadful thing occurred at Caryston. The "mill stable," as it was generally called, from being builded on a hill just above the mill-pond, caught on fire. There were four of Roden's most valuable horses in it, together with Bonnibel, who had been moved from the house stables while they were undergoing alteration.

Virginia was sitting silent by her bedroom window when the first copper glare began to tinge the dense upward column of black smoke. She knew in a minute what it was, although Aunt Tishy muttered something about "bresh" fires.

She leaped to her feet, her heart once more renewing its old-time measure. "Mammy!" she called—"Mammy! that's th' mill stable! th' mill stable's on fire! O God above! Th' pore horses—an' Bonnibel! O pore Mr. Jack—pore Mr. Jack! Ef Bonnibel's hurt, it 'll break his heart." She had forgotten everything in her thought for him. Her own sin, his harsh words, all that had passed between them since first he gave Bonnibel into her glad keeping.

"Here!" she called, tossing on her clothes with nervous, eager fingers, "han' me my shoes—quick!—Lord God!—ef only I ken git thar in time!"

She was down-stairs and out of the house almost before the old negress knew what she was about to undertake. Out at a side gate she dashed, and down a grassy hill at the back of the house. Some catalpa-tree roots caught at her flying feet with their knotty fingers as though, fiend-like, they would hinder her on her errand of mercy. On, on: her breath came quick and laboring. She was on the open road now, straining with all her might up a steep, stone-roughed hill. All the northern heavens were ablaze with an angry orange. As she gained the top of the hill a little fan of lilac flames burst from the stable roof against the night. There was yet time—Bonnibel was in a loose-box near the door. O God! the other horses. Must they roast alive—the beautiful, agile creatures that he so loved?

Below, in the placid breast of the large pond, the lurid mass above was reflected with an effect as incongruous as when some world-tossed soul pours out its hot confession into the calm keeping of a saintly heart.

The shallow stream shoaled into fire among the black stems of the water-reeds, and tossed the flames upon its mimic waves. She gained the rough bridge which spanned it; her feet passed with a swift, hollow sound across it. She was there—at the stable, and her breath had not yet given out. Then all at once she remembered. Oh, joy! joy! If she saved Bonnibel and was herself hurt to death, would not that be atonement? Might he not forgive her then? Poor little savage child—poor, sweet, uncivilized, true heart! I think indeed he would forgive you if he knew.

There were men running frantically about—omnipresent—useless: they had delayed so long to set about extinguishing the fire that it was now beyond all bounds. The wild, dull trampling of the hoofs of the terrified horses made horror in the air. They whinnied and nickered like children pleading for help. One of the English grooms was dashing into the smoke and heat. Virginia seized him by the arm.

"I'm coming with you," she said; "let me keep hold of your coat."

Alas! alas!—the maddened, silly brutes refused to follow. They reared madly whenever approached, and struck with their forefeet at the plucky little lad. In no way could he approach them; threats and cajolery were in vain. Virginia

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snatched a whip from the stable wall and tried to beat them out. Usurper, vicious to the last, rushed furiously at her, and but for the lad's striking him over the head with a pitchfork, would inevitably have dashed her brains out with his wicked hoofs. There was no further time to be lost. One side of the roof was blazing ominously, and the wall on the eastern side began to tremble.

Virginia, in spite of entreaties and hands held out to stop her, turned her skirts about her head and went into Bonnibel's box. "Six of us 'ave tried to get her out, miss," said the panting lad, who had followed her. "Don't you venture in, for God's sake, miss; she's that mad she'll kill you—th' poor hussy!"

Bonnibel was in truth like a horse distraught. She was leaping back and forth, and trotting from side to side of her capacious box, nickering from time to time, with head aloft and tail held like a plume above her satin quarters. No sooner did she hear Virginia's voice than she stopped short, quivering in every splendid limb and sinew.

"Bonnibel!" said Virginia, in that soft monotone the frightened creature had not now heard for many a day—"Bonnibel!" There was a second's pause; then stooping her bright head, with a low whinny as of welcome and trust, the gallant mare came to the well-known voice.

Virginia tore off her woollen shawl and blindfolded the bright eyes.

In the mean time the rest of the English lads and the head groom had arrived, with fire-engines and more help. They had already succeeded in getting the horse out. The vicious Usurper they were compelled to leave to his awful fate.

"Boys! Bonnibel's coming!" yelled the lad who had entered the stable with Virginia, dashing out ahead of her; "Miss Herrick's got her, and she's coming kind as a lamb!"

A hearty, roaring cheer went up from without, mingled with exultant war-whoops from the negroes gathered around.

Almost they were safe. Why do things happen with only an inch between safety and destruction? One instant more and horse and woman would have been free. But in that tarrying instant a heavy beam from the front of the stable fell crashing down, bringing with it a great mass of bricks and mortar. Virginia and Bonnibel were half buried under the reeking mass. The flames sent up an exultant roar as of triumph. There was a smothered, horrified groan from the men, and then Bonnibel, freeing herself by one powerful effort of her iron quarters, galloped off into the coolness of the night.

They pulled Virginia out, with such gentleness as they could spare to the encroaching flames, and a bed was instantly made for her on the damp turf by means of the men's hastily torn-off coats. She lay there, still, white, most beautiful, with peace at last upon her tired face. Did she dream, perchance, that he forgave her?

Ah! but the horror that followed—the crash succeeding crash, the hideous rioting of the vengeful flames about the poor brutes within. Some were suffocated, some jammed to death beneath the continually falling masses of stone and brick. Usurper, dauntless, rebellious to the last, struck with his iron-shod feet at the flames that made too free with him. He was so magnificent in his fierce disdain that more than one of the grooms sobbed like girls at the fate which had overtaken him. All at once a cry, piercing, shrill, terrible above any sound which had ever come upon their hearing, shook the stillness of the night to shuddering echoes. It was the one and only sign of pain that Usurper gave ere he sank to an awful death among the blazing ruins.

Virginia's senses returned to her as they were carrying her home in solemn silence and with bared heads. She tried to lift herself on one elbow, and sank back with a moan of pain; but even for that, there went up some muttered thanks from the men who carried her. They had thought her dead.

"Does the moving pain you, miss?" asked the lad who had been with her in Bonnibel's box.

"It hurts some," she said, bravely. "What's happened?"

They had to tell her all about the fire, as though it were a thing new to her, and how she had saved Bonnibel.

"Oh! did I?" she said. "Did I?—air yo' sure?"

"Sure, miss?" echoed the admiring Hicks. "Sure? Well, I think we be pretty sure o' that 'ere! Bean't we, boys?"

They could not say enough.

One thought was making music in Virginia's heart. "Perhaps he'll forgive me now," she said over and over to herself. She looked upward at the starry heavens

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through the broad leaves of the catalpa-trees, as they bore her up the last hill to the house, with a feeling closely akin to joy. "I've saved Bonnibel," she thought —"I've saved Bonnibel, anyways; ef he don't forgive me, I've done somethin' to make him glad. 'Twas awful in that burnin' place; but I saved her—I saved her—I saved her." She said the last three words out loud.

"That you did, miss," said the boy Hicks, who walked close beside her. "Tell her again, boys."

They told her over and over again, first one and then the other; she seemed never tired of listening. For the first time in many, many days her white lips fell into the gracious curves they used to know so well. She was smiling—smiling for sheer happiness. She was hurt to death, she knew that; something whispered it in her glad ears as distinctly as though the good God had bent from His great heavens Himself to tell her so; and she knew—ah! she knew—that her God had forgiven her. Death had brought her two gifts so sweet in his chill arms that almost his embrace did not affright her. As they carried her with slow carefulness up the front steps and into the wide hall an innocent fancy seized her: she would like so much to die in Mr. Jack's room—on his little iron bed. There couldn't be any harm, could there? She looked so wistfully up into the face of little Hicks that he felt she wanted something, and asked her what it was.

"Kyar me into Mr. Jack's room," she whispered. "It's—it's nearer the ground."

The pretty subterfuge was also a very good one. It would have been almost mortal anguish to her had they sought to bear her poor wrecked body up that winding stairway.

So into "Mr. Jack's room" they carried her, and placed her full gently on his forsaken bed.

Aunt Tishy came hurrying with inarticulate cries. They hushed her as best they might, telling her that any disturbance might kill the girl. Then little Hicks mounted one of Roden's best horses and dashed off in search of a surgeon.

Virginia lay quiet and quite content, staring with wide-open eyes at the well-known objects in the airy room. Another delightful fancy seized upon her. Ah! it was good to lie there and die, and pretend that she had been his wife, and that it was her right to die in there with all those much-loved manly kickshaws about her: the Scotch deer-stalker's cap, which hung on one of the sconces of a little mirror over the mantel; that heap of glittering spurs on a table near at hand; his whip; his boots; an old blue flannel shirt on the bed's foot. She had not allowed any one to enter his room since he left for Windemere, nor had she herself been in it.

And even if he didn't forgive her, she saved Bonnibel. Suddenly there came upon her an awful, crashing agony.

"Mammy! mammy!" she called, in her childhood's voice. She clung to her old nurse with might and main. "Oh, mammy, mammy, I'm payin' fur it! You don' know, but I'm payin' fur it. I'm so glad —I'm so glad! Mammy, sing me 'bout 'though yo' sins be as scarlet'—sing! sing!"

The old negress, as well as she could for sobbing, sang to her in such words as these:

"'Tis de old ship o' Zion,
Come to take us all ho-ome—
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
'Tis de old ship o' Zion,
Come to take us all home—
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Here she broke off with a pitiful cry: "O Gord! my sweet lamb, mammy kyarn' sing to you while her heart's fyar breakin' in her. Don' ask pore mammy tuh sing, my honey—don', don'!"

"Sing, please, sing," said the girl, with gentle insistence. Her mind was failing her a little for the first time. "God alluz furgives, don' He, mammy? Alluz, alluz. Sing 'bout it, mammy; please, mammy, sing."

The old negress went on, brokenly:

"We has landed many thousands—
Hallelujah!
An' we'll lan' many mo-re—
Hallelujah!"

"Please sing 'bout the sins, mammy; that's what I want—'bout the sins."

The poor old woman crooned on, swaying her body to and fro as she crouched at the bedside:

"Do' yo' sins be as skyarlet,
Dey shall be as white as snow—
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Do' yo' sins be as skyarlet,
Dey shall be as white as snow—
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
'Tis Jesus is deir Capt'in—
Hallelujah!
'Tis Jesus is deir Capt'in—
Hallelujah!"

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"White ez snow—white ez snow," murmured the girl. "Mammy, do yo' bleeve that? Ain't it sweet, mammy? don' it seem good an' kind? Mammy, yo' see that ole blue shirt a-hangin' thar? I loves that shirt, mammy, same as some women loves their children. It's sorter got his shape now, 'ain't it? Hand it here, mammy. Don' it smell good?—kinder briery an' soapy, mammy? He used to take more barths 'n any man yo' ever hearn ov. I used ter hear him a-splashin' clear up in my room. Where's father, mammy? I do want to see father, an' I want to see Bonnibel 'fore I go. She came to me—oh, so sweet an' lovin'! She knew I'd 'a died fur her, I reckon. Mammy, did yo' sen' fur father? Pore father! pore father! he'll be so sorry! Oh, pore father!" Here the first tears she had shed rolled over her white cheeks. The old negress sobbed out loud.

"Oh, my honey!" she said—"oh, my little lamb!—oh, my honey!"

Again came that terrible pain, almost beyond her power to endure.

"I'm payin' fur it—I'm payin' fur it," she said, over and over again. "God's so good to me! He's forgiven me; He's lettin' me pay fur it."

The surgeon came at daybreak. He was quiet and serious. Little Hicks was the only one to whom he told anything. To him he said, "She may live two or three days; she may die before night."

At one o'clock next day old Herrick returned. He was wordless and almost majestic in his deep grief. All day long he sat holding her in such positions as would ease her; talking to her; trying to follow her wandering fancies. She knew him always, though she knew no one else. "Father," she said, suddenly, in one of the intervals when reason returned to her, "won't you please sen' fur Mr. Jack? Somethin' in my heart tells me he'll come—now. Write to him 'bout Bonnibel. Tell him I saved her. Tell him I jess want ter say good-by. I don' wan' him ever ter furgive me. I only want to—to look at him once more. Father"—wistfully—"*you* think he'll come?"

"Yes, yes, my little girl, I think he'll come."

"Then write, write, father—quick. Don' let it be too late. I wan' so bad to look at him once more!"

He came—oh yes, he came! mad with regret and remorse, repentant, eager to atone. "Where is she? where is she?" he asked as he threw down his hat upon the hall table, and jerked off his spurs, that their jingling might not disturb her. If he had only known the music that they made to her ears!

"She's in yo' room, sur. They tells me ez how 'twar her fancy to be took thar," said Herrick, simply. "I hope ez you don' min', sur."

Mind!—Jack's eyes were hot with the saddest tears of all his life.

He went in softly. There she lay, pathetic, fragile as some long-ill child upon his narrow bed. He went and stooped over her, taking into one of his brown hands her restless, slender fingers. Her gentle look rested unknowingly upon him.

"Ain't they goin' ter sen' fur Mr. Jack?" she said. "I think he'll come—now; father thought ez how he would. Please write it down that I saved Bonnibel—please write that down. 'Twas mighty hot, but I saved her. Oh, don' yo' think he'll come?—don' you think he'll come? I don' even arst him to speak to me. Ef he'll only stand in th' door so ez I kin see him when I go."

"Virginia—Virginia," said Roden, brokenly. "My dear little girl, don't you know me? Here I am!—here—at your side. Don't you feel my hands, Virginia? Don't you know me?"

She went rambling on. "I wonder ef he would furgive me ef he knew? I wisht Bonnibel could tell him—I wisht I was Bonnibel!" with a little rippling laugh infinitely pathetic. "Oh, wouldn' I kyar him pretty an' straight at his fences, an' win ev'y race fur him!" Her eyes opened vague and sorrowful again upon Roden's pale face. "Oh," she said, with a long sighing breath, "don' you think he'll come? Write to him 'bout Bonnibel—please write that ter him."

"Virginia, look at me—look at me," said the young man, half lifting her in his arms. "Dear little Virginia, here I am. I forgive you with all my heart and soul, Virginia. Oh, please look at me, please remember me."

"Who says 'furgive'?" she said, with her restless, eager eyes searching the room as if for something long expected—"who says 'furgive'?"

"I do, I do," Roden said, weeping at last like any girl. "I forgive you, Virginia—Virginia. You *shall* know me!"

Her eyes fixed themselves upon his face,

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first vacantly, then with a wonder-stricken radiance. "Mr. Jack," she said, under her breath, "did they tell yo'? I saved her; that's all. Yo' needn' say nothin'; I jess wanted to look at yo'. I saved her. 'Twas awful hot. I ken hear it roarin' now. She come to me; she wouldn' come to nobody else."

"Virginia," said Roden, "listen to me; stop talking. What do I care about Bonnibel? Child, do you want to break my heart? Listen, Virginia: I forgive you —I *forgive you.*"

"Do—you—really?" she said, with the old timid joy in her soft voice. "I ain't dreamin'? Well, God's so good to me! But I did save her. 'Bonnibel!' I said; 'Bonnibel!' an' she come right straight ter me with her pretty head tucked down. Then came all that fire on us. I thought 'twas over. But I saved her—I saved her. Please tell him that—*please* tell him that. I reckon he'll sorter remember me kind fur that; don' you, father?"

After a while her reason came again. She asked to see Bonnibel; they could bring her to the window, she said, and she would like also to give her a handful of grass.

They rolled the bed to the window, and little Hicks led Bonnibel up beside it. Roden went out himself and gathered a handful of fresh grass. I think the lad only respected his master more for the tears that ran down his cheeks. He couldn't see very distinctly himself just then, this good little Hicks.

"Bonnibel," said the girl, in her cooing tones—"Bonnibel."

What was the matter? Had suffering charged some magic in that soft voice? Bonnibel turned indifferently away from the anxious hand, and rubbed her bright head with an impatient movement against one of her forelegs.

"Oh!" said the girl, while the glad flush died out of her face, and the green blades fell from her hold upon the window-sill, "Bonnibel don' know me any more—she don' care. I gave my life fur her, an'—an' she don' care."

"Yes, she does—she does," said Roden, frantic for her disappointment; "she's just gorged, the little glutton. She's been out at grass ever since you saved her, Virginia dear; that's all."

"No, 'tain't," the girl said, sadly. "I ain't the same, I reckon; I reckon I'm right near gone, Mr. Jack. Well, I saved her, anyhow. The most part fell on me; she kicked herself loose. Please, father, ef Mr. Jack don' come in time—*please*, father, tell him ez how I saved Bonnibel. Oh, father, I mus' tell somebody 'fore I go. I kyarn' bear to think there won't be anybody in all th' world ez knows it when I'm gone. I loved him, father dear—I loved him so! An' I've been mighty wicked; an' God's been mighty good ter me; an' I'm goin' to heaven, mammy says. But I won't have him even there—I won't have him—even there."

The soft voice broke suddenly—stopped. The bright head dropped forward on her breast.

Roden had buried his face in her two pale hands. When he looked up, old Herrick was closing gently with his toil-roughened hand the sweet wide eyes which never more would look on anything this side the stars.

It was at this moment that Bonnibel, repenting, perhaps, of her former coldness, thrust in her little deer-head at the open window, and drew a long sighing breath as of contentment.

The blades of grass dropped from the thin hand now so still upon the stirless bosom were blown along the window-sill by the mare's warm breath.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

ONLY from day to day
We hold our way,
Uncertain ever,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grope our way
Through hurrying hours;
But still our castles fair
Lift to the air
Their glistening towers,

And still from day to day
Along the way
Beckon us ever,
To follow, follow, follow,
O'er hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,
The bugles play
And trumpets sound
From out those glistening towers,
And rainbow showers
Bedew the ground;

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Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way,"
We smiling say,
And forward press
With swift, impatient feet,
And hearts that beat
With eagerness.

Yet still beyond, the gay
Sweet bugles play,
The trumpets blow,
Howe'er we flying haste,
Or lagging waste,
The hours that go;

Still far and far away,
Till comes the day
We gain that peak
In Darien; then, blind
No more, we find,
Perchance, what we do seek.

MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

HOW chilling, how dead, how tiresome is a museum of sculpture! How unsympathetic those rows of statues gazing fixedly into space with their big white eyes! How repulsive a collection of plaster casts with their crude whiteness glaring against bare walls! It is no wonder that so many people profess not to feel the charm of sculpture when they see it, as it were, impaled on paltry pedestals, each piece like a prisoner bearing its name and its number. Sculpture is not an unsociable art. In the beginning its function was to bring the divinity nearer to man, to assure the family that there was ever present, and even visible amongst them, a divine guardian of the hearth. It was the privilege of sculpture to perpetuate the memory of heroes and of noble deeds; to embody in beautiful forms the vague and eternally human syntheses of the poets; to transport vulgar facts into the radiant sphere of art. So it became the office of sculpture to contribute to the solemnity of temples and to the decoration of palaces, and to lend its charm to gardens and to dwellings. We should see sculpture revealing its majestic forms in the soft light of cathedrals, or enthroned in gay saloons decked with rich stuffs and flowers, amidst the movement and animation of fêtes; we should see it in parks and public places scintillating in the changefulness of light and shade, with the flitting reflections of foliage and clouds playing upon its surface, and seeming to give it the thrill and pulsation of life. We should have lovely statuettes in the rooms where we live; and in the adornment of our houses, of our furniture, and of the dainty objects of daily use, the sculptor should have his rôle. But if we form our ideas from the occasional sight of the Farnese Hercules, of a mutilated Venus, or of a colossal statue of some modern statesman hiding himself in the voluminous folds of a bronze frock-coat, it is only natural that sculpture should seem to us generally to be profoundly tiresome and uninteresting, not to say hideous. Now this is precisely a conception of the art which I will ask the reader to abandon, if he has it, before we begin to consider together our theme of modern French sculpture.

The Greek marbles which constitute the basis, and generally the only contents of museums of sculpture, are not the beginning, the end, and the last word of the modeller's art. The theory that sculpture is essentially a classical and abstract art is an arbitrary statement of the critics; nor are the only legitimate subjects of sculpture those furnished by classical antiquity. The French are there to show that even if the Greeks and Romans had not bequeathed them the songs of their poets, they would have been sculptors still. And the proof is written on the façade of the Cathedral of Reims, and repeated yearly in the exhibition of the Paris Salon.

In France sculpture is a truly national art, not owing its origin, like French painting, to foreign inspiration, but a spontaneous manifestation of natural gifts. Italy, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, displayed incomparable sculptural genius. The masters of that period, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, John of Bologna, Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, and Verrocchio, are great amongst the greatest masters; but after them the plastic genius of Italy fell asleep, and since the Renaissance there has been no really great sculptor south of the Alps. As for Canova, he can hardly be regarded as more than a tenth-rate modeller of insipidity, who disdained to study nature, while the modern Italians, with the exception perhaps of Jean Dupré, are simply marvellous hewers of marble, skilful even unto a miracle in carving the pattern of a

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lace collar, or imitating the texture of a tweed shooting jacket. Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries boasted Pieter Vischer, of Nuremberg, certain metal-workers of Augsburg, and many carvers of polychrome wooden images who were great artists, but left no successors. There is no country richer in museums than modern Germany; no country where Greek archæology is held in higher honor; no country where antique art is studied more carefully, more profoundly, and with a more complete educational apparatus; and yet we can name with respect no modern German sculptor except Rauch. Spain has never had a school of sculpture; England has invariably called upon foreigners to perpetuate the forms of royalty; Scandinavia can claim but one sculptor, Thorwaldsen, the Dane, and he was a docile pupil of Canova. In France, on the contrary, we find that sculpture has flourished naturally and uninterruptedly ever since the Middle Ages, when the *tailleurs d'images* covered the Gothic cathedrals with statues and bass-reliefs which owe nothing to foreign teaching. These image-carvers, in their allegories of the vices and virtues, of the wise and foolish virgins, of the last judgment, and in all their naïve transpositions of the mysteries of religion and eternity into the formulæ of common life, were rationalists, realists, *frondeurs*, observers and lovers of nature, always expressive, and always appealing directly to their contemporaries. Their work is a mirror of the whole originality of the French intellect; in the Gothic sculpture we detect the same qualities which produced the prose of Montesquieu and Voltaire, namely, an innate need of giving to the conceptions of the mind and to external facts a translation and a presentation so adequate, so direct, so natural, and so precise, that there remains nothing vague, enigmatic, or mistakable. With all its shortcomings in execution, Gothic sculpture is always clear, logical, and measured—three essential qualities in plastic art—and from the twelfth to the fifteenth century these Gothic sculptors produced masterpieces enough to prove that, before the Renaissance was dreamed of, France had her national school of sculpture, the development of which was perhaps more hindered than forwarded by the influence of the revival of classical art in Italy. This question is complex, but it is interesting to notice the tendency of many modern French critics to lament the triumph of the Renaissance in art and literature, and to accuse that movement of having hampered the modern mind with the nightmare of antiquity, of having perverted French architecture, and dethroned living French national art in favor of a dead and cold pagan ideal. That the Renaissance perverted French architecture we may perhaps admit, while still admiring the wonderful buildings which we owe to that perversion; that the Renaissance perverted French sculpture from its true path is less evident, the more so as people are divided in opinion as to which is the true path. The fact, however, remains that since the twelfth century sculpture in France has flourished without eclipse, and the succession of great masters has continued without interruption through Michel Colomb, Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon, Barthélemi Prieur, Anguier, Coysevox, Puget, Coustou, Houdon, Pajou, Pigalle, Lemoyne, Caffieri, Clodion, Falconet, David d'Angers, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, to mention only the greatest; and certainly when we look at the work of these great men we do not remark so much the hampering influence of classical formulæ, but rather the puissant and individual originality of each one of them.

In brief, we may say that sculpture is the art of imitating, in the solid, human and animal forms, abstraction being generally made of color. But this latter qualification must be made with prudence, for there is no longer any doubt that the Greeks colored their statues, as the Gothics did; furthermore, the fine works of the Renaissance and of earlier and later artists in colored wax must undoubtedly be admitted to rank as artistic sculpture, as also the polychrome wooden figures by Verbruggen of Antwerp, and the figures of the altar screen of the Cathedral of Amiens. It is difficult to say that the artist must only work thus and thus, and that his limits are such and such, or the essential conditions of his art so and so. Critics have written volumes about the various schools of sculpture, about the ideal in sculpture, about the laws of sculpture, building themselves narrow systems on the vain basis of a science which does not exist, but whose name, "æsthetics," sounds in the ears of the public with the authority of a trumpet commanding silence.

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The day when Alexander Gottlieb Baumgarten, Professor of Philosophy at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, first coined this word, meaning thereby the science of sensations, he little thought what a field he was opening up for the critics, and what a dark net-work of pedantic paradoxes they would, thanks to this new pseudo-science, interpose between the eye of man and the complex verity of art. It is easy to shut one's self up within a system, therein to preach at one's ease; but there is no system vast, spacious, and commodious enough to contain the universe of art. Some unexpected and spontaneous product will be always springing up to confound our paltry science. In vain we shall alter or extend our criterion; the manifestations of beauty will ever be too varied and too numerous to be forced into the narrow pigeon-holes of our presumptuous classification. Rather than submit to the humiliation of incessant apostasy, let us be modest; let us be satisfied to feel; let us seek an asylum in the impeccable *naïveté* of instinct. The joy of art and the activity of the artist are phenomena belonging still in a large degree to the domain of instinct; we cannot ultimately explain them; and the moment we quit the historical and archæological standpoint we can only speak in vague generalities either about the artist or his work. Science has yet to explain physiologically and psychically the action of form and color on the human organism. Meanwhile perhaps all that we can say is that art is nature seen through the temperament of the artist, and the artist is a man naturally gifted with some special aptitude of eye or of ear, a native capacity to perceive the germs of beauty that exist in the external world, and then, under the influence of obscure creative faculties, to give a new life to the materials he sees—the life of thought—ideal life. And by the ideal we mean something ulterior to nature, something less real and yet more true, something more complete in its kind, and more strongly characterized. As Lowell finely says: "The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it, and blessed are the eyes that find it. It is the *mens divinior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter of fact into matter of meaning for him who has the gift of second-sight." And this is why the first quality of the artist is intelligence, and the second is sympathy. The most complete knowledge of the technique of art will not replace the preliminary exercise of the intellect. Before painting or modelling, the artist worthy of the name must learn to think. What strikes us and attracts us first of all in a work of art is the thought, the aspect, the unity of it. The details will appeal to us afterward, and a thousand delicate things will ravish us, but the first general imposing impression is that of the form, and this form is the expression of the artist's thought; it is the proof that he has opened the hand in which Nature keeps her mysteries clasped, that he has read her secrets, interpreted them in his work, and rendered them sensible to men, seizing the fugitive appearance of things, and fixing their intimate reality in plastic immobilized shape. The painter and the sculptor take the motives of their compositions directly from nature; they imitate, or rather interpret, models furnished by the outer world. But the painter or the sculptor does not copy servilely; in presence of his model his sympathy comes into play, and in the process of selection, which is the essence of his creative faculty, he instinctively chooses the traits which his own nature readily and sympathetically discovers and appreciates. The more gifted the inner nature of the artist, the more wide and profound is his field of sympathetic action, and the more vividly does he feel and the more exactly does he render the traits of the model. The artist has a psychic superiority which leaves its stamp upon the representation he makes; hence a work of art is doubly expressive, for it expresses at once in indissoluble unity the essence of the model and the essence of the artist. A picture or a statue has therefore not only an objective, but also a subjective, expression, and interests us as much by one of these qualities as by the other.

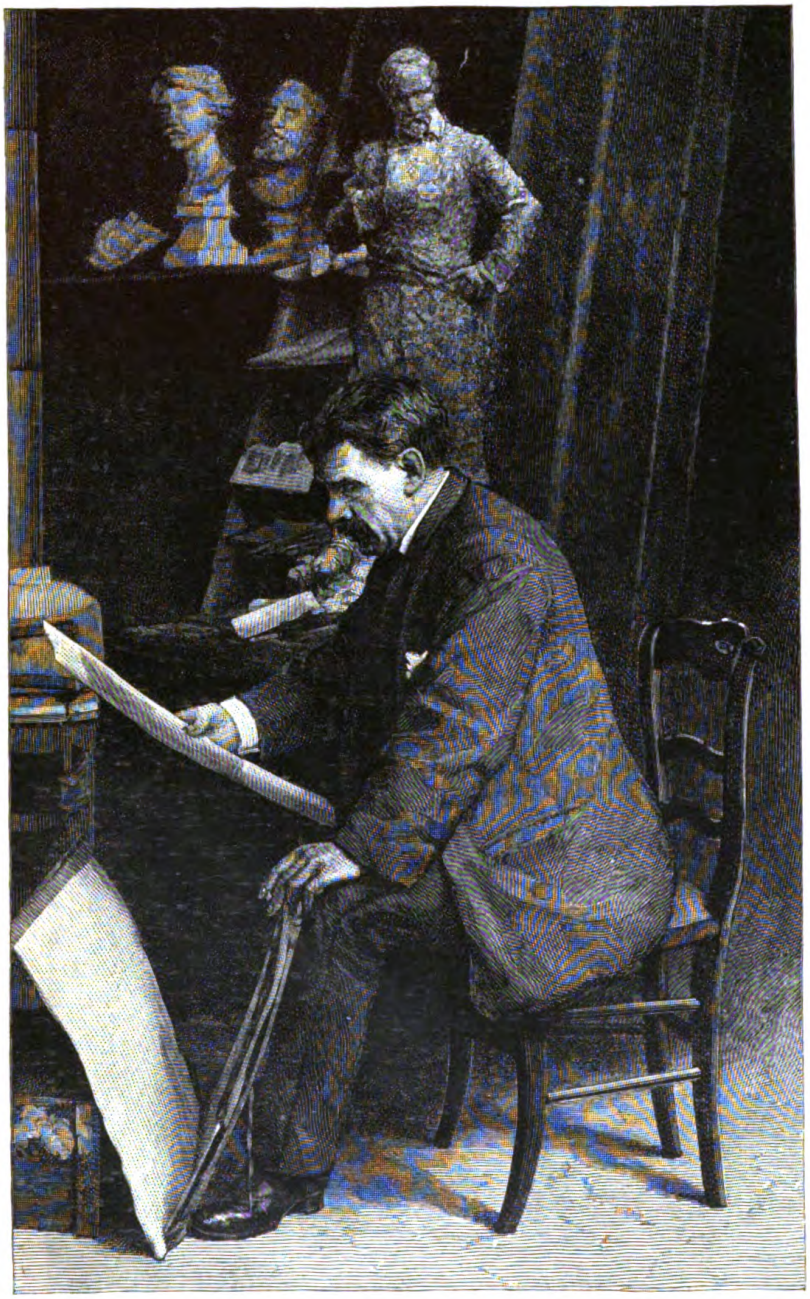
To return now specially to sculpture, we can see that each sculptor, according to his temperament, influenced as it must be by the epoch and *milieu* in which he lives, will devote himself by preference either to purely corporal beauty, or to the beauty of passional expression, or to decorative beauty, consisting chiefly in the ponderation of masses and the felicitous harmony of lines. Three typical sculptors are Phidias, Donatello, and Jean Goujon. In the domain of sculpture our ad-

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"AT THE SCHOOL DOOR."—By M. Alexandre Falguière.

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FALGUIÈRE'S STUDIO.

miration ranges in the past over a wide field, beginning with the works of the Egyptians and Assyrians, dwelling long amongst the masterpieces of the Greek and Roman epochs, passing wonderingly amongst the marvels of the Gothic and the Renaissance periods, enjoying even the dainty realism of the Japanese. And with all these various masterpieces in our memories, shall we accept the dicta of those who maintain that the art of Phidias is the beginning and the end of sculpture? Shall we admit that the sole aim of sculpture is to reproduce the human figure in its ideal perfection, purged of all that belongs only to the individual, of all the accidents, feelings, and actions of a special moment, reduced, in short, to a type, to a majestic abstraction? For the Greeks who lived an outward life this ideal was sufficient. The climate, the morals, the religion, and a thousand details of the life of ancient Greece inclined the taste of the sculptors toward athletic and voluptuous forms, and led them to prefer the expression of the vegetative life of a typical vigorous body to the expression of the moral life of a special soul. To this preference we owe the frieze of the Parthenon, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and the Venus of Syracuse, immortal monuments of athletic grace and radiant visual beauty. But it is absurd to tell us that the limits and laws of sculpture were eternally fixed by the Greeks, and that if we will sculp we must follow the example of Canova and Thorwaldsen, and carve images of Psyche and Apollo to the end of time. The reign of Greek sculpture ended when people ceased to go about half naked, and when bodily vigor and beauty became a secondary thing. In the same way epopee disappeared with the age of individual heroism: epic poetry and artillery are incom-

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patible. The torso of many a headless and legless Greek statue is magnificent beyond a doubt, but it requires a technically educated eye to feel its beauty. The expression of the Belvedere Apollo is full of serene majesty, but do not affect to admire it if you do not really feel its charm. We modern men are not bound to admire all the Greek statues and fragments of statues which are to be seen in museums. Many of the enthusiasts of Greek art are victims of a superstition. They do not reflect that they have arrived at their present state of admiration by a roundabout and retrospective way. They eulogize the calmness and majestic repose of Greek art because they know a more complex and living art which they choose to disparage. Their admiration is reflex and unconsciously contrastive: they love the simplicity of Greek art often only because they have had experience of a more tempestuous and complex art, namely, the art of Christianity, which accentuated the expression of moral life as exclusively as pagan art accentuated the expression of physical life. These two hostile movements, paganism and Christianity, have instigated in turn the finest and most exact analysis of the opposite characteristics which express the whole essence of man in his visible form. On the one hand we have the Venus of Syracuse, and on the other the Christian Virgin; on the one hand Apollo, and on the other the crucified Saviour. These antitheses represent the extremes of the key-board of expression in the plastic arts. That such contrary conceptions and such opposite moral ideals should be capable of expression by means of slight modifications of form and insensible linear variations is a subject of profound astonishment for the thinker.

The extreme expression of physical life represented by Greek art, and the extreme expression of moral life represented by Gothic art, each achieved complete development unmolested by rival tendencies.



"CHARITY."—By M. Paul Dubois.

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While the primitives were carving their altar screens and tombs and cathedral portals, the gods of ancient Greece were slumbering beneath the ruins of their temples awaiting the hour of resurrection and revenge. The Renaissance delivered them at last from their dark prison, and the fragments of their statues revealed to the Italians, who first had the joy of contemplating them, a plastic ideal which had been for ages unjustly sacrificed. From the Greek marbles Donatello learnt that a muscle may be expressive, and that the flesh is not merely the servant of the spirit. Henceforward the more the study of the relics of ancient Greece is pursued, the more does corporal beauty invade the sanctuary of psychic beauty which the primitives had so severely guarded. But the revenge of the Greek gods happily resolves itself into conciliation, and physical beauty, instead of being reinstated as the supreme ideal of sculpture, becomes the handmaiden of beauty of another order. Only let it be remarked that the artists of the Renaissance never allowed their admiration to deviate from that element of Greek sculpture which they could really appreciate, namely, its plastic perfection; the calmness, the abstract serenity, the repose, of the Greek masterpieces they left to be expounded by the perspicacity of modern criticism.

The great sculptors of the fifteenth century and their successors in modern times have shown by triumphant examples that the expression of moral life, of the most intense passion, and of the most powerful thought is not only compatible with pure plastic beauty, but even enhances that beauty and lends it a higher signification. To us moderns the ardent and passionate artists of the Renaissance are more closely interesting than Phidias or Praxiteles, for the simple reason that they express the emotions and troubles of modern man. In the works of Donatello first, and then in those of Michael Angelo and John of Bologna, we find that exuberance of nervous life which has never since ceased to be the ideal of the great sculptors. On the other hand, in the works of the immortal artists of Greece we moderns make two parts, distinct and unequal in honor, namely, in the first place, absolute perfection in the synthesis of human proportions, and in the second, attitudes, movements, and gestures inherent in manners and habits of life with which we are not familiar. The proportions of Greek statues realize forever the ideal of human physical beauty; but their attitudes and movements, if they convey any meaning to us at all, retain only a vague archæological interest.

The tendency of the French sculptors of the present day is to pursue the work of conciliation begun by Donatello; indeed, with rare intervals, the process has been going on ever since the Renaissance. The sculptors have this advantage over the painters, that the conditions of their art are very stable. The sculptor's tools are his hands. No industrial discovery and no progress of science has benefited him. Oil-colors, varnish, pastel, canvas—all that has revolutionized painting within the past five hundred years has no equivalent in sculpture. Clay, sticks, supporting rods of iron, a compass, a plumb-line, mallet and chisels, and a block of marble—such are the sole auxiliaries of genius in the plastic art, coarse tools which have remained unchanged since the days of the builders of the Pyramids, tools of no value, which leave to the artist the undivided honor of his creation. The sculptor's model is nature; his only criterion is nature; without nature he can produce nothing. His art is long, difficult, unlucrative; his apprenticeship absorbs fully ten years of his life; his studio is generally a conservatory of rheumatism; the material creation of his work is dirty, laborious, and costly; in fact, the career of the sculptor is hedged round with so many obstacles and inconveniences that none but those who have an irresistible vocation are bold enough to enter upon it. Then, again, the ideal is so obvious, and the means of attaining it so inexorably limited, that the sculptor is not tormented by the shifting breezes of fashion. Even during this present agitated century, in the midst of all the political, philosophical, religious, literary, and artistic revolutions which have never ceased to trouble men's minds, the traditions of sculpture have remained firm. The only points in dispute are questions of degree, which are raised in virtue of certain so-called laws, of which certain critics are the self-constituted guardians. Carpeaux, for instance, is still accused of having put too much life and passion and too much realism into his work, while Falguière is called to order because he has fixed in bronze graceful phases of instantaneous movement.

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"MEDITATION."—By M. Paul Dubois.

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The argument, as set forth by the eminent critic M. Ch. Clément, is this: "Carpeaux gives astonishing reality and life to his work. But there is neither ideal nor repose in his sculpture, nothing of that serene, tranquil, and somewhat abstract beauty which the Greeks regarded as the supreme end of the art; nothing either of that beauty nearer to reality, but impressed with a personal, moral, and new sentiment, which we find in the sculpture of the Renaissance."

This is an intelligible criticism based on the postulate that sculpture can only exist as a calm and austere art, and that it is a mistake to make it picturesque and realistic. But this postulate may be contested. Carpeaux was an enthusiast of life and color. The master quality of his work is intense vivacity, a very thrill and quiver of life—or, as he used to say, *le frémissement*—and one of the elements which most contribute to produce this impression is the skilful handling of light, half-tones, and shadows, or, in other words, the sense of *color* which Carpeaux displays in his modelled compositions. A masterpiece in this respect is the high relief of Flora surrounded by a ring of dancing children which adorns the façade of the Pavillon de Flore in the Louvre. Add to this quality of color admirable truth of proportions, unerring construction of interior framework and muscular envelop, and a caressing modelling of the surfaces which finds singular artifices* in the working of the clay in order to render the very palpitation of the epiderm. But, after all, there is no solution to the difficulty. Carpeaux worked according to his temperament, and never sought those qualities of calmness and austerity which M. Clément reproaches him for not having displayed. The only question that we can reasonably put is not whether Carpeaux's work is in conformity with the Greek ideal, but whether it is a realization of Carpeaux's ideal, and whether it is beautiful and delightful in itself.

The condemnation of M. Falguière's rendering of instantaneous movement is based upon a similar *petitio principii*. M. Falguière has made two statues representing the movement of running; one is a running boy called the "Vainqueur au Coq"; the other is a nude female figure, "Nymphe Chasseresse," representing an Arcadian huntress in the act of discharging an arrow as she runs at full speed, poised momentarily on one foot on tiptoe. This statue of bronze is a marvel of intense vivacity, life-like movement, and exquisite modelling. But certain critics object that violent movement is unfitted for sculptural representation. Their process of reasoning is simple: you go to the museum of antiques, pick out all the statues representing attitudes of solemn and motionless majesty, and proclaim them masterpieces; then you pick out the statues in which motion is represented realistically, and proclaim them to be works of inferior artists or of a period of decadence. This was the method of reasoning which enabled Charles Blanc to accumulate a whole volume of dogmatic absurdities, which still survives under the title of a *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*. When Barye modelled his magnificent group representing the winged hippogriff flying through space with Roger and Angelica on his back, he utterly transgressed this æsthetic law of immobility, and nevertheless he produced a masterpiece. But a moment's reflection will convince us that form isolated from movement is an impossibility. Even in death the form that subsists is the trace and effect of the vanished life. The majesty of the most majestic Greek statues is not absolute immobility; it is movement suspended for a longer or shorter time, but still it is movement. The question therefore lies not between immobility and movement, but between more or less movement. It is not a question of principle, but a question of degree, and therefore of taste, opinion, and individual sense of measure. In short, we come back to the great and obvious truth that statues, like pictures, are made to be looked at, and not to be talked about.

This truth I shall ask leave myself to respect, for it is not my intention to weary the reader with descriptions of works which are not before his eyes, and which he may never see. I have laid before him a view of the nature and theory of sculpture, I have stated and briefly explained the general tendency of modern French sculpture, and now I have only to com-

* The process referred to of modelling *à la boulette* is used by M. Falguière and other contemporaries who share Carpeaux's enthusiasm for intense vivacity. The clay or wax is applied in small pellets closely juxtaposed, so that the smooth parts of the model are really composed of an infinity of asperities, which catch and reflect the light, and so seem to vibrate with the pulsation of life.

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"AT THE GOAL" (BRONZE).—By M. Alfred Boucher

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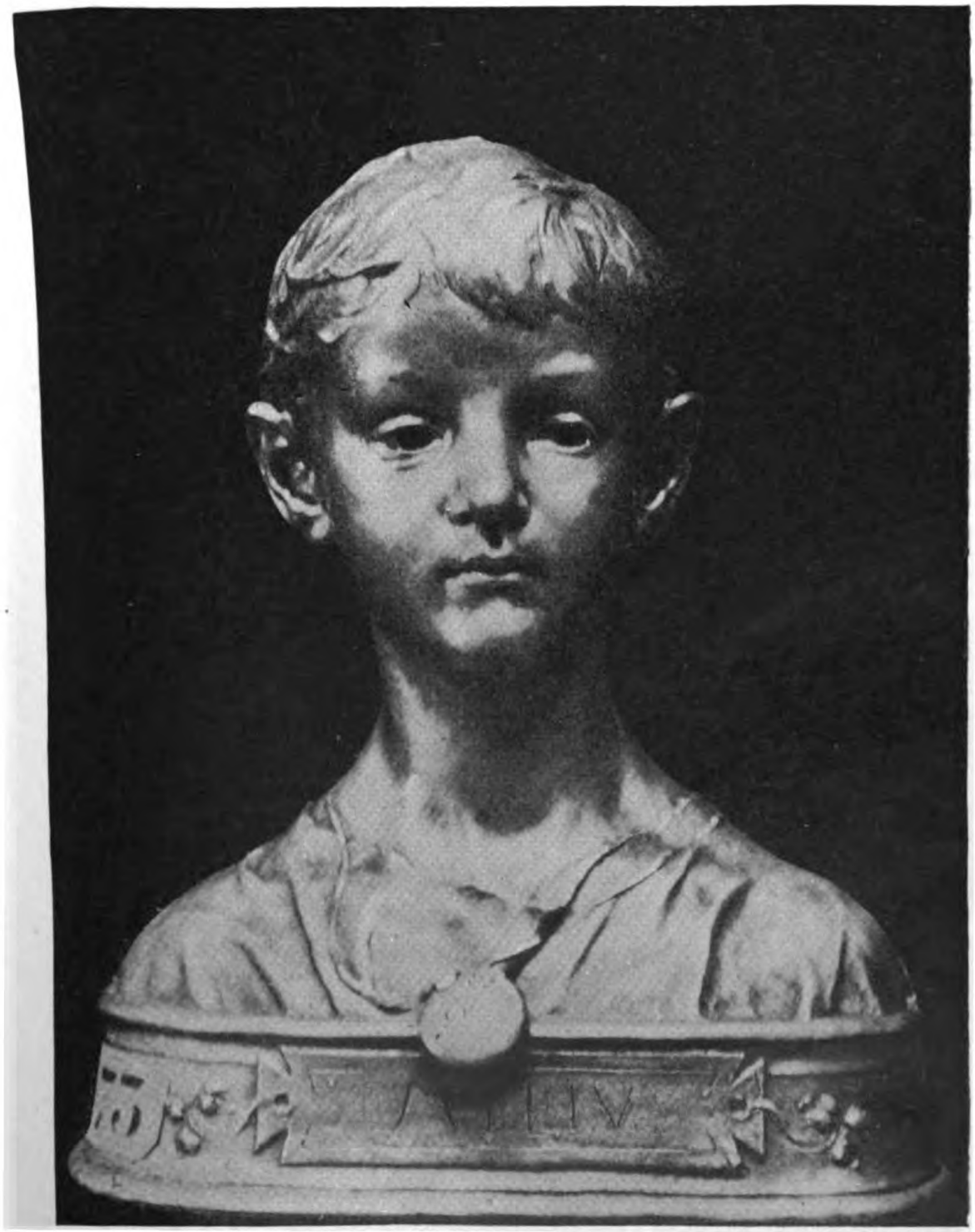
plete these remarks by a few words on each of the eminent artists who have been chosen, literally six out of six hundred, as being most worthy to represent particular manifestations of contemporary plastic art in France.* As sculptors, the modern French artists are simply without rivals in the world, and in the history of their own nation one can mention no epoch which has produced more remarkable artists or a richer harvest of admirable works than this present nineteenth century.

Undisputed head of the present brilliant pleiad of French sculptors is M. Paul Dubois, member of the Institute, Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Born in 1829, M. Paul Dubois studied first of all for the legal profession, and did not enter a sculptor's studio until he was twenty-six years of age. From 1859 to 1862 he studied at Naples, Rome, and Florence, where he became an enthusiastic admirer of the artists of the fifteenth century. Under the influence of their work he conceived his statues of "St. John" (1864) and of the "Florentine Singer" (1865), which made him at once famous and popular. Twenty years ago France had almost forgotten the very existence of the "primitives." M. Dubois's "St. John," if the allusion may be permitted, was a forerunner in sculpture. By his inspired movement, by the prophetic ardor of his gesture, by his delicate boyish head, with fixed eyes and speaking lips, he carried with him all the young French sculptors, and led them to Florence, where they proclaimed Donatello to be the honored ancestor of modern plastic naturalism. After this first success there followed the "Birth of Eve" and only minor works until the Salon of 1875, when M. Dubois exhibited the tomb of General Lamoricière, the result of twelve years' labor. This work won its author by acclamation the first place amongst living sculptors, and classed him on a level with some of the greatest of the past. In this magnificent monument bronze and marble are married with perfect art. The martial figure of the general, draped in his shroud, like a soldier in his cloak, rests under a pillared canopy of marble, guarded, as it were, by four seated figures at the angles of the tomb—Faith, Charity, Meditation, and Military Courage. Faith, a virginal and pure figure of a maiden, raising with fervor her clasped hands heavenward; Charity, holding in her lap two nurslings, seems like a vision of Andrea del Sarto or of Bernardino Luini realized in sculpture; Meditation, in the guise of an old man with finely intelligent features furrowed by reflection; Military Courage, clad in the armor of a warrior, resting on his sword, pensive and resolute, calm, superb, and strong. The Cathedral of Nantes possesses in this monument a work as fine as the finest work of the Renaissance, as fine as the tomb of Louis XII. at St. Denis, as fine as the tomb of the Dreux-Brézé at Rouen. Nay, it is even finer, for the life in M. Dubois's statues is more intense, the moral expression more profound. I have compared these statues, as I have compared the "St. John," to Renaissance statues, but the comparison is only just so far as style and purity of conception are concerned, for M. Dubois's work is animated by modern sentiment, and impressed with the character of contemporary life and thought. When asked once which were his favorites amongst the ancient masters, M. Paul Dubois replied: "I am altogether eclectic. But whether ancient or modern, I am always attracted by those who show the largest dose of ideal or of execution." The sculptor's dream is perfection of form and elevation of idea. In the tomb of Lamoricière it has been M. Dubois's privilege to realize this dream.

M. Alexandre Falguière (born 1831) was a pupil of the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he is now one of the leading professors. After having shown in his statue of St.-Vincent de Paul how exquisitely and touchingly he could render the expression of charity and joyous compassion, M. Falguière has returned since to the problem which led him to produce the work that first made him popular, the "Vainqueur au Coq" (1864), now in the Luxembourg Museum: I mean the prob-

* The choice of typical sculptors mentioned hereafter is of course more or less arbitrary, but the conditions of space both for the text and for the illustration of a magazine article are such that the reader will at once comprehend the uselessness of excusing or defending the choice I have made. After all, however, there is only one name whose absence I regret, and that is Auguste Rodin, whose "Saint John" is in the Luxembourg Museum, and who has been for some years engaged in modelling marvellous gates of bronze on which are depicted scenes from Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Rodin is certainly one of the greatest and most original of living French sculptors—so great, indeed, that he demands a complete study and not a passing mention.

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SILVER BUST OF A BOY.—By M. Antonin Mercié.

lem of rendering movement in sculpture. By his grandiose but still unexecuted project for the decoration of the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, representing Republican France erect in a chariot drawn by four colossal and impetuous horses, and by the bronze statue of the running "Nymphe Chasseresse," to which reference has been already made, M. Falguière has won his cause. Indeed, one may safely say that there is no living master whose influence has contributed

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"FATALITY."—By M. Ernest Christophe.

more than the influence of Falguière toward emancipating sculpture from academic routine, and encouraging independence of conception and of treatment. Take, for instance, the exhibit of M. Falguière in the Salon of 1887, his marble "Diana," and that most charming group shown in our engraving, and entitled "At the School Door." M. Falguière's "Diana" may not come directly from Olympus, and the academic critics of the old *régime* may discuss the angles of her silhouette and the vivacity of her expression, for she is not a mere variation of the usual museum Dianas, but an original and majestic figure, animated with the breath and spirit of modern life. The marble seems to have softened and grown warm and quick under the sculptor's chisel; nature has been closely consulted, and has revealed to the master a few delicate touches which serve to accentuate the movement, and to give to the flesh that *morbidezza* which is the illusion of the softness and palpitation of life. The modelling of the back of the Diana is admirable and marvellous beyond all that words can say. The group shown in the engraving speaks for itself; one cannot imagine a more *naïve* and intimate rendering of the simple reality of every-day life. And yet how charming is the silhouette of the group, how serene the aspect, how grave and dignified the figure of the mother! Remark also how simply the common peasant costume is treated, how sober are the accessories, and how discreetly the story is told by means of gesture and attitude.

The great difficulty in sculpture is the group. The single figure, the monologue, so to speak, is a simple enterprise; but to group together several figures in view of common action and of a collective drama, and to render the composition interesting, expressive, and decorative from all sides, is a formidable problem. In creating his bronze runners, "At the Goal," M. Alfred Boucher complicated the difficulty of the group with the difficulty of rendering movement. Three runners, with outstretched hands and craning necks, are straining toward an invisible goal. During three years M. Boucher

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"THE MASK," OR "LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE."—By M. Ernest Christophe.

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worked away in his studio, merely observing movement and muscular play; and how difficult this observation was may be imagined from a glance at the group. Nearly all the time the sculptor required his three models before his eyes, and in order to enable them to hold the pose, he rigged up in his studio a system of ropes and stays suspended in such a manner that the models could spring forward with the movement of running, catch the ropes, and so immobilize the characteristic motion; but even with the aid of all this apparatus the models could not hold the pose for more than four or five minutes at a time. It was by dint of such prolonged and patient observation of nature that M. Boucher marked every detail of running movement, and finally synthetized the results of his study in this group "At the Goal," which has been cast in bronze at the expense of the French government, and remains eternal and definitive. M. Boucher has thus begun his brilliant career by a work which is perfect and complete; he has monopolized and exhausted his subject; his group of runners is typical and definitive, and worthy to take rank with the few great and eternal masterpieces.

M. Antonin Mercié (born 1845) holds a place of honor in the young school of French sculpture next to MM. Dubois and Falguière, who are his seniors, and of whom the latter was his first teacher. The works which have made M. Mercié famous are two statues, "David before the Combat with Goliath," "David after the Combat," the high relief of the "Génie des Arts" on the façade of the Louvre, the group "Gloria Victis," the statue of "Renown" on the summit of the Trocadéro Palace, the tomb of Michelet, the magnificent tomb of King Louis Philippe, and a high relief executed for the tomb of a beautiful young lady, which was the success of the Salon of 1885. M. Mercié's works are so well known that it is needless to reproduce them in engraving. Our illustration of a charming silver bust of a boy suffices to bring into evidence two characteristics of Mercié's genius, namely, intensity of feeling and unerring sentiment of beauty in form. I use the word "genius" expressly, for M. Mercié, of all contemporary French sculptors, seems the most gifted by nature and the most favored by mysterious and inexplicable inspiration, to employ traditional words which express vaguely what we vaguely apprehend. M. Mercié is a man who lives outside of contemporary life, reading neither books nor newspapers, taking no part in civic or patriotic business, frequenting but rarely the society of a few friends, and being, in fact, a sort of artistic hermit isolated in the studio. And yet M. Mercié at the opportune moment created that famous group "Gloria Victis," which symbolized with thrilling intensity the moral state of patriotic France in 1874, vanquished, but conscious of heroic deeds and noble resolves, grateful to her fallen sons, and more glorious in her defeat than was the Teuton foe in his brutal victory. But how did M. Mercié conceive this group? Why did the clay assume this form? How came the sculptor to express so vividly the latent thought of a whole nation? The simple fact is that the clay which became ultimately the model of "Gloria Victis" assumed successively the forms of "Samson and Delilah" and "Judith and Holofernes," but being satisfied with neither of these projects, M. Mercié transformed the clay into the group which is called "Gloria Victis," and which was conceived and modelled in ten days. To take another instance: when M. Mercié was asked to make a funereal monument in memory of Michelet he had never read a page of the historian's works, yet he needed only to read a single chapter in order to comprehend Michelet thoroughly and to conceive a perfect monument. So in all his work and in all his conceptions we are struck by the modernity of M. Mercié's inspiration, and by the fulness of his sympathy with the complex and passionate poetry of the age, and with the intellectual movement of his epoch. But how does this hermit contrive to be so well informed? Why is his sympathy so vivid? Simply because M. Mercié is an artist; that is to say, a creature whose function in the world is to be a seeing and a feeling creature, an instrument of most exquisite sensitiveness. We speak of genius and inspiration simply because we ordinary mortals, with our laborious reflective, logical, and sequential faculties, cannot imagine how prodigious is the perceptive faculty of a great artist, and how intense his powers of sensation and retention.

M. Ernest Christophe (born 1827) was a pupil of Rude, and had the honor of signing with his master the tomb of Cavai-

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"THE FIRST KISS"—DOUBLE BUST.—By M. René de Saint-Marceaux.

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gnac in the cemetery of Montmartre. The signature runs thus: "Rude et son jeune élève Christophe." M. Christophe is a thinker, a poet, almost a *savant*, as well as a sculptor. So severe a critic is he of himself, and so intent is he upon putting thought into his work, that he will meditate and ponder over a group for years before he will send it out of his studio. The statue of "The Mask," or "La Comédie Humaine," remained in hand fifteen years before it was finished in 1876 and placed in the garden of the Tuileries, where it now stands, strange, enigmatic, and beautiful. Looking at it from one side, we seem to see a woman smiling behind a smiling mask; looking at it from the opposite side, we see a totally different figure of a woman standing and holding up the drapery around her person, as if the serpent that she spurns with her foot had waked her in horror from her sleep. Her head is thrown back in that posture of dejection and depth of sorrow which Michael Angelo has given to his figure of a bound slave. She writhes under the burning bite; her face is drawn with the intolerable pain of it. And yet can it be the mere physical pain of the serpent's sting which inspires that look of anguish? Is it not perhaps memory, or jealousy, or disgust of life, or terror of death? Is not this mask an allegory of the Comédie Humaine, of the tragi-comedy of life? Another work by M. Christophe, called "Fatalité," is enthroned in precious chiselled bronze in the Luxembourg Museum. The figure is that of a beautiful young woman—Fortune, Destiny, or Fate—who glides along on her ruthless wheel over the body of a child with the legs of a faun, while another child lying near the hapless victim, amidst flowers and grapes, reads tranquilly in a book, and heeds not the crushing wheel. There is a philosophical and symbolical idea of great interest in this group. The pedestal, a monument in itself, indicates at once the signification of the principal figure. The woman carries in one hand a sword, and with the other hand she holds the long band of stuff which, passing across the body and mounting up the back, terminates in the original and charming head-dress. The attitude of the figure is very picturesque, and has enabled the sculptor to develop the elegant and grand lines and pure forms of the body. The head, motionless and impassible, completes the impression of inexorable and blind Fatality. This fair creature is indifferent; she goes on her course without feeling pleasure or pain; she crushes some without pity or grief; she avoids crushing others without consciousness of her mercy. Fortune, Fatality, Destiny, or the personification of the Darwinian theory of natural selection, M. Christophe's bronze expresses clearly a philosophical idea which will always be interesting. In drawing and modelling, "Fatality" is the work of a distinguished and strong artistic personality, and in conception it is the product of an original and profound intellect.

M. René de Saint-Marceaux (born 1845) won the medal of honor at the Salon of 1879 with a composition representing a "genius guarding the secret of the grave." In 1880 he exhibited a clever statue of "Harlequin," which has become universally known through Barbedienne's reduction. In 1886 M. de Saint-Marceaux exhibited a "Danseuse Arabe," a statue in the round on a background in relief representing an arched doorway decorated with Arabian ornaments. A nude dancing girl, her head decked with jewels, is just issuing from this door; her right hand still holds up the portière which has given passage to her beauteous form, and with her left hand raised in the air and her body bending slightly backward, she stands on tiptoe in the attitude of her commencing step. One cannot conccive a more lovely vision of voluptuous beauty and movement than this statue of the "Danseuse Arabe"; it is distinguished, graceful, full of color, perfect in attitude, perfect in execution. M. de Saint-Marceaux has not produced much, but what he has produced has been of such a high order and so varied in inspiration that he is justly considered to be a master, and a master of rare, exquisite, and independent talent. Our illustration represents a double bust by M. de Saint-Marceaux, "The First Kiss," which in grace, purity, and finish of expression is one of the most charming groups that have been conceived in modern times.

M. Augustin Jean Moreau-Vauthier demands a place amongst eminent contemporary French sculptors as the continuer of the traditions of the precious decorative sculpture of Benvenuto Cellini and of the fifteenth-century artists. M. Moreau-Vauthier's exquisite ivory statuettes, enriched

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"GRIEF."—By M. Augustin Jean Moreau-Vauthier.

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"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."—By M. Emmanuel Fremiet.

with gold and precious stones, have made his name famous far beyond the limits of his own country. Our illustration shows M. Moreau-Vauthier as a sculptor in marble, and represents a statue of "Grief," destined to adorn a tomb—a female figure, standing, the drapery drawn over her head and falling in slender folds down to the feet. The head is slightly bowed; the right hand covers the face; the left hand holds the drapery to the breast; on the pedestal are scattered flowers and a wreath of immortelles. This statue is full of feeling; the bearing and the gesture are most expressive, and the technical treatment is masterly in simplicity.

M. Emmanuel Fremiet (born 1824), a pupil and nephew of Rude, is perhaps the most prolific and variedly powerful, from the realistic point of view, of all the contemporary French sculptors. As an *animalier* he alone can be said to succeed without replacing Barye, and as a sculptor of the human form he exhibited in the Salon of 1886 a "Dénicheur d'Oursons," which was universally acknowledged to be a masterly creation. In the Salon of 1887 his colossal statue of a gorilla of Gaboon carrying off a woman obtained the medal of honor, and now stands in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, a most powerful and a most terrific vision of monstrous and grinning bestiality. M. Fremiet has created many equestrian groups and statues, amongst which the finest are that of Jeanne Darc on the Place des Pyramides in Paris, and that represented in our engraving. These two equestrian statues are admirable in attitude, movement, veracity of gesture, and expressive unity, and they may be justly ranked with the few excellent and powerful equestrian groups that have ever been made. Our other engraving shows M. Fremiet in a more familiar vein. This "Age of Innocence" represents a kitten and a fledgling feeding amicably out of the same platter, neither being sufficiently advanced to know that nature has destined one of them to be the prey of the other. One of M. Fremiet's best known works is a "Faun playing with Bear's Whelps," of which the original marble is in the Luxembourg Museum. This charming vision of fantastic woodland life, conceived one day in a mood of Arcadian reverie, is a graceful group, full of happy invention and full of life. A *souvenir* of Greek art, it will be said. Where did M. Fremiet ever see a faun with hairy limbs and cloven hoofs? Simply in eternal nature, where the old Greeks saw fauns and dryads too, and Pan piping to the joyous band. It was Nature, too, who taught the sculptor how to combine the diverse forms of a man and of a goat into a creature which has a logical anatomy and can stand on its legs. Is not Nature the nursing mother of Art, the inexhaustible well-spring where alone Fancy can fill her sparkling cup?

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EQUESTRIAN STATUE FOR THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.—By M. Emmanuel Fremiet.

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THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

BY I. W. AVERY.

NO city of the Union blends more palpably the old and the new than Savannah. The place has to a large extent kept its early individuality. It has broad shaded streets rolling in primitive sand, and lined with old-fashioned residences, with a stately flavor of the aristocratic about them, and even the new and more elegant homes avoid the gorgeous phylactery of modern fashion. The past is a living presence in this beautiful old city. The statues and monuments greet one with their historic memories, and tell mutely, yet with eloquence, of eventful annals.

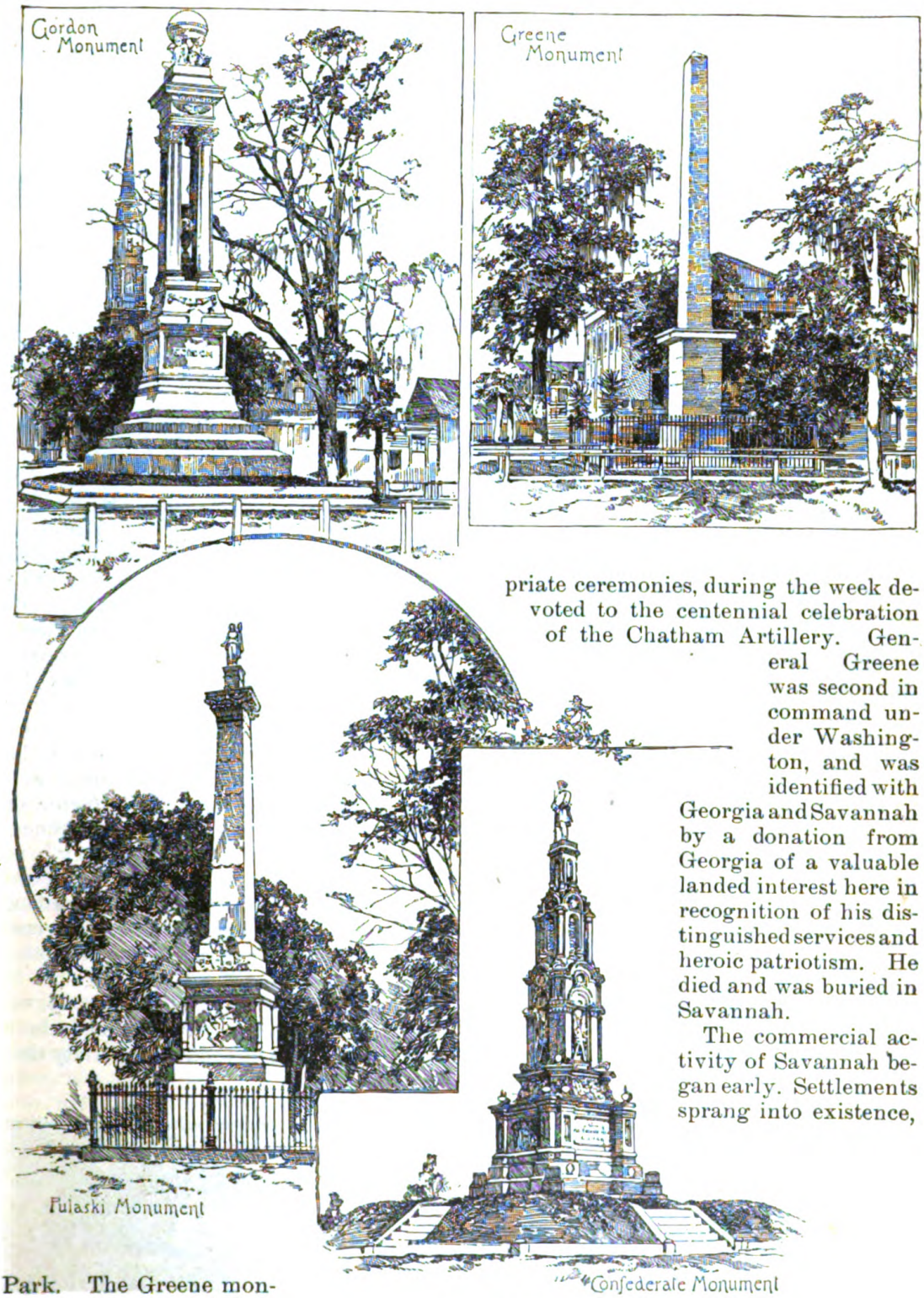
The city and commonwealth were coeval with each other, founded together, and with their annals honorably linked. Savannah enjoys the distinction of long being the germ of the State, and could the noble knight, statesman, and gentleman, Sir James Oglethorpe, the heroic founder of both, have been able to look into the future, and have seen his modest little municipal venture become the first naval stores station in the world, the second cotton port of the American continent, and the head-quarters of the greatest railway and steam-ship transportation system of the South, as it has, his great heart would have throbbed with pride, and he would have felt that he had planted well.

On the afternoon of the first day of February, 1733 (O. S.), Oglethorpe landed at Yamacraw Bluff, on the Savannah River, with 112 colonists. This spot, in a direct line, is only twelve miles from the sea, but the winding of the river lengthens the distance to eighteen miles. The site is the first elevation above the stream, and consisted of a lofty bluff of sand, with a dense pine forest extending back. Into this forest the colonists cut an opening and arranged a quaint little plan of a place, reminding one of a child's toy town, with everything precise and rectangular—streets, houses, and squares laid off mathematically and alike. The system of commodious public parks at regular intervals is the glory of this "Forest City," and constitutes one of its most beautiful and healthy features. As the city extended, these open spots were continued in the same beneficent plan, until there are dozens of them, shady with great trees, green with velvety swards, threaded by broad walks, and many of them ornate with monuments and fountains. The broader streets strike them in the centre, and narrow streets pass by them, while they are confronted by homes and churches.

The bluff upon which Savannah reposes rises abruptly some forty feet, and extends a mile on the river from which it receives its name. On each side of the city on the river the land consists of low swamps and creeks that have admitted of little improvement, and only of rice culture, and that have bred disease and invited epidemics. In the writer's recollection there were destructive visitations of yellow-fever in 1854, 1858, and 1876, paralyzing business and destroying life. But in the year 1877 the Legislature of Georgia made an appropriation of one-third of the tax of the county of Chatham, in which Savannah lies, amounting to $27,633 73, for the drainage of these swamps. The low, dank, unhealthy marshes were converted into smiling truck farms and rich vegetable gardens. The beautiful city no longer wrestles with the burden of malarious environment that surrounded it with baleful vapors, and bred deadly sickness at intervals. Aside from the moral and sanitary effects so immeasurable, it has in the transformation of black bogs into oases of fertility created a growing and profitable truck industry. From the records of the Ocean Steam-ship Company, that valuable scheme of transportation, we learn that in 1881 the steamers carried north 93,000 packages of vegetables. The business has grown to 236,000 packages, and the local production has increased to 92,000.

In laying off the city the central leading thoroughfare, beginning at the river, centrally in the bluff, and extending out through the squares to the beautiful enclosure now called Forsyth Park, was named Bull Street, after Colonel William Bull, a Charleston engineer and officer sent over by the Governor of South Carolina to aid Oglethorpe in planning the new town. The Greene and Pulaski monuments are located in the squares on this street, the former in Johnson Square, the nearest to the river, and the latter in Monterey Square, the nearest to Forsyth

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NOTABLE MONUMENTS IN SAVANNAH.

Park. The Greene monument was completed in 1829. It was a tall, plain shaft uninscribed, resting on a granite base, and enclosed with an iron railing. Not until May, 1886, were the proper inscriptions placed upon the historic shaft and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, during the week devoted to the centennial celebration of the Chatham Artillery. General Greene was second in command under Washington, and was identified with Georgia and Savannah by a donation from Georgia of a valuable landed interest here in recognition of his distinguished services and heroic patriotism. He died and was buried in Savannah.

The commercial activity of Savannah began early. Settlements sprang into existence, steadily increasing the trade importance of the new place, as it was the only point of entry for all importations, and from its river-bank were shipped skins, lumber,

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and other articles not needed for home use. Savannah was the commercial metropolis of the colony. The first effort to ship a Georgia cargo was in 1749, and was accomplished by the house of Harris and Habersham. The articles exported were mainly deer-skins, hogs, poultry, rice, staves, tar, and pitch, unconsciously forecasting in the latter articles Savannah's supremacy in lines of trade in which she now leads the world. To this firm is due the enterprise of first establishing well-approved export and import relations with Europe, and it is an honorable fact that the Habersham descendants of that pioneer firm in the colony's commerce rank to-day among the strongest merchants of the present Savannah. This sterling family gave to the colony one of its best Governors, and later to President Washington an able Postmaster-General in his cabinet. The Habersham rice-mills have been the leading industrial establishment of the city from an early period. Her first wharf was built in 1757, and in 1758 forty-one vessels entered the new port. To-day her shipping nearly reaches a million of tonnage. Her first exports were of the value of ten thousand dollars; they now amount to fifty millions. Her first cotton bale was exported by Thomas Miller in 1788, one hundred years ago, and now she is the second cotton port of the American continent, having handled as high as 896,681 bales, worth forty millions of dollars.

The two most potent agencies of Savannah's advancement have been the Central Railroad and Ocean Steam-ship Company, and the Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway.

The Central Railroad system has a gigantic claim to the admiration, the gratitude, and support of all Georgians. It is the most powerful instrumentality of both Savannah's and Georgia's growth. Its magnificent scheme of commercial links, its fleet of noble ocean steamers, its massive system of wharves, elevators, presses, depots, and structures, its immense facilities for the easy and speedy doing of a prodigious business, the perfect method and efficiency of its management, and the peculiarly solid character of its stocks and securities, so largely owned in the homes and rooted in the confidence of the people, and not speculatively reposing in great blocks for capricious manipulation by the capitalists of the financial world—all of these remarkable features go to make the Savannah Central a pride and benefaction for city and State. This corporation, with its more than 1500 miles of track, covering the State with its network of steel, and linking Georgia to its neighbors, worth from forty to fifty millions of money, doing fifty millions of shipments, employing thousands of laborers, and its superb line of the finest ocean steam-ships, owned and controlled by Southern money and genius, and tapping Philadelphia and New York, and making the vast current of commerce for the whole South pour through Savannah and Georgia, enriching both, is a factor of power and progress, whose beneficence, great as it has been, is in its infancy.

The originator and genius of this important enterprise was W. W. Gordon, whose powerful energy and resources carried it through to completion under many and discouraging difficulties.

The wharves of the railroad are a revelation of enterprise. They constitute a scale of business method and activity that



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

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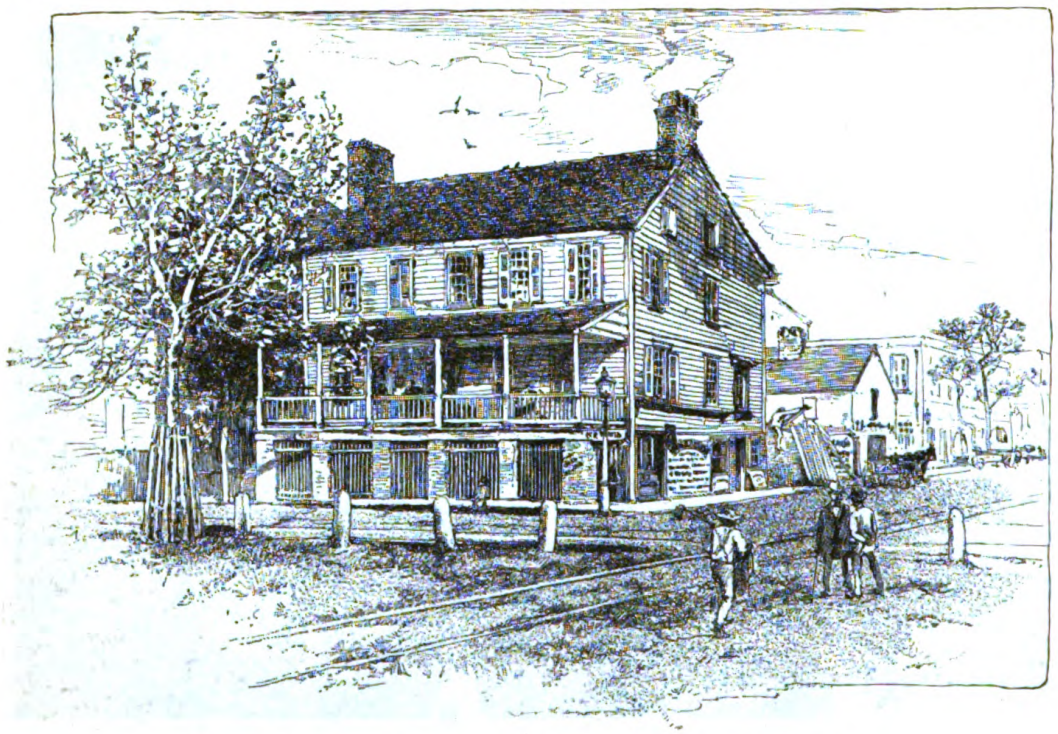
LOADING COTTON AT THE WHARF.

would do credit to London and New York. In 1871 the place was a marsh. There are thirty acres of improvement, ten acres of platform on piles, five acres of shed under cover, 4000 feet of wharf front and 500 more projected, 750 feet of timber wharf, cotton wharf for 12,000 bales and projected wharf for 25,000 more, storage houses for 100,000 tons of guano, ten miles of track threading the wharves, three great cotton warehouses holding 30,000 bales, a grain elevator holding 270,000 bushels at one time, a cotton compressor pressing 2400 bales a day, scales everywhere that will weigh cars in bulk, smaller scales at each car, six at one track, for loading a train simultaneously. The wharves take 800 hands when a full force is required, and the company employs eighteen special policemen. Often there are forty ships and steamers at a time loading and unloading. The Savannah, Florida, and Western Railroad has a special track. The Philadelphia steamers have an inlet between sections of the wharf. The great piles of freight are astonishing. Every conceivable product of commerce is there. The writer saw huge crates of cabbage, curiously enough those raised in Florida and Massachusetts meeting on a common ground and in friendly rivalry. The immense ocean steamers towered up their vast bulks like huge marine monsters taking in and giving out cargoes. These steamers carry 6000 bales of cotton and 100 first-class passengers, and are palaces in luxury.

The Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway, known as the Plant railroad system, is a worthy contemporary of the Central as a potential factor of progress and expansion for Savannah.

The line runs from Charleston through Savannah to the Chattahoochee River and to Jacksonville, with branches to Albany, Bainbridge, Gainesville, and Brunswick, and has a steam-ship line from Tampa to Havana and Key West. It combines over 800 miles of track under the single masterly administration. The policy of the management has been comprehensive, far-seeing, and sagacious. No dividends have been paid, but the whole profits have been invested in extending and perfecting the

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HOUSE WHERE WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE WERE ENTERTAINED.

system. It is one of the best equipped railways in the Union, and handles the large winter travel to and from Florida admirably. It has made new connections, opened up new industries, tapped fresh regions of trade, and created remunerative business. Its iron tentacles have penetrated and gleaned the orange-laden realm of Florida.

Like the Central road, this railway has vast wharves on the river at the right of the city that are a revelation of activity and enterprise. The company owns 326 acres, which it is improving. It has a mile and a half of river-front, three-quarters of a mile of massive wharves, and it will extend them a full mile. These vast improvements are a fitting companion to the mammoth wharves of the Central. These wharves, with their great masses of lumber, rosin, turpentine, and guano, afford some conception of the magnificent commerce Savannah is enjoying, and of the superb railway agencies that have evoked this commerce into fructifying existence. Acres of ground are covered with the barrels of rosin and turpentine.

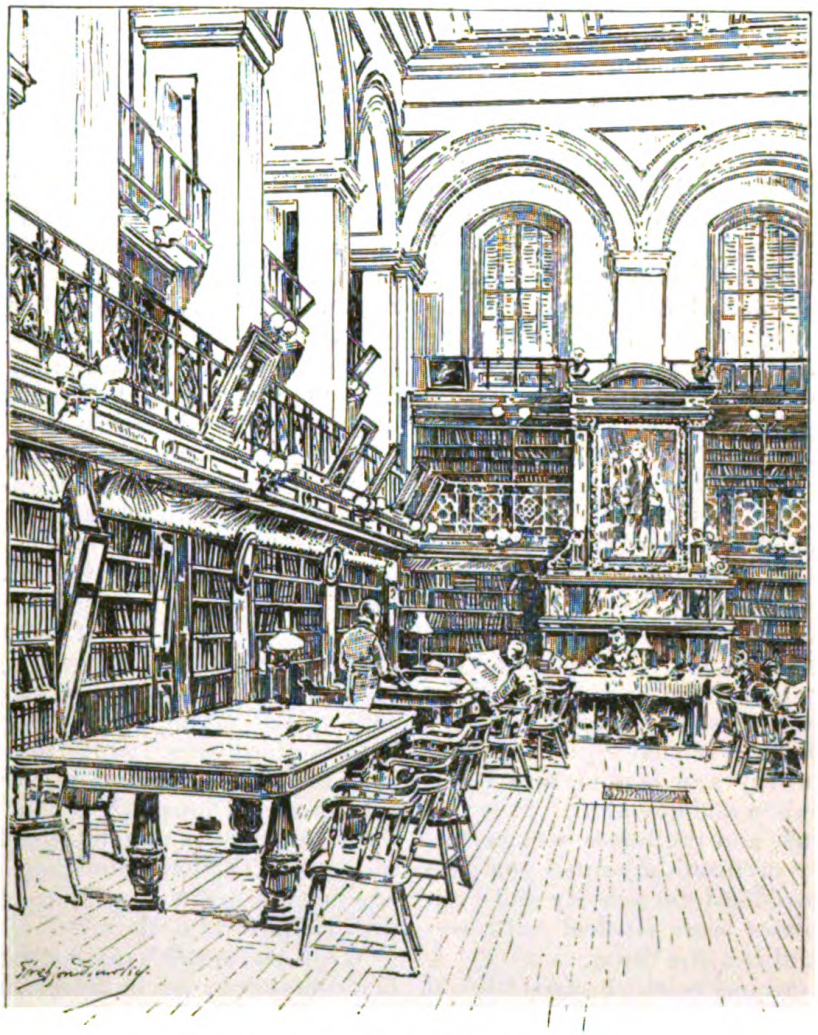
The business in naval stores was the creation of this railway company. In 1875 the receipts at Savannah were 9555 barrels of turpentine and 41,797 barrels of rosin, and have reached the present annual figure of 133,139 barrels of turpentine and 564,026 barrels of rosin, showing a steady and large increase.

An event in railway matters was the extension from Bainbridge Junction to Chattahoochee, connecting with the new Pensacola and Atlantic Railroad of 160 miles to Pensacola, making a shorter route from the sea-coast cities to Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans. From its local traffic in Florida, the orange El Dorado of the world, that attractive sanitarium of the invalid, it is now the vital part of a great trunk line and the channel for foreign travel. The road has been the beneficent instrumentality of new and vast vegetable, melon, and fruit industries, and its future cannot be estimated. It is in the infancy of its traffic. Savannah has handled a million melons in a season, 1,040,315 barrels and packages of vegetables, 83 million feet of lumber, 2 million hides, 742,748 bushels of rice, and 160 million pounds of guano.

The sea inlets on the coast abound in excellent oysters, crabs, and shrimps, which are peddled through the city. Early in the crisp mornings are heard the colored venders of oysters, fish, and vegetables moving briskly along the sidewalks in the

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balmy air, with their baskets and buckets of commodity on their heads, crying their wares in a crooning, sweet-voiced accent that musically enlivens the quiet. These African pavement merchants are of both sexes, but chiefly female, and they all have plaintive expression, and use the same rising inflection on the last word.



LIBRARY IN THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Their voices have the peculiar melody of the low-country black, an intonation that subtly recalls in a suggestive way the original African in his primitive simplicity, and by some unconscious association also suggests the earliest past of the old town.

From an early period the social lines of demarcation were very broadly marked. As much of an aristocracy was built up as this country will allow. Old families, rich from commerce or planting, at the head of great cotton houses or baronial plantations of slaves, with large incomes and the opportunity and taste for leisure, luxury, and culture, brought home life to a degree of polish and elegant exclusiveness that could not be surpassed anywhere. The prohibition against slavery and spirits was early removed, it being found on trial that the colony was at a disadvantage in rivalry with its neighbors, and the people soon became the possessors of great estates of slaves, and practised a refined conviviality. Hospitality ripened into a fine art, and never flowered to more exquisite display than in this city. The men were lordly, honorable, chivalric, and thoroughbred. They were college-educated,

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well-read and well-travelled, unpractised in labor—that is, the planters—lavish with money, dressed fashionably, and were noted for their courtesy and respect to women. A European lady said she would know a Savannah-raised gentleman anywhere. They were quick-blooded, given to the professions, naturally eloquent, and fond of pleasure. The women were pure, luxurious, modest, and thoroughly feminine. They were absolutely helpless, so far as the practical world was concerned, and wholly dependent upon father, husband, brother, or son. It was part of this civilization that the male members of a family cared for the females, and the result has been an ornamental type of womanhood. Every social and educational advantage was enjoyed by young women. They were protected from rude associations, tenderly nurtured, taught accomplishments, their morals and manners cultivated, and every feminine grace fostered and developed. There has never been a finer strain of ladies. And they were trained for presiding as house-keepers as well as for shining in the parlor. While screened from hardship, labor, and exposure, they were taught the management of servants and domestic administration of large households, requiring tact and energy. The bond between the old and young mistresses and their family servants was a close and tender one, and the domestic help of that *régime* was peculiarly faithful and skilled, and noted for its deference and devotion. It is fast passing away, and the house service under the later civilization cannot compare to it. In the olden time wealthy and even ordinary homes were stocked with servants who did but one thing.

The new era has much changed the old condition. When, in the vicissitudes of the city's varied career, the dainty denizens of the palatial mansions were forced to peddle ginger-cakes from the basements, the servants gone, it was a pathetic spectacle. The old social aristocracy has been thinned. New ideas have come in, and the old baronial civilization is gone; but the fragrance of the broken vase lingers there still. There is the same social purity and refinement without its extreme exclusiveness. To gain admission to the best homes the stranger must still be satisfactorily vouched for. The old-fashioned spirit of elegant hospitality yet prevails. Entertainment is still an art, and the best social characteristics of the former *régime* continue under the best practical forms.

No city in the Union has had a higher class of commercial men than Savannah, and its cotton merchants have been noted for their enterprise and integrity. They have been safe, energetic, and far-seeing, and to their sagacious efforts, with the aid of the Central and Gulf railroads, is due the city's stand as a cotton mart. In the ten years from 1871 to 1881 the cotton business of the place grew under the work of those men from 455,796 to 896,681 bales. Of the latter crop 881,161 were upland, or short-staple, and 15,520 bales were sea-island, or long-staple cotton. Of the aristocratic long-staple variety of cotton but an average of 40,000 bales is raised in the South, Georgia leading, with Florida second, and South Carolina third. Georgia is first in cotton acreage and second in cotton production in the South. There is no ground for doubting that Savannah will continue to expand commercially. Her population has grown since 1880 over 12,000, reaching a total of 45,000 people. Her property has in two years increased nearly three millions, surpassing in its growth any city in the State, reaching a total of over twenty-two millions. Her new buildings will average yearly seven hundred in number since 1883. Her naval stores trade has more than doubled since 1880. Her retail trade runs to sixteen millions, and wholesale to seventeen millions. Her banking operations amount to one hundred and fifty millions. The whole business of the city reaches the gratifying figure of one hundred millions of dollars.

While Savannah's main strength lies in her commercial advantages, she has been enterprising in manufactures. The census of 1880 gave her seventy-three establishments, with a capital of $995,950, working 1048 hands, and creating $3,099,416. The increase in the classes of establishments enumerated in the census has run to 104. The leading manufacture was and is the rice industry. The city had in 1880 three rice-mills, with a capital of $263,000, working 219 hands, and turning out $1,488,769 of products. The number has been increased to four mills. Georgia is the second rice-producing State in the South, ranking next to South Carolina. Savannah's receipts of rice have reached the figure of 742,784 bushels. The census

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GENERAL VIEW OF SAVANNAH.

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list did not include all the manufactures. It omitted 175 small industries, including nineteen blacksmiths, six cabinet-makers, one cracker factory, four harness-makers, one paper-mill, one stereotype establishment, six wheelwrights, etc. Since then there have been new industries added—barrel, boat, frame, pattern, pump, truck, trunk, and stamp makers. The city has now an aggregate of 316 establishments, with $2,250,000 of capital, working 2200 hands, and creating near five millions of products. This estimate does not include the great railroad shops of the Central and Gulf railroads. Among the manufactures that have not been mentioned may be stated cotton yarns, tin-ware, lithographs, furniture, blacking, stone, iron, engines, cultivators, cigars, shingles, mill gearing, stills, sashes, doors, iron railings, candy, blank books, patent medicines, colognes, corn-mills, ploughs, guano, flour, roller compound, etc. There is a dry-dock and marine railway to repair ships, also packing houses, planing-mills, cotton-presses, grain elevator, and all cosmopolitan conveniences. Six cotton-presses employ 600 hands, and can press 6900 bales a day. The foundries use 200 tons of pig-iron, the corn-mills grind 2100 bushels of grain daily. The rice-mills store 670,000 bushels of grain, and turn out 510 barrels of clean rice a day.

The picturesque points of attraction in and near Savannah



ORIGINAL GROWTH OF PINES IN FORSYTH PARK.

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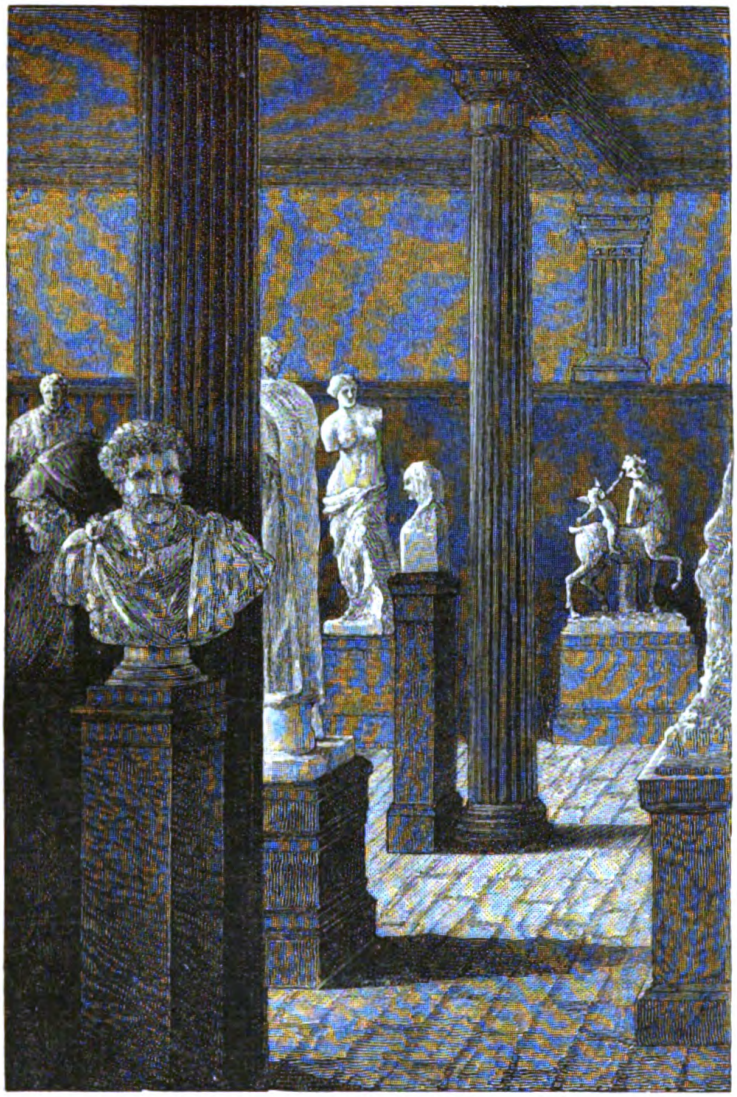


TELFAIR ACADEMY.

are many and of rare beauty. Forsyth Park is the most lovely spot in the city, terminating Bull Street. It contains twenty acres in the park proper, enclosed with an iron fence. It was named after one of our most brilliant Georgians, John Forsyth, United States Senator in 1818 and in 1830, and Governor in 1827. This enclosure presents a unique appearance, its basic element being a forest of stately pines that contrast strikingly with the exquisite scheme of garden beneath, laid tastefully off into winding walks, grass swards, vivid groupings of bright plants and flowers, such as coleus, roses, cacti, and dahlias, and fantastic mounds of luxuriant vines. The central fountain is a gem of its kind, and leaves a living memory of poetic picturesqueness. The park extension contains thirty acres, and is adorned with a tall soldiers' monument, unveiled in 1876. There are other parks not so attractive as Forsyth — Battery Park, for picnics, the inevitable base-ball park, Concordia Park, and Ten Broeck Race-course and Thunderbolt Race-track, the former course famous for many a celebrated race under the auspices of the Savannah Jockey Club. In the slavery days the Forest City was noted for its turf spirit. The Ten Broeck Course is three miles out on the Central road. Under the new *régime* Savannah cares little for racing.

The most beautiful and romantic suburb of Savannah is her Bonaventure, now known as Evergreen Cemetery. It is on an arm of the river, some four miles from the city. It rises in terraces from the river, the terraces supported by blocks of shell and lime, and great broad avenues of gigantic live-oaks, draped in massive festoons of pendent gray moss, give the spot its glory. Among the other attractive river suburbs may be mentioned the Isle of Hope, six and a half miles out on the Skidaway River, where "Wormsloe," the home of the Jones family, so well known in Revolutionary annals, was located; "Bewlie," or "Beaulieu," on the Vernon River, the home of William Stephens, the first Governor after Oglethorpe, and now the delightful summer residence of citizens; Montgomery, ten miles from Savannah, on the Vernon River, and the terminus of the Seaboard Railroad, a delightful little village, and the head-quar-

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SCULPTURE GALLERY, TELFAIR ACADEMY.

ful bathing. The roadstead offers secure anchorage for ships in stormy weather on the sea. It is suited for a "calling station." There is a light-house on the north end, and the government has a signal station communicating with Savannah by telephone and telegraph. Excellent hotels and boarding-houses have been built to entertain the thousands of summer visitors that go to the island for the sea-breezes and the ocean baths. There are many handsome residences that have been erected by the wealthy. Excursions go to Tybee from all parts of the State.

The city early began the improvement of the river. It has spent $120,000 of its own money on this valuable water thoroughfare. An appropriation was secured from Congress of $26,000 in 1826, one of $161,000 in 1855, another of $483,000 in 1873; and in 1882, on an estimate of $730,000 as necessary to complete the improvement of the river, and secure twenty-two feet depth at mean high-water from the city to Tybee Roads, annual appropriations have been given for the work. The channel has been straightened, widened, and deepened, the bar lowered, the river lighted at night, and every obstruction to navigation for the largest ships is being removed. At the bar nineteen and a half feet depth at low-water has been obtained. The work is being conducted under a United States engineer. And through this fine channel established lines of steamers run to Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Augusta, Jacksonville, Charleston, and other home points, and to Liverpool, England. As an aid to her trade, the city, with enterprise characteristic of her busi-

ters of the "Regatta Association of Georgia," under whose auspices annual yacht contests are held; Schuetzen Park, three miles from the city, on Warsaw River, east of Bonaventure, the sporting ground of the large German element of the city; and Thunderbolt, the terminus of the four miles of shell road that is the favorite summer drive of the citizens, and whose waters are the chief source of supply of oysters, crabs, fish, and shrimps.

Tybee Island, at the entrance of the Savannah River, must in time become the most popular and valuable suburb of the city. There is no reason why it should not become the Cape May of the South Atlantic coast. It has a lovely beach, four miles long, where the Atlantic Ocean surf invites to safe and delight-

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MAIN AVENUE, BONAVENTURE CEMETERY.

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ness men, organized fifty years ago the Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha Canal Company, and invested a quarter of a million of money in a canal for the shipment of lumber, timber, and rice. In addition to the two great Central and Gulf railroad lines, the city has two seaboard railroads, and the Tybee Railroad and Savannah, Dublin, and Western Railroad under way, the latter opening up new local territory to the thriving seaport.

The city has had some notable visitations of fire and of distinguished guests. A great conflagration in 1796 burned 229 houses; another, in 1820, destroyed 463 dwellings; a sweeping fire levelled a large part of the place in 1864, while in 1882 the old dilapidated Yamacraw section of the city was beneficially burned out of existence. These great destructions of property have but stimulated growth and improvement. Formal visits with great ceremony were made to Savannah by President Washington in 1790, Aaron Burr in 1802, President Monroe in 1819, General Lafayette in 1825, Daniel Webster in 1848, and President Fillmore in 1854.

It is an illustration of Savannah's enterprise that she can claim the credit of building and sending over the first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

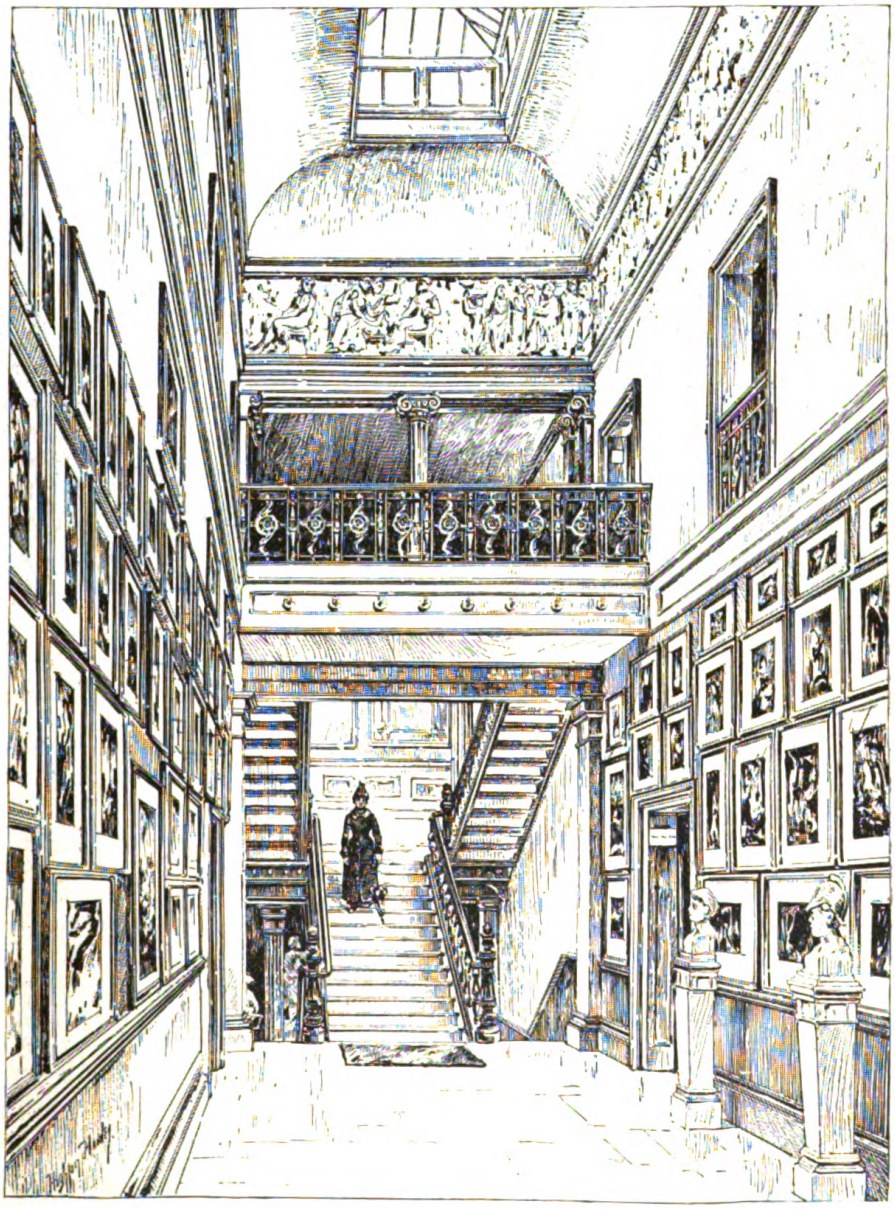
The wholesale and commission business thoroughfare of Savannah is Bay Street, which runs parallel with the river and along the bluff. The leading retail trade street is Broughton, running parallel with Bay, and the fourth from it. On the left of Johnson Square, where the Greene monument rises on Bull Street, is Christ Church, on whose site stood the chapel in which John Wesley first ministered as chaplain to the colonists. It has since 1743 been an Episcopal church, the first in the colony, and was destroyed in succession by fire and hurricane, and the third structure now stands on the ground. The Independent Presbyterian church on Bull Street, corner of South Broad Street, cost $160,000 in 1819, is 200 feet high, and at its consecration President James Monroe assisted. The theatre fronts Chippewa Square and Bull Street, and was built in 1818, and is said to be the oldest house of histrionic art in use in the United States. All of the great dramatic and operatic stars have figured within its walls. The Oglethorpe Barracks cover two blocks, and front on Bull Street, and were built in 1833, and are models of comfort. The Hebrews have a synagogue, fronting the Pulaski monument and Bull Street, in Monterey Square. It is entitled "Mickva Israel," and the society was chartered in 1790. West of Franklin Square, between St. Julian and Bryan streets, is a noted colored Baptist church. The Rev. Andrew Marshall, its pastor, a celebrated colored preacher, a slave, bought his own freedom, and his funeral in 1856 was one of the largest ever held in the city. The City Market occupies a square between Congress and Bryan streets, and is a model of a brick structure. The Catholics have a fine cathedral of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," 100 feet by 212, corner of Abercorn and Harris streets; the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, known as the St. Joseph's Infirmary, on Taylor Street; and the Convent of Saint Paul de Vincent, corner of Abercorn and Liberty streets, founded in 1842. The convent covers a whole block. The Custom-house is a plain granite building, corner of Bay and Bull streets, 110 by 52 feet, and 52 feet high. It is inadequate to the Federal business, and Congress has provided for a new public building.

Savannah has always been famed for its military spirit. It has had more martial organizations in proportion to its population than any city in the South. It has to-day a full regiment, and a battalion of infantry, artillery, and horse companies, white, all flourishing, and a large number of colored companies. The Chatham Artillery was organized May 1, 1786, and has two cannon, given to it by President Washington. This company did service in the war of 1812–15, and in the Florida war. The corps celebrated its hundredth anniversary with a week's festivities, entertaining companies from all parts of the Union, and illustrating characteristically the lavish and native hospitality of the city. The Georgia Hussars was formed in 1799; the Volunteer Guards in 1802; the Republican Blues in 1808; the Phœnix Riflemen in 1830; the Jasper Greens in 1843; the German Volunteers in 1846, etc.; and these organizations and others are vital to-day.

Journalism in Savannah has ever been conservative and strong, typifying the people. It has now two dailies, the *Morning News*, edited and owned by Colonel J. H. Estill, and the *Afternoon Times*,

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under charge of B. H. Richardson, aided by W. G. Waller. The *News* was established in 1850, and its editor for over thirty years was W. T. Thompson, the author of that popular book of humor, *Major Jones's Courtship;* and for years the only eight-page evening daily in the State, and well conducted. The educational standard in this city has always been high. Its free-school system is among the finest in the South, and affords the best tuition to the white and colored



ART GALLERY, TELFAIR ACADEMY.

one of the workers on this journal was Joel Chandler Harris, another well-known Georgia humorist, and author of the "Uncle Remus" sketches. The *News* is a powerful and wealthy newspaper, and Colonel Estill ranks among the foremost of the Southern press men. The *Times* is children. There are also excellent Catholic schools, and a Business College and a Vocal Academy. The Chatham Academy, on South Broad and Bull streets, covering a block, dates back to 1788.

As may be naturally expected from an old city of such distinguished antecedents

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"RELICS OF THE BRAVE."
From the painting by Carl Hacker in the Telfair Academy.

and hereditary culture, there is a cultivated taste for literature and art, and it has taken a conspicuous public direction. The place has had many connoisseurs in the highest realms of taste. At the corner of Jones and Bull streets is a spacious and costly brick building, formerly the residence of the late Alexander A. Smets, now used as the German Harmonic Clubhouse. Mr. Smets, a gentleman of fortune, made one of the finest private collections in the South of rare books of literature, science, and art, and of drawings and engravings, and his library was known to scholars in America and Europe. On the corner of Liberty and Bull streets is a handsome modern residence, the home of the late G. W. J. De Renne, now occupied by his widow. Mr. De Renne was a millionaire, whose life was devoted to cultured leisure. The State owes him a large debt of gratitude for his public-spirited service and liberality in preserving and publishing valuable early records of the colony and State and of the city.

Fronting Forsyth Park, at the corner of Whitaker and Gaston streets, is the handsome building called Hodgson Hall, 94 by 41 feet, containing the library of 12,000 volumes of the Georgia Historical Society. The building was erected by Mrs. Margaret Telfair Hodgson in memory of her husband, who was a zealous member of the society. Mrs. Hodgson was a Miss Telfair, a descendant of Governor Telfair, and a member of a family distinguished in Georgia annals. The hall was completed by Miss Mary Telfair, sister of Mrs. Hodgson, and dedicated at the thirty-seventh anniversary of the society, February 14, 1876.

But to the public-spirited Telfair family is due a still larger meed of gratitude for a liberal and exalted art benefaction to the city. One hundred years ago, in 1786, Edward Telfair was elected Governor of Georgia. Through the munificent generosity of Miss Mary Telfair, a descendant of that patriotic and distinguished Chief Executive, the costly and aristocratic home of the family in Savannah was dedicated and opened, Monday, May 3, 1886, a

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century later, as the "Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences." Miss Telfair died June 2, 1875, and gave the family homestead, with her books, pictures, and statuary, to the Georgia Historical Society, in trust, for a perpetual Art and Science Academy. The will was contested, but the bequest prevailed. The bequest amounted to $150,000, of which nearly two-thirds was in money to execute the purpose. The Society Directory, under General Henry R. Jackson's lead, placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Carl N. Brandt, the artist, who has discharged his delicate trust faultlessly.

His idea was to bring to Savannah the best in art, and thereby awaken a love which would in time give expression in an art school with all its branches of industrial execution. He remodelled the building and added to it with consummate judgment and prevision of needs. He has created an art museum for the pleasure of the people and for the inspiration and instruction of art students that fills the purpose, obtaining the most perfect specimens, having new models of peculiar value made under great difficulty, and gathering many objects not generally seen in such collections.

Miss Telfair desired the main features of her ancestral home preserved. The old mansion was 65 by 60 feet. Mr. Brandt has enlarged the building to 168 by 60 feet, adding sculpture and picture galleries, the director's dwelling, and two studios. Five heroic stone statues of Phidias, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, and Rembrandt, in Marzina stone on granite pedestals, greet the visitor in front of the Academy. The main hall is imposing. The old wooden stairway leading to the second floor has been removed, and an iron and marble staircase made, with a 50-foot skylight above, and it connects the old and new buildings. The sculpture gallery is 60 by 60 feet, and 78 feet high, and the picture gallery of the same dimensions and 32 feet high, both with skylights, a glass dome being placed in the centre and ceiling of the lower gallery. The seats around the dome, 16 feet in diameter, furnish room for visitors to sit down. The effect of the colorings and decorations is rich, quiet, and soothing. They are all in a subdued tone, to show the art objects to the greatest advantage. Everything is substantial. The sculpture hall has marble tiling, and the other rooms hard-wood double flooring. The beautiful frieze, by Director A. Schrandolph, of the Stuttgart Academy of Fine Arts, with the large gilded laurel wreath modelled by Professor Brandt, surrounding the entire gallery above the frieze, deserves special attention. The lighting and ventilation are perfect.

Professor Brandt spent four months in Europe in 1883 securing his purchases. Mr. W. W. Astor, United States Minister to Italy, obtained permission to have certain of the sculptures, of which there were reproductions in the Vatican collection and in other museums, moulded, and casts of these are in the Telfair collection. The British Museum in London, the Louvre Palace in Paris, the Berlin Museum, the Uffizi Palace in Florence, the Naples Museum, and others, have furnished famous works of art. The art library has received due attention.

The arrangement of the casts and reproductions from the original marbles of Phidias in the Parthenon Temple and of the frieze in the front hall shows them to great advantage. This academy has, in fact, in this branch of plastic art, a larger collection, better arranged, than any other institution in this country. The hall of painting is very beautiful. Its exquisite tapestried panellings have been much admired: they were brought from Munich. The collection of paintings is not large, but of high merit. Mr. Brandt has contributed three excellent portraits of his wife, General Henry R. Jackson, and General A. R. Lawton. There are Hacker's "Relics of the Brave," Bruett's "Farmer's Protest," from the Düsseldorf Gallery, Oesterly's "Sheep Grazing," Braith's "Fjord in Norway," reproductions of Werner's pictures of the Nile, the Acropolis of Athens, and Hildebrandt's "World Travels," and others. Mr. Brandt's intention is to add modern pictures of a high standard of art for the education of students and the people, and to assist in the development of connoisseurs who will know the good from the mediocre.

The creation of an art school is the next step in this enterprise. The foundation has been laid in a comprehensive collection of the best art achievements of the world for appreciation and study. This institution, properly managed, developed, and utilized, must make Savannah the art centre of the South.

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THE TARIFF.

["FOR REVENUE ONLY."]

BY HENRY WATTERSON.

I.

TO the average understanding of this generation of Americans no word connected with the operations of government presents, in proportion to its significance, so slight a meaning as the little word "Tariff." Although the discussion of the "tariff" has occupied a share of public attention during our time equal to, if not greater than, that given any one of the questions which have aroused the universal and excited feeling of the people, and arrayed sections and parties in angry controversy, the subject has failed to take hold of the popular imagination in a degree approaching its actual relation to the business and bosoms of men. The Georgian who for the sake of hospitality submitted to every manner of indignity from his guest, until, having reduced the company to two, the offender began "deliberately to talk about the tariff"—when he was promptly ejected—affords a humorous and not an entirely exaggerated illustration of the aversion with which a large class of citizens turns away from what it regards as beyond ordinary comprehension.

Yet no single function of government refers so directly and so incessantly to the personal affairs of men, women, and children as the power to tax applied to the taxation of foreign commodities, and, as it shall be the purpose of this paper to show, no question is simpler of elucidation when stripped of the sophisms that invest it, and reduced to the dimensions of a business transaction between the government and its citizens, which as a matter of fact it is, no more and no less.

The natural right of man to dispose of his handiwork as he pleases, subject alone to the public necessity, is unquestioned. In ancient times no limitations were set upon this individual freedom of trade. The theory of restriction, as it is known to the European world, and advocated in the United States, is of comparatively modern growth, having its origin in the need of money to maintain the increasing cost of monarchy, and a mistaken belief on the part of the mercantilism which succeeded the feudalism of the Middle Ages that artificial restraints set on commerce somehow affected the currency, and would keep money at home. The war of the American Revolution was the direct consequence of the policy of restriction established by Great Britain over her colonies, and so fixed was the adherence to that policy, with its prescriptive rights and preferred classes, its taxation of the many for the benefit of the few, that after the establishment of the government of the United States, England declined our proposal to institute free trade between the two countries. In those days it was not pretended that restriction protected the work-people. It was an exclusive prerogative of the aristocracy, who had no motive to conceal its actual operation and effect in securing to them the full advantage of the monopolies they enjoyed by reason of royal favor, in which the masses of mankind had no part nor lot.

The exposure and overthrow of the monetary error, which misled the merchants, did not destroy the dogma of restriction it had brought into being. Founded in the selfishness and avarice of man, that dogma has sought successive points of refuge and defence, as experience has demonstrated its fallacies and compelled it to retreat from untenable positions. In America we are chiefly concerned with the inconsistencies it has disclosed to us during nearly a century of special pleading.

It secured its admission to our national policy in the dual character of a patriot aiming to make us self-sustaining in time of war, and an economist bent only upon the development of our infant industries. Before it could attain recognition and access, however, it had to ignore that clause in our Declaration of Independence, born of resistance to oppressive taxation, which denounces King George the Third "for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." To hold its own it has had to violate the spirit and letter of the Federal Constitution, which limits the power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises" exclusively to public purposes, defined "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." Driven from the absurdity of nourishing infants older than the republic itself, and unable longer to dispute a construction of the organic law

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of the land from our highest judicial tribunal, which declares that "to lay with one hand the power of the government on the property of the citizen, and with the other bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation," this dogma of restriction, which from its inception has never been anything other than an instrument of the capitalist and an axiom in the gospel of Mammon, now turns to the work-people, hitherto so unconsidered, and masquerading as a philanthropist, proclaims its mission to be "the protection of American industry from the pauper labor of Europe."

Thus brought to a final issue, the dogma of restriction, or protection, as it prefers to call itself, is reduced to two claims, the first, that it is necessary to enable our domestic manufacturers to compete with their foreign rivals, and the second, that it guarantees to those engaged in manufactures certain and high wages, securing to the country, meanwhile, diversified industries and a home market.

To these ends the vast majority of the people who are engaged in unprotected employments are required to pay a bounty averaging nearly fifty per cent., and the principles of wise and just taxation, which, as the dews of heaven should fall on all alike, are, in defiance of the opinion of our Supreme Court, made to wait attendant upon the private interests of a favored class. Nay, nor is this the worst of it, for in order that its theory of development may continue to assess the many to enrich a few, to widen the distance between capital and labor, to create deeper and darker contrasts in human conditions—prolonging forever a system of excessive taxation, which was imposed to meet the exigencies of war, and admitted by those who imposed it to be a great popular and patriotic sacrifice—it is argued that we must abate no part of the exactions imposed, under penalty of destroying the business of the country and relegating our work-people to starvation.

If I should be asked to furnish a title-page for the history of a career at once so adaptable and so pragmatic, I should imitate the brevity of the current play-bill and call it "Assurance." Certainly that quality has not been wanting to the varying face it has from time to time turned to the public, its latest and present aspect being one of menace. Starting out as a patriot who would levy a small tax for purposes of common safety and defence, then assuming the rôle of a statesman who would temporarily advance this tax until our infant industries should gain their stature and stand upon a sure footing, then donning the garments of the humanitarian who lives only to establish and maintain institutions of eleemosynary enterprise, our dogma feels itself at last strong enough to threaten us with industrial extinction unless we yield ourselves wholly and permanently and without question to a domination which until very lately was not dreamed of by the most sanguine apostles of protection.

Circumstance has certainly favored restrictive theories in the United States. During twenty years they were left in undisputed possession of the minds of the people and the public policy. In spite, however, of the pretensions they now put forward, and the vast accumulations of wealth to the creation of which they lay exclusive claim, the ideal state so confidently predicted for the era of protection was not realized. On the contrary, the inevitable consequences of restriction—beginning with artificial stimulation, high prices, and plenty of work, to end with glutted markets, excessive competition, strikes, lock-outs, and the survival of the fittest—called the question once again to the front. A system yielding such results might well be challenged. But could it be as well defended?

The friends of protection thought not so. They met the assault upon the tariff with evasions and pleas for delay. Forced to concede the justice of the complaint that we were continuing in time of peace a scale of duties arranged for a time of war, they at length raised a Tariff Commission, charged with the duty of a proper revision and reduction. This Commission, composed entirely of protectionists, made a report which recommended a general reduction of twenty-five per cent. The report, which had not been reached without scandal, was thrown out of Congress by common consent. To this point the advantages of controversy lay with the revenue reformers. But no sooner had the movement for reform assumed an air of serious danger to the privileges of the protected classes, and become a political issue in the elections, than means

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were found to organize within the Democratic party, which had arraigned the policy of high tariff for which the Republican party was responsible, a faction that may be described as protectionist first and Democratic afterward.

Inevitable vacillation, timidity, and lack of purpose in Democratic counsels followed. The Republicans saw their advantage, and were not slow to improve it. Three efforts to obtain consideration of the question in the Lower House of Congress, a majority of whose members had been successively elected as Democrats pledged to reform the tariff, were defeated by an alliance of the Republicans with a scant minority of protectionist Democrats. Meanwhile, the protectionists, emboldened by their success, and by the continuing divisions and irresolution among the Democrats, plucked up courage and advanced their demands. The exactions of the tariff having at last accumulated in the national Treasury a surplus that cannot be disregarded, and must be considered — an urgency which brings forward for review the whole question of Federal taxation and revenue—they now insist that the doctrine of protection, pure and simple, is not merely an economic truth to be proclaimed at all hazards, but a fixed national policy which shall not be disturbed.

On the case so made up, party forces are about to be joined, and if some conclusion be not reached in Congress at the coming session, the question will go to the country as the chief issue in the Presidential campaign. The situation is one which revenue reformers have long wished for, and which they hail with satisfaction. They think they see in it the beginning of the end of excessive, and therefore of needless and unjust, taxation.

II.

It is contended by the advocates of each recurring scheme for the regeneration of mankind that it, and it alone, is equal to the proposed emergency. The followers of Richard Cobden and John Bright conscientiously believed and predicted for free trade a millennium, which has not come to pass, for there is still starvation in England. The disciples of Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn look to the abolition of property in land and the substitution of land rental as a remedy for the inequalities of taxation and the obliteration of poverty. In like manner the protectionist is loud in praise of the virtues of his specific, which, according to its label, is to secure the native manufacturer a profit against his foreign rival without increasing the cost of manufactured products to the domestic consumer, and to insure the native operative steady work and good wages by restricting production to a home market, whose wants are not able to employ half his time. To be sure, protection is advertised to do many other things, such as the building of cities and the opening of mines, unconscious, or refusing to allow, that cities spring from a concentration of population, altogether independent of tariff laws, and that wherever accessible mineral wealth has been discovered in sufficient abundance to justify its development, capital has never been wanting. But the mainstays of the prevailing protectionist argument are the manufacturer, who thinks he cannot stand without the help of high import duties levied upon the commodities of his foreign rival, and the operative, who is induced to believe that these duties affect his wages, and in some way keep him out of the poor-house.

The truth is that protection in America as little as free trade in England has wrought what was claimed for it and expected of it by its partisans—to wit, the extinction of pauperism. Nor will thoughtful men look to any theory of legislation or plan of government to do that. As long as there are inequalities in human character they will show themselves in human conditions. The frugal man will save whilst the thriftless man wastes his substance, and to the end of time the rewards of sobriety and skill will be set against the penalties attached to incapacity and sloth. All that statesmen can do is to consider what is right and what is best, and contrasting opposite policies and systems with the assistance of collected information, follow the injunction of Paul, and "hold that which is good." Government is more or less a compromise, and too much in wisdom may not be required of it. But wise and free men should have a care that its compromises are just to all, and not the artifices of self-interest and class-interest, disguised as philanthropists.

Those who demand the revision of our war tariff, the reduction of its duties, and the reform of its abuses do not deceive

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themselves, and have no wish to dupe the people into the notion that the simple righting of a wrong, however great, is going to work a miracle in the state of the country, converting an Irishman into a Scotchman, an Ethiopian into an Anglo-Saxon, and extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. They dream of no Utopia. They advance no visionary theories. They are at once practical in their aims and conservative in their methods. They point to the excess of revenue wrung from the people as a proof of needless and therefore unjust taxation. They point to duties levied rather upon the necessaries of life than on its luxuries, and so fixed as to yield the largest bounty to the manufacturer, the highest cost to the consumer, and the least revenue to the government, yet, notwithstanding, amassing a vast surplus in the Treasury. They deny that such a sacrifice of the tax-payer is either expedient or just, that it represents any right of domestic industry, that it confers any blessing on the domestic workman, and stigmatizing it, as the Supreme Court has stigmatized it, as "robbery under the forms of law," they propose to substitute in place of the system which exacts it a system less restrictive to commerce and less costly to the great body of the people. Since no question, however practical, can be discussed without some reference to theory, which is simply a vehicle of exposition, they sustain their exhibit of ascertained facts by theories drawn from nature's laws and the history of trade, which they believe to be equally conclusive. But the strength of their case lies in the assumptions of the protectionist theory that the country can be enriched by taxation, and its attendant claim that Congress has the right to levy taxes for any other than for public purposes.

In considering the question here I shall limit myself to the two propositions on which the advocates of protective duties mainly rely—that they cheapen the home market and increase high wages. If the error of these pretensions can be shown, the claim of protection upon the community at large and the operative in particular falls to the ground. *Falsum in uno, falsum in omni.* Countless volumes have been written, and may be written, with the only effect, and often with the sole purpose, of complicating the argument and confusing inquiry. There is but one way, however, to tell the truth, and that is never complex. No moralist can successfully maintain that in a free government like ours it is right to tax one man for the benefit of another, and no statistician can demonstrate how prices can be lowered by increasing the cost of production.

III.

The American farmer, for example—to say nothing of the millions of Americans engaged in mercantile and professional pursuits, who are in the same boat with the farmer—has no protection for his products. He pays relatively as high for the labor he employs as the American manufacturer. Indeed, the difference between the wages he pays his work-people and those paid by his foreign rivals to their work-people is often greater than the difference in wages paid respectively by American and European manufacturers. Yet the American farmer maintains a successful competition with "the pauper labor of Europe." Why is this? and is it not an answer to the plea for protection to the manufacturer which is neither given to nor asked by the farmer?

The farmer takes his products abroad and sells them at a profit in the home market of his foreign rival. But he cannot purchase in that market what he wants without paying a bounty in the form of protective duties, collected, the moment he touches his native shore, for the benefit of the American manufacturer. In other words, he is compelled by law to pay, out of what he gets for his unprotected produce, a tax to enable his fellow-citizen, the protected manufacturer, to make a profit on what he produces. What reimbursement does the farmer get for his forced tribute to the manufacturer?

He gets nothing. He is told that he gets a home market for what he has to sell, and a cheaper market for what he has to buy. If he did, that would end the argument. But he does not, because if he had not exhausted the home market, he would have nothing to send abroad to sell, and if the home manufacturer could and did undersell the foreign market from which the farmer is excluded by protective duties, what need would the home manufacturer have for those duties? They are levied to enable him to make a profit against his foreign rival, and to the extent of his wants the American farmer must pay the difference.

No casuistry, supported by a great array

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of figures, can alter this fact, which is perfectly understood by the American farmer. That rich mineral deposits invite population, and that their development makes wealth, no one will deny. The discovery of gold in California is a case in point. As by magic a new world sprang into existence, with every manner of diversified industry. All that the advocates of protection claim for their theory was realized substantially under free trade, and in an incredibly short period of time. Yet the gold-digger neither asked nor obtained protection against "the pauper labor of Europe," and in the subsequent outcry against Chinese cheap labor the protectionist idea, as we are used to hearing it, cut no figure whatever. Diversified industries and high-priced food are the results not of tariff laws, but of the concentration of masses of people at given points favorable to commerce and manufactures, which spring from the concentration, and not the concentration from them. The protectionists confuse cause and effect. They claim everything for their dogma, and allow nothing to nature. No one has given a more graphic illustration of this state of confusion than Mr. Henry George. Thus:

"Here, in substance, is the argument which has been addressed to the people of the United States from the time when we became a nation to the present day: Manufacturing countries are always rich countries. Countries that produce only raw materials are always poor. Therefore, if we would be rich, we must have manufactures; we must encourage them.

"To many this argument seems plausible, especially as the taxes for the 'encouragement' of the protected industries are levied in such a way that their payment is not realized. But I could make as good an argument to the people of the little town of Jamaica, near which I am now living, in support of a subsidy to a theatre. I could say to them:

"'All large cities have theatres, and the more theatres it has, the larger the city. Look at New York: New York has more theatres than any other city in America, and is consequently the greatest city in America. Philadelphia ranks next to New York in the number and size of its theatres, and therefore comes next to New York in population and wealth. So, throughout the country, whenever you find large, well-appointed theatres, you will find large and prosperous towns, while where there are no theatres the towns are small. Is it any wonder that Jamaica is so small and grows so slowly when it has no theatres at all? People do not like to settle in a place where they can not occasionally go to the theatre. If you want Jamaica to thrive, you must take steps to build a fine theatre, which will attract a large population. Look at Brooklyn: Brooklyn was only a small river-side village before its people had the enterprise to start a theatre, and see now, since they began to build theatres, how large a city Brooklyn has become.'

"Modelling my argument on that addressed to American voters by the Presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1884, I might then drop into 'statistics,' and point to the fact that when theatrical representations first began in this country, its population did not amount to a million; that it was totally destitute of railroads, and without a single mile of telegraph wire. Such has been our progress since theatres were introduced that the census of 1880 showed that we had 50,155,783 people, 97,907 miles of railroad, and 291,212$\frac{8}{10}$ miles of telegraph wires. Or I might go into greater detail, as the protectionist statisticians are accustomed to do. I might take the date of the building of each of the New York theatres, give the wealth and population of the city at that time, and then by representing the statistics of population and wealth a few years later, show that the building of each theatre had been followed by a marked increase in population and wealth.

"I might point out that San Francisco had not a theatre until the Americans came there, and was consequently but a struggling village, that the new-comers immediately set up theatres and maintained them more generously than any other similar population in the world, and that the consequence was the marvellous growth of San Francisco. I might show that Chicago and Denver and Kansas City, all remarkably good theatre towns, have also been remarkable for their rapid growth, and, as in the case of New York, prove statistically that the building of each theatre these cities contain has been followed by an increase of population and wealth.

"Then, stretching out after protectionist fashion into the historical argument, I might refer to the fact that Nineveh and Babylon had no theatres that we know of, and so went to utter ruin; dilate upon the fondness of the ancient Greeks for theatrical entertainments conducted at public expense, and their consequent greatness in arts and arms; point out how the Romans went even further than the Greeks in their encouragement of the theatre, and built at public cost the largest theatre in the world, and how Rome became the mistress of the nations. And to embellish and give point to the argument I might, perhaps, drop into poetry, recalling Byron's lines,

'When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world.'

Recovering from this, I might cite the fact that in every province they conquered, the Romans established theatres, as explaining the remarkable facility with which they extended their civilization and made the conquered

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provinces integral parts of their great empire; point out that the decline of these theatres and the decay of Roman power and civilization went on together; and that the extinction of the theatre brought on the night of the Dark Ages. Dwelling then a moment upon the rudeness and ignorance of that time when there were no theatres, I might triumphantly point to the beginning of modern civilization as contemporaneous with the revival of theatrical entertainments in miracle-plays and court masques. And showing how these plays and masques were always supported by monasteries, municipalities, and princes, and how places where they began became sites of great cities, I could laud the wisdom of 'encouraging infant theatricals.' Then in the fact that English actors, until recently, styled themselves her Majesty's servants, and that the Lord Chamberlain still has authority over the English boards, and must license plays before they can be acted, I could trace to a national system of subsidizing infant theatricals the foundation of England's greatness. Coming back to our own times, I could call attention to the fact that Paris, where theatres are still subsidized and actors still draw their salaries from the public treasury, is the world's metropolis of fashion and art, steadily growing in population and wealth, though other parts of the same country which do not enjoy subsidized theatres are either at a stand-still or declining. And finally I could point to the astuteness of the Mormon leaders, who early in the settlement of Salt Lake built a spacious theatre, and whose little village in the sage-brush, then hardly as large as Jamaica, has since the building of this theatre grown to be a populous and beautiful city, and indignantly ask whether the virtuous people of Jamaica should allow themselves to be outdone by wicked polygamists.

"If such an argument would not induce the Jamaicans to tax themselves to 'encourage' a theatre, would it not at least be as logical as arguments that have induced the American people to tax themselves to encourage manufactures?"

In this may be seen an exposure, as complete as it is felicitous, of the fallacy that manufactures make great cities with their diversified employments and their consumption of high-priced food, which the distant farmer, who gains none of the profits, is assured compensate him for the tax he pays on every article of necessity he has to buy.

But let us return to the question of prices, and see how the account stands between the manufacturer and the consumer. It is assuredly true that in the last twenty-five years there has been a decline in prices. There have been causes operating universally which have lowered to a remarkable extent the price of most manufactured articles. In this multiplication of the comforts of life America has shared to some extent, but to a much less extent than she would have shared had her productions not been restricted by the "protective system." The products of mechanical skill are lower in price in America to-day than prior to 1860; yet this decline cannot be traced to local causes, for the decline is general. Certainly the United States tariff has not lowered the price of English products. That the American products are not as low as those of England is evident from a comparison of the export trade of England and that of this country. In the metals England exported $237,500,000 in 1880, against $14,116,000 of American exports. In textiles England exported in 1880 $534,500,000, against $10,216,000 exported by the United States. In 1880 we exported raw cotton to all countries to the value of $239,000,000; but during the same year Great Britain, besides supplying her own domestic consumption from the raw cotton she bought of us, exported manufactured cotton to the value of $375,000,000. England can undersell us only because the tariff has not reduced the prices in this country to the level of prices in England.

In 1880 our manufacturers sent to Central and South America $3,899,400 worth of manufactured cotton goods; but the English sent to the same territory—a territory contiguous to us, and under normal conditions exclusively ours—$51,235,000, or, to state it differently, Great Britain sells thirteen dollars' worth of cotton goods to these American states south of us, to one dollar's worth sent by our own manufacturers. Manifestly England controls this trade because she furnishes the goods cheaper than does the manufacturer in the United States.

Perhaps the most striking fact of recent industrial history is the improvement in the manufacture of steel rails, by which the price in England has fallen from $61 50 in 1868 to $18 in 1886. In the same time the price in America, which in 1868 was $158 in depreciated currency, declined to $26 in 1886, and in the past twelve months has advanced to $44.

It is customary for the protectionist to point to this steel-rail industry as convincing proof of the value of the tariff

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in decreasing prices, but as the price has fallen in England far below the American level, the cause cannot be local. It must be general; it must be due to an influence that works as effectively elsewhere as here. This influence is the inventive genius of the age.

This steel-rail tax is a perpetual burden. The lowest quotation on British rails in 1886 was $18 15; freight by steamer to New Orleans, $1 25; dockage, etc., $1; duty, $17; total, $37 40, allowing nothing for commission. When the American price advanced to $38, importations increased. As we have seen, there has been an advance in the American price within the last twelve months of $17 a ton. Should a repeal of the tariff result in a decline of $17, the price would not be less than it was at one time in 1886; yet the decline was not disastrous, whilst the subsequent advance was costly. In the year 1886 the product of the American Steel Rail Combination was 1,500,000 tons. There are in the United States about 140,000 miles of railroad, and this year the new roads will reach to 10,000 miles, possibly 12,000. Ninety tons of steel rails are required for every mile of road where steel is used. It is safe to say that the steel rails cost the companies $15 more, year in and year out, because of the tariff, or $1350 for every mile of road built. Multiplying this by 10,000, the number of miles to be built in 1887, for the new roads alone the tax is $13,500,000.

These rails last only ten years. The entire railroad system of the United States has to be renewed every ten years, or at the rate at present of 14,000 miles a year; the additional cost of this, at $1350 per mile, or for the 14,000 miles, is $18,900,000. In other words, the tariff will soon impose upon the builders of new roads, and on those who renew the old ones as they wear out, a tax of $32,400,000 in excess of what the cost would be were the American railroads permitted to purchase rails where they could buy them cheapest. A part of this tax is capitalized, and goes into the cost of the roads; the remainder increases the operating expenses to that extent.

A more striking example than this of the real character of the protective system may not be found, and it ought to serve both as a revelation and a warning. All these vast profits, forced by law out of the pockets of the whole people, have gone into a few hands, and have, in a few years, built up enormous private wealth at the public expense. They were, and they continue to be, an assessment upon every mile of travel made and every pound of freight carried, for the benefit of a specially favored and a very small class. Yet, though larger in degree, they are not different in kind from countless other impositions of the tariff to which the country is indebted for the startling inequalities of fortune witnessed by the present generation of Americans. The old English statute that, under rigid penalties, required the dead to be buried in woollens, for the purpose of encouraging the manufacture of textile fabrics, was scarcely more grotesque than are some of the jobs which have crept into our tariff, which, if they were not so unjust and audacious, would be laughable.

For example, after the great Chicago fire, when Congress in an impulse of generosity had remitted from taxation for one year all building material designed for the reconstruction of the stricken city, it was found that an item excluding lumber from the proposed exemption had mysteriously imbedded itself in the act. Again, when the bill proposed by the Tariff Commission had been thrown out of Congress, and the House of Representatives had passed a bill of its own, to which the Senate made a number of amendments, resulting in a committee of conference, the committee of conference, composed of a majority of protectionists, brought in between night and morning a report which, in diverse cases where the two Houses had agreed, actually set aside the agreement in every case, increasing the rate of duty previously agreed upon. Still another illustration of the sacrifice of the public to private interests may be found in the story of the quinine tax, though the record of our tariff legislation is full of illustrations. All of them prove how the tariff has been used to increase the profits of the domestic manufacturer by shutting out his foreign competitor, and thus increasing prices to the domestic consumer. They also show how, as long as such opportunities for private gain exist in our protective system, the public, with its general interests, will stand at a great disadvantage against private enterprise, with its incessant and pointed activity ever present at Washington, and ever watchful of the course and tendency of legislation.

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IV.

The strength of the protectionists' hold upon the American workman, which is admitted, springs from the workman's dread of want, and the danger of this want is a direct result of conditions brought about by the protectionist and his theory of protection.

Cobden said, forcibly and truly, that "when two employers run after one workman, wages rise; and when two workmen run after one employer, wages fall." In the United States the restrictions of manufacturers to the home market, with no real restriction to immigration, coupled with the increase of the use of labor-saving machinery, has wrought this result, making work a boon, so that, in spite of the escapes and reliefs afforded our work-people by cheap lands, discontent among them is universal.

It must be a bad system which in such a country produces such an outcry. In the face of it, where is the protectionist's argument that the American operative is the most prosperous and happy in the world? That he has more of what is called liberty is true. That his opportunities for improving his fortune are greater in a free, fresh, young country, not yet half occupied, than they are, or can be, in the crowded countries of Europe, with their ancient aristocratic fences and conventions still upon them, goes without saying. These beneficent and exceptional features of the New World over the cramped conditions of the Old World are no more referable to the tariff, however, than they are referable to the single rule of three. Yet in spite of them the American workman is less satisfied, and makes louder complaint, than the English or the French workman. If protection gave him such constant work and sufficient wages as is claimed, why the clamor, and why the strikes, and why the lock-outs? Certain it is that no such things came to pass among us until the theory and practice of protection had reached their fullest recognition and development.

As an argument to sustain the plea that the tariff increases wages, we are told that wages are higher than they were prior to 1860. That wages are higher generally is a statement not open to dispute. During these twenty-five years the inventor has revolutionized all mechanical industries; in other words, the manufacturer has employed machines to such an extent that the amount of manual labor engaged in the industry in proportion to product has been greatly decreased. It is roughly estimated that in the past one hundred years, or since the application of steam to machinery, considering only the various processes of cotton cultivation and manufacture, machinery has so improved that one man does the work it then required 2500 men to do. One, upon the mere statement of this fact, would suppose the result would be the decrease in compensation of the laborer. On the contrary, we find that there has been a steady increase in the value (purchasing power) of labor, and a depression in the value of money.

The sixteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics deals at length with the advance in wages from 1830 to 1860. It shows there has been an advance, with only slight fluctuations, from the earliest time until now. Even the commercial revulsions of 1837 and 1857 served only as a check, and had no positive effect in the opposite direction. Still further, these tables show that Walker's revenue tariff, established in 1846 and continuing until 1860, did not interfere with this movement toward increased wages. During all that period, according to these tables, the upward movement continued without interruption, if not with accelerated force.

Turning to the fifteenth annual report of the same bureau for information concerning the course of wages, we find (page 424) noticed a continual advance from 1860 until 1872; then a steady decline until 1880; then a rally and a continued improvement until 1883. In the United States, from 1860 to 1883, the advance was 28.36 per cent.

In Great Britain wages advanced from 1872 to 1877, fell off between 1877 and 1880, and advanced again between 1880 and 1883. From 1872 to 1883 the advance in Great Britain was 9.74 per cent. In Massachusetts wages in 1883 were 5.41 per cent. lower than in 1872, notwithstanding the rally in 1880. In this same report Colonel Wright submits some figures as to the course of wages in Great Britain for a few of the most important industries, prepared by George Lord, President of the Manchester Board of Trade, showing an average increase in wages from 1850 to 1883 of 39.18 per cent.

These facts make it clear that the advance in wages is independent of the tar-

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iff. Wages advanced in America from 1830 to 1860 steadily through all tariff changes, and during a period of fourteen years when we had a tariff for revenue only. From 1860 to 1883, during a period of war and financial demoralization and political excitement, the advance continued, but with periods of fluctuation more plainly marked, registering in the twenty-three years an increase of 28.36 per cent.

In Great Britain, under a near approach to free trade, we find in the principal mechanical industries an advance from 1850 to 1883 of 39.18 per cent., and—what was not the case to anything like the same extent in America—accompanied by a marvellous expansion of export of manufactured goods.

Except for our vast area of cheap, fertile, and unoccupied lands, we should have had far greater want among our work-people than they have ever yet known, and when there are no more such lands open to occupation, who shall say that the load we have put upon ourselves will not be heavier than we can bear? On this point the testimony of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is of particular value. As a man familiar with that portion of our country which is yet free to the settler, and also with the condition of the laboring classes in other countries, Mr. Beck may be justly considered an authority. Referring to this matter, he said, in a speech delivered in the Senate the 29th of April, 1886, and in answer to a question put by the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont:

"The laboring-man's only protection is to require that the products of his labor shall be manufactured upon such a basis and on so large a scale that they can be sent all over the world; that one billion five hundred million people shall be the customers for his work, instead of fifty-five million. Until this is done we shall have strikes, oft repeated, even on this great continent. From 1873 to 1878 this land was full of tramps. We all know the circumstances that brought them to that condition. I saw many of those homeless laborers in their wanderings. I have been to the Northwest many a time since.

"What was then apparently a great calamity turned out to be a blessing in disguise. They settled upon the wheat lands of Dakota and Minnesota, Montana and elsewhere, and driven as they were from employment because the shops were shut up, and they were apparently on the verge of starvation, they took advantage of the bounty of the government through the homestead and pre-emption laws, and many of the men who fled from closed factories, as well as those who came from Ireland, Germany, and elsewhere, settled on these lands, and became rich and prosperous in spite of protection; they became rich because of the adversity that our protection to slaves in form of machines had brought upon them.

"If protection is so beneficial, why are so many thousands of men idle in this country to-day? If protection protects on a great continent like this, why are our laboring people now so discontented? In a little country like England, Scotland, or Ireland, when men are driven out of employment, there is no great free Northwest with 160 acres of good free land offered as a homestead, and a pre-emption to go and get for the taking. They have to stay where they are. There is no outlet, therefore they are obliged to suffer. One thing mitigates their suffering, however: the money those men get for their wages, though less than what our workmen receive, will buy twice as much.

"If a man works for $1 in one place and gets $2 in another, where he has to pay his $2 for a blanket, while the man who works for $1 can buy the same blanket for $1, he who gets $1 for his wages is just as well off as the other is with $2."

This view of the case disposes effectually, I think, of the pretence that the American operative owes anything of his improved condition over the European operative to the tariff. At the same time it clearly illustrates the way our great centres of population are drained of their surplus laborers when the results of over-production, inseparable from protected machinery and restricted markets, have culminated in the inevitable lock-outs which such processes compel.

But, as shall be clearly shown, the wages of labor in the United States are fixed by the wages of the unprotected farm hand, not of the protected factory operative. It is cheap land, not protective duties, that produces high wages, completely refuting the old protectionist theory that "high prices make high wages, and that low prices make low wages." High prices have often coexisted with low wages, and low prices have often coexisted and now coexist with high wages. This is true even with respect to nominal wages, *i. e.*, to wages reckoned in money. It is still truer with respect to real wages, *i. e.*, to wages estimated in the food or other things which the workman buys with his money wages.

Manufactured products may be divided into three elements—the labor, the raw

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material, and the capital required to bring these two together. If the price of the raw material is high, labor's reward must be low. If the use of money—or the rate of interest—is high, there is a corresponding decrease in the rewards of labor. But political economists have noticed during the past fifty years, as capital has accumulated, the rate of interest and the tendency of profit have been downward. As these elements in the cost of production decrease, there is a greater margin allowed for the reward of labor. Because of the vast improvement in mechanical industry and the wonderful progress made in transportation, the general condition of the laboring classes throughout the world has been advanced. In this advance the laborer of America has shared; but in so far as the tariff enhances the cost of the raw material used by the manufacturer, the wages of the American laborer suffer; in so far as the market of the American product is restricted, and the uncertainty of the rewards of capital caused thereby is augmented, the laborer pays the penalty.

In order that labor may secure the highest reward, it is essential that the productive power of money and machinery shall be greatest, for it is from the product of this joint labor of man and machine that his wages must ultimately come. The tariff enhances the cost of machinery and of raw material, and restricts the market of American products, and in so doing, instead of advancing, its effect is to decrease the wages of the American working-man.

Notwithstanding these facts, it is contended by the advocates of a system of restriction that high wages are incompatible with cheap production, and they insist that if they are forced to compete with the manufactured goods of Europe, they must begin by reducing wages. The history of industry shows, on the contrary, that cheap production proceeds best under a system of high wages, and for the past one hundred years, as wages have advanced, prices of manufactured articles have steadily declined. The Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics accounts for it in this way in his sixteenth report:

"The sharp competition of the present day renders it necessary for employers to watch carefully that important element in production, the cost of labor as represented in wages; and in considering the question of labor cost, the rate of wages is generally taken as the standard. We venture the suggestion, however, that it is the sum of wages, and not the rate, which constitutes the true money standard of cost of labor, and we carry this suggestion to its logical outcome in the following proposition: In proportion as capital, through machinery, becomes more effective, the relative number of laborers is decreased in proportion to product, the rate of wages is increased, and the sum of wages is reduced; that is, lower cost is compassed by way of higher wages."

I admit it, as an economic law, that, as Mr. Edward Atkinson puts it, where labor is free and industry progressive, improvements in production result in giving increased abundance at lower prices to the consumer, and in yielding a larger proportionate share of the aggregate product to the workman, at the same time compelling capital to satisfy itself with a smaller share. This is the situation in England, where forty years of freedom from restriction have improved the condition of the work-people at least twofold. If starvation and wretchedness still exist among the English operatives, it is because man can devise no system to extinguish incapacity, disease, and crime. In America, on the other hand, the restrictive feature of protection has defeated the ends of the sound economic laws above stated by its denial of continuous work, its abridgment of the purchasing power of wages, and its erection in the mind of the workman of a desire for legislative help, which, seeing that it has been established in favor of his employer, he not unnaturally or unreasonably demands for himself.

The English workman does not dread cheap labor. His antagonist is expert labor. It is the inexpert pauper labor of Europe which is overmatched by the skilled, high-priced labor of England. Our chief European rival is England. Yet the spectre of the pauper labor of Europe, which England despises, walks his round as sentinel for protection in America.

In Mr. Daniel Pidgeon's admirable and suggestive *Old World Questions and New World Answers* (Harper and Brothers, 1885), the following lucid statement of the case is made:

"The idea that wages are determinable by the tariff is the corner-stone of American protection. It is, however, easy to show that wages in the States are determined, not in the factory, but on the farm, not by protection, but by free trade. Out of a total population of

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50,000,000 there are 17,500,000 of workers, the remainder being dependents. Nearly eight millions of the workers are engaged in agriculture, and less than three millions in manufacturing industries, while of the total produce raised by the former class two-thirds is consumed in this country, and the remaining third, representing almost the whole foreign trade of the States, is exported. The prices which these surplus exports realize are chiefly determined in the markets where they are sold, of which Liverpool is the chief, and they will be high or low according as the harvests of the world are good or bad. Similarly the wages which can be paid to American labor engaged in the production of food stuffs must depend on the amount of money obtained in exchange for them, and as the great majority of workers are so engaged their rates of wages will regulate those in every other branch of business. Wages, like water, seek a level, and labor will quit the field for the workshop, or the workshop for the field, as this or that pays best. Thus agriculture is the paymaster whom American manufacturers must outbid, and agricultural wages are determined in this free-trade market of the world. A glance at the condition of industry in America vividly illustrates this conclusion. A population still very sparse is for the most part engaged in gathering where it has not sown. Any man with a few dollars and a strong pair of arms can win far greater rewards from the cheap and fertile soil of the States than he could possibly obtain by the same amount of effort in Europe. His wages are high because the grade of comfort to be obtained from the land by a little labor is high, and the artisan's wages must follow suit if the immigrant is to be tempted from the field into the workshop. But the politicians would have us believe that American labor owes its prosperity to taxation; in other words, that the immigrant comes seeking to enjoy, not the rich prizes with which the untouched earth rewards his toil, but the blessings that flow from a prohibitive tariff, which adds an average 43 per cent. to the cost of every human requirement except food."

Mr. Pidgeon then goes on to show that American ingenuity and industry can and do produce good and cheap results, even with the burden of our tariff, and with extremely high wages, and that, to take one instance, we are able, notwithstanding our tariff, and notwithstanding a very high rate of wages, to compete successfully with England in the important manufacture of agricultural implements. In like manner, and in support of the same view, M. Emile Chevalier concludes, after examining the course of prices and wages in England, France, Germany, the United States, Australia, and other civilized countries, that whilst during the century the prices of all manufactured articles, and latterly of agricultural produce also, have fallen, the money wages of the workmen engaged in producing them have risen largely; and the purchasing power of those money wages has risen more largely still. He also comes to this conclusion, that although money wages are higher in the United States and in Australia than in Europe, wages are higher in England than in any other European country, whilst the prices of all things manufactured or imported are lower in England than in any other country.

Unless these facts and data can be disproved, they demonstrate conclusively the fallacy that protective duties have anything whatever to do with high wages.

V.

The significance of what is called "the labor movement" in the United States cannot be under-estimated by any thoughtful person. Its aims may be visionary; the motives of its leaders may be good or they may be ill; its methods may be violent; but it is a fact from which the country cannot escape, and the most serious fact of the time. It presents itself to us as it has never presented itself before in the annals of government, for under our system of universal suffrage and free elections each citizen is a sovereign. The vote of the humblest workman can kill the vote of the richest capitalist, and the day may not be distant when there will be united organization, thorough discipline, and a determined purpose among the workmen to commit the homicide.

What is the matter with them? What is their complaint? What do they want? They have, and have for twenty-five years had, all the protection which the most exacting friend of subsidy could desire. They are assured by the protectionists that they are better paid and better off than their comrades in any part of the world, and measurably this is true, and for reasons, as I have attempted to show, other than high import duties. Their most conspicuous leader, Mr. Henry George, from whom I have already quoted—a man of commanding intellectual gifts, at once fearless and winning in his public approaches—has stated their case, with great particularity, both in his writings and in his speeches. Too great consequences cannot be attached to these. He has lately written and published a book

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entitled *Protection or Free Trade*, which purports to be "an examination of the tariff question with special regard to the interests of labor," and is dedicated "to the memory of those illustrious Frenchmen of a century ago, Quesnay, Turgot, Mirabeau, Condorcet, Dupont, and their fellows, who, in the night of despotism, foresaw the coming day." He devotes two-thirds of this book to an exposure of the fallacies of protection. He requires but a single chapter to dismiss the free-trader, who is content to stop with the abolition of the tariff, whilst the contempt he has for the mere advocate of "a tariff for revenue only" is expressed in a scorn so disdainful that it is almost silent. "American revenue reformers," says Mr. George, "delude themselves if they imagine that protection can ever be overthrown in the United States on the lines of the Cobden Club. The day for that has passed." He then proceeds to develop his theory of free land, which he tells us will alone satisfy the claims and fulfil the hopes of the work-people, whose advocate and leader he is recognized to be.

Are there not in this a portent and a moral? Considering the evil fruits of protection, and the vast, unyielding power of the monopolies established under it, Mr. George first sets himself the task of overthrowing its influence upon the minds of his followers. Having completed this, he next shows them the insufficiency of free trade. Finally he advances a theory of free land, based on public land rental, which he develops with mathematical precision and logical accuracy, but which, for all its appeal to the imagination of the landless classes, is a dream possible of realization only through a bloody revolution. What is his text? The robbery of protection. What is his complaint? The inadequacy of free trade. But if protectionism had not established in its theory of paternal government the right of the workman to claim that which the capitalist has received, where would Mr. George find a warrant for his argument?

Thus we see, in spite of the extremism of their superficial differences, a present bond of union and co-operation between the party of protection and the party of free land, on which the protectionists rely to make a breach in the party of revenue reform wide enough for them to pass through to victory.

Beneath the surface there is an affinity still closer and more real, which has been admirably stated by the Hon. John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the national House of Representatives, from whom I quote the following:

"It is not by any means singular that a strong feeling of sympathy should exist between those who want a paternal government and those who want no government—between those who want the government to do everything and those who want it to do nothing. While one faction advocates governmental interference in all the affairs of the people, another faction opposes governmental interference for any purpose, even to preserve the peace and protect the rights of property; and yet their reasoning, in the abstract, is substantially the same, and if followed to its logical conclusion would produce substantially the same result. The man who believes that it is the right and duty of the government to take the earnings of one citizen, by taxation or otherwise, and give them to another, differs very little from the man who denies the right of property altogether. If the government may rightfully compel you by law to give any part of the proceeds of your labor or your skill to another man, why may it not, with equal right, compel you to give him your horse or your land? The fact that this is done indirectly, and under the guise of taxation, does not in the slightest degree affect the question of right or wrong involved in the transaction, but it greatly increases the danger to the people, because they are less likely to detect and resist the spoliation when it is committed through this insidious process. It is not the manner in which you are despoiled, but the fact that you are despoiled, that constitutes the wrong. And if the government may rightfully collect money by taxation and then donate it as a bounty or subsidy to individuals or corporations engaged in particular industries or particular commercial enterprises, in order to make their private business profitable, why may it not also collect it and distribute it among particular classes of the people in order to equalize their fortunes, and thus accomplish all that Socialism and Communism are demanding? The advocates of taxation for the purpose of increasing the profits of one individual at the expense of another, the advocates of bounties and subsidies, and the advocates of paternal government generally, cannot halt in the middle of their arguments and refuse to recognize the legitimate and inevitable results of their own doctrines. They must know—and they do know—that when they have proved their own right, by the use of the power of the government or otherwise, to take the money or property of others and appropriate it to themselves, they have also proved the right of all others to take their money and property in the same way; and thus the right of private ownership

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is made to depend entirely upon the numerical strength of the two sides. There is so little difference in principle and in practical results between paternal government and mob government that it is not worth while to express a preference for one over the other."

For years the advocates of a thorough revision and a real reform of the tariff have urged that if the interests subsidized under it succeed in withstanding the appeals of conservative men and in continuing the policy of a refusal to consider the correction of admitted abuses, the time may come when excited and undiscriminating mobs will compass and control that which had better been intrusted to the custody and determination of statesmen. The attitude of Mr. George and his followers embodies this menace. It is the nature of prescriptive pretensions, rights, and titles to be blind to danger until it is close upon them. The display of a wise forbearance and the exercise of the least foresight, according to our present ways of thinking, would, in the defenders of the old order, with its divinity of kings and queens, have saved France the Terror. The French Revolution, bloody as it was and cruel, was a protest against pertinacity in errors and wrongs which would not listen to reform. The conceit that such explosions are no longer possible is born in the vanity of civilization and the pride of nationality. That which has been may be, and to human suffering and frenzy all things are possible. Each of the Ages has had its Angel of Destruction. Ours seems to be organized monopoly; and who shall say that it may not be permitted to run its course and to flaunt its signals until it becomes as oppressive and as odious in America as feudal tenures became in France, and in the end as destructive?

VI.

The true way to avert such dangers is to meet agrarian clamor with a spirit so reasonable as to disarm agitation of its more dangerous weapons. Our representative government is exposed to the criticism that it represents the great body of the people, who are busy with their every-day pursuits, and have little time to engage in political movement, only when scandal and outrage have passed the bounds of decent endurance and roused men to action, while to the approaches of mercenary and clandestine adventure it is at all times accessible. That which has money in it never wants for an attorney at Washington; and the *ex officio* department of the government, known as the Lobby, has come to be only a degree less potent than the Congress. Meanwhile the interests of the country at large are too often left to take care of themselves.

All this is the outcome of a false theory of the functions of the government, and an organized form of corruption attendant upon this false theory, to which the protected or subsidized interests have constituted themselves a body-guard. It should be the aim of conservative men to stand between the two extremes thus marshalled upon the field of political combat, and though so wide apart, playing into one another's hands. The surplus pouring into an already overflowing Treasury as the result of excessive taxation commands immediate attention. All admit that it must be stopped, and stopped at once. It can be stopped by abolishing the internal taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco, leaving the tariff taxes untouched, or it can be stopped by a reduction of import duties. The party of revenue reform proposes the latter method. The protectionists, on the other hand, urge the abolition of the internal taxes. In that House of Congress to which is committed the enactment of revenue laws the revenue reformers have a working majority, and are therefore charged with the responsibility of an affirmative policy. What will they do with it?

They can undoubtedly reduce the taxes without reducing revenue, and *vice versa*, reduce the revenue without reducing the taxes. "To reduce both revenue and taxation at the same time," says Mr. Speaker Carlisle, "is the problem now presented, and the true Democratic solution is to abolish, as far as practicable, the taxes on the actual necessaries of life, and on the raw materials used in their production, and to revise, simplify, and in proper cases to reduce the duties on the other articles embraced in the tariff schedules." This is, and has always been, the position and the sole purpose of the advocates of a system of taxation brought to the revenue requirements of the government economically administered.

But it is one thing to deny the efficacy and to expose the fallacies of the dogma of protection, and to maintain that the government has no right to tax the citizen except for public purposes, and it is

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another thing to revise and reduce the tariff to an exclusively revenue standard. The house which is set upon an unsafe foundation and built of rotting timber, yet is full of occupants, may not be suddenly razed to the ground.

No one entitled to the name of statesman would advise the precipitate substitution of "a tariff for revenue only" for the system of bounties, denominated protection, which we have maintained for a quarter of a century. That clause of the tariff plank in the last national Democratic platform which pledged the party to revise the tariff "in a spirit of fairness to all interests" was as sincerely as it was unanimously adopted. In making reductions it could be the purpose of no responsible party to injure the industries of the country, but the rather to promote their healthy growth; and it being true that many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, changes in our revenue laws should be, at every step, regardful of the labor and capital involved. All revenue reformers agree to that. That which they insist upon is that we shall begin the work, already too long deferred, of putting the war tariff on a peace footing, and that to the process of the revision and reduction shall be applied the wisdom of economic experience, the principles of the Constitution, and the equities of just taxation, which must be general, and not special.

The manufacturers, who think they cannot live and prosper without the subsidies which they enjoy under the tariff, and who refuse to listen to the just demands of reform, should take to their minds and hearts a lesson out of the darkest chapter in American history. The slave-owner thought he could not raise sugar, rice, and cotton at a profit without the protection he enjoyed in slave labor. Out of that error rose the gigantic and baleful power which through fifty years threatened our national life. Beginning upon the lines of an economic fallacy, the institution thus arrayed against the fundamental principle of our republican fabric, at once illogical and inhuman, developed into an oligarchy stronger than the union of the States. All the while it was a thorough delusion; as a system of labor, clumsy and costly; as a political influence, despotic; as a moral force, destructive. Like the protectionists of to-day, its friends would listen to nothing, and in blood and flame it was swept out of existence. And now what do we see?—such productivity under free labor as was never dreamed of under slave labor.

Let our manufacturers reperuse the story and mark the parallel between the progress of slavery and the progress of protection. They will find the analogy perfect to the point which brings us to the present attitude of protection. May it go no further! but may the point attained be a point of departure from the arrogant claims and violent methods of the Old Slavery, varying the destiny of the future from the history of the past, as to the spirit of enlightened justice it shall disclose in those who cling with such mistaken tenacity to the New Slavery embodied and vitalized by the dogma of restriction!

IN FAR LOCHABER.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

IN FETTERS.

KIRK O' SHIELDS, a small town in Lanarkshire, that all the week long was a roaring pandemonium of noise and fire and steam—engines shrieking, boiler-works hammering, blasts and furnaces belching forth red flame into the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere—sank of a Sunday into a sudden and unnatural quiet, that seemed to deepen and deepen as the slow hours of the afternoon dragged by, and darkness and the night came down. And nowhere was the silence more marked and impressive than in the Minister's parlor, whence all worldly thoughts and cares and interests were supposed to be scrupulously banished, and the evening, after the active services of the day, given over to silent reading and meditation. On this particular Sabbath night there were three persons in the hushed little room, all of them absorbed in their pious task; and not a sound was audible beyond the occasional turning over of a leaf, or perhaps (for human nature is frail, and the time passed slowly) a bit

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of a half-concealed sigh from one of the girls. The Minister himself sat in the big easy-chair by the fireplace, the family Bible spread open on his knees, his head slightly inclined forward, his two hands partly supporting the ponderous volume. He was rather a small man, of pronounced and stern features; his forehead deeply lined; his dark gray eyes, set under bushy eyebrows, usually expressing a profound and habitual melancholy, though at times they were capable of flashing forth a fire of resentment or indignation. Suffering had left its traces on this worn and furrowed face, but the resignation of the Christian was there as well. If the heavy brows, the keen nostrils, the strong upper-lip, and still stronger underlip, showed determination, not to say doggedness, of will, the deep-set, unutterably sad gray eyes were those of a man who had come through much tribulation, and had brought himself to accept these trials as the discipline of an all-wise and merciful Father.

Of the two daughters who were seated at the table, both with books before them, the elder, Alison by name, was a young woman of eighteen or nineteen, of pale complexion, clear gray eyes with dark eyelashes, and smoothly braided dark brown hair. A calm intelligence and a sufficient self-possession were visible in her shapely forehead and well-cut mouth; but at this moment the ordinary bright and friendly scrutiny of her eyes had given way to an absent look as she leaned over her reading. Perhaps she saw but little of the printed page before her. In church that morning, after the introductory psalm had been sung, the Minister had advanced to the front of the pulpit and made the brief announcement, "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a young woman about to enter upon a long journey"; and the protracted and earnest and curiously personal appeal that followed for Divine protection and loving-kindness and guardianship was known by all the people present to be made on behalf of the Minister's own daughter, Alison Blair. And now, despite the strict exclusion of all worldly things from the meditations of the Sabbath evening, perhaps there were visions before those mild, clear, calm gray eyes. On the morrow Alison Blair was going away into an unknown country.

The younger sister, Agnes, was of the same complexion as Alison, but there was less decision of character in her refined and gentle face. Her large eyes were wistful, the mouth sensitive even to sadness, and her delicate features looked all the more ethereal that they were set about by faintly straw-colored hair that even sunlight could hardly have made to shimmer into gold. And if in this noiseless small room there were visions also before her eyes, they were visions of no earthly country or earthly pilgrimage. Her favorite reading was the Book of Revelation, and she did not tire of it; for where was the limit to her far-reaching dreams of the new heaven and the new earth, the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband? Nay, in this profound stillness could she not hear some distant murmur as coming from the wide and wonderful spaces that were visible to her mental eyes? On these Sabbath evenings Kirk o' Shields lay silent in the darkness, as if stricken by the hand of death. But in the mystical and shining far regions that she beheld were there no sounds that could come faintly toward an intently listening ear, across the star-lit deeps of the sky? "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Kirk o' Shields, and all its squalor and din and wretchedness, were forgotten in these entranced dreams; she beheld a great multitude, arrayed in shining robes, and singing, as it were, a new song. "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth." And in her fanciful way she listened, and still listened, and seemed to hear, as the hushed half-hours went by.

"Alison," said the Minister, happening to look up, "what book is that ye're reading?"

The sudden breaking of the deep silence startled the girl, but she answered the

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question, naming a well-known Sunday magazine, a bound volume of which lay before her on the table.

"I thought as much," said the Minister, with a brief sigh of resignation, and he returned to his Bible.

But the next moment he had looked up again, and in the deep-set gray eyes there was an angry glow of indignation.

"And a fine thing it is," he said, with a resentment that was none the less bitter that it was uttered in slow and measured tones—"a fine thing it is to bring novels and romances into a God-fearing family under the guise of reading fitted for the Sabbath-day—ay, and ministers of the Gospel not ashamed to lend their names to such a practice. But the Enemy of Mankind has inseedious ways and means; he'll take servants where he can get them, even if they're just come down from the pulpit; and little does the Reverend This or the Reverend That think whose work he is about when he is passing perneecious and soul-destroying leeterature into honest households. It's not enough that the frivolous and idle and worldly should steep their minds in that poison; the remnant of Israel, that have been trying to keep the Lord's Day pure and sanctified to His name, they must be induced to drink also, and by his own appointed servants. His servants?—the Devil's servants I call them: purveyors of lying—what else can they be? The worship of lying—that is a strange worship to be seen among men. And look at the altars the poor, blind, deluded creatures are proud to raise! Look at the monument in Prince's Street of Edinburgh, and the monument in George's Square in Glasgow, to the Great Liar! Grand monuments they are—braw monuments they are—raising their tall column into the skies, and saying to every one that passes by, "This is the man the nation delighteth to honor!" Honor for the Greatest Liar—that is the new worship on the face of God's earth. But of one thing, lass, you may be sure, that when the Lord's persecuted people were being driven from moor to moss, and from glen to hill-side, scattered here and hewn down there by the bloody dragoons—scarcely daring to lift up their voices in prayer and supplication lest their pursuers should overtake and overwhelm them—they little thought or cared whether they should be made a by-word and a jest for the amusement of the Edinburgh lawyers and their fine leddies and misses. They knew that the flame in their hearts was of the Lord's kindling; they knew that their blood, spilt on the heather, would not be spilt in vain. The Scotland of this day is a degenerate country surely if she doesna bethink her of what she owes to the martyrs of the Covenant." He paused for a second or two; his eyes lost their fire, and resumed their ordinary expression of profound and resigned sadness. "And yet I wonder," he said, slowly, "what old Adam Blair of Moss-end would have thought if he could have foreseen the time when preachers of the Gospel, ordained ministers of the Church of Christ, would connive at making novel-reading a pastime in believing families—ay, and what he would have thought could he have foreseen one of his own name and lineage busy with such work on a Sabbath evening."

"I was not reading the story, father," Alison said, gently; "but I will go and get another book."

Softly she stole away to her own little room upstairs. She had no need of any light; a dull red glow—a pulsating red glow, waxing and waning in fitful flushes—shone through the brown blind of the solitary window. In former years every house window in Kirk o' Shields, as in most other Scotch towns, had its blind thus drawn down all day long on the Sabbath, as a matter of ordinary decorum; but this observance has now almost entirely disappeared; only here and there a respecter of other days—a minister, or elder, or church officer, or the like—tenaciously clings to the old custom. And of course the Rev. Ebenezer Blair was among these. He belonged to the famous family of the Blairs of Moss-end, who had borne their testimony in troublous times, and had achieved great honor in these parts; and in all things, even in the smallest, Ebenezer Blair was content to walk in the footsteps of his forefathers, whatever might be the changing fashion of his neighbors or friends.

Alison easily found the volume that she sought; but before returning to the room below she went to the window, and put the blind aside a few inches, and looked out. Those red flames of the iron-works, now flashing up into the darkness of the night, and sending a swift crimson glow along the chimneys and slates of the op-

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posite houses, had always had for her a singular fascination. Perhaps it was that they formed the one beautiful thing, the one beautiful piece of color, visible in the murky atmosphere that hung over Kirk o' Shields from week's end to week's end. In the daytime the flames were of an orange hue—lambent tiger-lilies, she thought they were, shining afar amid that melancholy waste of gray; but at night they changed to crimson, and she could imagine them to be the fires of great altars, fed from unknown depths, and leaping with their sudden, resplendent stag-horns of light into the black skies overhead. Silent and beautiful they were; not fierce in any way; the quick rose flush that lit up the slates and the chimneys seemed a friendly thing; the night was made less lonely. Was this a farewell look, then? To-morrow she would be leaving those giant, silent, beautiful altar flames far behind.

At random—for what few books were in the room were all of a religious cast—she had taken a volume from the top of a chest of drawers, and it was not until she returned to her place in the parlor below that she discovered what she had done. She had unwittingly brought with her the book of all the books in the house that she most dreaded—to wit, Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. There was a free library in Kirk o' Shields. Alison Blair had the curiosity naturally accompanying a mind at once acute and intrepid. Little did her friends and acquaintances, still less her own immediate relatives, imagine how familiar she was with and how eagerly she followed the new speculations, problems, theories, of these later times. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, were to her more than mere names and echoes of names. But even to her all this modern intellectual movement was in a manner a distant thing; it seemed to be happening in some other planet; it had no relation to the actual facts of her own life. She could read an article on the Mosaic account of creation without seriously feeling that the authority of Scripture was being impugned. It was something that interested her in a vague kind of way, this discussion going on in that distant realm; in no wise did it seem to affect the assured and abiding faith in revelation that she held in common with the people among whom she dwelt. To them this certain faith was all in all; it was their one possession—a heavenly as well as an earthly possession; holding fast by that, the poorest of them were richer than princes or kings; death had no sting for them, hell no terrors; an everlasting crown was before them; washed in the blood of the Lamb and made white as snow, they would pass into the joy of their Lord. In works (as they were never tired of insisting to each other) there was no virtue; works were carnal, and a snare to the soul; in faith alone was saving grace; and how, Alison might have asked herself, could these poor people around her, whose austere piety had something pathetic in it, even when they had "got assurance," as the phrase was—how could they, or this priceless belief of theirs, be affected by what scientific men, and literary men, and statesmen, and others, were writing in magazines and reviews in the far-away city of London?

And then there came a time—a chance phrase in an article had struck an unexpected chord—when her heart seemed to stand still for a moment. Was the Christian religion, then, but a passing phenomenon—similar to other phenomena that had appeared in the world before and since—and with no higher sanction than its own lofty morality and purity of aim? The question was a startling one, but it did not terrify her. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of conviction. She had been accustomed to regard these writings and speculations as something quite apart from the present facts and conditions of life. Still, just by way of curiosity, perhaps, or to comfort herself by making assurance doubly sure, she thought she would make a patient study of Paley's *Evidences*, which she had not read since she was a child of twelve.

Alas! this book did terrify her—for a time. Doubts that she had never dreamed of before (for her childish reading had been entirely perfunctory) were now presented to her mind; and they seemed to have a far more startling significance than the elaborate arguments which were meant to resolve them. Why, on the very first page she read these strange words: "Suppose, nevertheless, almost the whole race, either by the imperfection of their faculties, the misfortune of their situation, or by the loss of some prior revelation, to want this knowledge, and not to be likely, without the aid of a new revelation, to attain it...." Was, then, the history of

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God's dealings with mankind so much a matter of conjecture—was that portion of it included in the Christian revelation so small and temporary and fragmentary a thing—that one had to guess at some previous revelation rather than believe that countless generations of the sons of men had lived and died in ignorance and gone to their doom? This was but the beginning; her imagination, with a rapidity she could not control, would persist in asking further and further questions, and the only answer was a shuddering dread. For she was quite alone. There was no one to whom she could go for guidance and help. Between her father and herself there was doubtless a measure, perhaps a considerable measure, of affection: he on his part regarding her with the natural instinct of protection and care; she on her part moved to deep admiration by his stern integrity of character. But that affection took no visible sign. An expression of it would have been regarded as more than a weakness, as something culpable, as putting the creature before the Creator: for was not all the love and gratitude of the human heart due to the Divine Father? And as between the Minister and his children there was no expression of affection, so there was no confidence. When Alison, in her first bewilderment and alarm, thought of her going to her father with these doubts and perplexities, she could see his eyes afire with astonishment and anger. No pity there, but wrath: what devil had entered into her? —why had she not striven and wrestled to cast him out forthwith? Was the Evil Spirit still vexing her? To her knees, then! in her own chamber—with prayer and fasting and supplication—till she could come to say she was restored and in her right mind.

There was Agnes, it is true; and between the two girls there was a devoted affection—though betraying itself in deeds more than in words—and a close confidence as well. But how was she to darken that fair young mind with her own morbid and probably foolish imaginings? Not even in her loneliest hours, when her soul in its agony seemed crying aloud for a single word of sympathy, could she go to her sister. Her sister?—who *knew* that their mother, dead these many years, sometimes came to see them in the mid-hours of the night, in the little room where they slept together. Again and again (so the younger girl averred, with eyes grown mystical and strange) she had seen the pale figure, gentle and smiling, who stood by the side of the bed and regarded her two children. Nay, she had heard her.

"I don't know how it is, Ailie," she would say, as the two sisters sat before the fire by themselves of a winter evening, "but I seem to hear her when she comes into the room. I cannot make out what the noise is, or whether it is a noise, but it is something I hear and know. It wakes me; and when I open my eyes I find her standing at the foot of the bed, and sometimes at the side, and quite near. And I'm not in the least afraid, she looks so kind; just the old way, Ailie, you remember, when she would meet us coming home from school. And some night I am going to say to her, 'Mother, will ye no waken Ailie too? for she hardly believes you come to see her.'"

"Hush, hush, Aggie!" the elder sister would say; "you should not speak of such things, for they pass understanding; and I doubt whether father would not be angry if he were to hear."

"Some night you will see for yourself," the younger sister would say, and then fall into silence and reverie.

However, the paroxysm of alarm and uncertainty caused by Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* was not of long duration. Alison put the book aside, and would not open it again. These doubts were all too terrible; she shrank back from the appalling loneliness in which she found herself. Nay, she strove to convince herself that she had been properly punished for wandering away from the fold and following her own poor reason. Who was she to set up her individual judgment against the authority of the preachers and teachers in Israel? Paley himself was but a human being like any other; surely it was a perilous thing, in a matter of such supreme moment, to follow a fallible guide. Woman-like, she clung to the majority; and the majority —not to say the entire community—of those around her were possessed by a faith which, however sombre it might be, was at least unwavering and questionless. Paley's *Evidences* lay on the top of the chest of drawers in her room, and remained there untouched.

But it was not for long that on this evening she had to practise the harmless

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hypocrisy of holding the book open before her, while she would not allow herself to read a single disquieting word.

"Alison," said the Minister, presently, as he transferred the big Bible from his knees to the table, and drew in his chair, "ye may call in the weemen now."

Agnes went and got "the books"; and directly afterward the two women-servants of the household, summoned by Alison, came into the room. The younger of these was a stout, red-haired, freckled, black-eyed wench, whose apathetic manner seemed to suggest that she would be glad enough when this ordeal was over.

"Dod, but our Minister dings a'!" this buxom lass was used to say in confidence to her gossips. "He doesna gie the Lord a minute's peace. It's ask-asking and beg-begging frae morning till nicht. I'm sure I hope it 'll no be like my brither Jock at hame. When he gangs fishing on the Lernock—so the lads say—he keeps whuppin' and whuppin'—the water is never at rest for a second—and deil a sea-trout or a grilse does he e'er bring hame wi' him. Look at the Sawbath, Kirsty, woman, that they ca' a day o' rest. A day o' rest! There's faimily worship at nine, when a body has scarcely got their breakfast swallowed; then the Minister he's off to the Young Men's Christian Association—that's at ten o'clock in the hall. Then there's the kirk itsel' at half past eleven; and the folk have hardly time to come out and look about them when it's in again at twa o'clock for anither couple o' hours. Then there's the Minister's Bible class at six, and faimily worship again at nine. Dod, I never saw the like! Weel, I suppose the Minister kens best. Sometimes the wean that keeps whingeing and whingeing* gets what it greets for. And sometimes," she would add, snappishly, "it gets a scud o' the side o' the head."

But the elder servant—a tall woman she was, dark-complexioned, and meagre of face—came into the room with a kind of furtive fear in her eyes. This woman—the solitary exception in this community—was possessed by the dreadful conviction that she was not of the elect; she was an outcast, consigned to everlasting punishment; the scheme of salvation had no place for her; and whatever portion of the Scripture might be read, the denunciations of the wicked could hardly be less terrible to her than descriptions of the eternal joys and glories from which she was hopelessly and forever shut out. She was wholly reticent about this conviction of hers, but it was well known. More than once Alison had unwittingly come upon the poor wretch when she was on her knees, appealing with passionate tears and sobs, not that she might be forgiven and allowed to take the lowest place among the ransomed, but that she might be enabled to lift up her heart to the Lord in gratitude for all His goodness to her. She did not complain of her awful fate, or seek in any way to escape from it. It was the Lord's will; let Him be praised. And when Alison, shuddering to think of any human being going through life with this fearful doom continually before her, would say, "But, Margaret, what is the sin against the Holy Ghost? what is the unforgivable sin? you do not even know what it is," she would shake her head in silence, or answer with her favorite text, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"We will praise God by singing the eightieth Psalm," the Minister began; and when they had found their places, he himself started the tune—the old familiar "Martyrdom" it was—which was at once taken up by the fresh, clear voices of the girls:

"Hear, Israel's Shepherd! Like a flock
Thou that dost Joseph guide:
Shine forth, O thou that dost between
The cherubims abide!
In Ephraim's and Benjamin's
And in Manasseh's sight,
O come for our salvation:
Stir up thy strength and might.

"Turn us again, O Lord our God,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.
O Lord of hosts, almighty God,
How long shall kindled be
Thy wrath against the prayer made
By thine own folk to thee?"

The singing over, he opened the large Bible and proceeded to read the second chapter of the Book of Ruth—no doubt choosing the story of the young Moabitess who left her own country and went to live among an unknown people as having some reference to Alison and her departure on the morrow. And finally, when they all knelt down, and he engaged in prayer, his fervent appeal for Divine protection for this child of his who was going away into a strange land was even

* The child that keeps whimpering and whimpering.

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more personal and immediate than that he had preferred in open church. Not only so, but it was full of urgent and earnest admonition and exhortation addressed to herself. They were no common and worldly dangers she was to dread; these things were of little account; in this transitory space of time called life, sickness and sorrow, trouble and disease, and death itself, were but trivial accidents. It was the far more deadly peril that the Christian soul might have to encounter that was to be feared—the insidious attacks of Satan—pride of heart, the allurements of the eye, frivolity, forgetfulness that every moment of time was of value in preparing for the Judgment-day of the Lord. And then he spoke of her going forth alone—and yet not alone; and his last words were words of consolation: "Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

Worship concluded, the women went their several ways, leaving the Minister to finish up his reading and put out the lights. And soon silence and sleep had fallen over the whole household, bringing to the poor creature Margaret, it is to be hoped, some temporary and blessed forgetfulness of the awful doom forever before her waking eyes; and to Agnes Blair, perhaps, the mystic vision of a gentle and smiling mother standing by her bedside and regarding her with a wistful affection; while as for Alison, it is to be imagined that her dreams were most likely to be of the far country she was about to enter, when she had left behind her the turmoil and din and lowering skies, the rigid observances, the monotonous duties, the incessant and morbid introspection, the cramped and fettered life, of Kirk o' Shields.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIT LADY.

LEAGUE upon league of glassy calm, save where some wandering puff of wind stirred the still sea into a deeper blue; the long green island of Lismore basking in the sun, and tapering away to its southernmost point, where the small white lighthouse stands; the hills of Morven, in hues of faint rose gray and lilac, grown distant in the heat; close by, the winding shores of the main-land, with wooded knolls, and crags, and bays where the shallow water showed the sand below: this was the picture that Alison saw all around her as the great steamer thundered and throbbed away northward through the fair summer-like day. Surely here was a new heaven and a new earth—after Kirk o' Shields. And brilliant and beautiful as it was, it was all so restful. On board the steamer, it is true, the sunlight burned hot on the white deck, and on the scarlet funnels, and on the crimson velvet cushions beside her; but she could turn her bewildered eyes away from this overpowering blaze, and let them dwell gratefully on the wide blue spaces of the sea, and on the hills that had grown almost ethereal in the haze produced by fine weather, and on a sky that down at the horizon line in the south had scarcely any color in it at all. A day of pale azure and silver it was; calm and shining and clear; there was not anywhere overhead a single fleecy flake to throw a patch of purple shadow on the far-stretching and resplendent plain.

By the air around her suddenly becoming warmer she guessed that the steamer was lessening its speed; and presently, when the great paddles had been stopped, and then reversed, driving a mass of white, seething foam down into the clear bottle-green water, she found they were alongside Port Appin pier. With a natural curiosity, for she was a stranger in a strange land, she was scanning the small group of people assembled to meet their friends or their packages (and perhaps she was contrasting the fresh complexions and trim and trig adornment of one or two of the Highland lasses there with the too-familiar appearance of the bareheaded, tartan-shawled, worn-faced women who made up the bulk of the female population of Kirk o' Shields), when her eye happened to light on a new-comer, who was hastening down to the boat. He was a young man, and not over middle height; but there was something effective and picturesque in the set of his strongly built frame, in the carriage of his head, and even in the long and easy and careless

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stride with which he came down the quay. He was none too soon; indeed the hawsers had been cast off and the gangway withdrawn when he stepped, or leaped, on to the paddle-box. He turned for a moment to wave his hand to one or two companions who had come as far as the head of the pier with him; then he entered into conversation with the captain, the two of them being apparently very good friends.

She was sitting here alone and observant; and she seemed to perceive a peculiar sunniness (so to speak) and cheerfulness in this young man's look and bearing. Also she was aware that he had singularly clear eyes; for once or twice they were turned in her direction, and instantly she had to drop her own. For the rest, his costume was novel to her. Sportsmen have no occasion to go wandering along the grimy streets of Kirk o' Shields. She had never seen anybody in knickerbockers; and the simple and serviceable garb—laced boots and Highland hose, a homespun shooting jacket, a Tam o' Shanter drawn forward over his brow, a bit of red silk tie showing under his flannel shirt collar—seemed somehow to suit the easy self-possession of his manner. Then he had the complexion of one familiar with the sun and sea-air; fair as he was, his skin was a trifle darker than his short twisted yellow mustache. Dandified?—perhaps a little. And yet there was a manly look about the breadth of his shoulders; he had a flat back, a well-knit calf, and small ankle; and always there was a kind of pride in the poise of his head. He was laughing and talking with the captain, but he was looking around at the same time; more than once she had to swiftly lower her eyes.

It was about a couple of minutes thereafter—and to her astonishment and dismay—that she found this young man approaching her. She knew, rather than saw, that he touched his cap.

"I beg your pardon, but may I ask if you are Miss Blair?"

She ought to have been still further startled; but the sound of his voice was pleasant to the ear.

"Y—yes," she said, glancing timidly upward.

"I know your friends in Fort William," said he, "and they asked me to look after you, and get your luggage ashore for you. Of course they will be down at the quay; but I will see your things got ready, if you will let me, so that you won't have any trouble."

"Oh, thank you," said she, hardly knowing what to say.

"I understand you have not been in the Highlands before," he continued; and with the greatest coolness he sat down beside her on the velvet cushion, and laid his arm on the gunwale of the steamer.

"No," she answered; but all the time she was asking herself what had enabled him to identify her. Was there some Kirk o' Shields peculiarity in her dress or appearance?

"You are lucky in having such a beautiful day for your first glimpse of them," he went on to say, with much placid assurance. "It isn't always like this. Those hills over there—Kingairloch that is—and those away up yonder, by Inversanda and Ardgour, they are not nearly so far away as they seem to be; it is the haze of the settled weather that makes them appear distant. That is Shuna Island: do you see the old castle? Why, there's a seal—look!"

She turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and could make out a round dark object on the pale blue-white plain.

"I shouldn't wonder if that is the old fellow that goes backward and forward after the ferry-boat between Port Appin and Lismore. He is a friendly old chap; I dare say he has followed us so far just for the sake of company. There! he's down—off again, I suppose, for Appin."

Presently he said, perhaps casting back a little:

"I hope you will pardon my bluntness in addressing you, but, you see, I had made pretty sure. I had a good look round, though I fixed on you from the first. You seem surprised. Well, I had heard you described so often, you know. Your aunt Gilchrist is never done talking about you, and she told me again and again how I should recognize you. 'And when you see her'—this was her last message when I was coming away—'tell "the bit lady" that I am just wearying for her.' That is what she always calls you—'the bit lady.'"

"It was a childish nickname," Alison said, quickly, with her pale face and forehead showing some brief color of embarrassment.

"Oh, I know," said he, with a careless good-humor; "I know quite well. I have

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had the minutest descriptions of you at a very early age indeed. I have heard a good deal about 'the bit lady,' who was so prim, and precise, and accurate in her speech, and dignified in her manner. Oh yes, and very fierce she was in correcting rude boys, I understand. I have heard, too, of her remonstrating with servants about their grammar; and of her repetition of 'Fetual Calling'; and of her tame sparrow that was scolded because it wouldn't speak."

Alison grew more and more embarrassed; it was so strange to find a perfectly unknown person so intimately acquainted with her early years, and on such familiar speaking terms with herself. She managed to interrupt him by asking how her aunt Gilchrist was.

"Oh, very well indeed. Last night she was in the highest of spirits. I suppose she was rid for the time of her rheumatism, or whatever the mysterious ailment is that she makes such fun of when it isn't there; and she made the old Doctor suffer. But he doesn't mind much. For all their quarrelling, I never knew two sweethearts half so fond of each other as the Doctor and his sister are. If he scolds her the one moment, he is petting her the next. And I am sure that both he and his wife, and all the family, indeed, are remarkably good-natured so far as you are concerned; for your aunt Gilchrist makes not the slightest secret that she is going to leave her money to you—or the most of it; and yet they don't seem jealous; they tease her about it quite openly; and I think you will find they will make you as welcome as the old lady herself. You haven't seen much of them?"

"Of my uncle's family?" said Alison—and now she was growing less embarrassed, for this young man seemed so pleasant, and natural, and unaffected in manner; and moreover he appeared to know all about her kinsfolk. "No, not very much; only when they came once or twice to see my aunt Gilchrist in Edinburgh." And then she added, glancing up at him for a second, "Is Flora as pretty as ever?"

"Miss Flora," said he, "is quite the belle of Fort William, as she lets all of us know. And as light-hearted as ever; I need not tell you that. By-the-way, I suppose you know what she calls you? Haven't you heard? She calls you Miss Dimity Puritan."

For the first time a bit of a smile hovered round Alison's mouth, though her eyes were as usual downcast.

"I seem to have various names in Fort William," she remarked.

"But they are all given to you in kindness, anyway," he answered. "Oh, I assure you that your coming is considered to be a very great affair; and I look on myself as very fortunate in being your escort even this little bit of the way."

He could not say any more at present, for the steamer was slowing into Ballachulish pier; and Alison was much interested in watching the people land and set out by coach for Glencoe. She had risen now from her seat, and when she addressed remarks or questions to the young man who was by her side, it never occurred to Miss Dimity Puritan that she was talking to a person whose very name she did not know. He seemed to belong to that family in Fort William—to her uncle's family. Then he was not obtrusive in his attentions; he was at her command—no more; and besides, his voice was soft and musical and pleasant to listen to. He tried to get her to say *Balla-chaolish*, but she only laughed a little and declined.

Presently they set out northward again; and he told her the names of the various mountains—those giant masses whose sterile altitudes, rising far above the sparsely wooded slopes and precipices, seemed to recede away from human ken, although along their base here and there was some narrow strip of cultivation—a field with the hay gathered into cocks (for, summer-like as the day was, they were now at the end of August), or a patch of yellowing corn just over the deep sapphire of the sea. Then when they had got through the Narrows of Corran, they came in sight of the mighty bulk of Ben Nevis, towering high above the lower hills of bracken and heather, its vast shoulders of granite seamed with rose-pink scaurs, that caught a warm glow from the now westering sun. A brisk breeze had sprung up by this time from the north or northwest, driving the sea around them into a vivid blue; and far away beyond these lapping waters, on the shore, amid some soft green foliage, were two or three white dots of houses: these were the outskirts of Fort William.

While as yet they were a long way from the quay, he said, "Your cousins have come down."

"Can you make them out at so great

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a distance?" she said, in some wonderment.

"Oh, well," he made answer, apologetically, "there are things that help you. I can see Miss Flora's sailor hat and dark dress. Then the tall lad by her side must be Hugh. Then the boy with the wheelbarrow—that, of course, is Johnny."

"But who is Johnny?" she asked, for she had no cousin of that name.

"Oh, you don't know Johnny? Johnny works in the garden, and sails the boat, and does anything else he is driven to. Besides that, he is a person of the keenest sense of humor. I know what he is thinking of at this moment. He is looking at this steamer, and wishing she might go on the rocks."

"But why?" said Alison, with open eyes.

"That he might have the fun of seeing us all struggling in the water," her companion remarked, calmly. "He is really a very humorous lad. But I am afraid I shall have to make a horsewhip curl round Master Johnny's legs if he doesn't put some restraint on his passion for setting living things, no matter what, to fight each other. He is too anxious to get at the survival of the fittest all at once. Nature works by slow methods; Johnny is far too impatient. And then he has a habit of destroying the survivor—which is exceedingly unfair, and unphilosophical too."

"What an inhuman young wretch!" she said.

"Oh no. It's only his playful humor. He lives such a monotonous life—grubbing up weeds, sitting at the tiller, baiting night lines, and so on. It is very hard. Here he has been several years in Fort William, and constantly in sight of the quay, and never once has a steamer burst her boilers and blown herself into the air. Will you come now and show me your luggage? We shall be there directly."

Indeed there was little luggage to look after; and when Johnny came on board (Alison regarded this stout, heavy-shouldered lump of a boy, with his broad, grinning face and small, twinkling eyes, and wondered whether he was thinking it would be an excellent joke to drop her portmanteau into the sea) her few things were speedily transferred ashore and put on the barrow. At the same time Alison, followed by the young man whose acquaintance she had made, passed along the gangway; and no sooner had she stepped on to the quay than she was caught hold of by her cousin (a handsome and strapping young lady this was, fresh-complexioned, with dark blue eyes and black hair, her costume of serge, with a straw hat showing a band of red ribbon), and heartily kissed on both cheeks, and made welcome. It was a form of embrace unknown, or at least not practised, in Kirk o' Shields; Alison was blushing a little as she released herself, and turned to her other cousin—a tall young lad of eighteen or twenty, who eyed her somewhat askance, and offered him her hand.

"I'm glad you got a good day for the sail," he said, rather bashfully. "I suppose you will go right on to the house now with Flora. Ludovick," he added, addressing the young man with the twisted yellow mustache and clear light eyes, "will you come along to the building-shed? I want you to look at the belaying-pins; I think Campbell has got them all wrong."

"Indeed no," said Miss Flora, promptly. "Ludovick is coming with us: aren't you, Ludovick? And—and this is my cousin Alison."

"We formed a little acquaintanceship on board the steamer," said he, pleasantly. "And I know Miss Blair's name; but I'm afraid she doesn't know mine."

"Alison," said Miss Flora at once, "let me introduce to you Captain Macdonell—a great friend of ours; that is why we asked him to look after you and see about your luggage, when we knew he was going down to Appin. Come, let us be off home; Aunt Gilchrist will be *wearying* for you, as she says. Look at Hugh!" the young lady continued, sending a farewell glance after her brother as they left the quay. "Isn't he glad to be rid of us! He thought I would insist on marching him back to tea; and of course he couldn't refuse, with his cousin just come ashore. But now he's off to stand about among damp shavings, and gaze and gaze at the wonderful boat that is all of his own designing. And precious glad he is to be rid of us girls, I know; oh, you'll find out soon enough, Alison, what he thinks of us all. Useless creatures, every one. We can't do anything right. We can't throw a stone straight; we can't sharpen a pencil, or shut a door, or do anything as it ought to be done; when we jump from a wall we light on our heels; we can't trim

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a boat when she's sailing—goodness gracious! he shifts us about just as if we were ballast, and an ounce one way or another is all our fault; and we'd run away from a cow if it wasn't for shame. If you only knew the contempt he has for us! I wonder what he is thinking of you, Ludovick: you might be standing gazing at that marvellous boat instead of going home to drink tea with a lot of women."

"He'll pay for all this," Ludovick Macdonell observed, shrewdly. "He will sing another tune some day. All at once an angel will appear on earth—not from the clouds, but out of a finishing school, most likely—and everything will be transformed and transfigured. And then to walk along the beach with her, her long yellow hair blown about by the sea wind—just think of the magic of it; and the dreams of doing extraordinary things for her sake—becoming a great poet, or taking the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, or something of that kind. There will be no more contempt then; not at all; rather an indiscriminate affection and esteem for any one so privileged as to belong to the same sex as the wonderful and adorable creature—"

"No, no, no, Ludovick," said Miss Flora, shaking her head; "you will never find Hugh transmogrified like that. Ask his opinion of any girl, no matter who she is. If you say she has pretty fair hair, he says, 'Look at her piggy eyelashes.' If you say she sings well, he says, 'Yes, when by chance she hits the key.' If you praise her figure, he says, 'I hate draggle-tails; can't she use a needle and thread instead of fixing up her dress with a pin?' Fancy a boy noticing a thing like that! What business has he with pins and needles and thread, and sarcastic comments about mirrors and making-up? No, there is no beauty in us that he should desire us," she continued, with a careless—and probably inadvertent—use of Scriptural phraseology that considerably startled Alison. "We'll have to set my cousin here to see if she can do anything with him; it is the quiet ones who do the most mischief."

By this time they had passed along the straggling street of the little town, with its whitewashed cottages, and small general stores, and banks, and inns, and churches, and were out in the southern suburbs, where a number of detached villas, set among pretty gardens, overlooked the beach. It was all a fairy-land to the wistful-eyed stranger from Kirk o' Shields—that beautiful panorama of sea and wooded slopes and far-reaching mountains; while here, close at hand, everything seemed so fresh and clean and bright in the sunlight, and the air was sweet with the scent blown from the gardens. At one of the small gates her companions stopped, and she was invited to enter. She passed in by a little gray-pebbled path, and found herself in a wilderness—in a very trim wilderness, it is true—of old-fashioned flowers: nasturtiums, dahlias, pansies, marigolds, all set in plots and borders; while, as she glanced toward the house, she perceived that the front wall of it was hanging with white roses and the pendulous crimson bells of the tree-fuchsia. But she had not much time to examine the villa itself, which was exceedingly smart, none the less, with its facings of brown stone, and its gables and its green Venetian blinds; for in the porch, and smiling a blithe welcome, was the imperious little dame who had summoned her thither. When Alison went forward she found herself seized by both hands and held at arm's-length by this bright-complexioned, silver-haired, pleasant-eyed small person, who subjected her to a keen and yet not unkindly scrutiny.

"And how's the bit lady?—let's see how she's looking?" the old dame said, in accents that were more familiar to Alison than the gently modulated Highland speech; for Mrs. Gilchrist had lived many of the years of her life in Edinburgh. "Oh, none so ill, to have come out o' that awfu' town—none so ill. I wonder ye can live in it at all; I never see it but I think o' the bad place. I'm sure if the bad place is any worse than Kirk o' Shields, I peety the poor folk that are to be sent there. And how's my brother-in-law the Minister, Alison, and that frail-looking young lassie your sister?"

"They're very well indeed, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said. "And I am sure they thought it very kind of you to ask me to come and stay with you for a while."

"Yes; but did they *say* the like?" she said, with a laugh. "Na, na; they're dour folk in Kirk o' Shields; they dinna speak what's in their mind. And there you are, just as ever, you bigoted wee Puritan, with your stubborn gray eyes; and nothing in the wide world would induce you to say they sent me a friendly word

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or a message, though ye might tell a bit o' a white lee just for the sake o' civility."

"I am sure they thought it very kind of you all the same, Aunt Gilchrist," said Miss Dimity Puritan, "even if they didn't send you any formal message."

"Well, well, come in-doors, or your aunt Munro will be jealous. I think she has gone upstairs to see your things put right. Flora will show you the way—and there's to be tea in the back garden directly, as I hear."

"And I've brought you the illustrated papers, Mrs. Gilchrist," said the young militia captain, coming forward dutifully.

"Uncut, I suppose," said she, glancing at the bundle. "Well, Captain Ludovick, you and I will go away and take our places at the table; and then you can get a knife and cut the edges for me, for I'm a poor old woman, and hate trouble."

They passed through the house and into the back garden, where there was a round table covered with a white cloth, and amply bespread. All kinds of cake were there, and soda-scones, short-bread, marmalade, black-currant jam, and the like: the Findon haddocks and the tea had not yet been summoned. This enclosed space behind the house sloped abruptly upward, and there was a winding path to the summit of the grassy knoll, where the afternoon sun burned in golden light; but down here there was a cool and pleasant shadow, and quietude for the eyes. However, Mrs. Gilchrist did not occupy herself with the illustrated papers when he had cut the edges for her.

"So you managed to make her out on board the steamer?" said she to the young man, who had laid aside his Tam o' Shanter, revealing thereby how light his complexion was; for there was a well-marked division between the clear hue of the upper portion of his forehead and that of the rest of his face, which was browned by the sun.

"Within two minutes of our leaving Appin pier," answered Captain Ludovick. "I recognized her the moment I saw her."

"And what do you think of her?"

"I think she is extremely pretty," said he.

"No, d'ye really think that?" said Aunt Gilchrist, with affected surprise; but the kind old dame's face had involuntarily lit up with pleasure at this praise of her protégée. "D'ye really think that, now? For I shouldna have thought it was her good looks that would have recommended her to folk. She's got her mother's eyes, it is true; and there wasna a bonnier lass than my sister Ailie in a' the length and breadth o' Stirlingshire. And the bit creature has pretty hair too, if she wasna so prim about it. Flora will have to pull it about for her, and put her in the fashion. Maybe it's living in that bottomless pit o' a place that has kept her so pale; but it's a natural complexion too—mind that; it's no ill health—not a bit."

"I know this," said he, with some decision; "you may say what you please about her features or her complexion, or the color of her hair, but one thing is certain: you would never pass her by unnoticed. There is something particularly distinguished about her, something unusual, something that tells you in a moment she is not like the other strangers who may be around her, on board a steamer or anywhere else. Perhaps it is the self-possession of her manner—a kind of dignity, and simplicity as well."

"Ay, do ye say that, now?—do ye say that?" said the bright little dame, with much obvious pleasure. "Well, here she comes for herself. Here's my bit lady! Come away, you Lanarkshire lassie, and let's see whether the Highland air has made you hungry. Here, take this chair next me: that's where you're to sit whenever you and I are at the same table. And if your aunt Munro is jealous, you must just tell her that Highland kinship is stronger than Scotch, and that you've Highland blood in your veins, for all you were born in that wearyfu' hole o' fire and smoke."

"I'm sure, Jane," said Aunt Munro, who was a tall, bland, well-featured, Scotch-looking woman, with mild eyes, and an expression of great gentleness—"I'm sure, Jane, none of us will quarrel with you for being kind to Alison."

And very kind indeed they all of them were to her; and a very merry little party this was, assembled down here in the grateful shade, while the afternoon light shone yellow on the crest of the knoll above them. The old lady was in especially gay spirits. Perhaps she was pleased that her protégée had won the high approval of the only stranger who had as yet seen her; perhaps she was looking forward with much content to having this constant companion to pet and tyr-

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annize over; at all events, she was very cheerful and merry, and full of quips and jests and good-humored raillery. And most of all did her gibes fall on the absent Doctor.

"Oh, they're fine fellows, they doctors, with their long words that they hide themselves behind. That's how they escape; when you've got them in a corner, and bade them declare their ignorance, they just jump through a big door and shut it in your face—a big door of three or four syllables, in Latin or Greek, and there you're left helpless. Look at me, Alison Blair. How big am I? I couldn't take a prize at a show of dolls! But bless ye, this braw Doctor of an uncle o' yours would make ye believe I had a whole pharmacopœia of ailments in my wee body. I have a bit twinge in my toes sometimes, or along my fingers—just nothing it is—but you should hear the Doctor! It's peripheral neuralgia one day; it's neureetis the next; and rheumatic gout the next; and I'm not to take this, and I'm not to take that—especially sugar. Alison, reach me the bowl."

Alison passed the sugar-bowl to the old lady, who forthwith took out a goodly piece, and with a determined air plumped it into the large cup of tea before her.

"That's for periphery!" she said.

She took out another piece and plumped it in.

"And *that's* for neureetis!" she said.

She took a third piece and plumped it in.

"And *that's* for rheumatic gout—and my compliments to the whole three o' them!"

"Well, Aunt Gilchrist," said Flora's mother, with a good-natured smile, "I don't think it's the sugar the Doctor objects to as much as the port-wine. But ye may say what ye like of him, for if he is my husband, he is your brother."

"Oh, he's an honest man, the Doctor—as far as a doctor can be," said Aunt Gilchrist. "And I'm thinking, Alison, you and I will be for taking him away from his patients for a day or two now and again—to give the poor creatures a chance of getting better. There's many a fine drive about here, and Mr. Carmichael has a most comfortable wagonette; and we must take ye down Glenfinnan, and show ye where Prince Charlie first met the clans; and out to Spean Bridge too, and up Glen Nevis. It's a grand place, Fort William, for being in the middle of things. And then some day we must have a sail up the Caledonian Canal to Inverness; and there I'll get ye a brooch of Scotch pebbles, or cairngorms, or something of that kind for your neck. Black and white's very trim and neat—oh yes, I find no fault; very prim and trim and nice ye look; but it's not enough for a young lassie. Flora will come with us, and we'll get you some pretty ribbons and neckerchiefs and things to busk ye up a bit."

Indeed she was just full of all kinds of generous schemes and projects; and though Alison was the chief figure in them, the old lady had a thought for her other relations as well. Flora was to have this and that; she would bring Hugh a book of salmon flies; she even meant to surprise the Doctor with a present of a silver-headed walking-stick, with a snuff-box in the head; and finally she bade the young folk go away and amuse themselves, warning Alison to come back with a good appetite for the nine-o'clock supper, for the Doctor would be present with his severely scrutinizing eye.

"And now, Ludovick," said Flora, when the three younger people (Hugh had gone off to his studies) passed through the house, and were in the front garden, "what are we to do?"

"We can't go sailing, that is very certain," said he, looking away across the still sea-loch toward Stoncreggan and Conaglen.

Certain enough it was; for the afternoon had settled down into absolute calm, and the water was like glass. The various features of the hills and mountains opposite were all repeated on the flawless mirror; and in the midst of this inverted world floated motionless a schooner-yacht, a brown-sailed smack, and a steam-launch—the yellow masts of the schooner and the white funnel of the launch sending long reflections down until they almost touched the shore. Sailing was out of the question.

"Then let us show Alison Fort William," said Flora. "She ought to begin at the beginning. She hasn't seen half the place yet." So the three of them stepped down into the road and set out for the town; the golden afternoon shining all around them; the still air warm, and sweet with the fragrance of these suburban gardens.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE SHARE OF AMERICA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THE VENERABLE F. W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is most frequently entered by the great northern door, usually known as Solomon's Porch, now in course of a splendid restoration, which will soon be completed. I will, however, ask the courteous American visitor to walk through St. Margaret's Church-yard, and round the western façade of the Abbey, and to enter by the door under Sir Christopher Wren's towers, opposite the memorial raised by Westminster scholars to their school-fellows who died in the Crimean war. Pass through the western door, and pause for a moment

> "Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
> Melts if it cross the threshold."

Of all the glory of this symbolic architecture, of the awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty of this great Minster, which makes us feel at once that

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build,"

how much may be claimed in part by America?

In one sense *all* of it which belongs to the epoch which elapsed between the age of Edward the Confessor and the disastrous days of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud. An English writer who lives in America has said that "in signing away his own empire George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English blood, of English religion, or of the English tongue." Americans enjoy, no less than we, the benefit of the Great Charter, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act. They need not go back for their history to Indian annals or Icelandic sagas. Theirs are the palaces of the Plantagenets, the cathedrals which enshrine our old religion, the illustrious Hall in which the long line of our great judges reared by their decisions the fabric of our law, the gray colleges in which our intellect and science found their earliest home, the graves where our heroes and sages and poets sleep. Indeed, I have understated their share in the Abbey. It reaches down not only to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, but to the war of independence. Chatham and Burke and Barré as well as Patrick Henry advocated the American cause, which engaged the sympathy of the great mass of Englishmen, if not that of Grenville and North.

Obviously, however, in asking me to write this paper, the editor of this Magazine only wishes me to point out those memorials of the Abbey which belong to America in some special and distinctive way, and it is to those that I shall closely confine myself.

We shall not have far to walk before we find them. On entering the western door you will see immediately to your right the huge monument reared by the nation to the memory of Captain Cornewell, who perished nobly in the sea-fight off Toulon in 1742. A passage recently cut through the Sicilian marble pediment of this block of sculpture admits you into the baptistery, which stands under the southwest tower. There you will see the seat in which the judges sat when the baptistery was used as a Consistory Court, the tomb of Craggs, with its poor epitaph by Pope, and the beautiful memorials of Wordsworth, Keble, Maurice, and Kingsley. An American may well look with peculiar interest on the fine bust of Kingsley, for his lecture on the Abbey was delivered to many thousands of Americans in their great cities. But there are two other memorials which combine with these to give to this spot in the Abbey the name of "Little Poets' Corner." They are the stained-glass windows in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper. They belong entirely to America, for they are the gift of an American citizen, my honored friend Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. In the stained glass are the effigies of the two poets. Both of them were Westminster boys, and the most beautiful representatives of all that is holy in two very opposite schools of religious thought. It was a happy inspiration which suggested the erection of this window. George Herbert and William Cowper were well deserving of memorials in the Abbey, apart from the fact that they had so often played in its cloisters and worshipped in its choir. The combination of the two suggests the higher unity which reconciles all minor points of ecclesiastical difference.

Leaving the baptistery, and walking to the third pillar of the nave on the north

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side, the visitor will see opposite to the pillar a slab in the floor which covers an empty grave. In this respect the slab is unique. It marks the spot where lay, for a few days only, the mortal remains of the generous American citizen George Peabody. The name of Mr. Peabody will be remembered for centuries to come in England, because it is perpetuated by the buildings for the residence of the poor which are due to his great bequest. It will be brought into yet more constant remembrance by this his temporary grave. "His first American ancestor," says Colonel Chester, "emigrated from Hertfordshire as a husbandman in 1635." With singular felicity Dean Stanley chose from Mr. Peabody's own diary a sentence to carve upon his tomb. It is, "I have prayed my Heavenly Father day by day that I might be enabled before I died to show my gratitude for the blessings which He has bestowed upon me by doing some great good to my fellow-men."

Sentences like these have something more than a biographic interest. They are as morally instructive as those carved for the benefit of citizens on the Athenian *Hermai*. They are scarcely to be found on any tombs before the late Dean's time, and they form a brilliant contrast to the dull, vain, and exuberant verbosity which makes so many of the epitaphs absolutely unreadable.

Now cross with me to the fourth pillar on the south side, and you will see on the wall above you a cenotaph of pathetic interest. It is the only one raised by one of the United States of America, and it was placed here in honor of an English officer. It is the memorial erected by an order of "the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusett's Bay," February 1, 1759, "To Lord Viscount Howe, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's forces in North America, who was slain July 6, 1758, on the march of Ticonderoga, in the 34th year of his age; in testimony of the sense they had of his services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command." The figure which mourns over the hero's trophies and armorial bearings represents the genius of Massachusetts Bay. The sum voted by the province for the monument was £250. Howe was the idol of his soldiers, in all of whose hardships he shared. Among other anecdotes of him we are told that he cut his hair short like his men. He is buried at Albany, and many years after his interment, when his coffin was opened—alas! there are few of the great dead whose remains have escaped this desecration—it was found that after death his locks had grown to beautiful luxuriance.

Advance to the third pillar beyond this, and on the wall you will again see a tomb which bears the ill-fated name of Ticonderoga.* It is the tomb of Colonel Roger Townshend, killed by a cannon-ball while reconnoitring the French lines on July 25, 1759. He was only twenty-eight, and is represented on the bass-relief surrounded by his officers as he lay in the agonies of death. Americans will look with interest on the fine figures of the two red Indians who support the sarcophagus. These are the only Indians represented in the Abbey, although there are tomahawks and Indian ornaments on the tomb of Wolfe.

Of the war of independence there are but three memorials, all full of pathos.

In the north cloister in a nameless grave lies General Sir John Burgoyne, who died on August 4, 1793, at the age of seventy, sixteen years after he had surrendered and resigned his sword to General Gates at Saratoga in 1777. It is strange that there should be no monument, not even an inscription, to mark the spot where lie the remains of a man whose defeat sent such a thrill through the heart of England and America as has never been equalled in modern times.†

Passing by for one moment the tomb of André, to which we shall return, notice on the wall of the choir, south aisle, the little unpretending tablet to William Wragg. He was a lawyer of South Carolina, who, when the American colonies revolted from Great Britain, "inflexibly maintained his loyalty to the person and government of his sovereign," and was therefore compelled to leave his distressed family and ample fortune, and to fly from the States in the very year of Burgoyne's surrender. His ship was lost on the coast of Holland. The bass-relief represents the shipwreck in which he perished, and the escape of his son, who, with the faithful aid of a black slave, clung to a floating package, and was cast alive upon the shore.

* Here spelt "Ticonderagoe, in North America."

† I will endeavor to have an inscription placed on the grave.

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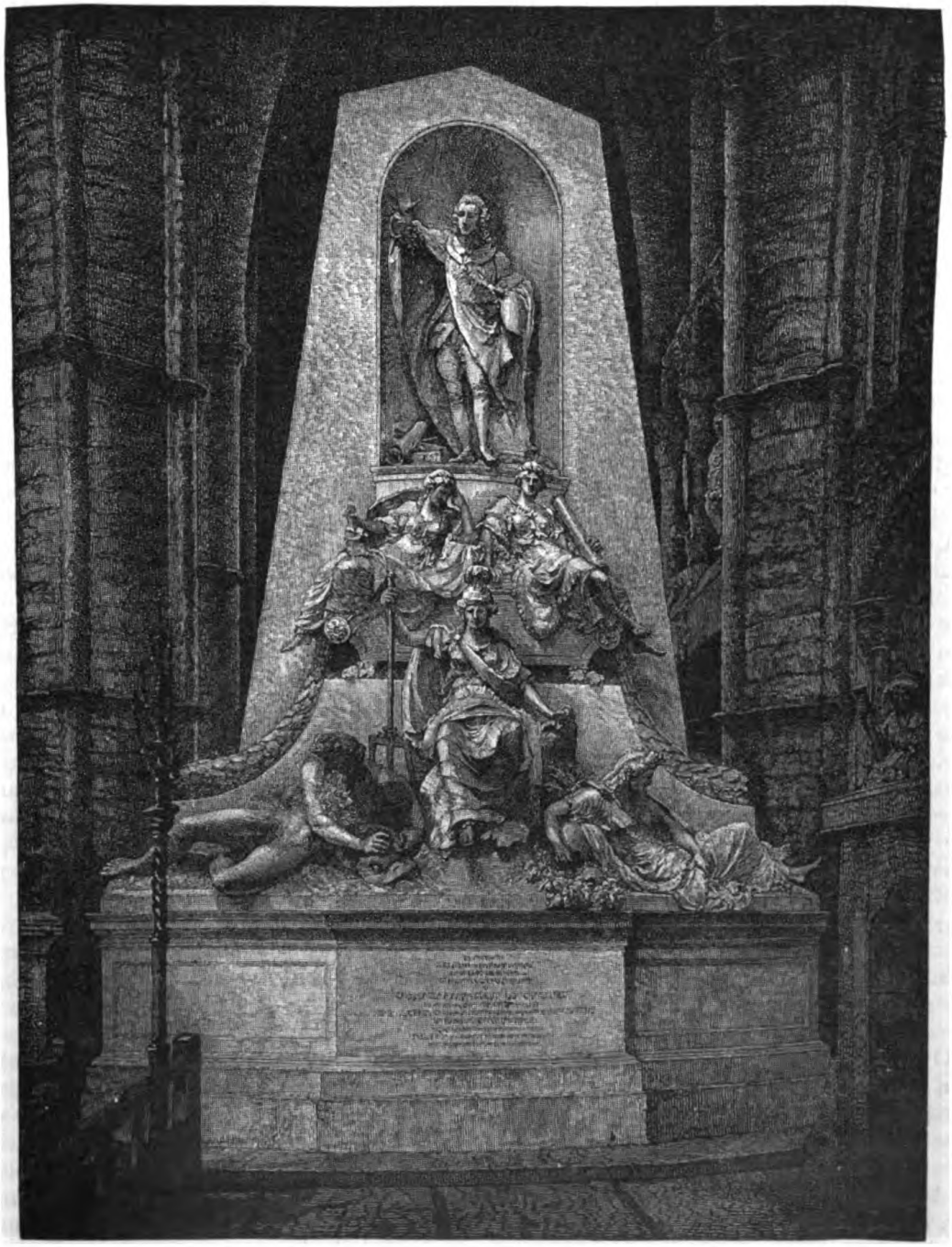


COWPER MEMORIAL WINDOW.

The most interesting memorial of the war is undoubtedly the famous tomb of Major John André. The circumstances which brought about the death of that brave, bright, and unfortunate young officer are narrated with such ample detail in all American histories, and the whole story of the treason of Benedict Arnold and the arrest of André is so familiar, that I need not dwell upon them. His one desire was that he should not be regarded as a spy, and that he should be shot as a soldier, not hung as a felon. But Provost-Marshal Cunningham had hung Captain Nathan Hale, and hence André pleaded in vain in his letter to Washington that he had agreed to meet "a person" (Arnold or his agent) "who was to give him intelligence *upon ground not within the posts of either army.*" "Against my stipulation," he said, "my intention, and without my knowledge, I was conducted within one of your posts." "Surely," he said to Major Tallmadge, "you do not consider Hale's case and mine alike." "Yes," replied the American major, "precisely similar, and similar will be your fate." How much he won the sympathy and affection of his captors by his frankness and courage; how Washington thought him "more unfortunate than guilty," and with his own hands closed the shutters of his room from which the gibbet at Tappan was visible; how until the last fatal moment he was kept in merciful ignorance that he was not to die a soldier's death; how bravely he met his miserable fate; how he was buried under the gallows, and a peach-tree planted on the spot; how, forty years later, at the request of the Duke of York, his remains were disinterred and sent to England; how it was found that the peach-tree had twined its roots among his hair; how the funeral service was read over his remains on November 28, 1821, in the Abbey, by Dean Ireland, and this monument erected to his memory by George III.—are facts known to all. The Americans have treated his memory with generosity. They wept at his death; they sent home his remains with every circumstance of honor. Mr. Cyrus Field has erected a handsome monument which will mark for future generations the historic spot where he was executed.

On the top of the sarcophagus sits Britannia, mourning, beside her lion. The bass-relief represents Washington in his tent, surrounded by his officers, one of whom sits on the ground weeping. An officer bearing a letter in his hand is approaching with a flag of truce. On the

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THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S MONUMENT.

right is the fine figure of André, with a platoon of soldiers drawn up in front of him under their officer. At one side is the tree which formed his gibbet.

It is usually said that the letter in the hand of the officer is meant to be the letter which André wrote to Washington entreating that he might not die a felon's death. The touching original—which has been paraphrased in verse by N. P. Willis—is at Charlottesville, Virginia. No flag of truce, however, could have been needed for the conveyance of this letter, which André simply sent from the cottage in which he was a prisoner. The flag of truce was only used by General Robertson, whom Sir Henry Clinton sent with two others to lay before Washington the proofs of

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André's innocence. The interview was not with Washington at all, but with General Greene, whom Washington deputed to act in his behalf. We can only suppose that the designer, Adam, and the sculptor, Van Geldert, were either imperfectly acquainted with the real facts, or have allowed themselves the poetic license of their art.

The heads of Washington and André have several times—and quite recently—been knocked off and carried away by nefarious relic-seekers. It is hard to conceive the feelings which could permit such a vulgar mixture of sacrilege and theft. It has been sometimes supposed that this was done in old days by mischievous Westminster boys, with no loftier object than to find something conveniently round with which to play hockey in the cloisters. Charles Lamb, writing to Southey, said that "perhaps it was the mischief of some school-boy fired with some raw notions of transatlantic freedom. The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" The passage was a mere jest, but Southey so much disliked any allusion to the "*Pantisocracy*" dreams of his earlier days that he remained seriously offended with Lamb for years. I do not believe myself that Westminster boys could ever have been such Philistines as to deface the beautiful works of art which are consecrated by the memories of the dead. The beauty and historic interest of the heads must have tempted the senseless and unscrupulous greed of mere relic-mongers.

Over André's tomb, fastened to the wall, is a wreath of autumn leaves brought by Dean Stanley from Tappan, and by him placed here. He also hung on the monument a little silver medal commemorative of André's fate, which was given him by Mr. Field; but that was stolen within a year or two.

Leaving the tomb of the ill-fated officer, our American friend must not omit to notice on the same wall, a little farther on, a modest tablet to an American citizen, Colonel J. L. Chester, who, with rare munificence and rare devotion of labor, has edited in a handsome volume *The Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Register of the Abbey*. The work could only have been accomplished by an archæologist fired with intense devotion to his art. In this work, which cost him years of effort, and hundreds of pounds of expense, which he could never hope to see repaid, Colonel Chester has stored a mass of the most curious and unattainable information. The only way in which the Dean and Chapter could recognize the great and unselfish services of an American to their cathedral was by giving his memorial tablet a place among those of so many of the great and good with whose genealogies he had long been occupied. Happily there is no reward which he would have valued more highly.

A little farther on, also on the wall of the south choir aisle, is the exquisite cenotaph erected by the tolerant catholicity of Dean Stanley in honor of John and Charles Wesley. I need hardly tell an American that both of them belong, by the evangelistic labor of their lives, to America as well as to England. It is true that they went there young and untried, and that neither the work of Charles at Frederica nor of John at Savannah was marked by the wisdom and meekness of their later lives. Still it counts for something in the history of America that the founders of the greatest religious movement of the last century preached also in the New World, and that Whitefield, who succeeded John at Savannah, made many voyages to Georgia, and now lies in his peaceful grave at Newburyport.

A few steps further will take you into the south transept, and there, in Poets' Corner, among the many busts, tombs, and statues of great authors, there are some in which Americans may claim an immediate interest. Dickens and Thackeray, whose memorials are not far from the statue of Addison, were known to thousands in the United States by their readings and lectures. The bust of Coleridge—who has hitherto been uncommemorated in the Abbey, and for some memorial of whose greatness Queen Emma of Hawaii asked in vain when she visited Westminster—is the work of an American artist and the gift of an American citizen; and the American poet and minister, Mr. J. R. Lowell, pronounced the oration when the bust was unveiled. Here too is the statue of Campbell, who found the subject of one of his longest poems

"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming,"

and immortalized—though with many errors—the historic massacre. The white

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MONUMENT TO MAJOR ANDRÉ.

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MONUMENT TO THE WESLEYS.

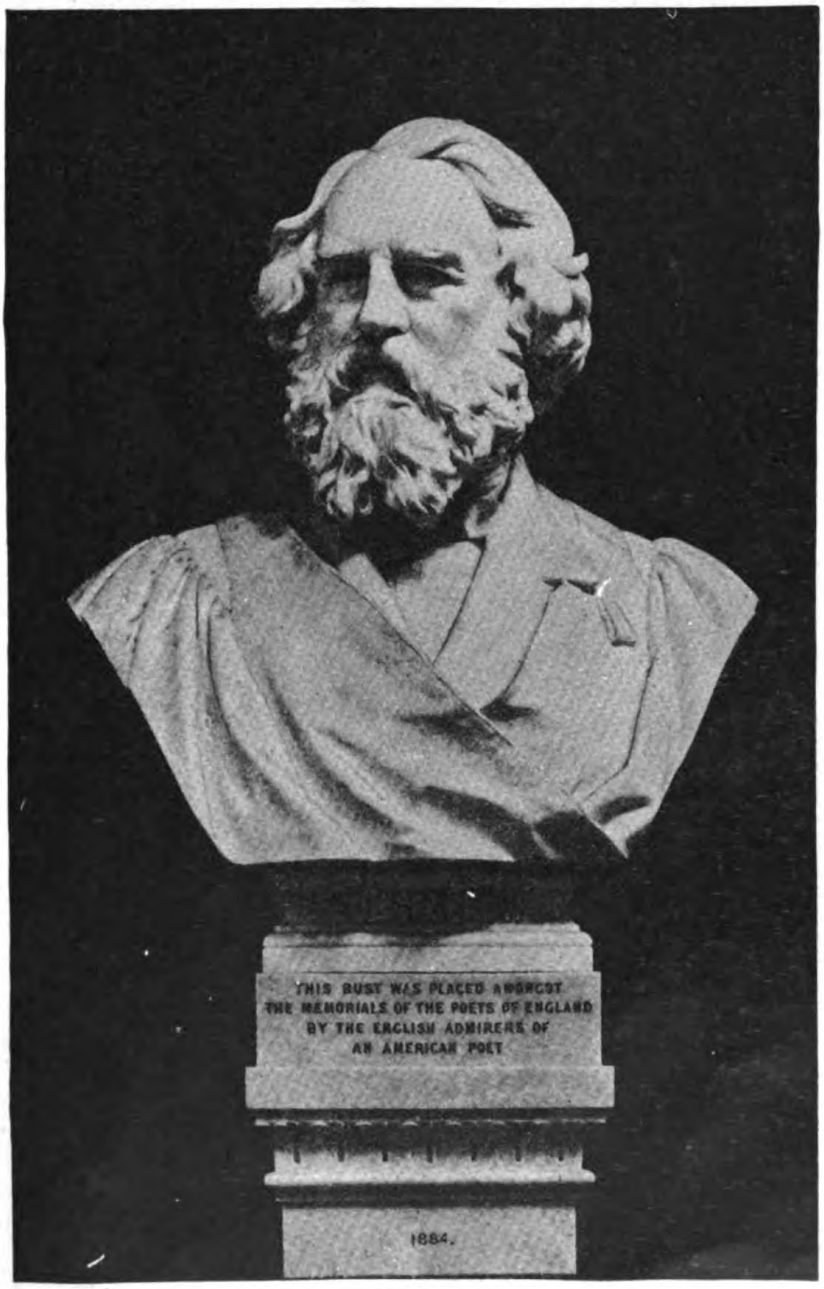
bust of Longfellow belongs to America alone. He did not attain — he would have been the last to claim for himself — the highest rank in the band of poets. He placed himself, and rightly, below the grand old masters, the bards sublime

> "Whose distant footsteps echo
> Down the corridors of time;"

but no poet has ever been more universally beloved for his lyric sweetness and his white purity of soul.

Between the monuments of Philips and Drayton there is one which will have a melancholy interest for the visitor from across the Atlantic. It is that of Barton Booth, the actor, who died in 1733. His passion for acting was first stimulated by the applause which he won at the annual play of Terence, performed by the Westminster boys. He was at Westminster under the *plagosus Orbilius* of the school, the celebrated Dr. Busby, and he escaped to Ireland to go on the stage. Among his lineal descendants are Mr. Edwin Booth, distinguished like his ancestor for his Shakespearian representations, and Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on

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BUST OF LONGFELLOW.

Good-Friday, 1865. How many destinies, how many generations, were influenced by the applause given to a dashing Westminster boy about the year 1695!

While we are in Poets' Corner we may as well save time by stepping into the ancient Chapter-house, in which were held not only the capitular meetings of the abbot and monks, but also, for three centuries, the sessions of the English Parliament. The stained-glass windows, originally designed by the "picturesque sensibility" of Dean Stanley, now form his worthy memorial. The first of the series was bequeathed by the Dean himself; the second was given by Queen Victoria; the next is a token of the love and honor felt for him by his American friends. It is commemorative of events in the fourteenth century. The upper circle is occupied by Chaucer; the royal personages are Edward III., Queen Philippa, the Black Prince, and Richard II.; the scenes represented are, the abbot and monks in their

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MONUMENT TO SIR PETER WARREN.

Chapter-house, the House of Commons with their Speaker, the Black Prince carried into Parliament, and Richard II. meeting Wat Tyler. The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, one of Dean Stanley's dearest friends, was invited by the Prince of Wales to be present as a representative of America at a meeting of the Executive Committee to carry out the Stanley Memorial.

Coming back into the Abbey from the Chapter-house, give a glance at the long

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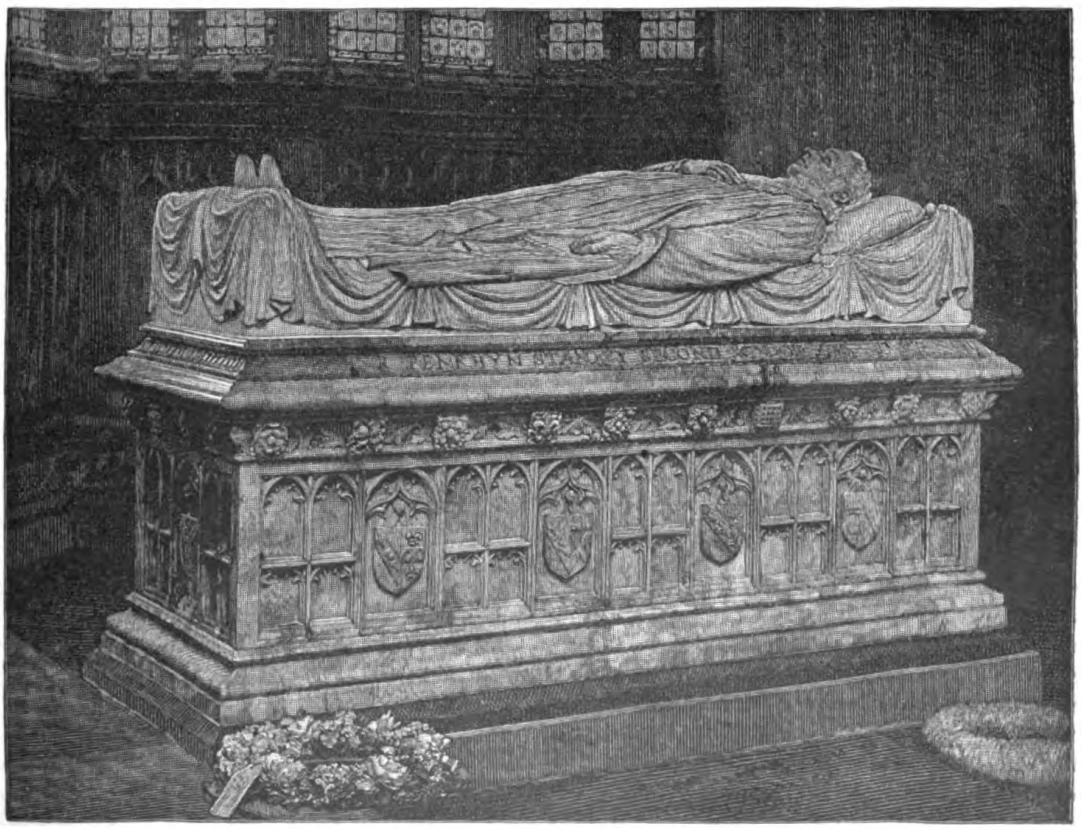
series of statesmen so many of whom were intimately concerned with the fortunes of America. There are Palmerston, who sent the troops to Canada after the Slidell and Mason affair; and Disraeli; and Canning, who used the proud sentence, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old"; and Chatham, his eagle face kindling with the passion with which he pleaded the rights of the colonists. There too lies Wilberforce, whose benevolent principles were practically the great question at stake in the American civil war, and from whom the American abolitionists W. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips drew no small part of their inspiration.

Among the statesmen in the north transept, next to the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, is the monument of the Irish admiral, Sir Peter Warren, who helped to take Louisburg from the French in 1745. He commanded on the American station for years, and owned the tract of land in New York city once known as Greenwich Village. His house was still shown in 1863. Warren Street and Warren Place, which run through part of his original property—are named from him. Roubiliac in his bust has been so faithful as to indicate even the marks of the small-pox on Sir Peter's face.

Then, passing along the north ambulatory, take a long look at the monument of the "little, sickly, red-haired" hero and enthusiast whose courage and genius stormed the Heights of Abraham, and secured for Great Britain the possession of Canada. The figure of Wolfe is ridiculously represented undraped, only that the sculptor, Joseph Wilton, might conveniently display his knowledge of anatomy.

Just beyond the tomb is the chapel of Abbot Islip, over which you will see, in the Effigy Chamber, which can only be visited by a special order, the large chest in which the remains of André were sent home from America.

Passing into Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Americans will certainly look with some sense of participation on Boehm's exquisite effigy of Dean Stanley. For America he always felt an enthusiastic affection, and his visit to America was the one event which conspicuously brighten-



TOMB OF DEAN STANLEY.

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THE POETS' CORNER (MILTON'S BUST IN THE CENTRE).

ed his sad closing years. Nothing more delighted him than the enthusiastic interest of Americans in the Abbey which he so dearly loved. He was always ready to show its wonders to the many transatlantic visitors who found in the Deanery a cordial welcome. His sermons and addresses delivered in America have a permanent value, and will long endear him to the hearts of our kin beyond sea.

To the left of this little chapel is the one which forms the extreme east of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and of which the windows are still full of the significant emblems placed there by the royal builder. Here lay for a time the body of one of the most remarkable men and righteous rulers whom England has ever produced—the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. In the chapel also lay his venerable mother,

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Elizabeth Cromwell, his sister Mrs. Desborough, and others of his family. Here too, or in other parts of the Abbey, once lay the mortal bodies of Admiral Blake, one of the greatest of England's seamen; of Sir Thomas May, the translator of Lucan, and historian of the Long Parliament; of Pym and Strode and Bradshaw and Ireton. It is a shameful and too familiar fact that the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were exhumed and hung on the gallows at Tyburn, and that their heads—"but not until they had quite done with them," as Carlyle says—were stuck on pikes at the top of Westminster Hall. Others of the Commonwealth personages, to the number of twenty-one, were exhumed by an act of poor and base revenge, under an order dated at the Court of Whitehall, September 9, 1661, and were flung promiscuously into a nameless pit at the northwest of the Abbey, where their remains lie without a memorial to this day. Deep indeed would have been the interest of Americans in the graves of some of these. But the vault in which Cromwell lay was reserved in part to bury the illegitimate children of Charles II. Could there be a more striking proof that the Revolution had failed for the time than the fact that these scions of profligate amours were thought sufficiently royal for graves which the mortal remains of a Cromwell and a Blake had been supposed to desecrate?

With all the greater relief, then, will you walk back with me to Poets' Corner, and look on the memorial of John Milton. He died in 1674, and it required a century to elapse before England ventured on a public recognition of his supreme greatness. When Dr. Smalridge wrote for the statue of John Philips the ridiculous eulogy that he was "*Uni Miltono Secundus, primoque pœne par*," the line was erased by the narrow prejudice of Bishop Sprat, who would not have the walls of the Abbey "polluted" by the name of the author of "Paradise Lost," because that poet had written the *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, and been a friend of Cromwell, Harrington, and Vane. In 1737 the monument to Milton was erected by Auditor Benson. The admission of this monument here, a century and a half ago, is one more sign that the Revolution did not wholly fail even in England, and that there were those who even then revered the names of Cromwell and Milton. But the principles of that Revolution, never wholly forgotten by Englishmen, were completely triumphant in America. The colonists carried to America, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "all that was democratic in the policy of England, and all that was Protestant in her religion." The yoke of absolutism which in the seventeenth century we had not strength to throw off in the mother country you escaped in the colony, and there, beyond the reach of the Restoration, Milton's vision proved true, and a free community was founded, though in a humble and unsuspected form, which depended on the life of no single chief, and lived on when Cromwell died. Milton, when the night of the Restoration closed on the brief and stormy day of his party, bated no jot of hope. He was strong in that strength of conviction which assures spirits like his of the future, however dark the present may appear. But could he have beheld it, the morning, moving westward in the track of the Puritan emigrants, had passed from his hemisphere only to shine in yours, with no fitful ray, but with a steady brightness which will in due time reillumine the feudal darkness of the Old World.

I have tried to point out to the American visitor a few of the memorials in which he has the most immediate share. At what more fitting and more sacred place can we part company than by the monument of John Milton?

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free:
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."*

* There are perhaps fewer memorials of Milton than of any Englishman of the same transcendent greatness. I am extremely desirous to erect a worthy window in his honor in the Church of St. Margaret's, close beside the Abbey. Our register contains the record of his marriage to Katherine Woodcock, his second wife, in 1656, and also records, in the following year, her death and that of her infant daughter. It was to her that he addressed the noble sonnet which begins

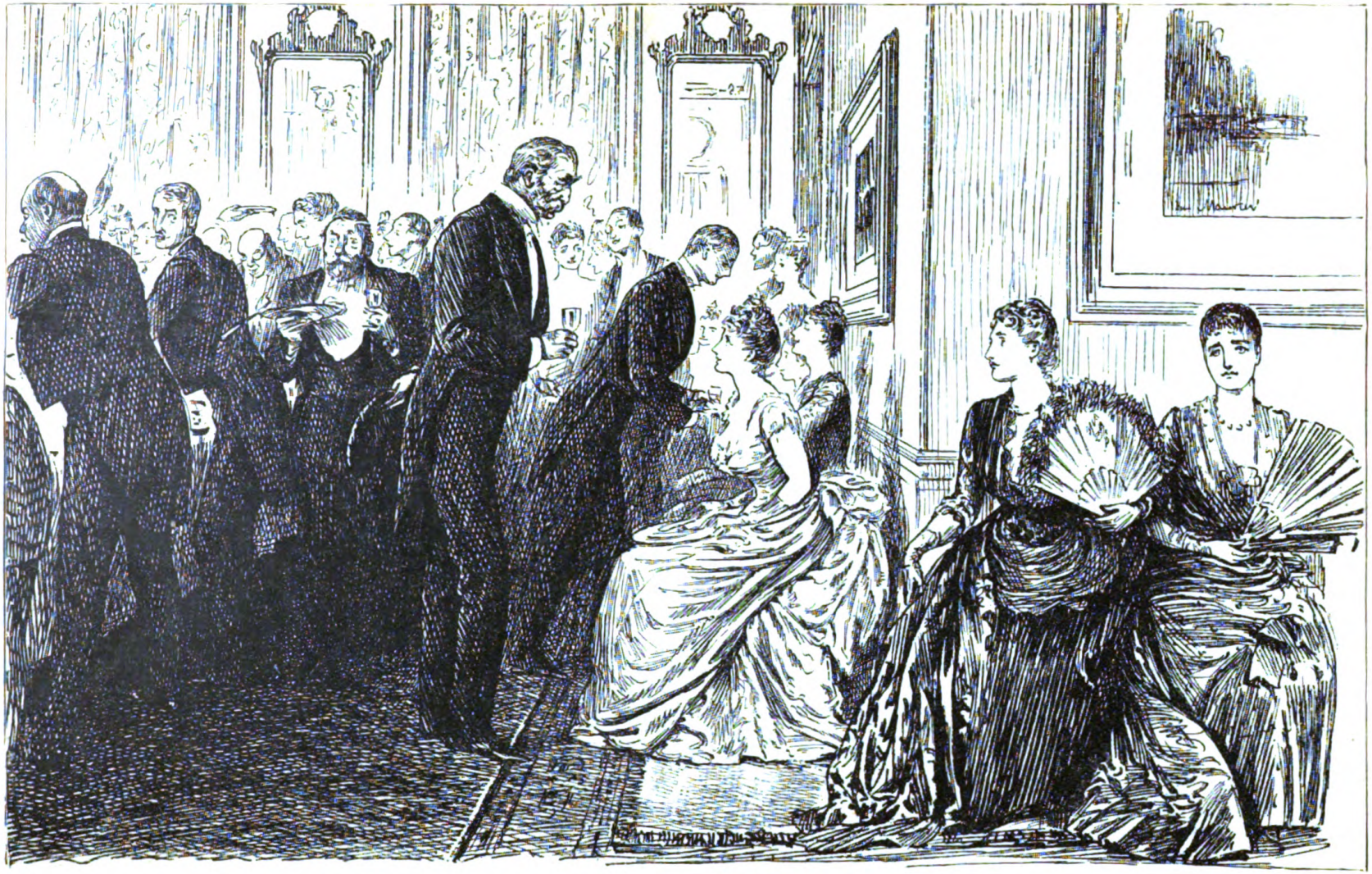
"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Come to me like Alcestis from the grave."

Milton's connection with the Church of St. Margaret's was therefore very close, and if any of his American admirers are willing to assist me in my design, I shall on public grounds most heartily welcome their munificence. They have already beautified this fine old historic church by their splendid gift of a window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose headless body lies under the altar. Milton has even higher claims on their gratitude and admiration.

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THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

SHE: "After all, there's nothing better than the wing of a chicken!—*is* there, General?"
HE: "I never tasted the wing of a chicken—I only know the *legs!* When I was *young*, you know, my *parents* always ate the wings—and *now*, my *children* always do."

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE happy new year begins again, and whatever may be the condition of the world or of our own community, the wish and the hope and the faith are the same—happy new year! If the long experience of mankind seems to justify the feeling that "as things have been, they must be," not less is it true that that experience has not extinguished a millennial hope of which the human breast is the eternal spring. "I have seen three-and-twenty leaders of revolts," chuckles the Pope's legate in Browning's *Soul's Tragedy*. But if he lives long enough he will count twenty-four, and even thirty. The irrepressible instinct, the leap of the unborn child, that made the twenty-three revolts will add to them endlessly, and wise men say that the question which the human soul asks is the assurance of its own answer.

Happy new year is a wish which imports that the year may be happy. The unhappiness, the disappointment, the sorrow, of the twelvemonth that ends cannot destroy the possibility, and with it the pleased doubt and anticipation, of the year that begins. It is idle to say that we befool ourselves with words, and that the first of January no more begins a new year than the thirty-first of December. Every day begins a new year, indeed, but no day in the year begins with the feeling, the thrill, the expectancy, of the first of January. It is love that consecrates marriage, and not the words of a priest. But none the less the wedding day is of all days in life the most sacred, and whether love become more or less, the day shines as singular and fair as Venus in the glowing west.

If the charm of the day be the result of that mysterious influence called the law of association, what then? A sagacious woman said that she could not see how the knowledge of its Latin name and of its delicate structure could make a flower more fragrant or more beautiful, nor could she understand how Linnæus should enjoy a garden of roses more than Hafiz. It is the fact, not the reason of it, its enjoyment, not its analysis, which is the sweet spell of the new year's morning. The mind doubtless is full of happy associations; there are tender and pathetic memories which go through the enjoyment of the day like the murmuring undertone of the Lorelei when the bewildered Rip Van Winkle awakes upon the mountain. They are essential parts of its nameless charm. But the charm is nameless, and while it does not necessarily come with other days, it comes always when the happy new year begins.

And it is not only a sentiment, a vague emotion. How many a youth finds himself stayed in a good purpose by an outward form! The Demon of Drink allures him with the sweet persistence of a siren. But if he can take the pledge, he is stronger to resist. The pledge, indeed, is but his own purpose. He can be no stronger than his own will. But the fact that a public declaration of will is more helpful than its mere consciousness is indisputable. It is another motive added to the knowledge of wrong. If a youth finds it harder to break the pledge that he has given to others than that which his soul has taken with itself, is the outward pledge useless? If formal vows of constancy enable a man to be more constant, shall he not take them because he ought to be a law to himself? He must be a law to himself, but this vow makes his obedience to himself more practicable.

The first of January is like the first of February in so far as it is only another day. But the new year inspires a pledge of the soul to itself which other days do not suggest. On that morning how many men do seriously engage with themselves to turn over a new leaf! They turn it back again, perhaps, the next morning. Yet not all. The other afternoon, in a winter sunset, a sloop was tacking against a baffling wind. With every turn the wind and the current seemed to bear her back, back, farther than before. But the watcher upon the shore, who easily outwalked her, observed that she pulled forward a little every time. Some men drop wholly astern despite their desire. Others drift, but hold a little more closely to the wind, and slowly warp ahead. They are the multitude. But a few sail bravely on. New-year's morning brings the multitude a little closer to their bearings, and some hold. That is the gain, and except for the occasion, the association, the accepted day of beginnings, they would not begin anew nor even try to begin.

Happy new year, then, is not a mere

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compliment. Yet were it only a tenderness of recollection which it produced, it would be worth something. The day which recalls the young and the pure who are gone, or the wise seniors who "obeyed at eve the voice obeyed at prime," is not a lost and unfruitful day. The chastening of memory is not less a benediction than the exaltation of hope. The day is happy because of the past as well as of the future. The secret of the earnest resolution is the recollection of a better day and the wish to find it again. No man would be a child; but what man would not be childlike? and he who hears the merry prattle and marks the bounding gayety of the happy young welcomers of the year breathes a purer air and is touched with a more celestial light.

The new-year festival of old New York has almost disappeared. It has become impossible. Nobody can call on all his acquaintances in Babylon, for time and space forbid. Indeed, the overwhelming current of new life in the city is fast wearing away the impression of its Dutch origin and character. Old Peter Stuyvesant marching out before the English comers was symbolic, and the doughty old Dutchman has been marching out ever since. He refreshes and half replumes himself at the annual feast of St. Nicholas. But it is only a pretty reminiscence. He guides no longer the life of the great city. He is the bewildered Rip of whom we spoke. It is a new world of thought and impulse and activity around him. Diedrich Knickerbocker, Linkum Fidelius—you may see their queue or their worsted stockings vanishing around the corner of Liberty Street, the old men wondering wistfully over the old Dutch church—or was it only a phantom of the fancy, the airy figure of a reverie?

But if they go, shall nothing of them survive? Their steadiness, their thrift, their tranquil humor, their patience and tolerance and freedom—are they all to fade unremembered and pass out of date? No, no. This is their day. To recall their worth is to renew it. Quaint old fathers of the city, give us your benediction by quickening your virtues in your miscellaneous posterity! So shall you do your part in securing us a happy new year.

IT is many years ago that the Easy Chair, making the grand tour, was in Dresden, and saw in the newspaper that Jenny Lind, then in the first fulness of her fame, would sing for four nights in Berlin. It was in the autumn, and loitering along the Elbe and through the Saxon Switzerland was a very fascinating prospect. But the chance of hearing the Swedish Nightingale was more alluring than the Bastei and the lovely view from Königstein, and at once the order of travel was interrupted, and the Easy Chair arrived eagerly in Berlin.

The Berlin of those days was still a city in which the student could live economically, and hear the lectures of great teachers upon the most reasonable terms. But the sole interest of the moment was the Northern singer, and upon reaching the hotel and making prompt inquiry, the Easy Chair learned that chairs for the Lind representations could be secured only at prices which were wholly unprecedented in the staid Hohenzollern capital. But the exigency of the case compelled the payment, and the Easy Chair devoted eighteen thaler, or nearly as many American dollars, to obtaining a seat to hear Jenny Lind for the first time. But never for such a sum was bought so rich a treasure of delightful and unfading recollections, always cheering and inspiring—an unwasting music which has sounded and echoed through a life.

The scene was the beautiful Royal Opera-house. The audience was the finest society of the court; and even then the musical taste of Berlin, as if forecasting Wagner, used to sneer loftily at that of Vienna, where Flotow was about to produce *Martha*, as a taste for *Tanzmusik*. The opera was the *Sonnambula*, and after the pretty opening choruses and dances, Amina came tripping to the front through the clustering villagers. She was an ideal peasant maiden, blooming and blithe and fair, of an indefinable simplicity and purity; the genuine peasant of the poetic world, not a fine lady of Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon playing at rustic artlessness. The voice and the singing were but the natural expression of that charming maidenhood. The full volume, the touching sweetness of tone, the exquisite warble, the amazing skill and marvellous execution, with the perfect ease and repose of consummate art, and the essential womanliness of the whole impression, were indisputable and supreme. To a person sensitive to music and of a

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certain ardor of temperament there could be no higher pleasure of the kind. Every such person who heard Jenny Lind in her prime, from 1847 to 1852, whether in opera or concert, can recall no greater delight and satisfaction.

Other famous singers were heard as *prime donne*. But Jenny Lind, rivalling their art, went beyond them all in touching the heart with her personality. Certainly no public singer was ever more invested with a halo of domestic purity. When she stood with her hands quietly crossed before her and tranquilly sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the lofty fervor of the tone, the rapt exaltation of the woman, with the splendor of the vocalization, made the hearing an event, and left a memory as of a sublime religious function. This explains Jenny Lind's peculiar hold upon the mass of her audiences in this country, who were honest, sober, industrious, intelligent, moral American men and women, to most of whom the opera was virtually an unknown, if not a forbidden, delight. Malibran had sung here in the freshness of her voice and charm; Caradori-Allan, Cinti-Damoreau, Alboni, Parepa, and other delightful singers followed her. Grisi came too, but in her decline. Still others have ruled their hour. But in the general memory of the country Jenny Lind remains unequalled. There was the unquestionable quality in her song which made Mendelssohn say that such a musical genius appears but once in a century.

It was a pleasant little New York to which she came, but it thought itself a very important city. Fanny Ellsler had bewitched the town a few years before; and some graybeards and baldheads, still tottering in the sun upon Broadway, then the golden youth of Manhattan, took the horses from the Bayadere's carriage and drew her in triumph to her hotel. Ole Bull also had come conquering out of the North like a young Viking, charming and subduing, and Vieuxtemps came also, disputing the palm. The town took sides. The virtuosi applauded Vieuxtemps as a true artist, and shrugged at Ole Bull as an eccentric player. If you whispered "Paganini?" they silently shrugged the more. But the young Viking fascinated young and old. He played like the Pied Piper, and the entranced country danced after. But when Jenny Lind came, the welcome to the singer as yet unheard was more prodigious than that offered to any other European visitor except Dickens. It was managed, of course, by Barnum. It was advertising. But that was only until she sang. After that first evening at Castle Garden the delight advertised itself.

In this day, Wagner *consule*, of the eclipse of Italian opera, the programme of a Lind concert will perhaps win a glance of curiosity even from the lovers of *Tristan und Isolde*, who follow with reverence in the parquette the mighty score of the trilogy upon the stage. Here, for instance, is the bill of a charitable concert of Jenny Lind's in Boston on Thursday evening, the 10th of October, 1850, just a month after her first concert in the country at Castle Garden in New York on the 11th of September. The bill is a pamphlet opening with four marvellous wood-cut likenesses of Jenny Lind; Jules Benedict, her conductor; Signor Belletti, the barytone; and Mr. Barnum. The words of each song in the original and in translation are printed upon separate pages, and the whole concludes with sketches of the lives of Jenny Lind, Signor Benedict, Signor Belletti—and Mr. Barnum. The selection of music comprises Beethoven's overture to *Egmont;* an air from the *Elijah*, first time in America, sung by Jenny Lind; "Non piu andrai," from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, by Signor Belletti; piano solo, Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," by Signor Benedict; and, for the first time in America also, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, by Jenny Lind. This was the first part. The second part began with Reissiger's overture, *Die Felsenmühle;* Signor Belletti then sang the "Piff Paff," from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots;* Jenny Lind followed with the "Come per me sereno," from the *Sonnambula*, for the first time in America; then Belletti with the "Miei rampolli," from Rossini's *Cenerentola;* and the concert ended with the "Dalecarlian Melody" and the "Mountaineer's Song," both for the first time, by Jenny Lind.

It would be still possible even for the devoutest Wagnerian disciple to hear such a concert, perhaps, without leaving the hall in indignation, perhaps even without a protest. All the concerts were of uniform excellence, and the Easy Chair is a competent witness, at least so far as attendance is concerned, for it heard all of the Lind concerts in New York except

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the first. During the second season an unknown name appeared one evening upon the bill, which announced that Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a young and unknown pianist, would play for the first time in this country. Tripler Hall, opposite Bond Street upon Broadway, was crowded as usual, and when Jenny Lind had withdrawn after singing one of her "numbers," a slight, dark-haired youth came upon the stage and seated himself at the piano. He was courteously greeted, and just as he was about to begin, the door opened quietly at the back of the stage, and Jenny Lind stood in full view of the audience tranquilly to listen. At a happy point in the performance she clapped heartily, and the whole house, following its lovely leader, burst into a storm of applause. The young man bowed to the audience and to "Miss Lind," and, as he ended, with more hand-clapping and a bright and kindly smile Jenny Lind vanished, having secured the success of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. It was a pretty scene. Perhaps the *prima donna assoluta* recalled the famous brava-a-a-a of Lablache on her first evening at her Majesty's Opera-house in London, which satisfied England that she was a great singer, and confirmed her career. To the audience her friendly interest seemed the impulse of her kindly heart for a young neophyte in this profession. Perhaps to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt it was something more.

Ole Bull returned to the country before Jenny Lind left it, and one evening, when she was staying at the Stevens House, in Broadway by the Bowling Green, she gave a dinner, and Ole Bull was among the guests. After dinner he seated himself at the piano, and running over the keys, struck into some wild minor chords, and began to sing Norwegian songs. They were of a singular melancholy, but very beautiful, and the company listened intently. Jenny Lind especially sat rapt in the music, until, after one of the songs, she rose quietly, and moving steadily across the floor as if carrying a jar of water upon her head and fearing to spill a drop, she pushed Ole Bull from his chair, and seating herself in his place at the piano, she reproduced the entire song with exquisite pathos.

Indeed, it was in these characteristic Northern songs, full of strange and romantic tenderness, and suggestive of solitary seas and wide, lonely horizons, of awful mountain heights and secluded valleys of sober and sequestered life, that her voice seemed most extraordinary and her skill most marvellous. Romantic singing, picturesque, mournful, weird, could go no further. She was the spirit of the North singing its hymn, and the audience sat enchanted under the melodious spell. A veteran, as he recalls those days, might well suspect that he is still enthralled under the magician's wand of youth, and that it is not fact, but only its rosy exaggeration, which he describes. But the contemporary records of that astonishing career remain, and they confirm his story. The prices paid for tickets, the enormous receipts, and the generous gifts in charity of Jenny Lind are not fables. Yet the glamour of youth has its part in all recollection of the days of splendor in the flower. Once when the Easy Chair was extolling the melodious Swede to a senior, the hearer listened patiently, with a remote look in his eyes, and replied at last, musingly, "Yes, but you should have heard Malibran."

The series of American concerts which began on the 11th of September, 1850, at Castle Garden ended at the same place on the 24th of May, 1852. The vast space was not well suited for singing, but the magnificent voice filled it completely, and in the fascinated silence of the immense throng every exquisite note of the singer was heard. She sang with evident feeling, and with responsive tenderness the audience listened. Every time that she appeared she carried a fresh bouquet, the sight of which gladdened some ardent young heart. But when at last she came forward to sing the farewell to America, for which Goldschmidt had composed the music, she bore in her hand a bouquet of white rose-buds, with a Maltese cross of deep carnations in the centre. This she held while for the last time in public she sang in America; and the young traveller who, five years before, had turned aside at Dresden to hear Jenny Lind in Berlin, alone in all that great audience at Castle Garden knew who had sent those flowers.

A RECENT letter of the Mayor of New York contains an allusion to the press which deserves careful consideration. Both the character and intelligence of the Mayor give great weight to his words, and his deliberate record of his views must be regarded as his deliberate judg-

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ment. He denounces the newspaper boss —meaning the editor—as claiming omniscience and endowing himself with omnipotence, as a dangerous and despotic force, worse than the political boss, and a person to be suppressed in order to prevent the destruction of parties and the substitution of newspaper tickets for regular nominations.

This is a startling arraignment. Let us see how just it is. A newspaper is a private risk and enterprise. It prospers, like every other business, by supplying a demand in the most satisfactory manner. Its support is wholly voluntary, and the moment it ceases to furnish what the public requires the public will abandon it and seek its satisfaction elsewhere. How does it become a "boss"? That is to say, how does it acquire the influence which the Mayor deprecates? Certainly not by the methods which make the political boss. That word means a politician who uses illicit means to control nominations and to secure votes. It follows that so far as an editor resorts to such means as forging or lying to influence political action, he is a boss. But there is this essential difference between the two, that the editor's evil work is all done publicly and in the light, the political boss's privately and in the dark. The editor's lie can be instantly disproved, to his personal shame and the injury of his business. The party boss works in the name and with the vast power of sheer party tyranny and patronage. By commanding the livelihood of the dependent, and by the ability to gratify the ambitious, the most disreputable party boss can compel the obedience of men as upright and well-meaning as the Mayor himself.

That is a power which no newspaper can wield. It can appeal to ignorance, prejudice, and passion, and it can falsify and misrepresent. How often and in what ways it does these things the Easy Chair has often pointed out. But a newspaper can go no further. It cannot say to any man that if he does not do as it wishes he shall lose his livelihood, and his family shall suffer. Its power of possible political injury lies in its constant and general diffusion of calumny, and this will be always counteracted, as now, by the equally diffused exposure of the falsehood, and by the equally damaging retorts of other papers. The claim of omniscience and the assumption of omnipotence are the amusing part of a newspaper. It is artless and transparent. The omniscience is that of the encyclopædia, and the omnipotence is the frown of Jove. It is a stage effect, which is pretty, but which deceives nobody. The roar is well done. But the performer is not mistaken for a lion. He is plainly seen to be the excellent Mr. Snug, who is professionally engaged in the support of his family.

The elaborate proclamations of the newspaper's private business as a matter of public importance is another aspect of the same comedy. The newspaper soberly announces that after prolonged deliberation it has decided to widen its columns, and that for many months the most prodigious machinery has been in course of construction to enable it to satisfy the demands of its swiftly increasing host of advertisers, who will have nothing less than all the conveniences provided by the most modern science. The newspaper is gratified to be able to state that it is now prepared to smile at all rivalry, to outstrip its esteemed contemporaries at every point, and to enable mankind to dispense with all other journals but itself. This is as simple and childlike as if a great mercantile house should announce that it had just bought a new set of massive account-books in Russia-leather, and laid new floors of Southern pine, and added another story to the warehouse. The buyer, meanwhile, is interested in the goods, and inspects them, and them only, to decide whether to buy or to look elsewhere.

These are the little humbugs of the trade of the newspaper. But the Mayor omits to see the central and commanding fact of the situation. The newspaper is not a boss, but it is the power that holds the boss in check. The Mayor apprehends, if the newspaper boss is not suppressed, that he will prevent party nominations. But it is the newspaper boss or editor who saves us from the absolute tyranny of the party boss. The last blow that Boss Tweed aimed at political liberty in New York was the effort to muzzle the press. It was the very power against which the Mayor protests that overthrew Tweed and the great boss despotism. It was the power which Tweed feared more than legislatures and courts. It was the citadel in which political honesty and courage and free speech had taken refuge, and except for the power of the press,

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which the Mayor denounces, the boss despotism would have crushed freedom in New York, and have ended in civil convulsion.

The Mayor, indeed, might reply that it is the abuse of the power, not the power, which he condemns. But if he proposes to attack abuses, the great, constant, and threatening abuse of power is not that of newspaper editors, but of party bosses. If upon the eve of an election the chief executive officer of the city warns all good citizens of the duty of honest voting and of disregard of mere party regularity, which often means the illicit power of a boss, he strikes a blow for the correction of the signal abuse of the time. It is not party spirit and the disposition to be guided by the party machine which need encouragement in this country. If the newspaper boss who reasonably opposes their absolute sway should be effectually suppressed, as the Mayor desires, would the party boss, who would then remain master of the field, be wiser and more moderate and better?

The theory of a popular system is that the great contention respecting public policy should be carried on by organized parties, and that each party, acting as a corps of observation upon the other, should prevent serious injury to the common welfare from the ascendency of either. This is the theory. The practice is that a party machinery has been developed which defeats the very purpose of parties, and that it is not by regular party opposition, but by independent observation, criticism, and influence, that the excesses of party power are prevented. This observation and criticism are represented by the press, and to put them down is to perpetuate the Tweed despotism.

The press undoubtedly is often unjust to executive officers, and misstates and even calumniates official action. The Mayor has perhaps suffered from this unfair treatment. But the revenge of suppressing the power which in some instances may have been abused, yet which, upon the whole, is the great defence of the community against party tyranny, would be a public calamity. The press is sometimes guilty of pitiful excesses and of a contemptible prostitution of its power to petty personal ends. During an exciting political canvass it sometimes reeks with blackguardism, and every honorable citizen is humiliated by its gross debasement. But it is an offence which the press itself also relentlessly rebukes. It is a disgrace, but it is in no manner whatever a danger like the power of a party boss. It disgusts those whom it is intended to affect, and tends to defeat its own purpose. No good citizen cajoles himself with the pretence that he is bound by honor or patriotism or principle to support a conscienceless newspaper, but such citizens are often convinced that they ought to support a venal party boss.

Let us all withstand tyranny, and suppress bosses of every kind and degree. But let us also discriminate, and not confound insects with monsters, or disagreeable things with dangerous things. A vulgar and lying editor is a public nuisance to be abated by stopping his paper. But Tweed is a public peril threatening the foundations of law and order, to be suppressed in the interest of society itself.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN the last number of the Study we tried, with the help of Edmund Burke and Mr. J. Addington Symonds, to persuade the reader that there was such a thing as a final criterion of art, to which, through every change of taste and fancy, we might confidently trust ourselves. Burke held that this standard was in every man's power, and that it was "an easy observation of the most common, sometimes of the meanest, things in nature." Mr. Symonds more broadly formulated the lasting test as a question of the presence or the absence of simplicity, naturalness, and honesty in any æsthetic performance.

With this test, not at all magic or difficult, which any one who is himself simple, natural, and honest can apply, we believe that one is able to judge intelligently of the worth of literature representing life wholly different from our own, and to feel the joy that truthful work always gives. By means of it we can measure the excellence of work like that of Armando Palacio Valdés, whose last book, *Maximina*,

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we have been reading, and appreciate the graphic fidelity of his pictures of life so remote as that of modern Madrid. We find it in essentials, which are always the universals, very like our own life, and this sweet and humorous and heart-breaking story of the young Spanish wife, Maximina, might with a few touches be naturalized among us so that it could pass for one of native origin.

Maximina's husband is that young Madrid journalist, Miguel Rivera, whose not altogether praiseworthy career was traced in the novel *Riverita*, mentioned in these pages last year, but who is mainly a good fellow, and who here falls in love with the child of very common people in an obscure little seaport where he is passing the summer. We cannot give, of course, the charm which takes him with her; that is indicated by a hundred little hints and touches; but it is chiefly her trusting goodness, her lovely diffidence, and her impassioned unselfishness which fascinate the shrewd and amiable young fellow with Maximina. They are married, and come up to live in Madrid, where he is a writer on a radical newspaper, with a small interest in its pecuniary adversity. Till they can get settled in a house of their own they stay for a short time with Rivera's high-tempered and high-handed step-mother, and then they go to housekeeping in a prettily appointed apartment, which we are invited sympathetically to assist them in furnishing, and to witness his extravagance and her anxiously deprecatory economy. The great day comes when they move in, and at night they find that they have forgotten the candles, and they sit down on the hearth together and talk long of their lives past and to come in the light of the fire.

Their life goes on from prettiness to prettiness, from sweetness to sweetness, like the new married life of fond young couples the world over. Miguel is working hard all the time at his newspaper office, and has to go away every day. "At times, to tease his wife, he would pretend to start without taking leave of her; but at the sound of the latch she dropped whatever she had in hand, in the dining-room, in the kitchen, or in her chamber, and flew to the door after him. When she did not hear the latch Miguel did all he could to make her hear. Maximina remained all the afternoon with the servants. At nightfall, when Miguel rang the bell, the young thing's heart gave a leap, and she ran herself to open the door. Sometimes she let the maid open it; but this was in order to hide behind the door, or in the next room. He knew by the maid's smiling face that his wife was somewhere near, and he would say, with a comic gesture, 'You are hiding Maximina here!' And he went straight to where she was, and caught her by the arm. 'I don't know how you always find me so soon,' she would say, with feigned disgust. At other times when he came she would open the little window over the street door and ask, 'What do you wish, sir?' 'Does Don Miguel Rivera live here?' Miguel himself would ask. 'Yes, sir; but he is not at home.' 'And Señora Rivera?' 'Señora Rivera is at home, but she is not receiving.' 'Please tell her that there is a gentleman down here who would like to give her a hug and a kiss.'"

Among many other incidents of their early house-keeping is a party which they give, and which is described with delicious humor and naturalness. The ostensible object of the affair is to let a disappointed poet read a play of his which the envious managers have rejected; but Miguel really wants to show off his beautiful young wife, who is in great terror of the occasion, but bears herself triumphantly. During the evening he flirts with the daughter of the countess living on the floor above, and Maximina is jealous; they have their first quarrel and their last, and he never again gives her cause to doubt his inalienable love. In due time the baby comes, and the glorious advent is celebrated with the most delicate sympathy, the most arch and smiling satire. Two rival forces invade the house and attempt mastery of the situation, the countess from overhead and Miguel's step-mother; the encounter between these ladies is a thrilling battle-piece; but calm returns with the indignant withdrawal of the countess, and all is well again. At two days old the baby smiles, and his young aunt Serafina rushes in with him, followed by all the servants, to announce the miracle.

"'He smiled, as surely as there is a God in heaven,' testified one of the servants. 'Go along; you're all crazy,' said Doña Martina. 'Why, he's only two days old.' 'It can't be,' said Maximina, but showing herself disposed to believe it. 'But

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he did, señora, he did,' they all broke out. 'This is the way it was,' said one of them, almost choking with excitement. 'Here was Señorita Serafina with the baby, so—see? And I came up and took it by the shoulder, so—see? And I lifted it up, and began to move it and say, "Chk, chk, chk! little rose-bud, little pink, do you want to be called Miguelito, like your papa?" And the baby didn't do anything. "Do you want to be called Enriquito, like your uncle?" It didn't do anything then, either. "Do you want to be called Serafin, like your aunt?" And then it opened its little eyes a little, and made a little mouth with its lips—but truly!' Maximina smiled as if she had been listening to a revelation from heaven. She and her aunt Martina were instantly convinced; but Miguel held out. 'In this matter of babies' smiles, especially when the babies have only been fifty-seven hours in the world, I have an inveterate skepticism. I am like St. Thomas—see and believe.' 'But he *did* smile, Miguel—he did indeed; I assure you he did,' said Serafina. 'You don't offer me sufficient guarantees of impartiality.' 'Very well, then, I'll make him do it again; then you'll see.' Serafina took the baby and lifted it above her head with great decision, at the same time asking it if it wanted to be called Serafin, to which the baby did not judge it opportune to make any reply, perhaps from an excess of diplomacy, for possibly the name seemed to it ridiculous. Maximina was hanging on its lips. 'You try, Placida,' she said, trying to hide her affliction. Placida detached herself from the group like an actor at Price's circus when he comes out to execute a feat. She lifted the baby with surprising mastery, moved it from north to south, then from east to west, and then put the consecrated questions: 'Chk, chk, chk! little pet, little rose-bud, pink, do you want to be called Miguelito, like your papa? Do you want to be called Enriquito, like your uncle? Do you want to be called Serafin, like your aunt?' A lugubrious silence followed these words. All eyes were fastened upon the youthful interlocutor, who, far from showing a predilection for any of the names indicated, clearly manifested, though in an inarticulate fashion, that he found no reason for being bothered so with a mere question of names. 'You see?' said Miguel. 'It's because he isn't in the humor to smile now,' protested Maximina. '*You* don't smile either when you're told to. Besides, he must be hungry by this time. Give him to me—give him to me! Oh, my soul's little darling! my heart!'"

The tender irony with which this little scene is depicted, the perfect lightness, the unfailing accuracy with which the different persons are touched, the simple, natural, and honest art, are traits of the mastery which the book is full of. All the different people on the newspaper, and the people whom Miguel meets everywhere, especially a group of politicians, are sketched with the same unfailing skill, and Rivera is himself studied with an intimate sympathy that lets us into the soul of a man whose heart is generous and good, and whose will is better than his life has been, though his life has been better than that of his world in most things.

Miguel has been persuaded by the other owners of the *Independencia* to endorse their notes to the money-lender who supplies the funds for their failing enterprise; he does this against Maximina's instinct; he has to pay their notes, and he throws more good money after bad. At last he is ruined, and then all the loveliness, all the sublimity, of Maximina's character come out in the gladness with which she shares his poverty. In the midst of their privations their love and their happiness are without a blot; but now the worst of all comes. Maximina is taken with a nervous fever, and becomes dangerously sick; a certain palliative gives them both deceitful hopes of her recovery. After long watching Miguel falls into a heavy sleep; he is awakened by the call, "Señorito! señorito! the señorita is worse!" "The voice with which they rouse the doomed man to lead him to the scaffold never sounded more terrible than this cry sounded to Miguel. He leaped to his feet. He ran to her room. Maximina's eyes were closed. At his entrance she opened them and tried to smile; she closed them again, never to open them more. It was four o'clock in the morning. Juana ran to call the doctor. The widow of the colonel declared that it was only a faint; she and Miguel applied mustard draughts. The priest was sent for. A few minutes after, he came together with the doctor. What for? Miguel paced the corridor unceasingly, white as a ghost. Suddenly he stopped, and tried to re-enter his wife's

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room. The widow, the priest, and the doctor put their hands on his breast. 'No, no; don't come in, Rivera!' 'I know all. Let me pass!' They saw from his look and bearing that it was useless to oppose him. He flung himself upon the body of his wife, from which the warmth and life had not yet wholly faded, and for some minutes wildly continued to kiss it. 'Enough! enough! You are killing yourself!' At last they succeeded in pulling him away. 'Better than thou,' he cried aloud, giving her a last kiss, 'there never has been nor ever will be on the earth!' 'Happy those, my son, who can hear such words in death,' said the old priest. They led him away. He went to his study, and leaned against the window. Day had not yet fully dawned. Consternation had checked his tears. Immovable, with starting eyes, and with his forehead pressed against the pane, he stood long, listening to the revealing voice that speaks only in this supreme hour. At last he could have been heard to murmur hoarsely, 'Who knows? who knows?'"

It is impossible to give the different passages that lead to this, but the whole chapter that treats of Maximina's sickness is as inexpressibly touching as it is simple and real. Rivera lives on as he must for his child, but he becomes very poor. When the last extremity is reached one of the friends who ruined him has entered the cabinet, and he invites Rivera to be his secretary. "The flesh, weak, rebelled for an instant at this proposition. But in the end he subdued himself and accepted. Through hours of tears and meditation his inner life had freed itself from the dominion of pride. After terrible shocks his soul had broken the chains that had bound it to terrestrial passions. He had learned, never to forget it again, the sublime truth that rises eternally above human wisdom, and will ever be the sum of all truths, *the denial of self*. His only thought from that time forward was to advance further and further on the path of freedom, till the hour of supreme emancipation should sound for him. The sole and most ardent desire of his life was to be able to love death. In the mean time he used the sacred and divine force of the imagination in creating a free world of his own where he lived with his wife in the sweet communion of other times, sharing his joys and sorrows with her. At every act of life he did not fail to ask himself, 'Would Maximina have approved it?' Daily he confessed himself to her, and told her the most intimate secrets of his soul. And whenever he had the unhappiness to fall into sin, a profound dismay overwhelmed him, thinking that he had that day separated himself a little from his wife. In this manner, participating like a divine creature in the august privilege of God, he was able to lend her new life, or rather keep her from having ever died. But like a human creature also, his spirit was shaken more than once by the storm of doubt. He suffered the cruel assaults of temptation, and faltered like the Son of God in the garden of Gethsemane—hours of agony that left him deeply crushed, and sapped if they did not wholly undermine his strength."

We will not look on at these, which the author describes with searching power, but will close our versions from the book with a passage treating of a time when Maximina was still alive on earth, but when their adversity had come upon them, and they were looking out of the window of their poor little house one night at the stars. "The wife became thoughtful, and said, after a pause, 'How can those worlds hold themselves up in space, and go on forever without clashing?' 'They are upheld and live by love—yes, by love,' he repeated, seeing the wonder in the eyes of his wife. 'Love is the law that rules the universe; the sublime law that unites your heart to mine is the same law that unites all the beings of the universe, and keeps them at the same time distinct. We are one in God, in the Creator of all things; but we enjoy at the same time the beautiful privilege of individuality. Yet this great privilege is at the same time our great imperfection, Maximina. By it we are separated from God. To live eternally united to Him, to rest on His breast like a child in its mother's arms, this is the constant aspiration of humanity. The man who feels this need the most livingly and imperiously is the best and the most just. What does abnegation mean, or self-sacrifice? Is it anything but the expression of this secret voice that dwells in the soul, and tells us that to love one's self is to love the finite, the imperfect, the ephemeral, and to love others is to unite ourselves by anticipation with the Eternal? Woe to the man who does not come at the call of that voice! Woe to him

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who shuts his ears to the breathings of his soul, and runs astray in chase of fleeting illusions! That man will always be the miserable slave of time and necessity.' They talked a long time; at last they suddenly stopped. They both remained silently contemplating the immensity of the heavens.... At the end of a moment Maximina asked, in a low voice, 'Miguel, don't you want to say a Pater-Noster?' 'Yes,' he answered, tenderly pressing her hand. The young wife repeated the Pater-Noster with true fervor; her husband responded with equal fervor. Never in his life, before or after, did Miguel find himself so near to God as in that moment. The night grew late. The clock in the study struck twelve. They shut the window, and lit their lamps to go to rest."

There are two subordinate stories interwoven with that of Maximina and Miguel in this beautiful book: the heart-breaking story of Miguel's sister, who is pursued and entrapped and ruined by her cousin; and the story of his own cousin Enrico's marriage with a girl of the people, a *chula* whom he falls in love with at her father's shop, where she sells milk. This is the comic strain in the lovely idyl, but this too is dignified and ennobled by Maximina's gentle and womanly attitude toward the bride. There is another comic character besides Enrico, and that is the poor young fellow who is in love with Julia Rivera, and who shoots himself when he hears of her ruin, and then does not want to die, and must die, turning tragedy at last, as comedy sometimes does in this finally rather serious world. These stories are both well enough done to make the fortune of an inferior writer, but it is in his treatment of the chief interest of his book that Valdés shows himself a master. We cannot say that *Maximina* is as great a book as his *Marta y Maria* (which the reader of the translation knows as the *Marquis of Peñalta*), but it is of the same admirable texture; the same unfailing right-mindedness characterizes it, the same clear and intelligent conscience. Some notion of the devout liberality of its religious feeling may be inferred from the passages we have given, but the reader must go to the book itself for a full impression of this. He must also go to it for a knowledge of all Maximina's unsentimentalized loveliness, and for a sense of the change operated by this and by the lessons of his life in Miguel's light, humorous, sarcastic spirit, teaching it patience and unselfishness and noble seriousness.

We hope that the book may be translated. There is not a word in it that offends against purity or good morals; there is a Latin frankness here and there concerning certain social facts which our own race has (we believe properly, on the whole) agreed to blink in fiction, but this could be easily silenced by a judicious pencil, and then the story would remain for all a flawless praise of marriage and wifehood, and one of the most exquisitely touching and consoling books ever written, "simple, natural, and honest," as only the fiction of our time knows how to be.

II.

It is needless for us to say, either to the many whom our opinions on this point incense or to the few who accept them, that we do not think the fiction of our own time even always equal to this test, or perhaps more than seldom so. But as we have before expressed, to the still-reverberating discontent of two continents, fiction is now a finer art than it has ever been hitherto, and more nearly meets the requirements of the infallible standard. We have hopes of real usefulness in it, because it is at last building on the only sure foundation; but we are by no means certain that it will be the ultimate literary form, or will remain as important as we believe it is destined to become. On the contrary, it is quite imaginable that when the great mass of readers, now sunk in the foolish joys of mere fable, shall be lifted to an interest in the meaning of things through the faithful portrayal of life in fiction, then fiction the most faithful may be superseded by a still more faithful form of contemporaneous history. We willingly, however, leave the precise character of this form to the more robust imagination of readers whose minds have been nurtured upon romantic novels, and who really have an imagination worth speaking of, and confine ourselves, as usual, to the hither side of the regions of conjecture.

III.

Among the recent fictions, besides that already noticed, the only one which seems perfectly to meet the requirements of the infallible standard is, of course, the last of Tolstoï's, *The Invaders*, which we have now in very good English. It is a group

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of studies and sketches, light, penetrating, and unsparingly true, pervaded by the sympathy and rectitude which characterize all the incomparable master's work. There is, properly speaking, only one story in the book—the austerely faithful, tenderly touching story of Polikushka, the weak, baddish serf, who loses the money of his mistress, and will not survive the ruin of having seemed to steal it. The story is for the rest fragmentary to the curiosity, but rounded to beautiful completeness for the heart and conscience. There is nothing more masterly than the closing episode of buying a substitute for the conscripted peasant, and we recommend this passage to the attention of the thoughtful reader, as well as that sketch of the cashiered officer in another study. This and the rest belong to contemporaneous history, however, rather than to fiction; they are evidently rescripts of fact, of experience, and they have the wild, simple charm of *The Cossacks;* they are mostly, like that, pictures of campaigning life in the Caucasus, but they seem maturer work —work in which the author has more clearly found out his meaning.

IV.

An American book to be praised for simplicity, naturalness, and honesty is Miss Esther Bernon Carpenter's *South County Neighbors*, or studies of a past generation in a Rhode Island country neighborhood. They are pervaded with the humor which is characteristic of the great Spaniard rather than the great Russian, and with the humanity which seems never absent from sincere work—which is indeed as much a part of realism as the truth itself; for it appears that we cannot learn to know others well without learning to pity and account for the defects in them which we must not excuse in ourselves. These *South County Neighbors* are valuable contributions to the history of a phase of things now almost, if not quite, vanished in New England, and they are delightful reading. They are worthy to be classed with Miss Wilkins's admirable New England studies, though they are contemplative rather than dramatic presentations of character; and Miss Jeannette H. Walworth's *Southern Silhouettes* is a series of sketches almost worthy to be classed with both. These are reflexes of a faded civilization too; but one feels that the negatives have been touched, and that is always to be regretted. So skilful a hand as Miss Walworth's should be taught when to hold itself.

V.

But what shall we say of Miss Octave Thanet and her *Knitters in the Sun?* She has in some respects a greater power —or perhaps greater force is more accurate—than either of those just mentioned; and she writes with heart as well as brain. Putting out of the question the "goddess type" of dimly accounted for countess in the sketch, *The Communist's Wife* is something that may be read with equal pathos and instruction in these days of labor troubles, when Society is tempted to forget, in the duty of "saving itself," that the poor are also Society. *Schopenhauer on Lake Pepin*, the affecting story of the minister who loses his faith, is also of enduring significance. It is when we come to *Whitsun Harp, Regulator*, that we rebel against the author's spell. It is, briefly, the story of a man who believes that the Lord has called him to the work of reforming his Arkansas neighborhood by whipping wrong-doers with his own hand. One man on whom he inflicts a mistaken thrashing vows to kill him, but is kept from it by the prayers of a dying wretch who killed a man many years before, and now believes he shall find peace if he can save some one's life. As soon as the sick man dies, Lem Chinault goes to find Whitsun and kill him, and the effect of the situation is heightened for the reader by the knowledge that the men had been rivals in love. Before Chinault finds Harp, another's vengeance has overtaken the regulator; Chinault comes upon him just shot; his wife, who had followed to restrain him, comes up at the same moment, and in the lime-light which romantic fiction burns at such crises they are reconciled in the husband's gratitude that he has been saved from the crime of murder.

It brings the tear to the eye and the lump into the throat; but it is all wrong. When men are bent upon sin, not so does "the power, not ourselves, that works for righteousness" save them by melodramatic accident. It saves them in their own free wills, or, if they resist, it saves them not at all; and it is bad art and mistaken morality that teach otherwise. The Good Fairy conception of the Divine government of the world should be left to the cruder theologies: it is wholly unworthy of fiction.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of November.—Elections were held in twelve States November 8th. The following are some of the results: New York, Democratic plurality, Frederic Cook, Secretary of State, 17,852; Prohibition vote, 39,048 (a gain of 2611 over previous year); Henry George vote, about 72,000. Pennsylvania, Republican plurality, W. B. Hart, for State Treasurer, about 34,000. New Jersey, Legislature, Republican. Ohio, Republican plurality, J. B. Foraker, Governor, about 25,000. Massachusetts, Republican plurality, Oliver Ames, Governor, 17,611. Iowa, Republican plurality, William Larrabee, Governor, 16,000. Maryland, Democratic majority, Elihu E. Jackson, Governor, 10,000; Constitutional Convention defeated by 15,000; Prohibition vote, 5000. Virginia, Legislature, Democratic.

The President appointed William L. Putnam, of Maine, and James B. Angell, President of Michigan University, to act with the Secretary of State in the negotiation for a settlement with Great Britain of the disputes growing out of the fisheries question.

President Cleveland issued a proclamation, November 9th, announcing the ratification of a new treaty with Hawaii, by which the harbor of Pearl River is ceded to the United States for a coaling station.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland made a tour of the West and South, leaving Washington September 30th and returning October 22d.

Tennessee voted, September 29th, against prohibition, by a majority of 27,693.

The contest for the *America's* cup, between the American sloop *Volunteer* and the Scotch cutter *Thistle*, was won by the *Volunteer*. The first day's race, September 27th, was in New York Bay, and the second, September 30th, outside. The time was as follows: First day—*Volunteer*, 4h. 53m. 18s.; *Thistle*, 5h. 12m. 41½s. Second day—*Volunteer*, 5h. 42m. 56½s.; *Thistle*, 5h. 54m. 44s.

Of the seven condemned anarchists in Chicago, four—Parsons, Spies, Fischer, and Engel—were hanged November 11th; two—Fielden and Schwab—had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life; and one—Lingg—committed suicide November 10th.

The boundary dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica has been submitted to President Cleveland as arbitrator.

The Mexican constitutional amendment permitting election of the same person to the Presidency for two consecutive terms, having received the approval of both Houses of Congress, was officially promulgated October 23d.

Official reports state that there were 30,780 fatal cases of cholera in the northwest provinces of India during August, 1887.

DISASTERS.

October 3*d.*—Propeller *California* wrecked on Lake Michigan. Fourteen lives lost.

October 10*th.*—French steamer owned by the Morelli Company wrecked in the Bay of Bormes. Twenty-two passengers drowned.

October 11*th.*—Passenger train wrecked on the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, near Kouts, Indiana. Eleven persons killed.

October 17*th.*—News in San Francisco of great fire at Han-Kow. Two thousand lives lost, and 2,000,000 taels' worth of property destroyed.

October 18*th.*—Twelve lives lost by collision of the steamer *Upupa* with the German bark *Planteur* off Beachy Head.

October 20*th.*—Colonial passenger steamer *Cheviot* wrecked at Port Philip. Twelve persons drowned.

October 22*d.*—News in London of the burning of the town of Kitab, in Bokhara. Half the inhabitants perished.

October 30*th.*—Passenger propeller *Vernon* wrecked in a gale on Lake Michigan. Forty lives lost.

October 31*st.*—Recent overflows of the Yellow River, China, drowned 1000 persons.

OBITUARY.

September 14*th.*—At sea, on the yacht *Sunbeam*, Lady Ann Brassey, authoress.

September 15*th.*—In Bryn Mawr, Rear-Admiral J. R. M. Mullany, U.S.N., aged seventy years.

September 21*st.*—In Lexington, Kentucky, General William Preston, aged seventy-one years.

September 22*d.*—In Washington, D. C., General James B. Ricketts, aged seventy years.

October 5*th.*—In Springfield, Massachusetts, ex-Governor William B. Washburn, aged sixty-seven years.

October 11*th.*—In New York, ex-Judge Thomas C. Manning, United States Minister to Mexico, aged fifty-six years.

October 13*th.*—At Shortlands, Kent, England, Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik, authoress, aged sixty-one years.

October 20*th.*—At Bedgebury, England, Alexander J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., author, and proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, aged sixty-seven years.

October 22*d.*—In Chicago, Illinois, Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, aged seventy-one years.

October 28*th.*—In New York, Dr. J. M. Carnochan, aged eighty years.—In New York, Rear-Admiral S. W. A. Nicholson, U.S.N., aged sixty-seven years.

November 2*d.*—At Malvern, England, Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt), aged sixty-six years.

November 6*th.*—At Brighton, England, Baron Wolverton, in his sixty-fourth year.

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Editor's Drawer.



IT is just as well to begin the year 1888 with a good resolution as with a poor one, and there must be, even with the best readers of the Drawer, some things left undone in 1887 that they can resolve to do in 1888. There may be some people who have not made out a list of the one hundred best books for other people to read—an amusement as harmless as it is attractive, because one seems to have performed a sort of duty to the world, and is not at all committed to read the standard list himself. There may be those also who have not confessed in print what is their favorite poem, may not have confided to the world what is the best poem in the English language, and have not told what is the superlatively good "prose extract" in the English language, and what contemporary piece of writing is most likely to endure. These serious omissions of duty to the reading public, and to those who select what the public shall read, can be remedied in 1888, and the Drawer need only suggest them to conscientious minds burdened with the improvement of other minds. It is especially necessary that the one-hundred-best-book list should be authoritatively settled, so that we may throw away the other books, and have a clean deck for the twentieth century, which the Drawer must again remind its readers is swiftly approaching.

But none of these things are so important as the great modern movement of education called "What Books Have Influenced Me." The pushing of this inquiry has not yet gone so far as the investigation into the sort of diet that is best for everybody, based upon the experience of conscientious individuals who tell the world what agrees with them. Science has done much for our living, and we have even made progress in the direction of knowing what sort of food is most likely to produce not only a conscience devoid of offence, but brilliant intellectual effort. We never can estimate, for instance, the service to the world of those who have taught us to eat oatmeal (with cream), or to consume fish as a brain food, or to resort to milk, or to drink hot water three times a day. And yet we have still a good deal to learn as to "What Diet Has Influenced Me." If we could all eat the same things at the same time, we should not destroy the present inequality of brains, but we should cultivate a sympathy with our fellows, and do something toward that desirable uniformity which seems to be the object of a good deal of modern education. We desire not to be misunderstood. There are some who regard this "What Books Have Influenced Me" as simply a temporary literary "fad," or an advertisement, and they object that we get a good deal of information of this sort about people of whom we never have heard before, and about the intellectual processes of minds that never interested us in the slightest degree. This is a narrow view of the subject. When we are curious to know what the great Boston bruiser eats, it is not with the expectation that if we eat the same things we shall be able to knock out of time all the other bruisers not born in Boston, and we do not expect to write another "In Memoriam" when we have found out what Tennyson read when a boy. But as to these other people of whom we never heard, who are just like us in all probability, it is important to know that any books influenced their growing minds, for we may hope that the same diet will give us a right to the same pleasant publicity. The causes of our non-success in life will be apparent to us. It is because we have never read *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Puss in Boots*, or *Pilgrim's Progress*, or "Marmion," or Walt Whitman, or Cook's *Voyages*, or *The Arabian Nights*, or *Sanford and Merton*, and so on. To know that other minds have fed on these things and then have had their productions accepted in the magazines is a stimulus and a hope; to know that light dawned on another mind after a perusal of Macaulay's "Lays" or of Baxter's "Call" is to show us the way to inspiration. We are searching for the materials that make genius and success. Our means of determining what is necessary to the mind and to literary growth are still inadequate, and hence the value of this testimony. When we have enough of this testimony for comparison, we can determine universally exactly what to read in youth in order to become what these persons are whose minds have been influenced. We do not exaggerate the importance of this contribution to human culture. The notion has got about that these "Influenced Mes" are in the nature of certificates to the efficacy of certain medicines on the taker, and that they are skilfully drawn out by persons who want to use them to make money. We could prove this to be absurd if we had time enough. Equally untenable is the conjecture that they are the product of vanity. They are the product of philanthropy and of leisure. It is a spontaneous impulse on the part of the makers of the "Influenced Mes" to impart to others the means of their extraordinary development in order to do good, and a person must be both at leisure and unselfish who can

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recall and expose the early intellectual processes of his growth, recognizing the importance of them to the world at large.

We can make 1888 a memorable year by continuing and enlarging the scope of these confessions. If this is not a creative time, it is a great time for writing about literature and for giving biographical details. Literature is indeed of less importance than Mind, and surely we have advanced in the study of Mind to the highest kind of investigation. The product of a Mind is not so important as what influenced it. But this is not all. It is, as we said, the age of biographies, and they do not wait the departure of the subject. But it is also a busy age, and there is danger that some people will have no adequate biography unless they not only write it but print it in their lifetime. These considerations, however, do not apply to the readers of the Drawer. It is the duty they owe to mankind that will induce them frankly to come forward and confess what books besides the Drawer have made them the intellectual persons they are.

THE following is from Professor Longfellow's private journal, under date of January 5, 1853:

Lowell gave a supper to Thackeray. The other guests were Felton, Clough, Dana, Dr. Parsons (Dante's translator), Fields, Edmund Quincy, Estes, and myself. We sat down at ten, and did not leave the table till one. Very gay, with stories and jokes.

"Will you take some port?" said Lowell to Thackeray.

"I dare drink anything that becomes a man."

"It will be a long time before that becomes a man."

"Oh no," cried Felton; "*it is fast turning into one.*"

As we were going away Thackeray said, "We have staid too long."

"I should say," replied the host, "*one* long and two short—a dactylic supper."

A GOOD story is told (we trust it is not very old) of Brother S——, editor of a prominent paper in New Brunswick—a man full of fun and ready wit, but possessed of a solemn countenance almost as long as his figure, which tops six feet.

About Christmas-time one year some of the more juvenile members of his family—a couple of wee lads—much impressed by having recently witnessed the decapitation of sundry turkeys and chickens preparatory to the festive season, had beguiled the baby of the flock into the back yard, where they proceeded to "play Christmas" by one of them holding the infant's neck over a block of wood while the other stood ready to cut its head off. Just as the axe was being uplifted, S——, attracted by the lusty howls of the intended victim, put in an appearance, and taking in the situation at a glance, drawled out, in his usual slow and leisurely way: "Hold on! *Hold* on, boys! I wouldn't do that. Seems to me I heard mother say *she wanted to raise that one.*"

THE FUNNY MAN.

WHO is that man who sits and bites
His pen with aspect solemn?
He is the Funny Man who writes
The weekly Comic Column.

By day he scarce can keep awake;
At night he cannot rest.
His meals he hardly dares to take—
He jests, he can't digest.

His hair, though not with years, is white,
His cheek is wan and pale,
And all with seeking day and night
For jokes that are not stale.

His joys are few; the chiefest one
Is when by luck a word
Suggests to him a novel pun
His readers haven't heard.

And when a Yankee joke he sees
In some old book—well, then
Perhaps he gains a moment's ease,
And makes it do again.

The thought that chiefly makes him sigh
Is that a time must come
When jokes extinct like mammoths lie,
And jokers must be dumb.

When every quip to death is done,
And every crank is told;
When men have printed every pun,
And every joke is old;

When naught in heaven or earth or sea
Has not been turned to chaff,
And not a single oddity
Is left to make us laugh.

C. E. BENHAM.

DARKY STORIES.

IN these days of schools and school-masters for the colored people the number of those "who cannot tell their right hand from their left" will presumably rapidly diminish; but before the "darky" of ante-bellum times quite disappears among the shades of things that are past, here is a story of "Elviry." Elvira fell sick, and her "ole marster" went to inquire as to the state of her health. The room where she lay was in total darkness (light and air are carefully excluded from a sick-room by many negroes), and Mr. B—— stood outside the door while speaking to the invalid. He asked, "Which eye is it, Elvira, that is swollen?" The voice of Elvira replied through the darkness, "Marster, it's dat eye over nex' to de barn."

A similar case of late date came up in one of the New Orleans city courts. A "colored lady" charged one of her own race with assault and battery, having been struck on the face with a brick, and complaining loudly of her suffering. The judge, seeing no marks of the alleged severe blow, asked on which side of her head she had been struck. She an-

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swered, "Jedge, she hit me on de side *dat was todes de woods.*"

A negro man went into Mr. E——'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce suit against his wife. Mr. E—— proceeded to question him as to his grounds for complaint. Noticing that the man's voice failed him, Mr. E—— looked up from his papers, and saw that big tears were running down over the cheeks of the applicant for divorce.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to care a great deal for your wife. Did you love her?"

"*Love* her, sir? I jest *analyzed* her!"

This was more than professional dignity could withstand, and Mr. E—— laughed until the negro, offended, carried his case elsewhere.

Another instance of the misunderstanding and misuse of "big words" by the negroes happened in a hotel in Louisville. One day, when the hotel was unusually crowded, the waiter who served meals to our small party did not appear with his customary bow and smile of welcome. After some delay he came up hurriedly, with the apologetic words, "You mus' excuse me, for you know, of co'se, I had to wait on de *transoms* first."

On one of the dining-room cars there were pretty Japanese paper napkins folded within the table napkins. One of the ladies of the party asked the dignified old colored waiter if these were intended as souvenirs. "Oh no, ma'am," he explained, with stately condescension, "dey's fer you to *take home* wid you."

DURING one of General Bragg's campaigns a colonel of one of the Confederate infantry regiments was cashiered for failure to appear with his regiment at some critical moment. An old West-Pointer who was hanging around Bragg's head-quarters with nothing to do was ordered to command the regiment in the next battle. When the regiment was ordered to charge, they raised the rebel yell and rushed forward; but the colonel's horse—an old "scrub" he had borrowed—"bucked," and refused to move. On went the men; but the colonel's beast held his ground. But about the time the opposing line broke, the colonel got under way, and was received, as he galloped up, with wild cheers. "I don't wonder," he exclaimed, "that Colonel —— was cashiered for being in the rear: *there ain't a horse in the army could keep up with this regiment on a charge.*"

A SIGN OF INSANITY.

AN Irishman over the age of fourscore and ten, who by strict economy had accumulated a modest fortune, and was about to die, called in the parish priest and the family lawyer to make his last will and testament. The wife, a grasping, covetous old party, was also in the room. The preliminaries of the will having been concluded, it became necessary to inquire about the debts owing to the estate. Among these were several of importance of which the old lady had been in ignorance, but was nevertheless pleased to find that so much ready money would be forth-coming after the funeral.

"Now, then," said the lawyer, "state explicitly the amount owed you by your friends."

"Timothy Brown," replied the old man, "owes me fifty pounds; John Casey owes me thirty-seven pounds; and—"

"Good! good!" ejaculated the prospective widow; "rational to the last!"

"Luke Bowen owes me forty pounds," resumed the old man.

"Rational to the last!" put in the eager old lady again.

"To Michael Liffey I owe two hundred pounds."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old woman, "*hear him rave!*"

W. S. E.

EARLY POEM BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEN-HUR."

[In his younger days General Lew Wallace was occasionally given to verse. The following lines, recently unearthed from some old papers in his desk, were among his early efforts in that direction.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE LADY WHO BANDAGED MY CUT FINGER.—AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

'Twas a little thing, a simple kindness,
Yet I cannot pass it by:
The blood-drop from the wound you answered
With a tear-drop in your eye.

O lady dear! 'twas worth a world of thanks—
Not the thanks which wait on words,
The blund'ring syllables that too often
Fly amiss like blinded birds.

No; but those best told in ling'ring kisses;
And so I would have spoken,
But that another's wedding seal upon
Your lips remains unbroken.

Ah! the pang of the lazy after-thought,
Laggard of the next day's calm!
What if I had snatched your hand, and left
A kiss in the pearl-red palm;

Then clasped the fingers close the while the kiss,
Warm as fire and pure as dew,
Thrilled your heart and all its restful heaven?
Say if he *had* cared—would you?

LEW WALLACE.

THE CZAR'S BOOK.

"His Splendor the Prince Mikhail Andreicvitch M——!" cried the sonorous voice of an imperial lackey at the main entrance of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

"Will your Splendor be good enough to follow me? His Majesty is awaiting you in the library," said a gorgeous chamberlain, trying hard to conceal the surprise which he evidently felt at seeing that the Prince, usually magnificent in silk and velvet and blazing with jewels whenever he came to court, was now clad in a plain and not particularly new military uniform.

But there was good cause for this sudden eclipse of "his Splendor." The Czar's court, at that time one of the most brilliant and lux-

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urious in Europe, was not the place for a man like poor Prince M—— to save money. He was now so deeply in debt that he could not even obtain credit for a court suit, and had consequently ceased to appear at the palace, till the Czar, guessing what was wrong with his old friend, sent a carriage to fetch him.

Entering the library, Prince M—— found himself face to face with a tall, fine-looking man in the prime of life, whose ruddy cheek and bright blue eye showed little outward sign of the terrible responsibilities which were then weighing so heavily upon Alexander I. of Russia.

"Mikhail Andreievitch," said the Czar, after a few friendly words, "I have a book here of my own composition upon which I should like to have your opinion. Take it home with you, and see what you think of it."

This request greatly amazed the Prince, who was a much better judge of sauces or cigars than of books. But his wonder ceased when he opened the Czar's work on his way home, and found that every leaf was a bank-bill to a considerable amount, the whole making up a sufficient sum to pay his debts in full, and send him to the next court reception in all his former splendor.

"Well, Mikhail Andreievitch," asked the Czar, on seeing him there, "how do you like my book?"

"Sire," answered the Prince, with a low bow, "the *first* volume pleased me so much that I have already devoured all its contents. Has your Majesty any idea when the *second* is likely to appear?" DAVID KER.

SOME thirty years ago there were living in a small town, near each other, two wealthy farmers whom we will call Williams and Hall, between whom had grown up a bitter feud. It happened that these two men were summoned as witnesses on the same side of a lawsuit, the principal object of their testimony being to impeach the character for truth and veracity of another resident of the place. Mr. Hall was sworn first, and having testified that Mr. —— was not to be believed, and passed his cross-examination creditably, was dismissed. Mr. Williams was then placed upon the stand, and being duly sworn, speedily demolished every rag of reputation Mr. —— had left. Then the cross-examination began:

"You say that Mr. ——'s reputation for truth and veracity is bad?"

"Yes, very bad; greatest liar I ever knew."

"Well, now, Mr. Williams, how does his character in this respect compare with Mr. Hall's?"

Mr. Williams turned away, and, with outstretched hands, cried out, "Oh, my dear sir, you've got me now!"



A REAL "CHESTNUT."

MISS DOROTHEA reads from programme: "'Mr. Lard of Chicago received by express the other day a bronze reproduction of the Venus of Milo, and when he found that it had no arms he sued the express company, and recovered damages.'"

VAN WAGGLE. "That could not have happened about the Venus of Milo."

MISS DOROTHEA. "Why not?"

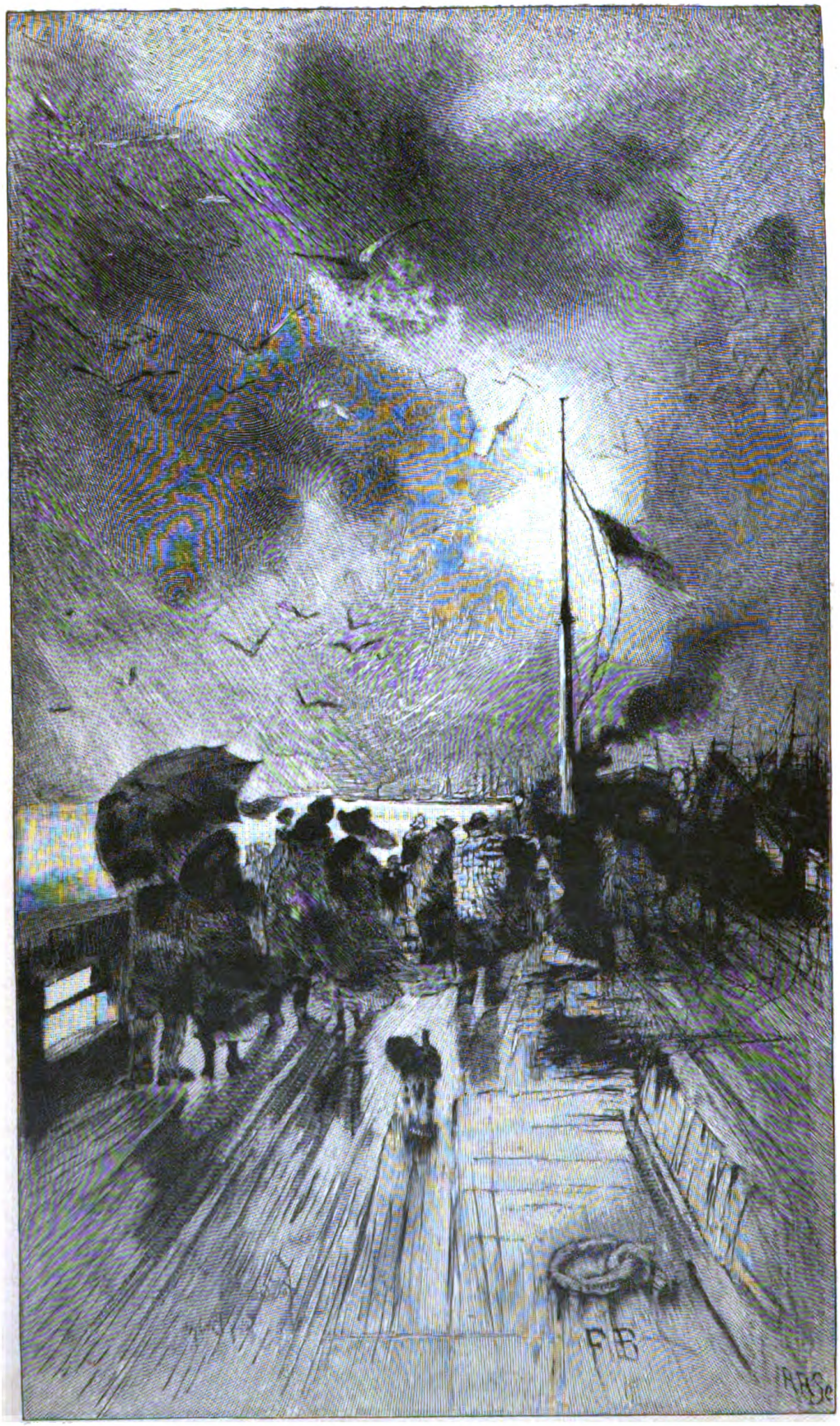
VAN WAGGLE. "Because the story must be older than the statue."

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"UNE JETÉE EN ANGLETERRE."—From an etching by Felix Buhot.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. FEBRUARY, 1888. No. CCCCLIII.

FÉLIX BUHOT, PAINTER AND ETCHER.

BY PHILIPPE BURTY.

SOME weeks ago I strolled along that side of the Boulevard Clichy which faces the cemetery, half-way up the well-known heights of Montmartre. On this side the houses are lofty, and contain artists' studios on the different stories, which are lighted by broad windows. On the opposite side—which leads to the place of rest—the boulevard is lined with small shops having open fronts, painted black or white, and occupied by dealers in funeral monuments. In these shops are found all those articles which are supposed to mitigate the idea of death: tombstones newly sculptured, statuettes of kneeling angels, crowns of yellow immortelles, wreaths made of glass beads, consolatory mottoes, and inexpensive crosses.

Different types of people are met with on the opposite sides. Along by the studios are seen bearded artists smoking cigarettes, models coquettishly dressed, and careless passers-by; while on the cemetery side may be seen a saddened company following a common hearse on foot, women drying their tears as they return from some grave, and well-attired people in mourning coaches, who recall to one another the lifetime of the departed, or who calculate his bequests.

My friend Félix Buhot has made drawings and etchings which recall to me these Parisian scenes. I found myself at the entrance to the domicile which he has chosen—possibly on account of those contrasts. I seldom visit him, fearing lest I may interrupt him at some operation in the "biting" of an etched plate by means of some new corrosive, or in trying the effect of proofs printed on some unusual sort of paper. I had to tell him that I had received from Japan some of those colored prints after their old masters, whose archaic style delights me greatly. On reaching his door Buhot himself opened it—that door which does not usually admit importunate intruders. He was so much absorbed that he did not even recognize me, and exclaimed, "You come from the frame-maker?" I, on my part, hardly recognized him, on seeing that his studio, usually so well kept and tidy (as I remember that of Charles Méryon to have been), was on this occasion overspread with picture-frames and mounted drawings; half-open portfolios stood upon all the seats, and etchings were scattered about everywhere. Amid this very unwonted disorder Buhot informed me that he was occupied in preparing for an exhibition of his works in New York, and introduced to me the person who had first projected it—Mr. Frederick Keppel—of whom I had often heard through the artists of Paris and London. Our acquaintance soon became cordial, and I thanked him in my capacity of Government Inspector of Fine Arts for the services which his previous exhibitions have rendered to the works of Charles Méryon, Jean François Millet, Seymour Haden,* and Storm van 's Gravesande. By means of these exhibitions the reputation of such artists is extended beyond the bounds of their own country, and diffuses itself like those beautiful plants which naturalists transport and acclimatize. The interest of amateurs is excited by the examination of various rare and characteristic "states" of an etching; preferences are confirmed and prejudices of the schools are dissipated, and criticism in the journals and reviews is facilitated by the sight of such collections, whose high quality is evident to all—even to those unpractised visitors

* The first success of Mr. Francis Seymour Haden dates from the publication of his earlier etchings, with French text. Paris, 1864.

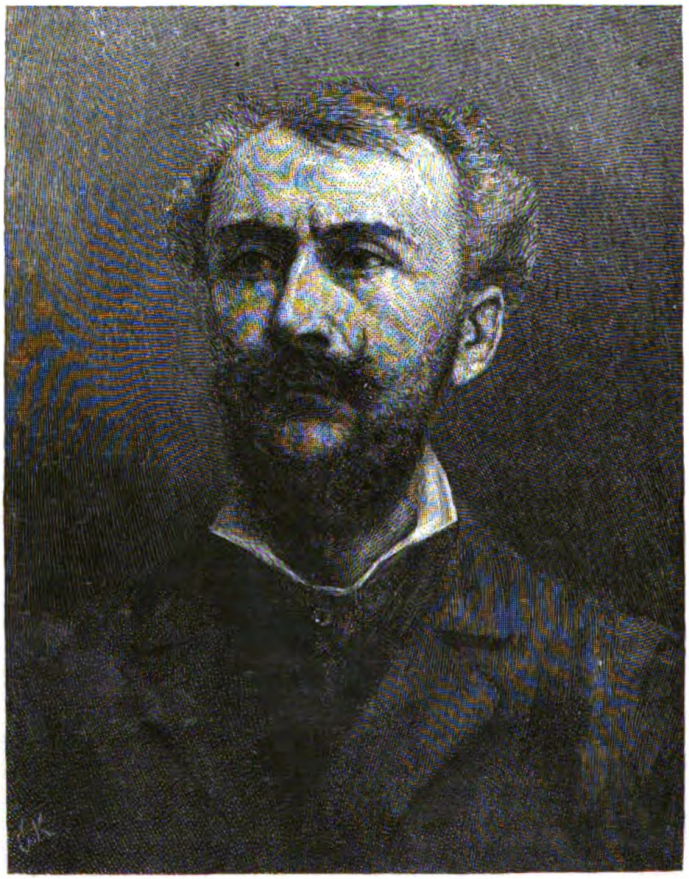
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who judge merely by instinct. This is a most praiseworthy intercourse between two friendly nations which are separated far more by their diversity of language than by the intervention of the ocean.

While the universal expositions have rendered an immense service to humanity, no single exhibitor can be sufficiently known through them; but special art exhibitions, wisely organized, serve to maintain that international brotherhood which has done so much to enlighten the world.

Our own artists will greatly profit by them (and especially those who, like Félix Buhot, hold themselves aloof from the governing clique). The Minister of Fine Arts has ceded to the artists themselves the management of the annual exhibitions at the Salon, and these artists have banded themselves into an association. This gives them a double advantage; but the great danger is that they may be more intolerant of liberty in art than people are in the ordinary affairs of life. For example, the jury which accepts works of art at the Salon, which places them, and which afterward decrees the recompenses, is composed from year to year of about the same members, and if the exhibitor has not graduated from some famous studio, or if he has not the direct backing of some influential artist, he stands little chance of winning one of those prizes which alone can give him a rank with the general public. Without a Salon prize his reputation can only grow little by little, through amateurs of discernment who may, in a sense, "discover" him, through the print-seller, through the repeated support of an independent press, or through the personal esteem of his brother artists. But meanwhile the jury remains implacable.



FÉLIX BUHOT.

Buhot, high-minded and retiring, has not escaped from these inauspicious influences. Specially unfortunate for him is

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FUNERAL PROCESSION, BOULEVARD DE CLICHY, PARIS.
From an etching by Félix Buhot.

the circumstance that the high positions on the Salon jury are filled by etchers who devote their talents to the reproduction of paintings by other hands, and who do not produce original work in landscape, portraiture, or figure compositions.* Rembrandt himself would find it hard to win more than an "honorable mention," for he never put his hand to any reproductive etching, not even after one of his own paintings.

Félix Buhot is in the prime of life and of his powers. He was born in the old Norman city of Valognes, of which place he has sketched the pen-portrait which follows (and the main lines of the picture might serve to describe others of our provincial towns which, for various reasons, have been left behind in the march of general improvement):

"The little sub-prefecture of Valognes is the type of what is called a 'dead city,' and it is to this melancholy characteristic that it owes its charm, much more than to its position, although picturesquely and curiously situated at the end of a wooded and swampy peninsula, so that on three sides the city is only four or five leagues from the sea. At almost every step through the environs views are encountered which recall the English pictures of Constable, or those of our own Jules Dupré. But still the great charm of Valognes is that it is a 'dead city'; that is to say, a city that once was rich, but is now no longer so; once prosperous and animated, but now without trade or manufactures, consequently one sees no tall red brick chimneys throwing out clouds of smoke, nor any grimy factories filled with the bustle of pale-faced artisans: a city that builds no new houses, and whose inhabitants shelter themselves under the old roofs, whose streets are all quaint and old, and its mansions too large and too fine for its present needs. The residents are mostly people who have retired on a fixed income, and who divide their time between reading and the cultivation of their gardens; also some learned folk, naturalists, archæologists, or collectors of curios. There have always been such people in Valognes.

"The little city, once aristocratic, has now become contemplative and abstract-

* Last year M. Henri Beraldi published a catalogue of the etchings of M. Félix Buhot in the fourth volume of his bright and well-informed work, *Les Graveurs au XIXe Siècle: guide de l'amateur d'estampes moderne.* Paris: published by Conquêt.

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ed. But it has remained faithful to the Church, and even that forms a sort of aristocracy nowadays.

"The Archæological Society of Valognes possesses a magnificent library of old books, and a museum of antiquities and natural history. These are installed in one of the old deserted mansions, which is still adorned with its faded splendor."*

I borrow this curious sketch from a series of articles by Buhot which appeared in the *Journal des Arts* in the autumn of 1884 under the title "Print Collections in Provincial Museums," and in which he advocates with much spirit and good sense the formation of public collections of old and modern engravings, etchings, and lithographs in provincial towns.

His childhood seems to have been an austere one. He lost both father and mother while he was yet quite young. At the age of sixteen he was one of the rare zealous frequenters of that quiet library in his native place which he has himself described. Here he was allowed to copy the illuminated capitals which he found in the old manuscripts, and to pore over the old books, and it was here that he acquired the love for fine old paper which still possesses him. At Valognes he made those classical studies which in a characteristic phrase we call *les humanités*, and in 1865 the Faculty of Caen conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Letters. Instinctively he became permeated with the poetry which belongs to this province of France, which is still imbued with the spirit of a by-gone time, and more especially so within this region bordering on the English Channel. He learned to love the old houses crowned with their moss-covered roofs, and whose deserted courtyards lead to solemn porches, and the little market-places where peasant women sold fruit and vegetables under the shade of large umbrellas, while the donkeys stood patiently, tied by their halters in the shadow of some old church. These animals impressed him as strongly as did the human beings themselves, and in his earlier etchings he has sketched with real sympathy those dumb creatures with their patient mien, their sinewy legs, and their long mobile ears. He knew by heart every one of the stony pathways which lead from the city and across the cliffs to the beach, and he used to follow them step by step to the ocean. It was thus he learned to love and understand the sea, its changing aspects, its gray skies sometimes streaked with the smoke of a steamer, its endless moaning, and its flower-crowned coasts that in the distance are lost in mist.

At one time the young man's melancholy was so profound that he resolved to become a monk; and certainly, with his slender figure, his prematurely bare forehead, his ardent eyes, and his mystical countenance, he would have made a handsome novice, seated dreaming in a convent stall.

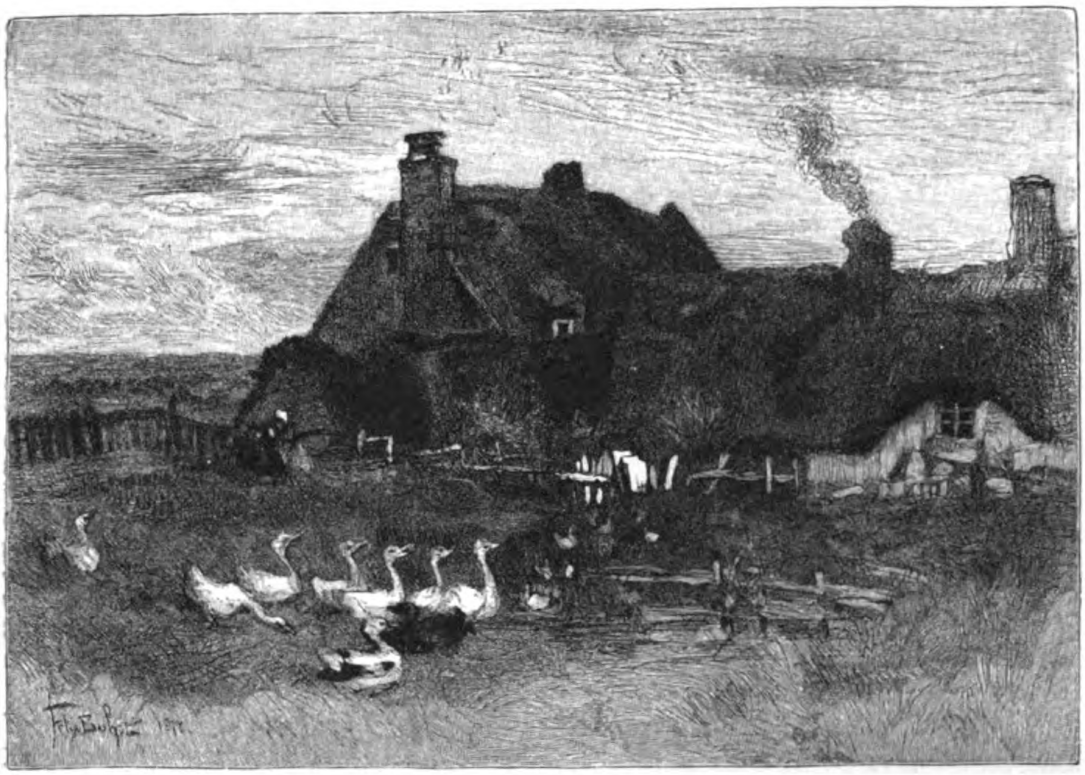
At the close of the year 1865 he went to Paris, where he pursued his literary studies for some time. The next year he followed his bent by entering the art school of Lecocq de Boisbaudran, who was the most enlightened as well as the most persecuted of the professors of our time. Then he went through the course at the School of Fine Arts, and the studio of Pils, the painter of battle scenes, whose work is already nearly forgotten, and afterward he studied under the marine painter Jules Noël. But by the end of that year his slender resources were exhausted, and finding it necessary to seek for a remunerative occupation, he became secretary to the Deputy from his department, General Meslin, who soon after became a Senator. Buhot's leisure time was now spent in studying the old masters in the gallery of the Louvre, and it was while thus employed that the events of the war of 1870 came upon him. He still preserves the greater part of his early drawings and sketches, and at this time he also tried lithography, and designed some titles of songs for the music publishers.

Our artist was now claimed by his country, and was enrolled in the militia of Brittany, which fought against the Germans under General Chanzy. He rose to the rank of sergeant-major, and he went through all the hardships and all the sorrows of that heroic but hopeless campaign.

But this imaginative nature was never fitted for the life of a soldier, and as soon as *l'année terrible* had closed Buhot resumed those dreams which had been interrupted by that blackest of nightmares. He secluded himself in a remote corner of the Channel department, which was little frequented by tourists or artists—the head-

* Félix Buhot sometimes composes humorous verses, and puts them in the lower margin of his etchings.

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"LES PETITES CHAUMIÈRES" (THATCHED COTTAGES).
From an etching by Félix Buhot.

land and bay of La Hague; and here he filled his album with sketches from nature. He installed himself for some time in a little hamlet inhabited by fisher-folk, and quite near to Gréville, where Jean François Millet was born, and where that artist's first years were spent in driving the plough.

Paris, however, called Buhot imperatively, and he obeyed. Returning to the university, he became a teacher in the Collége Rollin. Here he perfected for his pupils a course of study in drawing, in which he tried a new system of instruction. This method—which came indirectly from that of the great Professor Lecocq de Boisbaudran—consisted in having the pupils make free-hand drawings on a black-board of the nearest objects in sight, and afterward to reproduce them from memory. The result made the official professors extremely uneasy, and Buhot in his discouragement resolved that for the future he would depend on the work of his own pencil and etching-needle only.

I knew him at this period. He lived in the Passage de l'Elysée des Beaux-arts, and occupied a studio as near the sky as it could be.* The sketches which he then made for the publishers were signed "Tohub"; but I easily persuaded him to renounce this transposition of his name, which is less picturesque than his real one. I placed at his disposal some of the choicest specimens from my collections of Japanese objects, which might guide him in the difficult rendering of forms, colors, or substances, and he etched some ten of them in a manner of which he may still be proud. This effort was the more praiseworthy because he did the work in an original style at a time when the public were infatuated with Jules Jacquemart's etchings of similar objects. Jacquemart's plates are always good in drawing, but often very cold in effect. Of Buhot's Japanese plates I would specially mention that of a little ivory medicine chest with figures in demi-relief,† a statuette in bronze representing the genius inhabiting

* Among the artists with whom he was then intimate I may mention M. Henry Somm, who has engraved some delicious dry-points, proofs of which are unfortunately very rare.

† These little boxes are in several compartments, one fitting into another, and are called "inroes."

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A SKETCH OF DONKEYS.—From an etching by Félix Buhot.

the constellation of the Great Bear, and a mask of carved wood, lacquered, and showing a physiognomy full of energy.

Japanism—a new word coined to designate a new field of study, artistic, historic, and ethnographic—has never had a more intelligent or exact interpreter. From the first line Buhot was master of all his resources: the expressive clearness of his fundamental lines on the varnished copper, the sureness of his "biting" with the acid so that it unerringly establishes the light and shade values, and the exactitude of his "rebiting" that imparts variety to the modelling. He was already possessed of the instinct for seeking out those rare sorts of paper which add a charm to his proofs by means of their texture or their different tones. He personally superintended the printing of every impression, and relentlessly destroyed, as soon as printed, any which failed to render the tenderness or force, brilliancy or softness, which he had indicated to his journeyman printer.

I will not dwell on Buhot's qualities as an etcher in general. Every one has the means within reach of forming his own opinion, since his works are fairly numerous, and can be obtained by anybody. He has etched very few that are designed by other artists, and these few were probably done as studies in the styles of certain modern masters whose work interested him. He has done a few rare portraits, such as the profile of Victor Hugo after the medallion by David d'Angers, and a sketch of the celebrated goldsmith Froment Meurice; and he has also illustrated several pathetic romances by M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, a novelist who is full of powerful sentiment. The scenes of these romances are laid in Buhot's native province.*

There is much poetry in the sea-side landscapes which he finds in his yearly visits, and also in his Parisian etchings. He loves to wander about Paris in the morning or the evening, and often late into the night. Having lived in England for some time, he has etched some water-side views of the Thames at London, which, with his two plates representing the disembarkments at Folkestone, are so intensely vivid that no one but a veritable born artist could have done them.

He often embellishes the blank margins of his plates with the fancies that float through his brain, jotting them down at once on the copper. These sketches form a harmonious framework, thus combining the fantasy of the border with the reality of the central composition—a passer-by whose appearance attracts him, a ray of sunshine which animates a landscape, the

* I mention among these works of M. d'Aurevilly—published by Lemerre—*L'Ensorcelée* and the *Chevalier Destouches*. In a few rare copies the margins are decorated with imaginative sketches by the artist.

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boisterous sea, or a column of smoke that floats into weird outlines.

In drawing he is correct, and his paintings are harmonious. But I will not further dwell on these qualities of his; they recall the artistic meditativeness of the romantic period rather than the rapid and careless work of the realists.

The artists who can evoke in us delightful fancies by means of their etchings have always been few. We must accord to them much regard and much sympathy. They, like other human beings, have their frailties and their days of weariness, and so all of their works do not impress us in an equal degree. But because of this we must not neglect them nor discourage them. Buhot is no exception to the rule; but the fault which might be found with him is also common to nearly all of the painter-etchers; Charles Méryon himself was often accused of it. There is indeed probably only one etcher, Jules Jacquemart, of whom it can be said that the "first states" of his plates are quite satisfactory, and this is surprising to those only who did not know the man personally. He was so precise, so methodical in all the acts of his life, that it was no trouble to him to control his etching-point from the first line he laid on the plate; and to complete his work he merely retouched it slightly with the dry-point. This very perfection of his etchings demonstrates his lack of sensibility; but it is from sensibility above all that art comes, and science alone is capable of rigorous exactitude. Let us then pardon, in a certain measure, the repeated reworking of etchers' plates.

Félix Buhot is so entirely the artist that he makes research for the choicest sorts of paper on which to print his proofs. He softens the harshness of modern paper by steeping it in spirits of turpentine, and he can also print wonderful "counter-proofs" from the original impressions.

It is evident that the work of artists who improvise, or at least who transcribe their own composition on the etching plate in black and white, is much more difficult than the work of those who limit themselves to the transcription of designs made by others; because in the latter case the design is already expressed on the canvas by understood values. But, as I have already indicated, the fashion for these will cease of itself in proportion as photography becomes more perfect in its literal copying of lines and tones. Have we not already seen lithography fall into discredit, although in the hands of a Bonington, a Delacroix, or a Decamps it has produced masterpieces? But it is only good lithography that has disappeared.

Nearly all of the etchings of our contemporary school have passed under my own eyes; but those of Félix Buhot are among the very few which evoke a feeling of sympathy; and the effect upon me is the same when I turn over his albums of drawings, or when I examine his aquarelles or the studies for his paintings. It is because all his work is sincere, and frankly reveals the obstacles, the researches, and the triumphs of a loyal soul and an intelligent hand.



FÉLIX BUHOT'S STAMP.

My friend Buhot sometimes appears to be pensive and dejected; but the cause is more imaginary than real, and I smile at him. He is married to a wife who well knows how to maintain sweet tranquillity within that home where a beautiful blond child plays at his ease. Our artist has not yet attained the age when one scruples to count the years that have flown by. He once devoted himself to donkeys and geese, and these friends of his gave him a quiet time; and now I find too many owls in his work; he even uses one in outline for the red stamp with which he marks his choicest proofs. But let him send the gloomy owl flying! For I am persuaded that our Félix will win for his work a good clientage in America, and that their critics will not stint him either of their good opinion or of their cordial support.

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LOUISA PALLANT.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

NEVER say you know the last word about any human heart! I was once treated to a revelation which startled and touched me, in the nature of a person with whom I had been acquainted (well, as I supposed) for years, whose character I had had good reasons, Heaven knows, to appreciate, and in regard to whom I flattered myself that I had nothing more to learn.

It was on the terrace of the Kursaal at Homburg, nearly ten years ago, one lovely night toward the end of July. I had come to the place that day from Frankfort, with vague intentions, and was mainly occupied in waiting for my young nephew, the only son of my sister, who had been intrusted to my care by a very fond mother for the summer (I was expected to show him Europe—only the very best of it), and was on his way from Paris to join me. The excellent band discoursed music not too abstruse, and the air was filled, besides, with the murmur of different languages, the smoke of many cigars, the creak, on the gravel of the gardens, of strolling shoes, and the thick tinkle of beer glasses. There were a hundred people walking about, there were some in clusters at little tables, and many on benches and rows of chairs, watching the others with a kind of solemn dumbness. I was among these last —I sat by myself, smoking my cigar, and thinking of nothing very particular, while families and couples passed and repassed me.

I scarcely know how long I had sat there when I became aware of a recognition which made my meditations definite. It was on my own part, and the object of it was a lady who moved to and fro, unconscious of my observation, with a young girl at her side. I had not seen her for ten years, and what first struck me was the fact, not that she was Mrs. Henry Pallant, but that the girl who was with her was remarkably pretty—or rather, first of all, that every one who passed her turned round to look at her. This led me to look at the young lady myself, and her charming face diverted my attention for some time from that of her companion. The latter, moreover, though it was night, wore a thin light veil, which made her features vague. The couple walked and walked, slowly, but though they were very quiet and graceful, and also very well dressed, they seemed to have no friends. Every one looked at them, but no one spoke; they appeared even to talk very little to each other. Moreover, they bore with extreme composure, and as if they were thoroughly used to it, the attention they excited. I am afraid it occurred to me to take for granted that they were not altogether respectable, and that, if they had been, the elder lady would have covered the younger up a little more from the public stare, and not have been so ashamed to show her own face. Perhaps this question came into my mind too easily just then—in view of my prospective mentorship to my nephew. If I was to show him only the best of Europe, I should have to be very careful about the people he should meet—especially the ladies—and the relations he should form. I suspected him of knowing very little of life, and I was rather uneasy about my responsibilities. Was I completely relieved and reassured when I perceived that I simply had Louisa Pallant before me, and that the girl was her daughter Linda, whom I had known as a child—Linda grown up into a regular beauty?

The question is delicate, and the proof that I was not very sure is perhaps that I didn't speak to the ladies immediately. I watched them awhile—I wondered what they would do. No great harm, assuredly; but I was anxious to see if they were really isolated. Homburg is a great resort of the English—the London season takes up its tale there toward the first of August—and I had an idea that in such a company as that Louisa would naturally know people. It was my impression that she "cultivated" the English, that she had been much in London, and would be likely to have views in regard to a permanent settlement. This supposition was quickened by the sight of Linda's beauty, for I knew there is no country in which a handsome person is more appreciated. You will see that I took time, and I confess that, as I finished my cigar, I thought it all over. There was no good reason, in

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"THE COUPLE WALKED AND WALKED, SLOWLY."

fact, why I should have rushed into Mrs. Pallant's arms. She had not treated me well, and we had never really made it up. Somehow, even the circumstance that (after the first soreness) I was glad to have lost her had never put us quite right with each other; nor, for herself, had it made her less ashamed of her heartless behavior that poor Pallant, after all, turned out no great catch. I had forgiven her; I had not felt that it was anything but an escape not to have married a girl who had it in her to take back her given word, and break a fellow's heart, for mere flesh-pots —or the shallow promise, as it pitifully proved, of flesh-pots; moreover, we had met since then, on the occasion of my former visit to Europe; we had looked each other in the eye, we had pretended to be free friends, and had talked of the wickedness of the world as composedly as if we were the only just, the only pure. I knew then what she had given out—that I had driven her off by my insane jealousy before she ever thought of Henry Pallant, before she had ever seen him. This had not been then, and it could not be to-day, a ground of real reunion, especially if you add to it that she knew perfectly what I thought of her. It is my belief that it doesn't often minister to friendship that your friend shall know your real opinion, for he knows it mainly when it is unfavorable, and this is especially the case when (if the solecism may pass) he is a woman. I had not followed Mrs. Pallant's fortunes;

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the years elapsed, for me, in my own country, whereas she led her life, which I vaguely believed to be difficult (after her husband's death, which was virtually that of a bankrupt), in foreign lands. I heard of her from time to time—always as "established" somewhere, but on each occasion in a different place. She drifted from country to country, and if she had been of a hard composition at the beginning, it could never occur to me that her struggle with society (as it might be called) would have softened the paste. Whenever I heard a woman spoken of as "horribly worldly," I thought immediately, somehow, of the object of my early passion. I imagined she had debts, and when I now at last made up my mind to recall myself to her, it was present to me that she might ask me to lend her money. More than anything else, at this time of day, I was sorry for her, and such an idea didn't operate as a deterrent.

She pretended afterward that she had not noticed me—expressing great surprise, and wishing to know where I had dropped from—but I think the corner of her eye had taken me in, and she was waiting to see what I would do. She had ended by sitting down, with her girl, on the same row of chairs with myself, and after a little, on the seat next her becoming vacant, I went and stood before her. She looked up at me a moment, staring, as if she couldn't imagine who I was or what I wanted; then, smiling and extending her hands, she broke out, "Ah, my dear old friend! what a delight!" If she had waited to see what I would do, in order to choose her own line, she at least carried out this line with the utmost grace. She was cordial, friendly, artless, interested, and indeed I am sure she was very glad to see me. I may as well say immediately, however, that she gave neither then nor later any sign of a disposition to borrow money. She had none too much —that I learned—but for the moment she seemed able to pay her way. I took the empty chair, and we remained talking for an hour. After a while she made me sit on the other side of her, next to her daughter, whom she wished to know me—to love me—as one of their oldest friends. "It goes back, back, back, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Pallant; "and of course she remembers you as a child." Linda smiled very sweetly, but vaguely, and I saw she didn't remember me at all. When her mother intimated that they had often talked about me, she didn't take it up, though she looked extremely nice. Looking nice was her strong point; she was prettier even than her mother had been. She was such a little lady that she made me ashamed of having doubted, however vaguely, and for a moment, of her position in the scale of propriety. Her appearance seemed to say that if she didn't know people, it was because she didn't want to—because there were none there who struck her as attractive; there was not the slightest difficulty about her choosing her friends. Linda Pallant, young as she was, and fresh and fair, and charming and gentle and sufficiently shy, looked somehow exclusive—as if the dust of the common world had never been meant to settle upon her. She was simpler than her mother, and was evidently not a young woman of professions—except in so far as she was committed to an interest in you by her bright, pure, intelligent smile. A girl who had such a lovely way of showing her teeth could never pass for heartless.

As I sat between the pair I felt that I had been taken possession of, and that, for better or worse, my stay at Homburg would be intimately associated with theirs. We gave each other a great deal of news, and expressed unlimited interest in each other's history since our last meeting. I don't know what Mrs. Pallant kept back, but, for myself, I was frank enough. She let me see, at any rate, that her life had been a good deal what I supposed, though the terms she used to describe it were less crude than those of my thought. She confessed that they had drifted, and that they were drifting still. Her narrative rambled and got what is vulgarly called slightly mixed, as I thought Linda perceived, while she sat watching the passers in a manner which betrayed no consciousness of their attention, without coming to her mother's aid. Once or twice Mrs. Pallant made me feel like a cross-questioner, which I had no intention of being. I took it that if the girl didn't put in a word it was because she had perfect confidence in her mother's ability to come out straight. It was suggested to me, I scarcely knew how, that this confidence between the two ladies went to a great length; that their union of thought, their system of reciprocal divination, was remarkable, and that they probably seldom needed to resort to

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the clumsy, and in some cases dangerous, expedient of putting their ideas into words. I suppose I didn't make this reflection all at once—it was not wholly the result of that first meeting. I was with them constantly for the next several days, and my impressions had time to settle.

I do remember, however, that it was on this first evening that Archie's name came up. She didn't attribute her own stay at Homburg to any refined or exalted motive—didn't say that she was there because she always came, or because a high medical authority had ordered her to drink the waters; she frankly admitted that the reason of her visit had been simply that she didn't know where else to turn. But she appeared to assume that my behavior rested on higher grounds, and even that it required explanation, the place being frivolous and modern—devoid of that interest of antiquity which I used to value. "Don't you remember—ever so long ago—that you wouldn't look at anything in Europe that wasn't a thousand years old? Well, as we advance in life, I suppose we don't think that's quite such a charm." And when I told her that I had come to Homburg because it was as good a place as another to wait for my nephew, she exclaimed: "Your nephew—what nephew? He must have come up of late." I answered that he was a youth named Archer Pringle, and very modern indeed; he was coming of age in a few months, and was in Europe for the first time. My last news of him had been from Paris, and I was expecting to hear from him one day to the other. His father was dead, and though a childless bachelor, with little of such experience, I was considerably counted on by his mother to see that he didn't smoke too much or fall off an Alp.

Mrs. Pallant immediately guessed that his mother was my sister Charlotte, whom she spoke of familiarly, though I knew she had seen her but once or twice. Then in a moment it came to her which of the Pringles Charlotte had married; she remembered the family perfectly, in the old New York days—"that disgustingly rich lot." She said it was very nice having the boy come out that way to my care; to which I replied that it was very nice for him She declared that she meant for me—I ought to have had children; there was something so parental about me, and I would have brought them up so well. She could make an allusion like that—to all that might have been and hadn't been—without a gleam of guilt in her eye; and I foresaw that before I left the place I should have confided to her that though I detested her, and was very glad we had fallen out, yet our old relations had left me no heart for marrying another woman. If I was a maundering old bachelor to-day, it was no one's fault but hers. She asked me what I meant to do with my nephew, and I said it was much more a question of what he would do with me. She inquired whether he were a nice young man, and if he had brothers and sisters, and any particular profession. I told her that I had really seen but little of him, but believed him to be six feet high and of tolerable parts. He was an only son, but there was a little sister, a poor, delicate child, demanding all the mother's care, at home.

"So that makes your responsibility greater, as it were, about the boy, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Pallant.

"Greater? I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, if the girl's life is uncertain, he may be, some moment, all the mother has. So that being in your hands—"

"Oh, I shall keep him alive, I suppose, if you mean that," I rejoined.

"Well, *we* won't kill him, shall we, Linda?" Mrs. Pallant went on, with a laugh.

"I don't know—perhaps we shall!" said the girl, smiling.

II.

I called on them the next day at their lodgings, the modesty of which was enhanced by a hundred pretty feminine devices—flowers and photographs and portable knick-knacks, and a hired piano, and morsels of old brocade flung over angular sofas. I asked them to drive; I met them again at the Kursaal; I arranged that we should dine together, after the Homburg fashion, at the same *table d'hôte;* and during several days this revived familiar intercourse continued, imitating intimacy if it didn't achieve it. I liked it, for my companions passed my time for me, and the conditions of our life were soothing—the feeling of summer, and shade, and music, and leisure, in the German gardens and woods, where we strolled and sat and gossiped; to which may be added a kind of sociable sense that, among people whose challenge to the curiosity was mainly not

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irresistible, we kept quite to ourselves. We were on the footing of old friends who, with regard to each other, still had discoveries to make. We knew each other's nature, but we didn't know each other's experience; so that when Mrs. Pallant related to me what she had been "up to" (as I called it) for so many years, the former knowledge attached a hundred interpretative foot-notes (as if I had been editing an author who presented difficulties) to the interesting page. There was nothing new to me in the fact that I didn't esteem her, but there was a sort of refreshment in finding that this didn't appear necessary at Homburg, and that I could like her in spite of it. She seemed to me, in the oddest way, both improved and degenerate, as if in her nature the two processes had gone on together. She was battered and world-worn, and, spiritually speaking, vulgarized; something fresh had rubbed off her (it even included the vivacity of her early desire to do the best thing for herself), and something very stale had rubbed on. On the other hand, she betrayed a skepticism, and that was rather becoming, as it quenched the eagerness of her prime, which had taken a form so unfortunate for me. She had grown weary and indifferent; and as she struck me as having seen more of the evil of the world than of the good, that was a gain; in other words, the cynicism that had formed itself in her nature had a softer surface than some of her old ambitions. And then I had to recognize that her devotion to her daughter had been a kind of religion; she had done the very best possible for Linda.

Linda was curious; Linda was interesting. I have seen girls I liked better (charming as she was), but I have never seen one who, for the time I was with her (the impression passed, somehow, when she was out of sight), occupied me more. I can best describe the sort of attention that she excited by saying that she struck one above all things as a final product—just as some plant or fruit does, some orchid, or some perfect peach. More than any girl I ever saw she was the result of a process of calculation; a process patiently educative; a pressure exerted in order that she should reach a high point. This high point had been the star of her mother's heaven (it hung before her so definitely), and had been the source of the only light—in default of a better—that shone upon the poor lady's path. It stood her in stead of every other inspiration. The very most and the very best—that was what the girl had been led on to achieve; I mean, of course (for no real miracle had been wrought), the most and the best that she was capable of. She was as pretty, as graceful, as intelligent, as well bred, as well informed, as well dressed, as it would have been possible for her to be; her music, her singing, her German, her French, her English, her step, her tone, her glance, her manner, and everything in her person and movement, from the shade and twist of her hair to the way you saw her finger-nails were pink when she raised her hand, had been carried so far that one found one's self accepting them as a kind of standard. I regarded her as a model, and yet it was a part of her perfection that she had none of the stiffness of a pattern. She was like some one's grounds when you say they are well kept up; but just as such a place seems a kind of courtship of nature, so Linda's enthusiasm appeared to have gone all the way with her high culture; she had enjoyed it and made it her own, and was not merely passive and parrot-like. If she held the observation, it was because one wondered where and when she would break down; but she never did, either in her French accent or in her evidently complete amiability.

After Archie had come, the ladies were manifestly a great resource to him, and all the world knows that a party of four is more convenient than a party of three. My nephew kept me waiting a week, with a placidity all his own; but this same placidity was an element of success in our personal relations—so long, that is, as I didn't lose my temper with it. I didn't, for the most part, because my young man's unsurprised acceptance of the most various forms of good fortune had, more than anything else, the effect of amusing me. I had seen little of him for the last three or four years. I didn't know what his impending majority would have made of him (he didn't look himself in the least as if the wind were rising), and I watched him with a solicitude which usually ended in a joke. He was a tall, fresh-colored youth, with a candid, pleasant countenance, and a love of cigarettes, horses, and boats which had not been sacrificed to more transcendent studies. He was refreshingly natural, in a supercivilized

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"I HAD BEFORE ME THE DAILY SPECTACLE OF HER MANNER WITH MY NEPHEW."

age, and I soon made up my mind that the formula of his character was a certain simplifying serenity. After that I had time to meditate on the line which divides the serene from the inane, and simplification from death. Archie was not clever—that theory it was not possible to maintain, though Mrs. Pallant tried it once or twice; but, on the other hand, it seemed to me that his plainness was a good defensive weapon. It was not of the sort that would let him in, but of the sort that would keep him out. By which I don't mean that he had short-sighted suspicions, but, on the contrary, that imagination would never be needed to save

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him, because she would never put him in danger. In short, he was a well-grown, well-washed, muscular young American, whose extreme good-nature might have made him pass for conceited. If he looked pleased with himself, it was only because he was pleased with life (as he might be, with the money he was on the point of stepping into), and his big, healthy, independent person was an inevitable part of that. I am bound to add that he was accommodating—for which I was grateful. His own habits were active, but he didn't insist on my adopting them, and he made noteworthy sacrifices for the sake of my society. When I say for the sake of mine, I must, of course, remember that mine and that of Mrs. Pallant and Linda were now very much the same thing. He was willing to sit and smoke for hours under the trees, or, regulating his long legs to the pace of his three companions, stroll through the nearer woods of the charming little hill range of the Taunus to those rustic *Wirthschaften* where coffee might be drunk under a trellis.

Mrs. Pallant took a great interest in him; she talked a great deal about him, and thought him a delightful specimen as a young gentleman of his period and country. She even asked me the sort of figure that his fortune might really amount to, and expressed the most hungry envy when I told her what I supposed it to be. While we talked together, Archie, on his side, could not do less than converse with Linda, nor, to tell the truth, did he manifest the least inclination for any different exercise. They strolled away together while their elders rested; two or three times, in the evening, when the ballroom of the Kursaal was lighted and dance music played, they whirled over the smooth floor in a waltz that made me remember. Whether it had the same effect on Mrs. Pallant I know not, for she didn't speak. We had, on certain occasions, our moments, almost our half-hours, of unembarrassed silence, while our young companions disported themselves. But if, at other times, her inquiries and comments were numerous, on the subject of my ingenuous kinsman, this might very well have passed for a courteous recognition of the frequent admiration that I expressed for Linda—an admiration to which I noticed that she was apt to give but a small direct response. I was struck with something anomalous in her way of taking my remarks about her daughter—they produced so little of a maternal flutter. Her detachment, her air of having no fatuous illusions, and not being blinded by prejudice, seemed to me at times to amount to an affectation. Either she answered me with a vague, slightly impatient sigh, and changed the subject, or else she said, before doing so: "Oh yes, yes, she's a very brilliant creature. She ought to be; God knows what I have done for her!"

The reader will have perceived that I am fond of looking at the explanations of things, and in regard to this I had my theory that she was disappointed in the girl. What had been her particular disappointment? As she couldn't possibly have wished her prettier or more pleasing, it could only be that Linda had not made a successful use of her gifts. Had she expected her to capture a prince the day after she left the school-room? After all, there was plenty of time for this, as Linda was only two-and-twenty. It didn't occur to me to wonder whether the source of her mother's tepidity was that the young lady had not turned out as conscientious as she had hoped, because in the first place Linda struck me as perfectly innocent, and in the second, I was not paid, as the French say, for thinking that Louisa Pallant would much mind whether she were or not. The last hypothesis I should have resorted to was that of private despair at bad moral symptoms. And in relation to Linda's conscientiousness I had before me the daily spectacle of her manner with my nephew. It was as charming as it could be, without the smallest indication of a desire to lead him on. She was as familiar as a cousin; but as a distant one—a cousin who had been brought up to observe degrees. She was so much cleverer than Archie that she couldn't help laughing at him, but she didn't laugh enough to exclude variety, being well aware, no doubt, that a woman's cleverness most shines in contrast with a man's stupidity when she pretends to take that stupidity for wisdom. Linda Pallant, moreover, was not a chatterbox; as she knew the value of many things, she knew the value of intervals. There were a good many in the conversation of these young persons; my nephew's own speech, to say nothing of his thought, being not exempt from pauses; so that I sometimes wondered how their intercourse

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was kept at that pitch of friendliness of which it certainly bore the stamp.

It was friendly enough, evidently, when Archie sat near her—near enough for low murmurs, if they had risen to his lips—and watched her with interested eyes, and with liberty not to try too hard to make himself agreeable. She was always doing something—finishing a flower in a piece of tapestry, cutting the leaves of a magazine, sewing a button on her glove (she carried a little work-bag in her pocket, and was a person of the daintiest habits), or plying her pencil in a sketch-book which she rested on her knee. When we were in-doors, at her mother's house, she had always the resource of her piano, of which she was, of course, a perfect mistress. These avocations enabled her to bear such close inspection with composure (I ended by rebuking Archie for it—I told him he stared at the poor girl too much), and she sought further relief in smiling all over the place. When my young man's eyes shone at her, her own addressed themselves brightly to the trees and clouds and other surrounding objects, including her mother and me. Sometimes she broke out into a sudden embarrassed, happy, pointless laugh. When she wandered away from us she looked back at us in a manner which said that it wasn't for long, or that she was with us still in spirit. If I was pleased with her, it was for a good reason: it was a long time since any pretty girl had had the air of taking me so much into account. Sometimes, when they were so far away as not to disturb us, she read aloud a little to Mr. Archie. I don't know where she got her books—I didn't provide them, and certainly he didn't. He was no reader, and I dare say he went to sleep.

III.

I remember well the first time—it was at the end of about ten days of this—that Mrs. Pallant remarked to me: "My dear friend, you are quite amazing! You behave, for all the world, as if you were perfectly ready to accept certain consequences." She nodded in the direction of our young companions, but I nevertheless put her at the pains of saying what consequences she meant. "What consequences?" she repeated. "Why, the consequences that ensued when you and I first became acquainted."

I hesitated a moment, and then, looking her in the eyes, I said, "Do you mean that she would throw him over?"

"You are not kind, you are not generous," she replied, coloring quickly. "I am giving you a warning."

"You mean that my boy may fall in love with her?"

"Certainly; it looks even as if the harm might be already done."

"Then your warning is too late," I said, smiling. "But why do you call it a harm?"

"Haven't you any sense of responsibility?" she asked. "Is that what his mother sent him out to you for—that you should procure him a wife—let him put his head into a noose the day after his arrival?"

"Heaven forbid I should do anything of the kind! I know, moreover, that his mother doesn't want him to marry young. She thinks it's a mistake, and that at that age a man never really chooses. He doesn't choose till he has lived awhile—till he has looked about and compared."

"And what do you think yourself?"

"I should like to say I consider that love itself, however young, is a sufficient choice. But my being a bachelor at this time of day would contradict me too much."

"Well, then, you're too primitive. You ought to leave this place to-morrow."

"So as not to see Archie tumble in?"

"You ought to fish him out now, and take him with you."

"Do you think he is in very far?" I inquired.

"If I were his mother I know what I should think. I can put myself in her place—I am not narrow—I know perfectly well how she must regard such a question."

"And don't you know that in America that's not thought important—the way the mother regards it?"

Mrs. Pallant was silent a moment, as if I partly mystified and partly vexed her. "Well, we are not in America; we happen to be here."

"No; my poor sister is up to her neck in New York."

"I am almost capable of writing to her to come out," said Mrs. Pallant.

"You *are* warning me," I exclaimed, "but I hardly know of what. It seems to me that my responsibility would begin only at the moment when it should appear that your daughter herself was in danger."

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"YOU MAKE MY REPARATION—MY EXPIATION—DIFFICULT!"—[SEE PAGE 349.]

"Oh, you needn't mind that; I'll take care of her."

"If you think she is in danger already, I'll take him away to-morrow," I went on.

"It would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't know. I should be very sorry to obey a false alarm. I am very well here; I like the place, and the life, and your society. Besides, it doesn't strike me that—on her side—there is anything."

She looked at me with an expression that I had never seen in her face, and if I had puzzled her, she repaid me in kind. "You are very annoying; you don't deserve what I would do for you," she declared.

What she would do for me she didn't tell me that day, but we took up the subject again. I said to her that I didn't really see why we should assume that a girl like Linda—brilliant enough to make one of the greatest matches—should fall into my nephew's arms. Might I inquire whether her mother had won a confession from her—whether she had stammered out her secret? Mrs. Pallant answered that they didn't need to tell each other such things—they hadn't lived together for nothing for twenty years in such intimacy. To this I rejoined that I had guessed as much, but that there might be an exception for a great occasion like the present. If Linda had shown nothing, it was a sign that, for her, the occasion wasn't great, and I mentioned that Archie had not once spoken to me of the young lady, save to remark, casually and rather patronizingly, after his first encounter with her, that she was a regular little flower. (The little flower was nearly three years older than himself.) Apart from this, he hadn't alluded to her, and had taken up no allusion of mine. Mrs. Pallant informed me again (for which I was prepared) that I was quite too primitive; and then she said: "We needn't to discuss the matter if you don't wish to, but I happen to know—how I obtained my knowledge isn't important—that the moment Mr. Pringle should propose to my daughter she would gobble him down. Surely it's a detail worth mentioning to you."

"Very good. I will sound him. I will look into the matter to-night."

"Don't, don't; you will spoil everything!" she murmured, in a peculiar tone of discouragement. "Take him off—that's the only thing."

I didn't at all like the idea of taking him

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off; it seemed too summary and unnecessarily violent, even if presented to him on specious grounds; and, moreover, as I had told Mrs. Pallant, I really didn't wish to move. I didn't consider it a part of my bargain with my sister that, with my middle-aged habits, I should jump and dodge about Europe. So I said: "Should you really object to the boy so much as a son-in-law? After all, he's a good fellow, and a gentleman."

"My poor friend, you are too superficial—too frivolous," Mrs. Pallant rejoined, with a certain bitterness.

There was a hint of contempt in this which nettled me, and I exclaimed, "Possibly: but it seems odd that a lesson in consistency should come from you."

I had no retort from her; but at last she said, quietly: "I think Linda and I had better go away. We have been here a month—that's enough."

"Dear me, that will be a bore!" I ejaculated; and for the rest of the evening, until we separated (our conversation had taken place after dinner, at the Kursaal), she remained almost silent, with a subdued, injured air. This, somehow, didn't soothe me, as it ought to have done, for it was too absurd that Louisa Pallant, of all women, should propose to put me in the wrong. If ever a woman had been in the wrong herself— Archie and I usually attended the ladies back to their own door—they lived in a street of minor accommodation, at a certain distance from the Rooms—and we parted for the night late on the big cobble-stones, in the little sleeping German town, under the closed windows of which, suggesting stuffy interiors, our English farewells sounded gay. On this occasion, however, they were not gay, for the difficulty that had come up (for me) with Mrs. Pallant appeared to have extended, by a mysterious sympathy, to the young couple. They too were rather conscious and dumb.

As I walked back to our hotel with my nephew I passed my hand into his arm and asked him, by no roundabout approach to the question, whether he were in serious peril of love.

"I don't know, I don't know—really, uncle, I don't know!"—this was all the satisfaction I could extract from the youth, who had not the smallest vein of introspection. He might not know, but before we reached the inn (we had a few more words on the subject) it seemed to me that I did. His mind was not made to contain many objects at once, but Linda Pallant, for the moment, certainly constituted its principal furniture. She pervaded his consciousness, she solicited his curiosity, she associated herself, in a manner as yet undefined and unformulated, with his future. I could see that she was the first sharp impression of his life. I didn't betray to him, however, how much I saw, and I slept not particularly well, for thinking that, after all, it had been none of my business to provide him with sharp impressions. To find him a wife was the last thing that his mother had expected of me, or that I had expected of myself. Moreover, it was quite my opinion that he himself was too young to be a judge of wives. Mrs. Pallant was right, and I had been strangely superficial in regarding her, with her beautiful daughter, as a "resource." There were other resources, and one of them would be, most decidedly, to go away. What did I know, after all, about the girl, except that I was very glad to have escaped from marrying her mother? That mother, it was true, was a singular person, and it was strange that her conscience should have begun to fidget before my own did, and that she was more anxious on my nephew's behalf than I was. The ways of women were mysterious, and it was not a novelty to me that one never knew where one would find them. As I have not hesitated, in this narrative, to reveal the irritable side of my own nature, I will confess that I even wondered whether Mrs. Pallant's solicitude had not been a deeper artifice. Was it not possibly a plan of her own for making sure of my young man—though I didn't quite see the logic of it. If she regarded him, as she might, in view of his large fortune, as a great catch, might she not have arranged this little comedy, in their own interest, with the girl?

That possibility, at any rate, only made it a happier thought that I should carry the boy away to visit other cities. There were many, assuredly, much more worthy of his attention than Homburg. In the course of the morning (it was after our early luncheon) I walked round to Mrs. Pallant's, to let her know that this truth had come over me with force, and while I did so I again felt the unlikelihood of the part attributed by my fears, and by the mother's own, if they were real, to

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Linda. Certainly, if she was such a girl as these fears represented her, she would fly at higher game. It was with an eye to high game, Mrs. Pallant had frankly admitted to me, that she had been trained, and such an education, to say nothing of such a subject, justified a hope of greater returns. A young American who could give her nothing but pocket-money was a very moderate prize, and if she was prepared to marry for ambition (there was no such hardness in her face or tone, but then there never is), her mark would be at the least an English duke. I was received at Mrs. Pallant's lodgings with the announcement that she had left Homburg, with her daughter, half an hour before. The good woman who had entertained the pair professed to know nothing of their movements beyond the fact that they had gone to Frankfort, where, however, it was her belief that they did not intend to remain. They were evidently travelling beyond. Sudden? Oh yes, tremendously sudden. They must have spent the night in packing, they had so many things, and such pretty ones; and their poor maid all the morning had scarcely had time to swallow her coffee. But they evidently were ladies accustomed to come and go. It didn't matter. With such rooms as hers she never wanted; there was a new family coming in at three o'clock.

IV.

This quick manœuvre left me staring, and I confess it made me rather angry. My only consolation was that Archie, when I told him, looked as blank as myself, and that the trick touched him more nearly, for I was not in love with Louisa. We agreed that we required an explanation, and we pretended to expect one the next day in the shape of a letter satisfactory even to the point of being apologetic. When I say "we" pretended, I mean that I did, for my suspicion that he knew (through an arrangement with Linda) what had become of our friends lasted only a moment. If his resentment was less than my own, his surprise was equally great. I had been willing to bolt, but I felt rather slighted by the facility with which Mrs. Pallant had shown that she could part with us. Archie was not angry, because, in the first place, he was good-natured, and in the second, it was evidently not definite to him that he had been encouraged, having, I think, no very particular idea of what constituted encouragement. He was fresh from the wonderful country in which, between the ingenuous young, there may be so little question of "intentions." He was but dimly conscious of his own, and would have had no opinion as to whether he had been provoked or jilted. I had no wish to exasperate him, but when, at the end of three days more, we were still without news of our late companions, I remarked that it was very simple: it was plain they were just hiding from us; they thought us dangerous; they wished to avoid entanglements. They had found us too attentive, and didn't wish to raise false hopes. He appeared to accept this explanation, and even had the air (so at least I judged from his asking me no questions) of thinking that the matter might be delicate for myself. The poor youth was altogether much mystified, and I smiled at the image, in his mind, of Mrs. Pallant fleeing from his uncle's importunities.

We decided to leave Homburg, but if we didn't pursue her, it was not simply that I didn't know where she was. I could have found that out, with a little trouble, but I was deterred by the reflection that this would be her own reasoning. She was dishonest, and her departure was a provocation—I am afraid that it was in that stupid conviction that I made out a little independent itinerary with Archie. I even said to myself that we should learn where they were quite soon enough, and that our patience—even my young man's—would be longer than theirs. Therefore I uttered a small private cry of triumph when, three weeks later (we happened to be at Interlaken) he told me that he had received a note from Miss Pallant. His manner of telling me was to inquire whether there were any particular reasons why we should longer delay our projected visit to the Italian lakes; was not the fear of the hot weather, which was, moreover, in summer, our native temperature, at an end, as it was already the middle of September? I answered that we would start on the morrow, if he liked, and then, pleased apparently that I was so easy to deal with, he revealed his little secret. He showed me the letter, which was a graceful, natural document—it covered, with a few flowing strokes, but a single sheet of note-paper—not at all compromising to the young lady. If, however, it was almost

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the apology I had looked for (save that that should have come from the mother), it was not ostensibly in the least an invitation. It mentioned, casually (the mention was mainly in the date), that they were on the Lago Maggiore, at Baveno; but it consisted mainly of the expression of a regret that they had to leave us at Homburg without the usual forms. She didn't say under what necessity they had found themselves; she only hoped we had not judged them too harshly, and would accept "these few hasty words" as a substitute for the omitted good-by. She also hoped we were passing our time in an interesting manner, and having the same lovely weather that prevailed south of the Alps, and she remained very sincerely, with the kindest remembrances to me.

The note contained no message from her mother, and it was open to me to suppose, as I should judge, either that Mrs. Pallant had not known she was writing, or that they wished to make us think she had not known. The letter might pass as a common civility of the girl's to a person with whom she had been on very familiar terms. It was, however, as something more than this that my nephew took it; at least so I was warranted in inferring from the very distinct nature of his determination to go to Baveno. I saw it was useless to drag him another way; he had money in his own pocket, and was quite capable of giving me the slip. Yet —such are the sweet incongruities of youth —when I asked him if he had been thinking of Linda Pallant ever since they left us in the lurch, he replied, "Oh dear no; why should I?" This fib was accompanied by an exorbitant blush. Since he must obey the young lady's call, I must also go and see where it would take him, and one splendid morning we started over the Simplon in a post-chaise.

I represented to him, successfully, that it would be in much better taste for us to alight at Stresa, which, as every one knows, is a resort of tourists, also on the shore of the major lake, at about a mile's distance from Baveno. If we staid at the latter place we should have to inhabit the same hotel as our friends, and this would be indiscreet, considering our peculiar relations with them. Nothing would be easier than to go and come between the two points, especially by the water, which would give Archie a chance for unlimited paddling. His face lighted up at the vision of a pair of oars, he pretended to take my plea for discretion very seriously, and I could see that he immediately began to calculate opportunities for being afloat with Linda. Our post-chaise (I had insisted on easy stages, and we were three days on the way) deposited us at Stresa toward the middle of the afternoon; and it was within an amazingly short time that I found myself in a small boat with my nephew, who pulled us over to Baveno with vigorous strokes. I remember the sweetness of the whole impression (I had had it before, but to my companion it was new, and he thought it as pretty as the opera), the enchanting beauty of the place and hour, the stillness of the air and water, with the romantic, fantastic Borromean Islands in the midst of them. We disembarked at the steps at the garden foot of the hotel, and somehow it seemed a perfectly natural part of the lovely situation that I should immediately become conscious Mrs. Pallant and her daughter were sitting there—on the terrace—quietly watching us. They had all the air of expecting us, and I think we looked for it in them. I had not even asked Archie if he had answered Linda's note; that was between themselves, and in the way of supervision I had done enough in coming with him.

There is no doubt there was something very odd in our meeting with our friends —at least as between Louisa and me. I was too much taken up with that part of it to notice very much what was the manner of the encounter of the young people. I have sufficiently indicated that I couldn't get it out of my head that Mrs. Pallant was "up to" something, and I am afraid she saw in my face that this suspicion had been the motive of my journey. I had come there to find her out. The knowledge of my purpose couldn't help her to make me very welcome, and that is why I say we met in strange conditions. However, on this occasion, we observed all forms, and the admirable scene gave us plenty to talk about. I made no reference, before Linda, to the retreat from Homburg. She looked even prettier than she had done on the eve of that manœuvre, and gave no sign of any awkward consciousness. She struck me so, afresh, as a nice, clever girl that I was puzzled, afresh, to know why we should get —or should have got—into a tangle about

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her. People had to want to complicate a situation to do it on so simple a pretext as that Linda was magnificent. So she was, and why should not the consequences be equally so? One of them, on the spot, was that at the end of a very short time Archie proposed to her to take a turn with him in his boat, which awaited us at the foot of the steps. She looked at her mother with a smiling "May I, mamma?" and Mrs. Pallant answered, "Certainly, darling, if you are not afraid." At this—I scarcely knew why—I burst out laughing; it seemed so droll to me, somehow, that timidity should be imputed to this young lady. She gave me a quick, slightly sharp look as she turned away with my nephew; it appeared to challenge me a little—to say, "Pray what is the matter with *you*?" It was the first expression of the kind I had ever seen in her face. Mrs. Pallant's eyes, on the other hand, were not turned to mine; after we had been left there together she sat silent, not heeding me, looking at the lake and mountains—at the snowy crests, which wore the flush of evening. She seemed not even to watch our young companions as they got into their boat and pushed off. For some minutes I respected her reverie; I walked slowly up and down the terrace, and lighted a cigar, as she had always permitted me to do at Homburg. I noticed that she had an expression of weariness which I had never seen before; her delicate, agreeable face was pale; I fancied there were new lines of fatigue, almost of age, in it. At last I stopped in front of her and asked her, since she looked so sad, if she had any bad news.

"The only bad news was when I learned—through your nephew's note to Linda—that you were coming to us."

"Ah, then he wrote?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly he wrote."

"You take it all harder than I do," I remarked, sitting down beside her. And then I added, smiling, "Have you written to his mother?"

She slowly turned her face to me and rested her eyes on mine. "Take care, take care, or you'll insult me," she said, with an air of patience before the inevitable.

"Never, never! Unless you think I do so if I ask you if you knew when Linda wrote."

She hesitated a moment. "Yes; she showed me her letter. She wouldn't have done anything else. I let it go because I didn't know what it was best to do. I am afraid to oppose her, to her face."

"Afraid, my dear friend? with that girl!"

"That girl? Much you know about her! It didn't follow that you would come—I didn't think it need follow."

"I'm like you," I said—"I'm afraid of my nephew. I don't venture to oppose him, to his face. The only thing I could do, under the circumstances, was to come with him."

"I'm—and I'm glad you have done it," said Mrs. Pallant, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I was conscientious about that. But I have no authority; I can't order him nor forbid him—I can use no force. Look at the way he is pulling that boat, and see if you can fancy me."

"You could tell him she's a bad, hard girl, who would poison any good man's life!" my companion suddenly broke out, with a kind of passion.

"Dear Mrs. Pallant, what do you mean?" I murmured, staring.

She bent her face into her hands, covering it over with them, and remained so for a minute; then she went on, in a different manner, as if she had not heard my question: "I hoped you were too disgusted with us, after the way we left you planted."

"It was perturbing, assuredly, and it might have served, if Linda hadn't written; that patched it up," I said, laughing. But my laughter was hollow, for I had been exceedingly impressed with her little explosion of a moment before. "Do you really mean she is bad?" I added.

Mrs. Pallant made no immediate answer to this; she only said that it didn't matter, after all, whether the crisis should come a few weeks sooner or a few weeks later, since it was destined to come at the first opening. Linda had marked my young man—and when Linda had marked a thing!

"Bless my soul! how very grim! Do you mean she's in love with him?" I demanded, incredulous.

"It's enough if she makes him think she is—though even that isn't essential."

"If she makes him think so? Dearest lady, what do you mean? I have observed her, I have watched her, and after all, what has she done? She has been nice to him, but it would have been much more marked if she hadn't. She has really shown him nothing but the common

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friendliness of a bright, good-natured girl. Her note was nothing; he showed it to me."

"I don't think you have heard every word that she has said to him," Mrs. Pallant rejoined, with a persistence that struck me as cold, even unnatural.

"No more have you, I take it!" I exclaimed. She evidently meant more than she said, and this impression chilled me, made me really uncomfortable.

"No, but I know my own daughter. She's a very rare young woman."

"You have a singular tone about her," I remarked—"such a tone as I think I have never heard on a mother's lips. I have observed it before, but never so accentuated."

At this Mrs. Pallant got up; she stood there an instant, looking down at me. "You make my reparation—my expiation—difficult!" And leaving me rather startled, she began to move along the terrace.

I overtook her presently, and repeated her words. "Your reparation—your expiation—what on earth do you mean by that?"

"You know perfectly what I mean—it is too magnanimous of you to pretend you don't."

"Well, at any rate, I don't see what good it does me, or what it makes up to me for, that you should abuse your daughter."

"Oh, I don't care; I shall save him!" she exclaimed, as we went, with a kind of perverse cheerfulness. At the same moment two ladies, apparently English, came toward us (scattered groups had been sitting there, and the inmates of the hotel were moving to and fro), and I observed the immediate charming transition (it seemed to me to show such years of social practice) by which, as they greeted us, she exchanged her excited, almost fevered, expression for an air of recognition and pleasure. They stopped to speak to her, and she asked, with eagerness, whether their mother were better. I strolled on, and she presently rejoined me; after which she said, impatiently, "Come away from this—come down into the garden." We descended into the garden, strolled through it, and paused on the border of the lake.

V.

The charm of the evening had deepened, the stillness was like a solemn expression on a beautiful face, and the whole air of the place divine. In the fading light my nephew's boat was too far out to be perceived. I looked for it a little, and then, as I gave it up, I remarked that from such an excursion as that, on such a lake, at such an hour, a young man and a young woman of ordinary sensibility could only come back doubly pledged to each other. To this observation Mrs. Pallant's answer was, superficially at least, irrelevant: she said, after a pause:

"With you, my dear sir, one has certainly to dot one's 'i's.' Haven't you discovered, and didn't I tell you at Homburg, that we are miserably poor?"

"Isn't 'miserably' rather too much when you are living at an expensive hotel?"

"They take us *en pension*, for ever so little a day. I have been knocking about Europe long enough to learn there are certain ways of doing things. Besides, don't speak of hotels; we have spent half our life in them, and Linda told me only last night that she hoped never to put her foot into one again. She thinks that when she comes to such a place as this, it's the least that she should find a villa of her own."

"Well, her companion there is perfectly competent to give her one. Don't think I have the least desire to push them into each other's arms; I only ask to wash my hands of them. But I should like to know why you want, as you said just now, to save him. When you speak as if your daughter were a monster, I take it that you are not serious."

She was facing me there in the twilight, and to let me know that she was more serious perhaps than she had ever been in her life, she had only to look at me awhile without protestation. "It's Linda's standard: God knows I myself could get on! She is ambitious, luxurious, determined to have what she wants, more than any one I have ever seen. Of course it's open to you to tell me that it's my fault, that I was so before her, and have made her so. But does that make me like it any better?"

"Dear Mrs. Pallant, you are most extraordinary," I stammered, infinitely surprised and not a little pained.

"Oh yes, you have made up your mind about me; you see me in a certain way, and you don't like to change. But you will have to—if you have any generosity!" Her eyes shone in the summer

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dusk, and she looked remarkably handsome.

"Is this a part of the reparation, of the expiation?" I inquired. "I don't see what you ever did to Archie."

"It's enough that he belongs to you. But it isn't for you that I do it; it's for myself," she went on.

"Doubtless you have your own reasons, which I can't penetrate. But can't you sacrifice something else—must you sacrifice your child?"

"She's my punishment, and she's my stigma!" cried Louisa Pallant, with veritable exaltation.

"It seems to me rather that you are hers."

"Hers? What does *she* know of such things?—what can she ever feel? She's cased in steel; she has a heart of marble. It's true! it's true! She appalls me!"

I laid my hand upon the poor lady's; I uttered, with the intention of checking and soothing her, the first incoherent words that came into my head, and I drew her toward a bench which I perceived a few yards away. She dropped upon it; I placed myself near her, and I besought her to consider well what she was saying. She owed me nothing, and I wished no one injured, no one denounced or exposed, for my sake.

"For your sake? Oh, I am not thinking of you!" she answered, and indeed the next moment I thought my words rather fatuous. "It's a satisfaction to my own conscience—for I have one, little as you think I have a right to speak of it. I have been punished by my sin itself. I have been hideously worldly; I have thought only of that; and I have taught her to be so—to do the same. That's the only instruction I have ever given her, and she has learned the lesson so well that, now that I see it printed there in all her nature, I am horrified at my work. For years we have lived that way; we have thought of nothing else. She has learned it so well that she has gone far beyond me. I say I am horrified, because she is horrible."

"My poor extravagant friend," I pleaded, "isn't it still more so to hear a mother say such things?"

"Why so, if they are hideously true? Besides, I don't care what I say, if I save him."

"Do you expect me to repeat to him—"

"Not in the least," she broke in; "I will do it myself." At this I uttered some strong inarticulate protest, and she went on, with a sort of simplicity, "I was very glad at first, but it would have been better if we hadn't met."

"I don't agree to that, for you interest me immensely."

"I don't care for that, if I can interest him."

"You must remember, then, that your charges are strangely vague, considering how violent they are. Never had a girl a more innocent appearance: you know how I have admired it."

"You know nothing about her. *I* do, for she is the work of my hand!" Mrs. Pallant declared, with a curious, bitter little laugh. "I have watched her for years, and little by little, for the last two or three, it has come over me. There is not a tender spot in her whole composition. To arrive at a brilliant social position, if it were necessary, she would see me drown in this lake without lifting a finger, she would stand there and see it—she would push me in—and never feel a pang. That's my young lady. To climb up to the top, and be splendid and envied there—to do it at any cost, or by any meanness and cruelty, is the only thing she has a heart for. She would lie for it, she would steal for it, she would kill for it!" My companion brought out these words with a tremendous low distinctness, and an air of sincerity that was really solemn. I watched her pale face and glowing eyes; she held me in a kind of stupor, but her strange, almost vindictive earnestness imposed itself. I found myself believing her, pitying her more than I pitied the girl. It was as if she had been bottled up for longer than she could bear, suffering more and more from the fulness of her knowledge. It relieved her to warn and denounce and expose. "God has let me see it in time, in his mercy," she continued; "but his ways are strange, that he has let me see it in my daughter. It is myself that he has let me see, myself as I was for years. But she's worse—she is, I assure you; she's worse than I ever intended or dreamed." Her hands were clasped tightly together in her lap; her low voice quavered, and her breath came short; she looked up at the faint stars with a kind of religious perversity.

"Have you ever spoken to her as you speak to me?" I asked. "Have you ever admonished her, reproached her?"

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"Reproached her? How can I? when all she would have to say would be, 'You —*you*—you base one—who made me!'"

"Then why do you want to play her a trick?"

"I'm not bound to tell you, and you wouldn't understand if I did. I should play that boy a far worse trick if I were to hold my tongue."

"If he loves her, he won't believe a word you say."

"Very possibly, but I shall have done my duty."

"And shall you say to him simply what you have said to me?"

"Never mind what I shall say to him. It will be something that will perhaps affect him, if I lose no time."

"If you are so bent on gaining time," I said, "why did you let her go out in the boat with him?"

"Let her? how could I prevent it?"

"But she asked your permission."

"That's a part of all the comedy!"

We were silent a moment, after which I questioned: "Then she doesn't know you hate her?"

"I don't know what she knows. She has depths and depths, and all of them bad. Besides, I don't hate her in the least; I pity her, simply, for what I have made of her. But I pity still more the man who may find himself married to her."

"There's not much danger of there being any such person, at the rate you go on."

"Oh, perfectly; she'll marry some one. She'll marry a title, as well as a fortune."

"It's a pity my nephew hasn't a title," I murmured, smiling.

She hesitated a moment. "I see you think I want that, and that I am acting. God forgive you! Your suspicion is perfectly natural: how can any one tell, with people like us?"

The way she uttered these last words brought tears to my eyes. I laid my hand on her arm, holding her awhile, and we looked at each other through the dusk. "You couldn't do more if he were my son," I said at last.

"Oh, if he had been your son, he would have kept out of it! I like him for himself; he's simple and honest—he needs affection."

"He would have an admirable, a devoted, mother-in-law," I went on.

Mrs. Pallant gave a little impatient sigh, and replied that she was not joking. We sat there some time longer, while I thought over what she had said to me, and she apparently did the same. I confess that even close at her side, with the echo of her passionate, broken voice still in the air, some queer ideas came into my head. Was the comedy on *her* side, and not on the girl's, and was she posturing as a magnanimous woman at poor Linda's expense? Was she determined, in spite of the young lady's preference, to keep her daughter for a grander personage than a young American whose dollars were not numerous enough (numerous as they were) to make up for his want of high relationships, and had she brought forth these cruel imputations to help her to her end? If she was prepared really to denounce the girl to Archie, she would have to go very far to overcome the suspicion he would be sure to feel at so unnatural a proceeding. Was she prepared to go far enough? The answer to these doubts was simply the way I had been touched—it came back to me the next moment—when she used the words, "people like us." The effect of them was poignant. She made herself humble indeed, and I felt in a manner ashamed, on my own side, that I saw her in the dust. She said to me at last that I must wait no longer; I must go away before the young people came back. They were staying very long, too long; all the more reason that she should deal with Archie that evening. I must drive back to Stresa, or, if I liked, I could go on foot; it wasn't far—for a man. She disposed of me freely, she was so full of her purpose, and after we had quitted the garden and returned to the terrace of the hotel she seemed almost to push me to leave her—I felt her fine hands, quivering a little, on my shoulders. I was ready to do what she liked—she affected me painfully—and I wanted to get away from her. Before I went I asked her why Linda should regard my young man as such a *parti;* it didn't square, after all, with her account of the girl's fierce ambitions. By that picture, it would seem, a reigning prince was the least she would look at.

"Oh, she has reflected well; she has regarded the question in every light," said Mrs. Pallant. "If she has made up her mind, it is because she sees what she can do."

"Do you mean that she has talked it over with you?"

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"Lord! for what do you take us? We don't talk over things to-day. We know each other's point of view, and we only have to act. We can take reasons, which are awkward things, for granted."

"But in this case she certainly doesn't know your point of view, poor thing."

"No—that's because I haven't played fair. Of course she couldn't expect I would cheat. There ought to be honor among thieves. But it was open to her to do the same."

"How do you mean, to do the same?"

"She might have fallen in love with a poor man; then I should have been done."

"A rich one is better; he can do more," I replied, with conviction.

"So you would have reason to know if you had led the life that we have. Never to have had really enough—I mean to do just the few simple things we have wanted; never to have had the sinews of war, I suppose you would call them—the funds for a campaign; to have felt every day and every hour the hard, monotonous pinch, and found the question of dollars and cents (and so horridly fond of them) mixed up with every experience, with every impulse—that *does* make one mercenary, it does make money seem a good beyond all others, and it's quite natural it should. That is why Linda is of the opinion that a fortune is always a fortune. She knows all about that of your nephew, how it's invested, how it may be expected to increase, exactly on what sort of footing it would enable her to live. She has decided that it's enough, and enough is as good as a feast. She thinks she could lead him by the nose, and I dare say she could. She will make him live here: she has not the least intention of settling in America. I think she has views upon London, because in England he can hunt and shoot, and that will make him let her alone."

"It strikes me that he would like that very much," I interposed; "that's not at all a bad programme, even from Archie's point of view."

"It's no use of talking about princes," Mrs. Pallant pursued, as if she had not heard me. "Yes, they are most of them more in want of money even than we are. Therefore a title is out of the question, and we recognized that at an early stage. Your nephew is exactly the sort of young man we had constructed in advance—he was made on purpose. Dear Linda was her mother's own daughter when she recognized him on the spot! It's enough of a title to-day to be an American—with the way they have come up. It does as well as anything, and it's a great simplification. If you don't believe me, go to London and see."

She had come with me out to the road. I had said I would walk back to Stresa, and we stood there in the complete evening. As I took her hand, bidding her good-night, I exclaimed, "Poor Linda! poor Linda!"

"Oh, she'll live to do better," said Mrs. Pallant.

"How can she do better, since you have described this as perfection?"

She hesitated a moment. "I mean better for Mr. Pringle."

I still had her hand—I remained looking at her. "How came it that you could throw me over, such a woman as you?"

"Ah, my friend, if I hadn't, I couldn't do this for you!" And disengaging herself, she turned away quickly and went back to the hotel.

VI.

I don't know whether she blushed as she made this avowal, which was a retraction of a former denial and the real truth, as I permitted myself to believe; but I did, while I took my way to Stresa—it is a walk of half an hour—in the darkness. The new and singular character in which she had appeared to me produced an effect of excitement which would have made it impossible for me to sit still in a carriage. This same agitation kept me up late, after I had reached my hotel; as I knew that I shouldn't sleep, it was useless to go to bed. Long, however, as I deferred this ceremony, Archie had not turned up when the lights in the hotel began to be put out. I felt even slightly nervous about him, and wondered whether he had had an accident on the lake. I reflected that in this case—if he had not brought his companion back to Baveno—Mrs. Pallant would already have sent after me. It was foolish, moreover, to suppose that anything could have happened to him after putting off from Baveno, by water, to rejoin me, for the evening was absolutely windless and more than sufficiently clear, and the lake as calm as glass. Besides, I had unlimited confidence in his power to take care of himself in

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circumstances much more difficult. I went to my room at last: his own was at some distance, the people of the hotel not having been able—it was the height of the autumn season—to place us together. Before I went to bed I had occasion to ring for a servant, and then I learned, by a chance inquiry, that my nephew had returned an hour before, and had gone straight to his own apartment. I had not supposed he could come in without my seeing him—I was wandering about the saloons and terraces—and it had not occurred to me to knock at his door. I had half a mind to do so then, I had such a curiosity as to how I should find him; but I checked myself, for evidently he had not wished to see me. This didn't diminish my curiosity, and I slept even less than I had expected to. His dodging me that way (for if he hadn't perceived me down-stairs he might have looked for me in my room) was a sign that Mrs. Pallant's interview with him had really come off. What had she said to him?—what strong measures had she taken? The impression of almost morbid eagerness of purpose that she had given me suggested possibilities that I was almost afraid to think of. She had spoken of them, as we parted there, as something she would do for me; but I had made the mental comment, as I walked away from her, that she hadn't done it yet. It wouldn't really be done till Archie had backed out. Perhaps it was done by this time: his avoiding me seemed almost a proof. That was what I thought of most of the night. I spent a considerable part of it at my window, looking out at the sleeping mountains. *Had* he backed out?—was he making up his mind to back out? There was a strange contradiction in it; there were, in fact, more contradictions than ever. I believed what Mrs. Pallant had told me about Linda, and yet that other idea made me ashamed of my nephew. I was sorry for the girl; I regretted her loss, if loss it was to be, of a great chance; and yet I hoped that the manner in which her mother had betrayed her (there was no other word) to her lover had been thorough-going. It would need very radical measures on Mrs. Pallant's part to excuse Archie. For him too I was sorry, if she had made an impression on him—the impression she desired. Once or twice I was on the point of going in to condole with him, in my dressing-gown: I was sure he too had jumped up from his bed and was looking out of his window at the everlasting hills.

I am bound to say that he showed very little, when we met in the morning and breakfasted together. Youth is strange; it has resources that experience seems only to deprive us of. One of these is simply to do nothing—to say nothing. As we grow older and cleverer we think that is too simple, too crude; we dissimulate more elaborately, but with an effect much less baffling. My young man didn't look in the least as if he had lain awake, or had something on his mind; and when I asked him what he had done after my premature departure (I explained that by saying I had been tired of waiting for him—I was weary with my journey and wanted to go to bed), he replied: "Oh, nothing in particular. I hung about the place: I like it better than this. We had an awfully jolly time on the water. *I* wasn't in the least tired." I didn't worry him with questions: it seemed to me indelicate to try to probe his secret. The only indication he gave was on my saying, after breakfast, that I should go over again to see our friends, and my appearing to take for granted that he would be glad to accompany me. Then he remarked that he would stop at Stresa—he had paid them such a tremendous visit; also he had some letters to write. There was a freshness in his scruples about the length of his visits, and I knew something about his correspondence, which consisted entirely of twenty pages every week from his mother. But he satisfied my curiosity so little that it was really this sentiment that carried me back to Baveno. This time I ordered a conveyance, and as I got into it he stood watching me in the porch of the hotel, with his hands in his pockets. Then it was for the first time that I saw in this young man's face the expression of a person slightly dazed, slightly foolish even, to whom something disagreeable has happened. Our eyes met as I watched him, and I was on the point of saying, "You had really better come with me," when he turned away. He went into the house as if he wished to escape from my call. I said to myself that Mrs. Pallant had warned him off, but that it wouldn't take much to bring him back.

The servant of whom I asked for my friends at Baveno told me that they were

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in a certain summer-house in the garden, to which he led the way. The place had an empty air; most of the inmates of the hotel were dispersed on the lake, on the hills, in picnics, excursions, visits to the Borromean Islands. My guide was so far right as that Linda was in the summer-house, but she was there alone. On finding this to be the case I stopped short, rather awkwardly, for I had a sudden sense of being an unmasked hypocrite—a conspirator against her security and honor. But there was no awkwardness about Linda Pallant; she looked up, with a little cry of pleasure, from the book she was reading, and she held out her hand with the most engaging frankness. I felt as if I had no right to touch her hand, and I pretended not to see it. But this gave no chill to her pretty manner; she moved a roll of tapestry off the bench, so that I might sit down, and praised the place as a delightful shady corner. She had never been fresher, fairer, kinder; she made her mother's damning talk about her seem a hideous dream. She told me Mrs. Pallant was coming to join her; she had remained in-doors to write a letter. One couldn't write out there, though it was so nice in other respects; the table was too rickety. They too, then, had pretexts between them in the way of letters; I judged this to be a token that the situation was tense. It was the only one, however, that Linda gave; like Archie, she had her youthfulness to relieve her from embarrassment. She had been used to seeing us always together, and she made no comment on my having come over without him. I waited in vain for her to say something about it; this would only be natural—it was almost unfriendly to omit it. At last I observed that my nephew was very unsociable that morning; I had expected him to join me, but he had left me to come alone.

"I am very glad," she answered. "You can tell him that if you like."

"If I tell him that, he will come immediately."

"Then don't tell him: I don't want him to come. He staid too long last night," Linda went on, "and kept me out on the water till the most dreadful hours. That isn't done here, you know, and every one was shocked when we came back—or rather when we didn't come back. I begged him to bring me in, but he wouldn't. When we did return—I almost had to take the oars myself—I felt as if every one had been sitting up to time us, to stare at us. It was very embarrassing."

These words made an impression upon me; and as I have treated the reader to most of the reflections—some of them perhaps rather morbid—in which I indulged on the subject of this young lady and her mother, I may as well complete the record, and let him know that I now wondered whether Linda—candid and accomplished maiden—had conceived the fine idea of strengthening her hold of Archie by attempting to prove that he had "compromised" her. "Ah, no doubt that was the reason he had a bad conscience last evening!" I exclaimed. "When he came back to Stresa he sneaked off to his room; he wouldn't look me in the face."

"Mamma was so vexed that she took him apart and gave him a scolding," the girl went on. "And to punish *me* she sent me straight to bed. She has very old-fashioned ideas—haven't you, mamma?" she added, looking over my head at Mrs. Pallant, who had just come in behind me.

I forget what answer Mrs. Pallant made to Linda's appeal; she stood there with two letters, sealed and addressed, in her hand. She greeted me gayly, and then asked her daughter if she had any postage-stamps. Linda consulted a rather shabby pocket-book, and confessed that she was destitute; whereupon her mother gave her the letters, with the request that she would go into the hotel, buy the proper stamps at the office, carefully affix them, and put the letters into the box. She was to pay for the stamps, not have them put on the bill—a preference for which she gave her reasons. I had bought some at Stresa that morning, and was on the point of offering them to Mrs. Pallant, when, apparently having guessed my intention, she silenced me with a look. Linda told her she had no money, and she fumbled in her pocket for a franc. When she had found it, and the girl had taken it, Linda kissed her before going off with the letters.

"Darling mother, you haven't any too many of them, have you?" she murmured; and she gave me, sidelong, as she left us, the prettiest half comical, half pitiful smile.

"She's amazing—she's amazing," said Mrs. Pallant, as we looked at each other.

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"Does she know what you have done?"

"She knows I have done something, and she is making up her mind what it is—or she will in the course of the next twenty-four hours, if your nephew doesn't come back. I think I can promise you he won't."

"And won't she ask you?"

"Never!"

"Shall you not tell her? Can you sit down together in this summer-house this divine day with such a dreadful thing as that between you?"

"Don't you remember what I told you about our relations—that everything was implied between us, and nothing expressed? The ideas we have had in common—our perpetual worldliness, our always looking out for chances—are not the sort of thing that can be expressed gracefully between persons who like to keep up forms, as we both do; so that if we understood each other it was enough. We shall understand each other now, as we have always done, and nothing will be changed, because there has always been something between us that couldn't be talked about."

"Certainly, she is amazing — she is amazing," I repeated; "but so are you." And then I asked her what she had said to my boy.

She seemed surprised. "Hasn't he told you?"

"No; and never will."

"I am glad of that," she said, simply.

"But I am not sure he won't come back. He didn't this morning, but he had already half a mind to."

"That's your imagination," said Mrs. Pallant, decisively. "If you knew what I told him you would be sure."

"And you won't let me know?"

"Never, my dear friend."

"And did he believe you?"

"Time will show; but I think so."

"And how did you make it plausible to him that you should take so unnatural a course?"

For a moment she said nothing, only looking at me. Then at last—"I told him the truth."

"The truth?" I repeated.

"Take him away—take him away!" she broke out. "That's why I got rid of Linda, to tell you that you mustn't stay—you must leave Stresa to-morrow. This time it's you that must do it; I can't fly from you again—it costs too much!" And she smiled strangely.

"Don't be afraid; don't be afraid. We will leave to-morrow; I want to go myself." I took her hand in farewell, and while I held it I said, "The way you put it, about Linda, was very bad."

"It was horrible."

I turned away—I felt indeed that I wanted to leave the neighborhood. She kept me from going to the hotel, as I might meet Linda coming back, which I was far from wishing to do, and showed me another way into the road. Then she turned round to meet her daughter and spend the rest of the morning in the summer-house with her, looking at the bright blue lake and the snowy crests of the Alps. When I reached Stresa again I found that Archie had gone off to Milan (to see the cathedral, the servant said), leaving a message for me to the effect that, as he should not be back for a day or two (though there were numerous trains) he had taken a small portmanteau with him. The next day I got a telegram from him, notifying me that he had determined to go on to Venice, and requesting me to forward the rest of his luggage. "Please don't come after me," this missive added; "I want to be alone; I shall do no harm." That sounded pathetic to me, in the light of what I knew, and I was glad to leave the poor boy to his own devices. He proceeded to Venice, and I recrossed the Alps. For several weeks after this I expected to discover that he had rejoined Mrs. Pallant; but when we met in Paris, in November, I saw that he had nothing to hide from me, except indeed the secret of what that lady had told him. This he concealed from me then, and has concealed ever since. He returned to America before Christmas, and then I felt that the crisis had passed. I have never seen my old friend since. About a year after the time to which my story refers, Linda married, in London, a young Englishman, the possessor of a large fortune, acquired by his father in some useful industry. Mrs. Gimingham's photographs (such is her present name) may be obtained at the principal stationers'. I am convinced her mother was sincere. My nephew has not changed his state yet, and now even my sister is beginning, for the first time, to desire it. I related to her, as soon as I saw her, the substance of the story I have written here, and (such is the inconsequence of women) nothing can exceed her reprobation of Louisa Pallant.

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THE SWORD OF LUCIFER.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

HIS sword was forged from a meteor stone
That fell from the skies,
A splintered piece of a star that shone
Ere the earth had eyes.

It came and it went with a gleaming trail
Like fiery snow,
And its scattered aerolites fell like hail
On the fields below.

And one of them, borne to a wizard's cave,
Was tempered and wrought
To a falchion keen as a knight could crave
In his eagerest thought.

Keener than that of King Arthur of old—
The gift of the fays—
Excalibur, flashing with rubies and gold
In its lightning blaze.

For the starry steel in its flaming turned
The gaze of all eyes,
And the blade took the comet's shape, and burned
As of old in the skies.

But the tyrant who wielded this mighty brand
No magic could shield,
For shattered it dropped from his nerveless hand
Ere he fell on the field.

For the earth and the fire were mixed in the ore
Of his meteor sword,
And the falsehoods of ages cowered before
Truth's conquering word.

Woven of light from the heavenly spheres,
Like a Zodiac sign,
Steadily gaining through æons of years,
Resistless, divine—

This was the Spirit's sword in the war
Of heaven and hell;
This was the blade that was wrought from a star
That never fell.

QUEBEC.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

QUEBEC may be called the Poets' Corner of America, for the poet there is most certainly buried under monastic shadows, even while yet alive. And taking the term in a more attractive sense—one that pleased my fancy greatly when a child—Quebec is the mellowest nook of this raw continent, a cozy corner filled with materials for imagination to work over. It is verily a dusty, shadowy garret—where else can the poet lodge?—furnished with intellectual rubbish and bric-à-brac of the Middle Age; striking pictures of monk, nun, soldier, seigneur, savage; said to be actually haunted by the devil and his spirits, and defended by God and His angels; with miracles of daily occurrence; the air full of legends and superstitions, as well as of religious zeal; peopled by the quaint folk of mediæval times; and the whole made misty with dust and cobwebs, comfortable with somnolence, and rich with the glow of social warmth. And Nature herself draws down the shade at candle-light to concentrate and emphasize his feelings; for so long as Canada is assailed by arctic winters his nook will be an outpost in the polar wilderness, life out-of-doors will seem a bleak adventure, and he will often turn from it with intenser interest to the human world of his corner, while the tempest howls in the chimney. But the outside world also is full of suggestions. The surroundings of Quebec have become familiar to me by years of observation, and still I always

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look abroad with pleasure from the Citadel or the Terrace, at the great St. Lawrence Valley, walled in with mountains, cloven by a vast arm of the sea, and still watched over by primeval forests. You thus pass in a glance from the populous town through a rapid *diminuendo* of humanity on the surrounding hills to the mountain portals of the arctic wilderness. And the dome over this vast horizon of snow-drifted rivers, islands, vales, hills, mountains, is often filled with the grandest storms, the richest sunset hues, and the awful serenity and magnificence of the polar nights. Death and life here are strangely sociable; the surrounding mountains of arctic desert have many pathetic touches of human warmth, and the compact, cozy town has many marks of arctic snow and monastic austerity—a penetration of desolation into the very heart of man. The Citadel is not an inappropriate crown to the rock of Quebec, bearing in mind its historic military importance; at present it is peaceful enough in its winter whiteness and stillness; guns, mortars, and pyramids of shot peep innocently up above the snow, and the trenches are partly filled with drifts, reaching often to the parapets. But the Citadel should be crowned by a lofty monastery—the emblem of the city's birth, of its growth, and of its decay. As you leave the fortress to descend into the town you pass through a suggestive gate of chains into a little walled and cloistered city half buried in snow. You hear with relief the shouts of children on the glacis, building their own tiny forts, or "tobogganing" on the slopes, or you see young couples snow-shoeing and scaling the fortifications, with no other arms than the shafts of Cupid. And thus you are soon recalled from feeling the inexorable dominion of an arctic desolation to enjoy the warmth and cheer of human life.

Quebec occupies a high narrow promontory, Cape Diamond, between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers. It is a populous cliff, crowned with a fortress. The lower part of the town is a narrow strip of wharves and stores running about the foot of the cliffs; the upper part, enclosed by a fortified wall, covers the end of the promontory; the Citadel crowns the very summit, with bastions and parapets, and various streets and steps mount in zigzags from the Lower Town to the Upper Town. The St. Lawrence shore, Champlain Street, is devoted to the "Coves," where the Irish part of the population live, and load vessels with lumber and timber; the Lower Town, St. Peter Street, is given up to banks, offices, shipping business, and wholesale houses; and along the St. Charles are to be found the Princess Louise Basin, with its coasting vessels, and the French wards of St. Roch and St. Sauveur. A large part of the Upper Town is occupied by Catholic institutions, many of them founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, almost before the colony contained people enough to man them: the Laval University, the Ursuline Convent, the Hôtel Dieu, the French cathedral, are prominent objects. As nine-tenths of the 62,000 inhabitants are French Catholics, and as they give the city its most original features, the most of my observations have been confined to the French Canadian population.

Outside the walls, at the rear of the Upper Town, the plateau is occupied by the Houses of Parliament, the rink, the Plains of Abraham with their martello towers, Wolfe's Monument, and the jail. The country near by is converted into a park-like region by the Gubernatorial residence, named Spencerwood, and many other country-seats. Beyond all these in every direction you find a great number of interesting resorts—lakes, falls, streams, valleys, and mountains; and the villages excel the city in quaintness and in the patriarchal character of their domestic life. In wandering along the foot of the cliffs you find some exceedingly picturesque nooks, as "Sous-le-Cap" alley; and the steeps of the town are full of quaint little nests—porches, back stairs, terraces for plants, vine-clad angles of rock. But these cliffs now are in places covered with masses of ice and snow that often come down as avalanches, and sometimes injure houses and people. When, after winding up the hill, you reach the Dufferin Terrace on top of the walls, you look down on a broken mass of roofs, dormer-windows, gables, and chimneys peeping up out of the snow, you peer into the honeycombed mass and speculate on the doings inside as you used to watch an ant-hill when a child. The houses of Quebec have two principal features—a high steep roof pierced with dormer-windows gives them a hovering, sheltering effect, and their

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crowning triumph is the great stone chimney, so earnest, capacious, and steadfast. The houses offer not one bit of ornamentation, the most of them are low little houses of honest stone, often clapboarded to protect the mortar from fierce winter storms. Here and there you see a long, low, French farm-house in the streets of St. Roch, and now and then a two or three storied warehouse rises above its fellows. The picturesqueness of the city depends much on these broken sky lines, simple forms in large masses of low roof, high gables, quaint dormers, and huge chimneys, all seen along winding streets running up and down the steep hills. As you struggle on through the snow and piercing wind, the houses frankly turn you the cold shoulder; their fronts, shorn of eaves, bay-windows, steps, stoops—even the doors and windows are flush with the wall—present all down the street as bare a front as that of the fortress, and give you not a niche for lodging even a sentiment of welcome. But if you get a glimpse through some porte cochère you peep into courts full of shadowy nooks, angles, galleries, and piles of good birch cord-wood for the long winter. When at last you come to the appointed place, and pull open the outer door, you enter a cozy little porch just big enough for two young elastic souls. Close the door after you, and then in due time, on opening the inner door and entering the warm hall, you feel that the house now turns the cold shoulder not to you, but to the winter gusts, and bars them out with double sashes, double doors, and a double hospitality. You can even relish the warm shadowy gloom of the average house, due partly to the small windows proper to this climate, but also in large part to the lack of lightsome artistic effects in the pervading baldness and stiffness of the arrangements, and to the overshadowing presence of the monastic spirit. You feel this on seeing the crucifixes, the common pictures of saints, and the demure, staid courtesy, which, however, welcomes you very cordially.

After a heavy snowfall Quebec seems to be a hoary city of the dead; it just peeps out of its snow-drifts; in many side streets the snow, not being carried away, is shovelled off the walks onto the road, where it forms a causeway sometimes on a level with the eaves of the houses; people on opposite walks are invisible to one another, and the horses seem in danger of wandering from the road onto the roof. In the chief streets hundreds of men with horses and box-like sleds haul away the superabundant snow; indeed this labor in some cases costs as much as all the taxes on a property, and these are exceedingly high. The white, silent city seems at such times like a dream, for Quebec is a singular capital in having no street cries, the noises of the city being reduced to the murmur of voices, the faint shrill creaking of snow, and the tinkling of sleigh-bells; no rude sounds break upon the keen still air; no foot-falls are heard from the crowd, nor rattle of passing vehicles, nor the tramp of horses; and so the men shovelling snow might be phantoms mining for lost treasure. But the work is extremely practical, as any one will acknowledge after wallowing about canal-like streets in April or May, getting from the roofs an avalanche of snow and ice down the back of his neck. In the suburbs the lawns and gardens are covered with domesticated alps; fences, hedges, even some roofs, are covered with snow-drifts; you can snow-shoe anywhere, even up to some chimney-tops; all that breaks the white desert is a smoking chimney veiled by the exquisite tracery of bare trees against the blue sky. And yet the scenes are not always blank and white. On your early morning walk along the Ste. Foye Road you may chance to see only the gables and chimneys of St. Roch and St. Sauveur sticking up through the mist, as if these lower parts of the town were a fleet of queer craft floating on a purple sea; often a sunset over the St. Charles hills floods the magnificent arctic desert with a tropical wealth of color.

Quebec offers so many interesting topics to the student of human life that I scarcely know which to choose; it is the capital of a theocracy overgrowing a democracy, a centre of Roman Catholic education, the source of French Canadian literature—the mould, in short, of every part of a very peculiar civilization. But as these topics are too extensive for the limits of a descriptive paper, I am constrained to devote my space to scenes and customs which require no lengthy discussions, and which give glimpses of the national character and of the external life of the city. The out-door life of Quebec surprises a stranger from a more southern climate. Having in mind the furious tempests of a Canadian winter, when very

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often neither man nor beast is safe out-doors, he fears that suffering or even death is frequently met here when one leaves the house. And certainly nature looks into Quebec with uncommon freedom; the entire dome of the sky, rising from a vast expanse of waters, plains, and mountains, is visible from many parts of the town; so that when the sun shines in this exceptionally clear Northern air he beams on everything, in a great rustic effusion rare in a city sun; you almost take the firing of the mid-day gun for his universal guffaw, rolling through the cloudless sky. Then when a gale swoops down it bears in upon you familiarly, even with a terrible eagerness and ferocity; and I fancy too that the moon and stars hover close about Quebec, for when I go out on a clear night they stare with large-eyed wonder—as well they may, at a near view of such a creature! But the Canadian winter, excepting during a tempest, is a season full of comforts and enjoyments; for business sleeps, the Lower Town seems empty, and life turns either to frolicsome out-door sports—for which the good air furnishes abundant vigor—or to warm and intimate social pleasures. Even if the thermometer be as low as ten degrees below zero, you will often find the children out-doors—cherubic bundles of fur and wool wallowing in the snow as if it were hay, the babes in their little sleds, and people out snow-shoeing, skating in the rink, or driving in their cozy "carioles"; the horses may be silvered over with frost, and your own eyelashes laden with globules of ice, or now and then you may have to rub your nose with snow to warm it after freezing; but, as a rule, everybody is very comfortable in furs, with the help of moderate exercise. This French people in America seem to have overcome the dependence of their blood on a warm, sunny climate; they walk the streets in any weather with a comfortable, moderate, often perhaps a mincing gait, while their English friends stride over the snow with a martial earnestness. The poor hackmen have the hardest experience; in fur caps, and long buffalo coats with collars coming up to the top of their heads, they look like bears masquerading as men, they tighten the national red sash about their waists, stamp their feet, swing their arms, and keep up a continual scuffling and joking to shorten the tedium of their long hours; and I should not omit to add that their rubicund noses promise well to defy the frost. In braving the gloom and ferocity of a winter storm the city has a certain savage as well as pathetic aspect; a north-east gale comes up the St. Lawrence in bounding gusts, and scaling the cliffs of Cape Diamond, throws the snow back defiantly into the sky; and the battlements shake out hoary manes from their crests. But the human elements of the scene are more timid; the little houses crouching down into the snow-drifts look like tattered toques with tassels of white smoke floating out on the wind: mercy on any poor soul that cannot escape the snow-laden gusts, cutting as a sand-blast! with bowed heads, and occasional turning about to catch a breath, even the well-clad hurry on, and like silent phantoms soon flit out of sight into the white obscurity. When the brooding gloom settles over the city at twilight the bugle throws its cheery notes into the arctic silence of the glacis; as you struggle along the ramparts the Angelus rings from over the monastery wall, while the cannon point to the night approaching over the mountain-tops.

In winter the shipless port of Quebec is a great valley of arctic snows, crossed hither and thither by roads marked with bushes; the deserted wharves at low tide rise up like the walls of icebergs; and when it blows, the wind seems a blast direct from the pole. But notwithstanding all this, the river in winter is a park of amusement, and the city spreads out triumphantly over the deep swift tide. On a fine afternoon you may see the artillery wend its way from the citadel down the declivities of the town and out on the ice, lines of foot-passengers, city carioles and *habitants*, market sleds passing between Levis and Quebec; crowds of people standing about the race-track, the open-air skating-rink, the slide built for coasting, the booths for the sale of cakes and liquor, and the gamblers with cards and wheels of fortune. You consider the people daft for mistaking the day for a day in June. And on Sunday afternoon the river is more populous than the streets of the town; the crowds are merry, but not rough, for both sexes are present. A snow-shoe race is the most popular event of the winter life; it calls out the English society as well as those of the wealthy French Canadians who follow the English styles. The Saint Louis Road is filled with fine

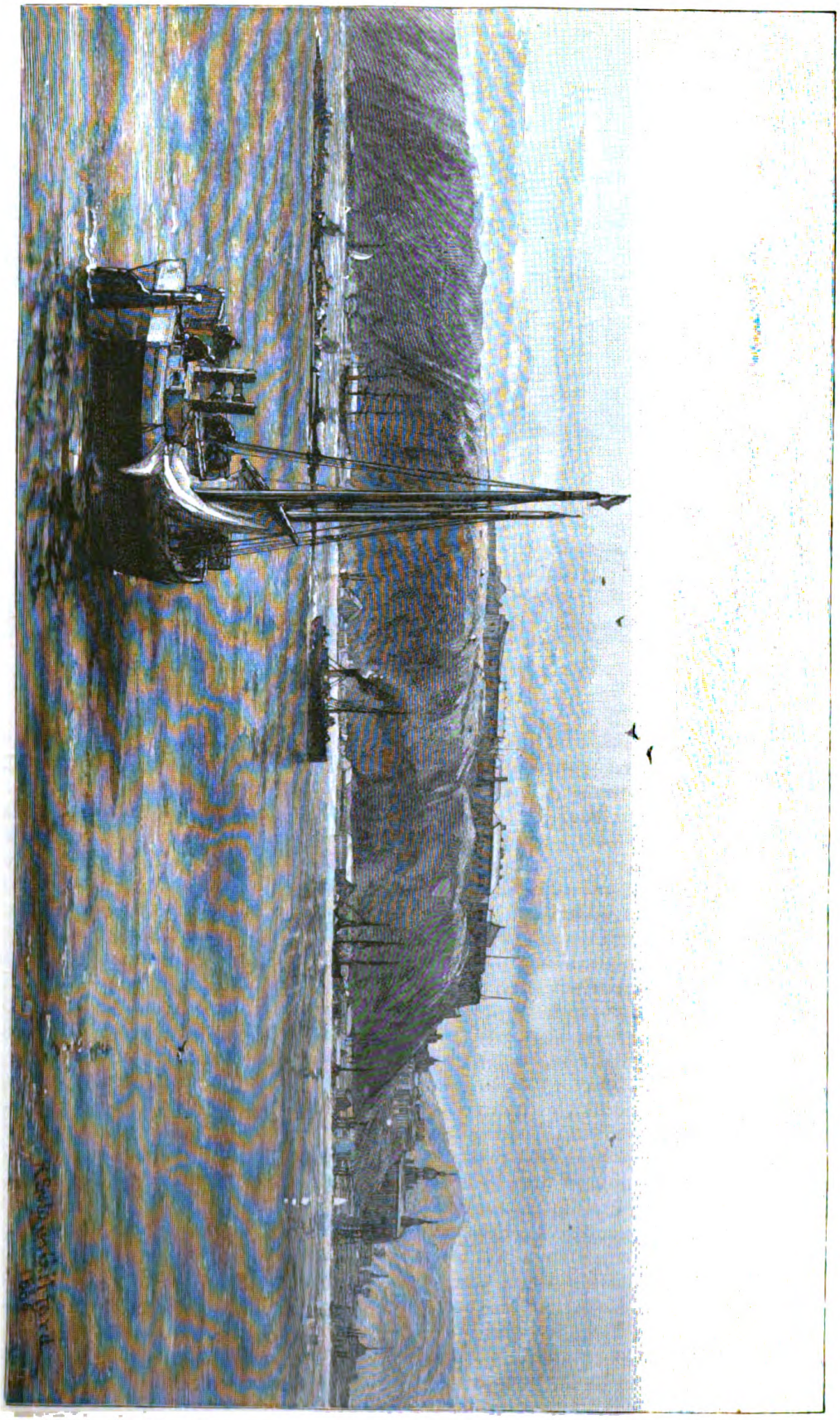
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equipages set off with rich furs; the sidewalks, the high snow-covered city walls, and the glacis are diversified with stamping and stirring crowds. In spite of the snow, the cold, the death-like aspect of nature, the scene has a singular suggestion of the balmy sportive ceremonies of warmer climates; the crowds joke, talk, display their finery much as they would do elsewhere; the athletes struggling toward the goal are dressed in tights, but they find the race warm work. Mingling sympathy with enthusiasm for manly effort, the spectators cheer heartily for the victor, then shake themselves in the cold, and move off with a quick step. A snow-shoe club came from Montreal to visit the Quebec clubs, and the event showed very often the strong social propensities of the French Canadian people. The hotels were full of the guests and the hosts, all in their bright flannel costumes, and the town had the air of giving up business for a day or two, and devoting its best talent to enjoyment; all classes of men entered heartily into the boyish hilarity that prevailed everywhere—gray-haired judges, politic members of Parliament, corpulent merchants, bankers, editors; everybody who had a body worth counting, gave it up to singing, moderate drinking, joking, "bouncing," and gadding about town. On Sunday morning they all met at the rink, and marched with their band to the cathedral to hear mass; the gay costumes had a singular effect in the dim religious light. And when they departed we marched to the river with them: the cold was intense, but it did not check the general merriment. While waiting—during what would have been to many assemblages an age—for the ferry-boat, they stood about contentedly in their thin blanket suits, sang, scuffled, and talked cheerily; at last the boat, mounted by a gigantic, writhing spectre of black smoke, loomed through the fog, and landed; they embarked amid exuberant leave-taking, and as the boat stole away into the misty, sombre twilight, and among the crushing fields of ice, they still sang, and filled all that chill and gloomy air with the warmth of the Gallic nature. Snow-shoeing becomes a favorite pastime with almost everybody. I often went on long walks, even alone, over the Plains of Abraham, the wide St. Lawrence, about the suburban villages and lakes; and I always found several others abroad, often ladies. It is a new, buoyant locomotion, each winter to pass over private gardens, fences, treetops, even some roofs, where without the snow-shoe you would wallow hopelessly. And you gather also an inward buoyancy from the free long swing of the step, the spring of the shoe on the snow, the pure, bracing air; secretly your self-esteem is high as you walk away to the woods, in spite of the cold and wind, and enter them for an hour of intimacy with Nature in her untrodden and silent retreat.

Sometimes a snow-shoe club invites ladies to an afternoon walk from the town to their club-house in the suburbs, and they form a joyous, pretty company walking in pairs along the roads and fields. Once a week the clubs take an evening tramp. We met in front of the rink, amid a general buzzing of voices full of boyish exuberance, a shifting of groups of men in toques and bright jaunty costumes, the whole set off on the snow by electric light and sharp shadows. At last we fell into line, and having answered to the roll-call, marched off, a fanciful company threading its way through the social streets. All at once we seem to step from the bustling town into a silent desert. The valley was vast and solemn under the planets, the mountain-tops, and the hovering arctic spirit; the notes of a distant sleigh-bell tinkled, as it were, through the limitless silence as a star twinkles through the night; the world was dim, visionary, cold, spiritual in its purity; and we ourselves marched with noiseless tread like shadows, neither casting any shadows nor sinking into the fleecy snow. We felt the chill of this weird world, but our bits of talk, low-toned, gave us a delicious feeling of companionship under the solemnity of those arctic heavens. When we arrived at the club-house we entered a perfect hive of hilarious men, and found the "driving" members, who had come in sleighs, all heroically ready for supper; and we lead the hours a merry race, with a good meal, toasts, speeches, smoking, general chatter, and numerous songs.

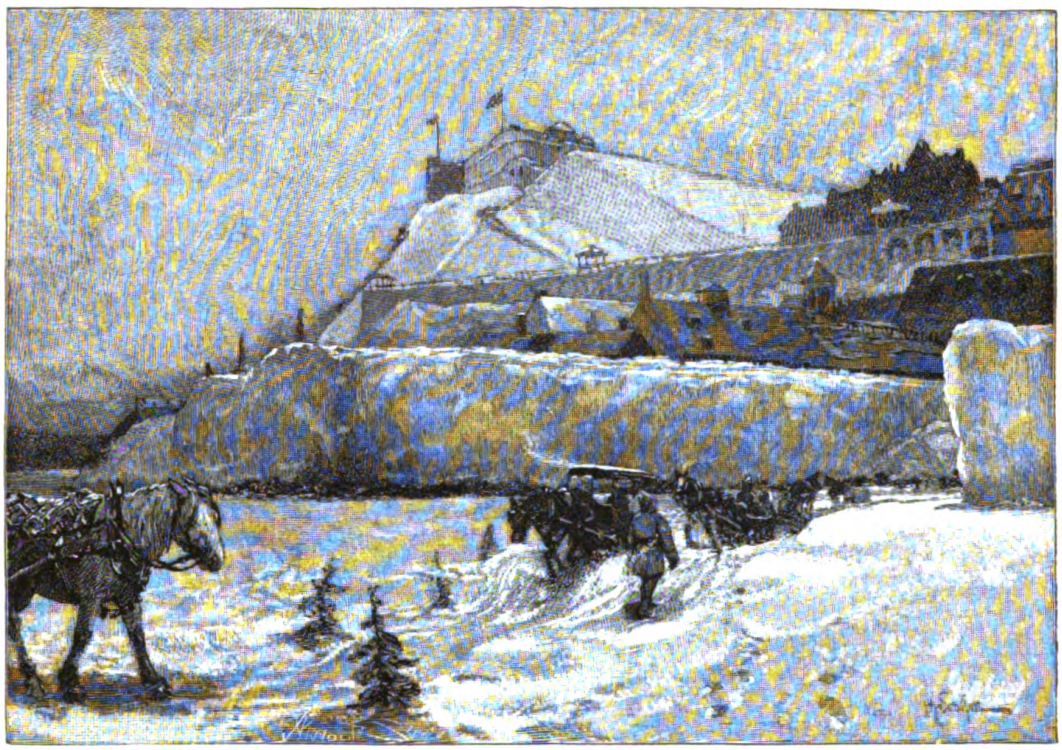
It was not till after midnight that we reentered the town. The streets were now deserted, and the occasional street lamp swinging from its iron bracket brought out of the dimness here and there a quaint gable or a huge chimney smoking its best and watching over the household. Our light-footed troupe marched to the measure of songs, till one after another all had

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GENERAL VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.

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THE CITADEL.

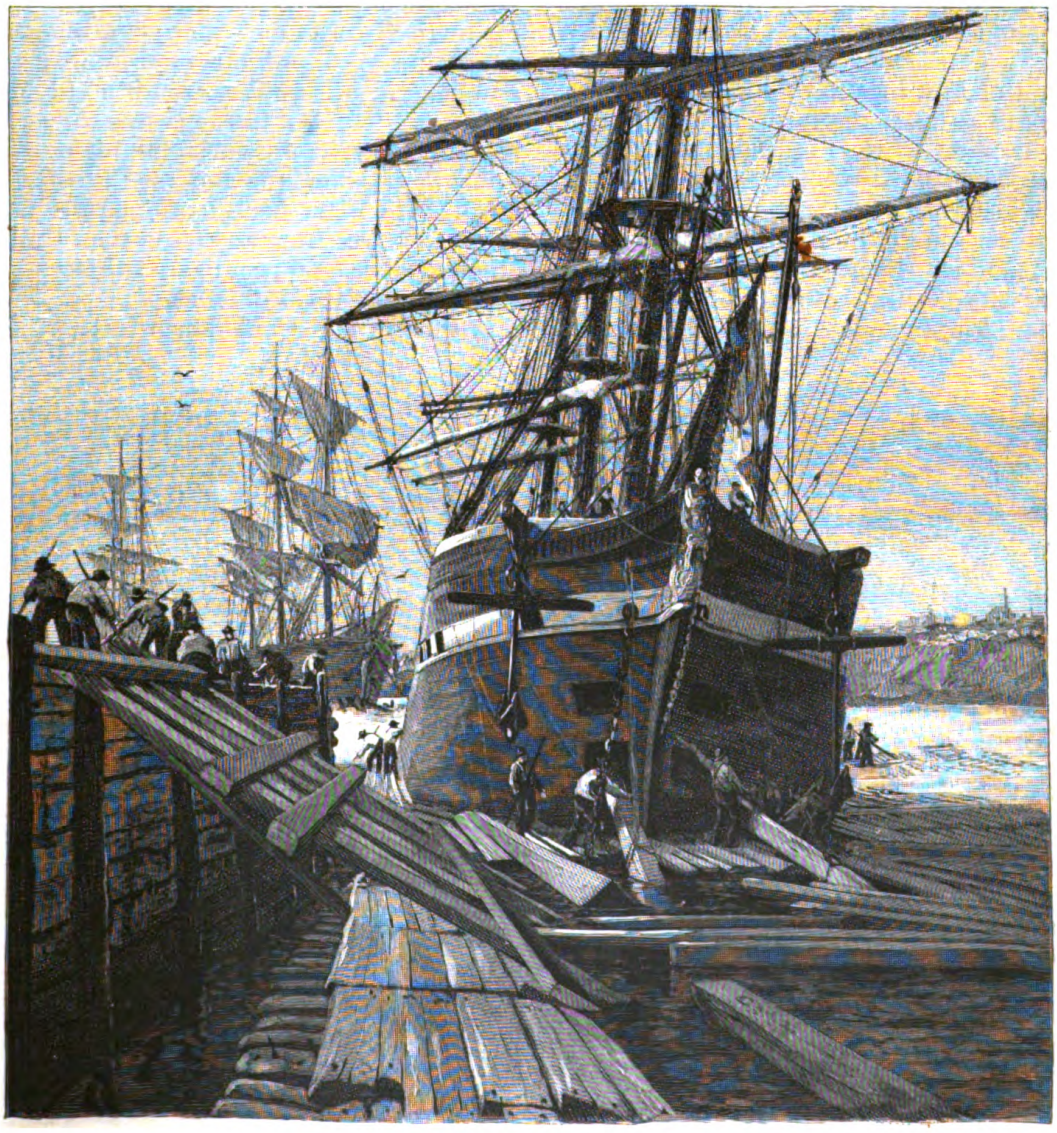
dropped out of the ranks, and taken his solitary way into obscurity; but somehow the strains were sung under the breath, as if in awe of the night; they seemed far off, almost lost on the starlit heights of the town, and they scarcely broke the mystery and silence any more than did the faint shrill cries of the trodden snow.

The market years ago, then held between the French cathedral and the old Jesuits' college, was a perfect picture of French life; the *habitants* wore homespun, of domestic dyeing—reds, blues, yellows, set off the scene with bits of bright color. In these days of factory cloth less homespun is worn, particularly when visiting the town; and moreover the growing severity of the Church now discourages very much any tendency to ornamentation. But the market of to-day has nevertheless some quaint figures, and a general mediæval tone interesting to a visitor. On a winter day the market-places at St. John's Gate and in St. Roch's are covered with rows of little box-like sleds and bundled-up horses; both the people and their wares have a primitive look; you feel at once that careful economy, or even pinched economy and industry of a very limited range, preside over the homes of the people; nobody brings a load of anything, everybody brings a little of everything—the superfluities from the house or the garden; the quantities seem almost infantile, served up on a piece of birch bark, a bowl, or a plate. In one single sled you may see a great variety of things: a frozen carcass of mutton stands up on the snow, leans against the sled, and looks like a headless and footless wooden toy of my childhood; a pale calf's head in beatific repose; a blood-pudding; onions; a basket of milk frozen in round cakes; little balls of parsley and other herbs preserved all winter in brine; homespun cloth; crude paper flowers; socks; mittens; maple sugar; bunches of brightly colored grasses and mosses; wild birds in a cage; two or three button-hole bouquets of scarlet geraniums from the plants on the window-sill. There may also be going on in the market-place an auction of household furniture: I saw one dimly through a piercing, snow-laden wind, when the thermometer marked six degrees below zero; a few idle laborers, hackmen, and five or six old housewives stood in a group and crouched down into their coat collars; in their midst was a cart with some chairs and a bedstead, and on the cart a doubled-

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up, shivering auctioneer braced himself against the gusts, and proclaimed the gospel of comfort. Some of the *habitants* drive fifty or sixty miles to sell these little sled-loads of odds and ends. To withstand the cold the woman is wrapped up till she looks like a bundle of dry-goods with a head on it, and the head is often enormous, with a wadded hood, not less than three inches thick, covering all but a little oval of ruddy flesh shaped very much like the mouth, nose, and eyes; and the man wears a long gray homespun coat, with a capuchin to draw over the head, and huge elephantine overboots of cloth. The wife often comes alone to market, and even when accompanied she generally does the business, while her husband walks about, smokes, chats, and views the town. Very many of these people still retain the large strong features of their Norman ancestors, and the market thus presents many interesting types of character.

The citizens are entirely modern in their costumes: the ladies, in fur caps, sacques, and a mass of clouds, move about leisurely, exchange greetings, and with bright eyes and fresh complexions in the keen air present a cheerful sight. No one is curt, rude, or contemptuous, and the market by its social tone thus reveals the courteous and orderly relations prevailing among all classes in this province. Holy-Saturday is the chief market-day



LOADING LUMBER.

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of the year. The housewife has come through Lent with half-rations of fish and even two or three days of starvation thrown in, and now her eye gleams with a fierce carnivorous joy at the sight of fat mutton. The hypocrisy so often found in commercial life the world over is quite common here. There is no pretence at having a market price, and no mortification at retracting completely an assertion. This patriarchal, religious, primitive people have a great love of money, shown not only by their readiness often to get it in questionable dealing, but also by their reluctance to use it for improvements. Here they cherish the precious dollar, while elsewhere they use the mighty dollar as a power for civilizing. But if you generally feel the lack of fixed values and of truthfulness, this moral defect should not be taken as a vicious tendency of the race; it is due rather to a want of that intellectual acuteness necessary to estimate the value of material elements, and a want of that moral acuteness needed to feel the value of truth. The generosity of the race is real, but it must be sought in things that do not directly touch the pocket—in their helpfulness, hospitality, courtesy, and in many other kindly relations. Honesty is a marked trait of a certain small class of half worldly, half religious persons.

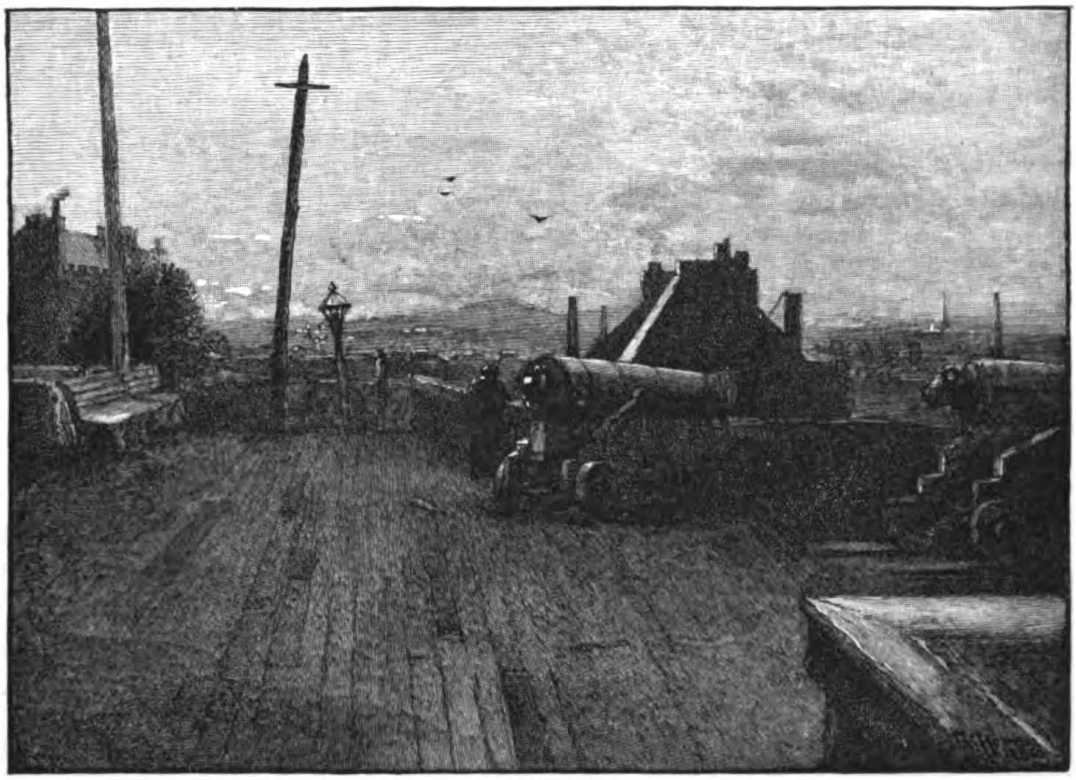
Such a powerful and absorbing organization as the Catholic Church inevitably attracts many members of the community who are free to follow their devotional tendencies. In this way the parish church very often draws close about it a small colony of old maids, who delight to live under the droppings of the sanctuary. Their zeal belongs to the Middle Ages. Morning, noon, or night they will leave their pressing work to go to the church to pray, confess, attend funerals, masses, baptisms, or weddings, and some of them have to be restrained in their practice of fasting and other penances. Their traits and lives are the special results of the Roman faith. In common with other Christian sects, it teaches the cardinal virtues, and many individuals possessing extraordinary spiritual gifts and general culture it raises to the higher planes of life. But in such cases the culture and the gifts are variables, making it difficult to show the net results of the faith. The class just mentioned are uncultivated, free from any other than Catholic influence, and peculiarly subject and susceptible to this influence.

Although the Canadian winter is so



STREET IN LOWER TOWN.

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RAMPART WITH GUNS.

wholesome, and even enjoyable, to those who like out-door life in cold weather, yet everybody sighs for the return of spring to this Northern clime; and indeed six months of sleighing, skating, sliding, snow-shoeing, curling, shooting, with the monotony of constant snow and ice, might well satisfy even the most enthusiastic lover of winter sports. The first faint hint of spring is had in April, at the maple-sugar camps; the roads then are soft, full of holes, even impassable where the snow is very deep, and country establishments are full of memorable odors, not like those of the hyacinth and the lilac; but nevertheless many people of Quebec then drive away to the woods for a first meeting with spring. The farmers who make sugar sell the sap and boil it down, while the visitors pass a merry day either in the sunshine or about the kettles and fire, frying pancakes, dipping bread, or poaching eggs in the syrup, cooling sugar on the snow, or filling with it little birch-bark cornucopias, eating "*la tire*," singing, and thawing their spirits in the spring sunshine. But the winter does not go without giving you some hard nips; on the morning of Saint Patrick's Day the temperature was reported as twenty-five degrees below zero; it seemed an uncongenial atmosphere for a procession; but Champlain Street was gorgeous with bunting and evergreens, and the Irish turned out in full force for a holiday. At first it was feared that the celebration would not take place, because the Archbishop refused his sanction if the Irish insisted on carrying American flags; but the difficulty was at length overcome, it was said, by his blessing each of the flags, and thus exorcising all evil and political spirits. The procession of men and horsemen in pretty costumes, trimmed often with lace, the Fire Department, banners, bands, three large American flags—and only one English—all showed off well against the snow as they wound up the zigzags of Mountain Hill in the winter sunshine. At one of the triumphal arches I observed the motto: "God bless Parnell, the uncrowned King!" The desire for spring everywhere in the air brought people to the Terrace day after day to catch the first sight of her advent in the port.

The buoys and boats had been dug out

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SKETCHES OF QUEBEC.

of the snow on the wharf of the Marine Department, and the caulker's mallet had sounded in the ship-yards of the St. Charles, where formerly forty or fifty vessels were sometimes on the stocks at once, and now not one; but these hints did not seem a sufficient attraction for her. When the ice became unsafe, the booths, rinks, slides, hack-stands, hay-market, were all removed from the St. Lawrence, and the port looked still more cheerless. Presently the ice broke away from Point Levis, down the river, and the water showed itself once more, welcome even far away. The ferry-boats had wintered in mid-river, frozen solid in three or four feet of ice; when they fired up we kept looking to them as our deliverers, for they might be at the least black bugs destined to crawl over the river's face and awaken him to his duties. One Sunday morning on reaching the Terrace I saw that the event had come; the smooth ice hitherto in the port was now replaced by a jagged field that had floated down from the Chaudière River, and lodged between Quebec and Levis; it was strewn here and there with masses of deals, slabs, and logs, worth thousands of dollars, that had been washed onto it by a freshet; and groups of men with ropes, sleds, and cant-hooks labored eagerly to get the logs ashore. One solitary schooner, the first sail, worked her way up to the port that day; as she could not get to the wharves she moored to the ice some distance down the river, her crew came ashore across the floe, and in a few hours she sailed away with all possible despatch. Her advent and hurried departure brought to mind the poor people of Labrador, where probably some starving households were watching for her sail with a painful eagerness. During the

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few days when the ice was unsafe and still impassable to the ferry-boats, travellers crossed between Quebec and Levis in long wooden canoes, dragged over the ice by crews of seven men. After the jam of ice at Croix Rouge, above the city, set adrift its masses, the river became an angry flood, filled with crushing, grinding floes running with the swift tides. However, the ferries ran, the wharves and supplies for the light-houses, schooners came up to the wharves, men sang at their work, and the port at last awakened from its long torpor.

Nowhere have I hailed more gladly the robin and the sparrow, for snow-drifts were still visible in the city in June, and the lilacs, if I remember correctly, did not finish blooming until late in July. One might say that there is no spring in Que-



MARKET SCENE.

shores soon began to lose their glacial cliffs, and the St. Lawrence became once more the one great living thing in this arctic desert; but we still sighed for the ships, those white-winged messengers from other climes. It was not, however, until a westerly wind sprang up that the river became clear, and the next morning we were amazed and delighted to see the harbor covered by a very great fleet of Norwegian barks, that had come up with an east wind, like a flock of water-fowl, in the night. The coasting craft now ventured out of their berths in the Basin, the *Napoleon III.* steamed away with buoys and

bec, for the trees and grass, once started, jump in a few days from winter brown to summer green. Quebec receives considerable shipping—several lines of transatlantic steamers, occasionally French and English men-of-war, yachts, and coasting crafts; but the chief business of the port is the shipping of square timber. The Norwegians seem to monopolize this carrying trade. Their vessels are generally condemned barks that they buy at a low price, and man cheaply with their relatives or with the joint owners. The "coves" stretching four or five miles above the city, along the St. Lawrence,

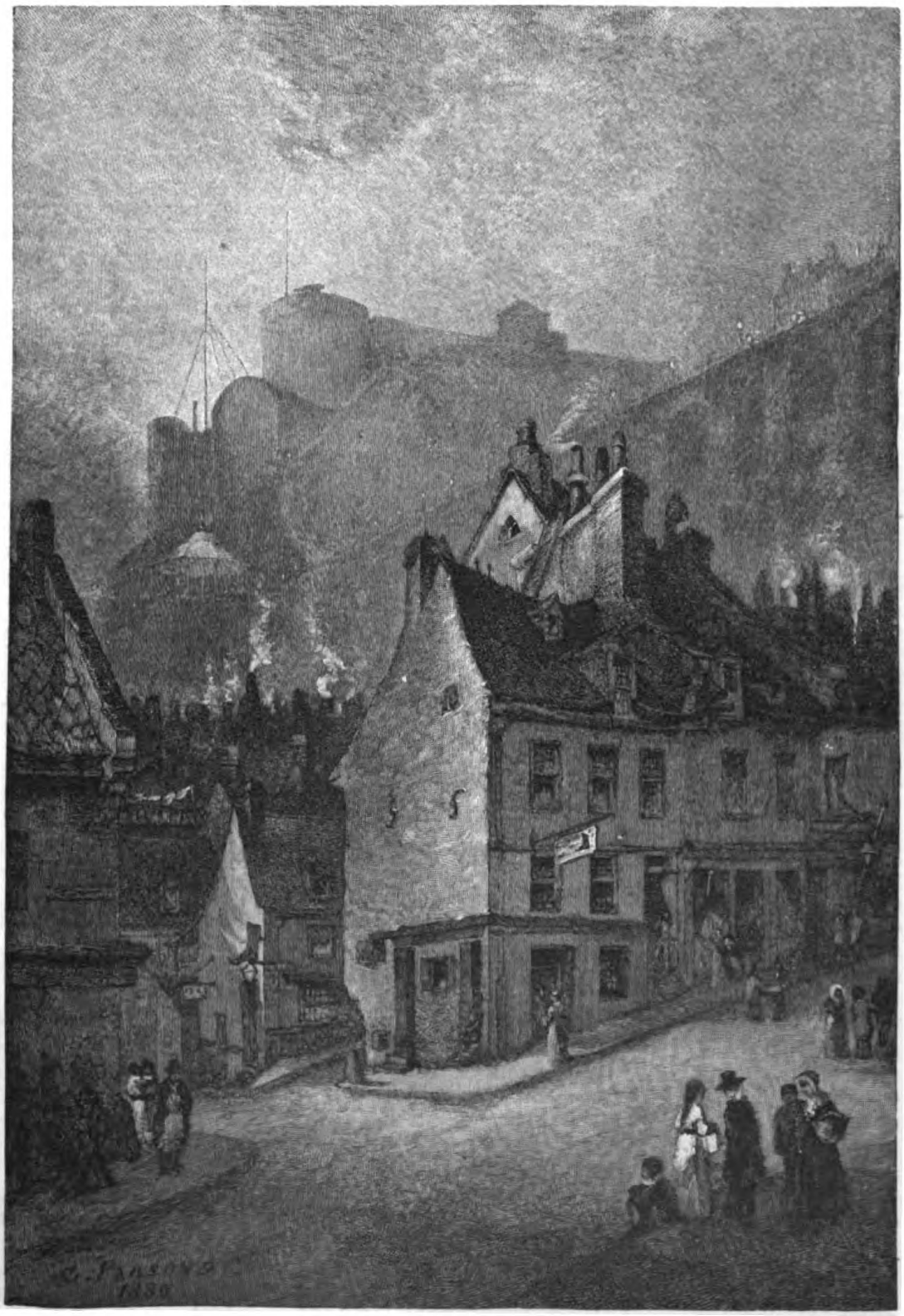
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are areas of water enclosed by booms. The rafts of timber are towed down the St. Lawrence and stowed in these coves. The vessels lie inside the booms, and the timber is hoisted from the water, and loaded through the port-holes in the bows. With her bowsprit unshipped, davits rigged over the bows, her sails perhaps drying, her anchors hanging, she represents a ship in the most picturesque dishabille; and the stevedores, working, shouting, swearing, are much like her in disorder, if not in charms. On the wharves of Quebec you see some of the most characteristic scenes of the city. The Lower Town market-places, with their *calèches* and long-bodied French carts, are filled with the *habitants* twice a week. They embark at their parishes on the primitive-looking steam-boats with a chest or a bag or two full of garden produce, knitting, wild berries, mutton. They sleep about the decks, and in the morning early land, and establish themselves on the market-place. The hour of re-embarking comes at various times of day, for many of the landings of the St. Lawrence are accessible only at high tide. The boats whistle many times, tumultuously, multitudinously, vociferously, and call their passengers from the town; but even in this moment of excitement the slow pace of life here is scarcely quickened. People arrive with their bundles and boxes long before the boat starts. One man who had failed to sell his calf brought it in a *calèche*, his arm passed most assuringly about the creature's neck. The wharves of the city offer room for scarcely a dozen ocean vessels. Nearly all the loading and the unloading are done by lighters or barges while the vessels lie at anchor. And this singular condition of the most important seaport of the province for now about 275 years, unjustified by any serious engineering obstacles, is not inaptly mentioned in support of the expression "poor Quebec." The Princess Louise Basin, it is hoped, will remove this inability of the port, and perhaps secure a part of the commerce that now goes on to the more enterprising city of Montreal.

It is eminently characteristic of this Roman Catholic civilization that festivals in general are controlled by the Church, and made either religious or semi-religious in both their aims and their ceremonies. An intelligent priest once said to me, with a shrewd smile, "Our people don't enjoy holidays unless the Church assists them"; and his statement summarizes the national custom, but perhaps not the national desires. The chief national civic festival, the Saint Jean Baptiste, is made semi-religious; the chief religious festival, the Fête-Dieu, or Corpus Christi, is made semi-civic; and the purely political holiday, Dominion Day, the 3d of July, set apart to celebrate the federation of the provinces and the foundation of a nation, receives no hearty support from the Church nor marked attentions from her flock. On going abroad one Sunday morning I found the plain gray city bedecked in her utmost pomp to honor the passage of the body of Christ; along the streets where the procession was to pass a cloud of French and some other flags floated across the blue sky and about the broken outline of Quebec's gables and dormers; evergreen arches spanned here and there the road, and a hedge of balsams arose from the curb-stones of each sidewalk; booths for the sale of beer and cakes testified to a practical estimate of the inner man; here and there hung on a house-front a box, or cupboard, as a miniature chapel, furnished with statuettes, vases, artificial flowers, a crucifix, and an altar; strips of white muslin along the hedges served as a background for hanging various objects that are supposed to arouse religious fervor—such as the motto, "Pas de rose sans épine," the portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, photographs of esteemed members of the hanger's family, lithographs of the Holy Family, and marine views; indeed, the ardor of some in honoring the passing of the body of Christ has to be restrained by the priest, because they bring forth, poor souls, such a cloud of household gauds as to eclipse the sun of righteousness; and one of the arches in St. Sauveur was decorated with a profusion of sporting articles and surmounted by the effigy of an Indian snow-shoer.

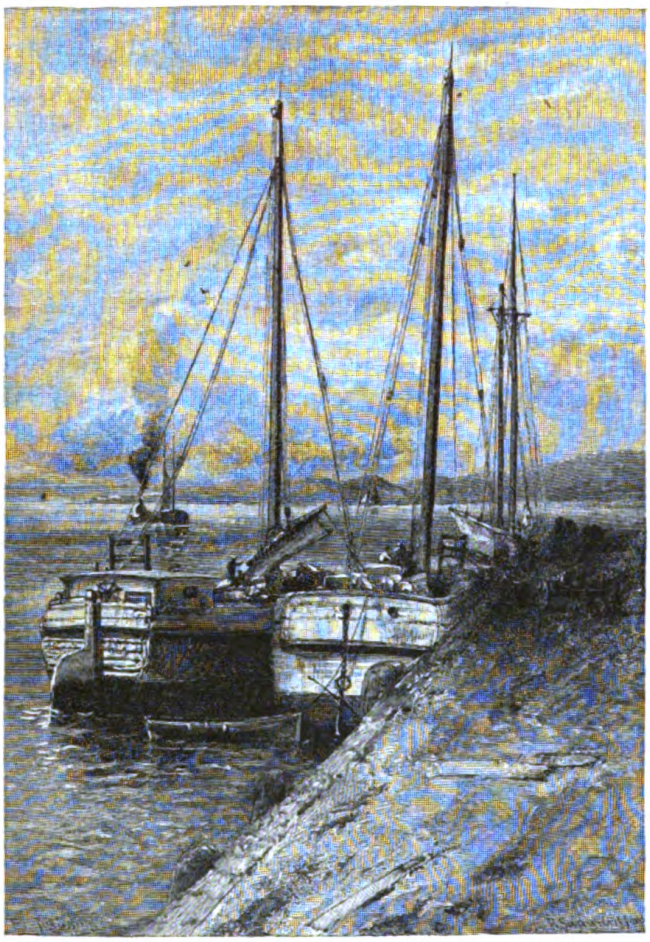
The general effect of the decorations was somewhat confusing as to intention, because at certain points along the route zealous laymen had turned their porte cochère into a chapel or "reposoir," where the procession halted for purely religious services; the "reposoir" of Saint Roch's —a high platform built at the end of a street—was a brilliant bower of evergreens hung with lace curtains, flags, gilt balls, long streamers of red, yellow, and blue

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THE OLD TOWN AND RAMPARTS.

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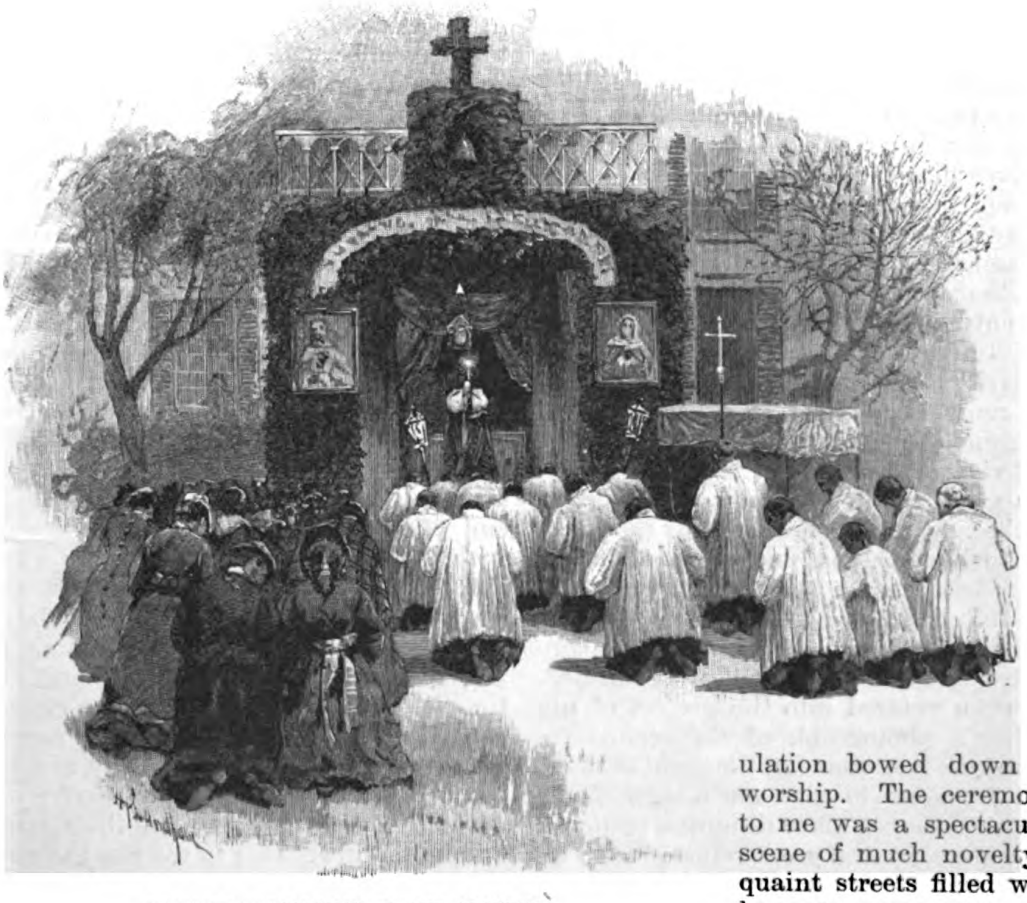
BARGES.

flannel, lithographs of Christ, the Virgin, and the Pope, and furnished with an altar decorated with pyramids of artificial flowers, vases, candles, mirrors, and lamps with red globes. The people, including all ranks of society, were much interested in all this preparation. They walked along the streets in wonder and admiration, and gave vent freely to their decorous enjoyment of the show and of the social intercourse of a holiday. At last a murmur ran through the mass, it halted, filled the walks with a dense throng, enlivened the gray wall spaces with groups of eager outstretched figures framed in the doors, windows, and dormers; and as the procession approached, their voices fell to the tones of subdued conversation. The procession was headed by three acolytes dressed in white surplices; the central one bore a tall cross, the others a candle each; then followed a line—perhaps half a mile long—of various societies, all in sombre black, or in fluttering white; each corps marched in two single files, one along each side of the street, while at the head of each society the standard-bearers walked in the centre of the road, as did many priests, to accompany and command their respective corps. There were some lay and civic societies in ordinary costumes and regalia; many religious orders, and also many of the semi-religious fraternities dating from the Middle Age, and serving the Church as long tentacles run into society; a division of little charity boys, each carrying a flag and repeating, in response to their priest, "Priez pour nous," and of little charity girls, saying prayers with the nuns scattered along their lines; a body of college students and of university students; a corps of young women in black with long flowing white veils and blue sashes, each carrying in one hand a rosary and in the other an umbrella; and the maiden standard-bearers of this order showed well and confidently their fine figures in struggling with their banner, inscribed to the Immaculate Conception; an order of La Sainte Famille—mothers of families; young men marching with a brass band that played martial music; older men, some tottering on their last march, and leading by the hand their third or perhaps fourth generation; the firemen in red, in blue, or in purple shirts; and often the military forms a part of this remarkable procession.

All along the line was heard the impressive muttering of a multitude, for everybody either read a prayer-book or responded to the prayers said by the priests, and as the body moved with impressive deliberation, and nearly everybody maintained a uniform appearance of devotion, the procession itself had a more religious aspect than the gaudy decorations and the social crowds. The most picturesque group of all came last—the rich, gold-embroidered canopy for the Host, with the

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accompanying priests and attendants in fluttering white robes. Youthful acolytes walked backward just in front of the canopy, some scattering bits of colored tissue-paper for flowers, others swinging censers with a long graceful motion, and those priests of the file on each side of the canopy who were in advance of it also walked backward. The Host is a wafer made of wheaten flour and water; according to the Catholic Church, prayers said over it at mass induce a miracle, by which the wafer is changed, "truly, really, and substantially," into the actual body of Christ. It is carried in a little gilt circular frame, the *ostensorium*. Naturally enough, the body of Christ should command great reverence; hence the walking backward, the general kneeling, the prayers, and the vast display of flags and evergreens. The priest who carried the wafer, with an attendant priest at each elbow to support his gorgeous robes, walked under the canopy and held the *ostensorium* up in an imposing manner as high as his head. Wherever this group passed, every one fell on his knees and bowed low; it seemed as if some magic spell swept along the street and mowed people down just where it found them—in the house, on the walk, or in the mud. At the "reposoir" the group halted for rites performed at the altar, and the entire population bowed down in worship. The ceremony to me was a spectacular scene of much novelty—quaint streets filled with banners, evergreens, and a kneeling multitude, gray gables, and dormers flaunting brilliant flags, ramparts with cannon, cliffs crowned with monastery walls, and the still loftier citadel looking down from the blue sky, while grave chants, pealing bells, and the muttering of a multitude at prayer gave impressive voices to the mediæval scene.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE COUNTRY.

But I hope the ceremony is not taken by the reader for a mockery of religion because of its mundane accessories; to those who worship in this way it is the most solemn event of the calendar, and I was glad to see many of them perfectly

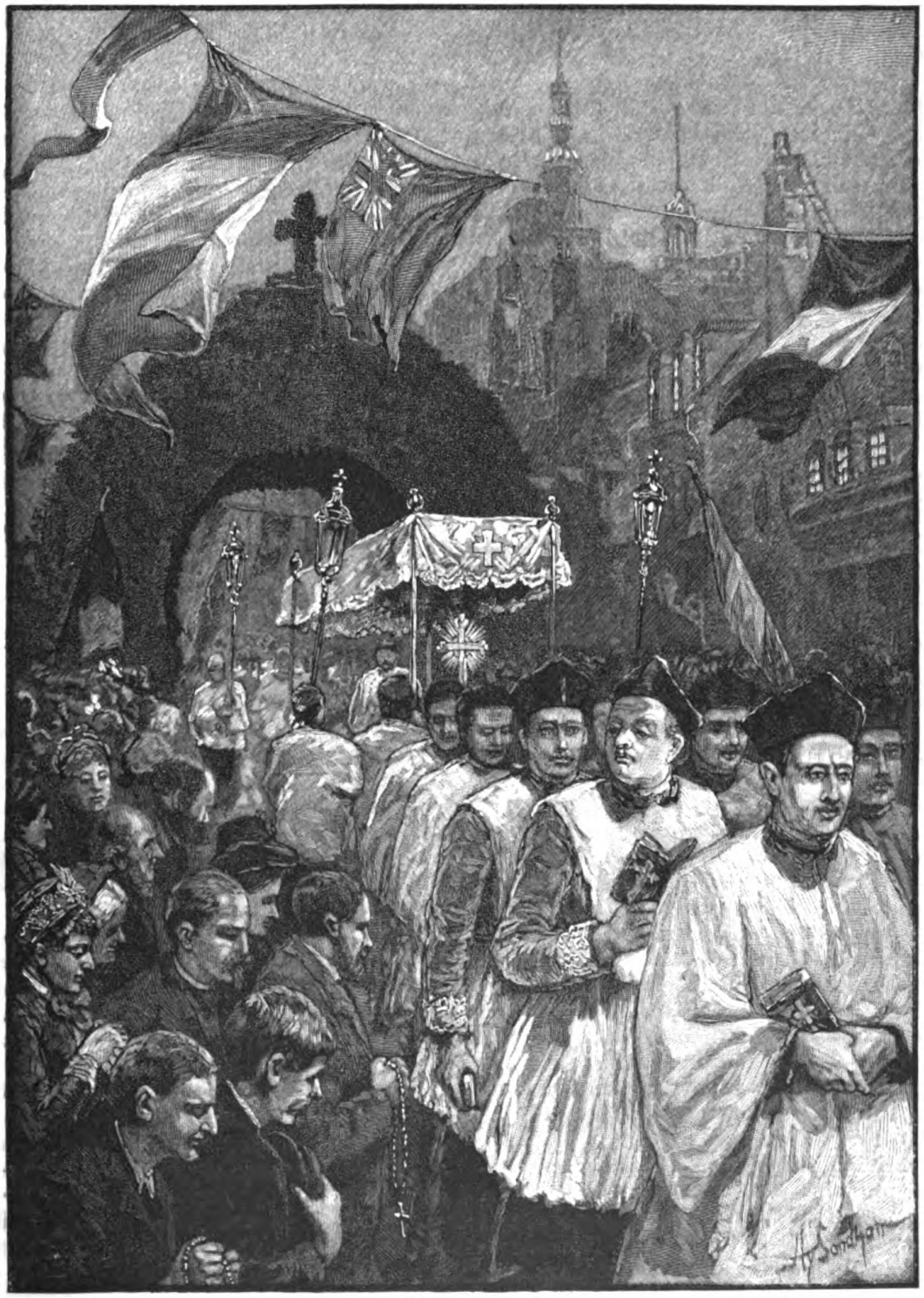
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earnest in their devotions. When, however, the Host had passed, the people resumed freely and promptly their social recreations. A stranger is often touched in seeing how this Catholic people mingle their religion with their daily duties and pleasures; frequent visits to the church, pilgrimages to shrines, the wearing of religious charms, the asking for blessings on their possessions and enterprises, their belief in miracles, their fear of a personal devil, their enlisting the saints to combat his witcheries—all infuse a rich poetic sentiment in the picture of their lives. But after some study he finds this poetic sentiment to be chiefly in his own vision, rather than in the indiscriminating creatures standing as models for the picture: it gives him a delicious sense of the picturesque, the quaint, the primitive; but the subjects suffer—half unconsciously—in their ignorance of nature, science, art, and human life. A worship full of rituals enters easily among other common duties of life; and to a stranger this familiarity seems in many cases to breed, if not contempt, at least an unfortunate indifference to the spirit of religion. My first view of this Corpus Christi procession was given me in a country parish below Quebec. It had been decided by the priest not to have the out-door procession that year; but when it was brought to his notice that a stranger studying the country desired to see it, he good-naturedly consented to have the ceremony performed. He even entered into the project of my taking a photograph of the scene—discussed the best moment, the point of view, and promised to give me a sign at the proper time. This willingness relieved me somewhat of a great reluctance to intrude, and above all to materialize—some would say desecrate—the chief religious ceremony of the Catholic Church. On Saturday afternoon the *habitants* hedged the village road with saplings, the nuns brought out their convent girls to the scene of the ceremony and drilled them in their movements, and I helped to drag the cannon of the village out of the woodshed and place it ready for firing salutes.

On Sunday morning the ladies of the best families brought their silver, vases, mirrors, and other trinkets, and helped to convert the piazza of a house in the village into a chapel, and decorated it prettily with plants, evergreens, carpets, curtains, pictures, and an altar with flowers and many ornaments. I felt deeply embarrassed at putting so many ladies to trouble, and turning out the priest, his assistants, and the entire parish in a vast display, in the honor of which circumstances forced me into partnership with the Almighty. Such a position was utterly foreign to my pretensions and my temperament, and I wished myself at home, in the quiet and reverent Friends' meeting that I often attend. But this feeling was purely gratuitous; the good-natured people, far from regarding me as an insufferable sacrilegist, were pleased with my interest in their fête. I planted my camera on the road-side opposite the altar, and awaited the events. At the close of mass the procession came out of the church, and approached with great solemnity, while the bells rang and the cannon fired. The beadle was very stately, with his staff, his black robe, his scarlet cape, and the church banner; the nuns, with their convent girls in black gowns, long white veils, and sashes, filed demurely along the sides of the road; and the *habitant* women, with umbrellas, came in a dense crowd, filling the road, as did also the men, bareheaded; they all told their beads while marching. At the end of the procession came the canopy, with its group of boys and men in white surplices, acolytes swinging censers and scattering colored papers, the choir chanting, the ostentatious wardens holding up the canopy over the gorgeous priest and the glittering *ostensorium*. The crowd, as it came near the "reposoir," parted, withdrew to each side of the way, and left the road open; then, when the wafer was brought along, they fell on their knees and bowed low. This to me was the most impressive moment, when those groups of primitive homespun peasants were kneeling and worshipping in the dust, while the priest and his attendants passed proudly on their mystic mission. It was even a startling scene, a vision far down the vista of history, a glimpse of the patriarchal ages.

When all had taken their places before the altar, the priest recited his office, and the convent girls on the upper piazza sang clearly and sweetly in response to the hard grave chants of the choir below. The decorations and bright colors, the songs of birds, the shadows of the trees flickering over the place, the sunshine and gladness of a perfect June morning, and

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PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

the peaceful, simple, and devout spirit of the multitude, all made a charming side to this mediæval scene. Meanwhile I had awaited impatiently the priest's signal, for many striking subjects had allured me; and at last, true to his word, when he elevated the Host, and the people were all bowed and motionless, he tipped me the wink, I took my view, and the procession returned to the church as it had come.

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SHIP-RAILWAYS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY F. L. HAGADORN.

LAND portages have been familiar expedients with explorers, navigators, traffickers, and strategists in all climes and in all periods of the world's history. Expeditions of the gravest magnitude have not infrequently depended for their success upon the passage of brief portages from stream to stream, or from sea to sea. In arctic regions or in tropical, at the sources of the Ganges or the Nile, the Amazon, the Orinoco, or the Mississippi, in Africa or in America, the pioneers of commerce and civilization have in all time recognized the necessity and practicability of alternate land and water transit, and have provided themselves accordingly, suiting the means at hand to the ends in view.

The ancients were familiar with appliances, which have not all come down to us, for the transportation of great masses of material. Herodotus, for instance, describes "a monolithic temple," estimated at 5000 tons in weight, which he supposed was carried the whole length of the Nile (2800 miles) to its present position at the delta. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the city of Corinth enjoyed in prehistoric times two advantages especially important in the infancy of navigation. On the long gulf which stretches from Corinth westward vessels could sail for above one hundred miles without losing sight of land; and secondly, the natives of Corinth were skilled in dragging vessels of all kinds across from sea to sea, thus saving them the dangers of a perilous voyage around the Peloponnesus." This was a portage over the same ground where subsequently the Athenians (550 years B.C.) built the "Dioclus," a veritable ship-railway, of polished granite, provided with suitable cribs and rollers, which they operated for three hundred years. The distance from Corinth to Athens in a direct line was less than fifty miles, while the route by sea was something like five hundred, and as the navigators of that period generally made it by hugging the shore, it was considerably more. The wars in which Athens found herself engaged at this period of her history necessitated the building of what in those days were immense ships of war. A reliable authority gives their average dimensions as follows: length, 149 feet; beam, 18 feet; draught, 8½ feet; height above the water-line, 11 feet. They were propelled by long sweeps in three banks, one above another, and by sails supported by two or three masts, one of which was square-rigged, and the others provided with lateen-sails. The measurement of these war ships was 232 tons gross register, and their displacement weight



THE DIOCLUS.

must have been at least 450 tons. The exigencies of war frequently required these vessels to be transported over the Corinthian isthmus by means of the "Dioclus," to which I have referred, the maximum elevation to be overcome being 259 feet, speed and safety being matters of prime necessity.

The Turks in the Middle Ages were known to have transported their war ships overland, and the King of Sweden constructed a ship-railway between Strömstad and Idelfjal, over which he transported several war ships.

But the most successful and formidable expeditions ever undertaken for the transportation of heavily freighted vessels overland were those of the Venetian Republic in 1438–9, under the engineer Sorbolo. The city of Brescia, which had given its adhesion to the Venetians, was closely besieged by the Milanese, and every device for its relief seemed to be hopeless, as the enemy had intrenched himself in winter-quarters upon the intervening mountains, and had a formidable flotilla in possession of Lake Garda, the largest of the Italian lakes, some thirty-five miles in length by about eight in width, and 320 feet above the sea. To send an army by land the Venetians would be com-

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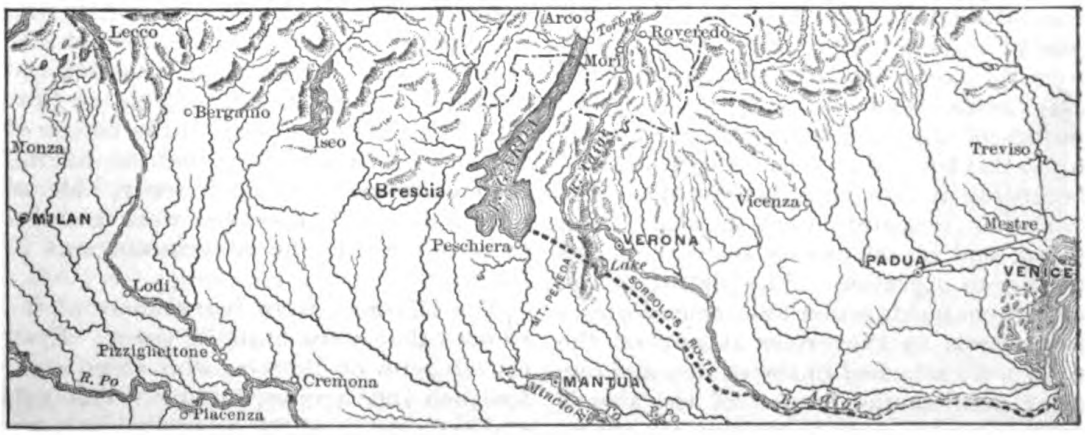
pelled to make a detour around the northern end of the lake, and then force their way through the mountains. But such was their well-known prowess upon the seas that to possess themselves of Lake Garda would be to throw dismay into the camp of their enemies, and open up an unobstructed route to the beleaguered city.

The most learned and experienced engineers of Venice had discussed for many days, in the presence of the Senate, a variety of expedients for effecting the desired object, and the one finally adopted surpassed in boldness anything of the kind that had ever before been attempted. It was nothing less than to convey a formidable fleet of some thirty well-armed ships bodily over the mountains and launch it upon the lake, unobserved by the enemy.

Sorbolo, who was the author of this suggestion, was a modest little sub-engineer of Candia, who had been quietly engaged in superintending some works of considerable magnitude in the service of the republic, and had also spent several years as a soldier, and knew how to handle men. As the result of a brief interview with the Doge and his counsellors he obtained permission to lay his plans before the Senate. Diminutive in person and feeble in speech, he seemed a pigmy in the midst of the dignified Senators by whom he was surrounded, but at a signal from the Doge he came forward, amid the breathless attention of the body, and with the utmost composure, said:

"Most Serene Prince, and Senators of Venice, I have come to unfold to you a plan which I have conceived whereby you may afford the necessary relief to the noble city of Brescia, by placing a flotilla of ships upon the Lake Garda. It is well known that the passage by the Mincio is closed, owing to the treachery of the Duke of Mantua. Therefore there only remains the Adige available for the purpose which I am about to submit to this reverend assembly. I know the stream as well as I know the Grand Canal. In winter it is swollen by the rains from the mountains, and is deep enough for the passage of the largest galleys. I therefore humbly suggest that up this river a fleet of vessels be sent to a point fifty miles distant from the Gulf of Venice. From thence there is a long level plain of country, across which it were a very easy task to carry the largest ships, provided men and oxen were furnished. The chief difficulty which will beset the path is presented in the mountain of Peneda, which rises to a great height from the shores of a small lake through which I propose to pass. But this will not present an insurmountable difficulty. Having crossed the mountain, Lake Garda is only twelve miles distant."

He closed abruptly, not having the eloquence to dilate upon his theme, while the venerable Doge and Senators looked aghast upon each other, wondering if they were not in the presence of a lunatic. But before a word was spoken, Sorbolo drew forth from a small box which he had brought with him the model of a galley, and placing it upon a cradle of the kind he proposed to construct, proceeded to demonstrate the means by which to transport it overland. The plan was so feasible that every member of the body was captivated with it. Sorbolo was dis-



SURVEY OF SORBOLO'S ROUTE FROM THE GULF OF VENICE TO LAKE GARDA.

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missed with the compliments of the Doge, the scheme was promptly accepted by the Grand Council, and the necessary instructions given for the preparation of a fleet suitable for the enterprise. The deliberations of this august body were always in secret, and Sorbolo had divulged his plans to no one else. Six first-class galleys and twenty-five light barks, fully officered and manned, were placed at his disposal, fitted out with all the appliances for a naval conflict—cannon amply provided with stone balls of the period, large stores of cross-bows, arrows, lances, javelins, and provisions, not only for the expedition, but also for the besieged city, to all of which Sorbolo had added hundreds of pickaxes, spades, vast coils of cordage, and a considerable number of heavy windlasses. Trusty agents were in the mean time sent ahead to assemble a thousand yoke of oxen and their drivers on the plains of the Adige.

By the kindness of the present American Consul at Venice we are enabled to give an accurate description of the vessels employed by Sorbolo, and we have also from another source (see page 375) a reliable survey of the route he took. The larger galleys were 147.6 feet in length by 40 feet breadth of beam; displacement, loaded with munitions of war, over 300 tons; equivalent to a gross register by modern standards of 175 tons. They were manned by at least 150 sailors, with accommodations for at least 150 marines or soldiers.

Everything was in readiness by the middle of December. The command of the fleet was given to Pietro Zeno, but the operations on land were intrusted entirely to Sorbolo. On reaching the mouth of the Adige ample water was found, but so swift was the current that six weeks were occupied in moving the fleet fifty miles. And then the labor began of transporting the ships across the country, the soldiers and sailors of the expedition being ignorant up to this time of any such intention, and regarding it now with incredulity. But Sorbolo's measures were carefully matured, and he set quietly to work to put them into operation. The platforms and cribs were put together and secured under the vessels as they rode at anchor, the oxen were attached to the cables, and one after another the largest of the vessels were hauled high and dry upon the shore. It required 600 oxen to draw each of the larger galleys out of the water, but half the number were sufficient to move them on the land. Their appearance on the shore, with their tall masts towering far above the trees of the forest, presented a remarkable spectacle. The singular procession was soon in motion, however, marching slowly and steadily through the country, levelling a road before it as it proceeded, until at the base of Mount Peneda, which rose abruptly in the way, and seemed to interdict all further progress. Here appeared to be an insurmountable obstacle. But Sorbolo's plans had taken it all in, and with a small party of his peasants and soldiers, armed with picks, spades, and axes, he proceeded to the bed of a small mountain torrent, and having diverted the stream, soon levelled a road to a less abrupt acclivity, and after a few days of needful rest the expedition were again cheerfully in motion, singing their songs of triumph as they went. The windlasses were now put into requisition, and the oxen driven around by another route. One mile only of this ascent was to be accomplished, and the men soon discovered that there was nothing impossible in the plans of Sorbolo. One by one the fleet were assembled upon the crest of the mountain, and now the perils of the descent were before them. The oxen were again employed in bringing the vessels to the rocky verge whence the descent was made, and from the base of which there were twelve more miles of level country to be traversed. The windlasses had now to be peculiarly braced, and their action reversed with great caution. One vessel only met with a disaster, but this was so complete that safety was insured to all the rest. From this time forth every man seemed to act as if the success of the undertaking depended solely upon him, and the orders of Sorbolo, which entered into every detail, were implicitly respected and obeyed. Before the close of February every vessel floated quietly in the harbor of Torbole, less than three months having been consumed in the journey, half of which, it must be observed, were occupied in encountering the adverse currents of the Adige.

The Milanese were incredulous of the rumors that were brought them. Even the citizens of Brescia, who were eager for such intelligence, could not credit it, and even detained the messenger as a spy until his tidings could be confirmed. But

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the triumph of Sorbolo was complete, although the forces of Zeno were not sufficient for those of the enemy which were brought upon him. The Venetian fleet were utterly destroyed, the men, however, escaping to the shores, and taking with them a great proportion of the immense stores previously landed, made good their way to unite with Sforza, who had opened a line of communication with Brescia by the way of Tenna, which he had invested and reduced, the Brescians themselves having by a successful sortie arrived in time to share in the ultimate success of the adventure. The Venetians in the mean time, and as a part of these operations, managed to despatch another fleet over the mountains, more powerful than the first, sweeping the Milanese from the face of Lake Garda, and triumphantly completing the enterprise initiated by the genius of Sorbolo. Nothing of the kind in the world's history had ever before been attempted in war or peace, and after the lapse of more than four centuries of time it stands to-day without a parallel.

It is a matter of history also that, after fully relieving the unfortunate Brescians, Sforza followed up his successes from one stronghold to another until before the walls of Milan, which he finally reduced, demanding the daughter of the Duke in marriage, and ultimately seating himself upon the ducal throne.

We have now to deal with mightier elements. A new contingent has sprung into existence. Colossi of the East and West are encircling the world with ribs of steel and flashes of electric fire. Giants are possessing the earth, and giant undertakings, demanding the energy of giant intellects and the exercise of giant powers. The "ship of the desert" is no longer a camel, but a locomotive; news does not travel by courier, but by electricity; and in the near future burden trains are to be borne from ocean to ocean over roads of steel, and freighted with the leviathans of the deep.

When Commodore Vanderbilt penetrated the great American isthmus in 1849, on the outbreak of the California gold fever, he drove his little steamer *Director* up the rapids of the San Juan River, and dragged her bodily over the fallen trees and rocky portages, until he launched her safely upon Lake Nicaragua, and finally employed the same means to place a larger steamer, the *Central America*, on the same lake. His engineers had reported the route impracticable—no one had ever attempted the ascent of the river—and they proposed cutting a canal. But he said he had "no time for such nonsense," and taking thirty men with him on the little steamer, made the route himself. Such are the men who accomplish things while others are discussing them.

It has transpired officially by recent correspondence in possession of the United Sates Bureau of Navigation that some of our existing railroads are capable to-day of conveying torpedo-boats from the navy-yards on the seaboard to the Great Lakes of the interior. And, as has been well remarked, "*the ship-railway is simply a proposition to carry greater burdens than have hitherto been carried on ordinary railroads.*"

The Baldwin Iron-Works of Philadelphia in 1832 considered it a great feat that they had constructed an engine which could draw thirty tons on a level, and the papers of the day contained the following announcement:

"NOTICE.—The locomotive engine, built by M. W. Baldwin, of this city, will depart daily, *when the weather is fair*, with a train of passenger cars.

"☞ On rainy days horses will be attached."

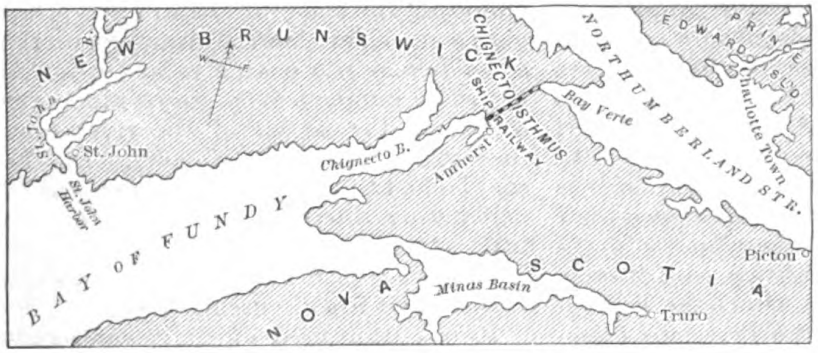
Now the same works are constructing ten-wheeled consolidated locomotives for the Dom Pedro Railway in Brazil, guaranteed to draw 3600 tons, with no reservation as to "weather."

With our modern appliances in view, the intervening space between the Atlantic seaboard and the Great Lakes is a mere portage; and the necessities of the hour require not only the safe and expeditious transit of war vessels and heavily laden propellers and barges over our inland peninsulas and isthmuses, but also from the ocean to the lakes; and for the southern routes from the West by the Mississippi and its affluents to the Gulf, and still on over the portages of the great isthmus to the South Seas, the long coveted "spice islands," and the continents beyond.

No one thinks now of voyaging around the southern capes of Africa or America. The paths of commerce are already across the continents. But these demand to be more and more facilitated.

If a vessel can safely carry a heavy freight over stormy seas, where half her hull is sometimes out of water, pound-

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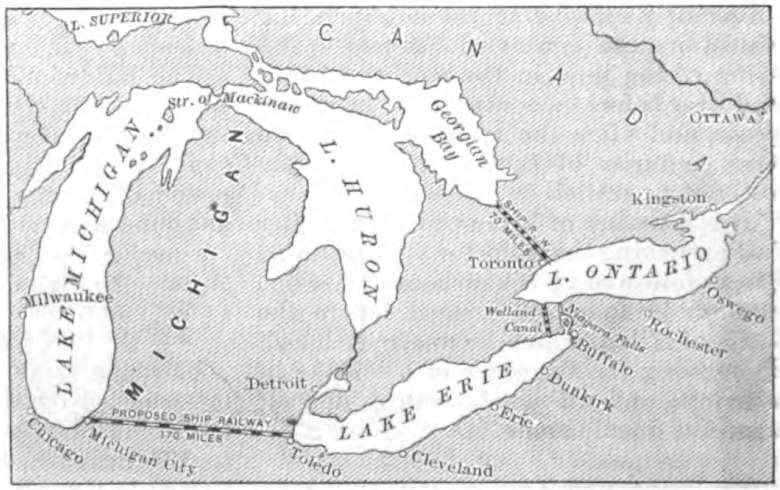
CHIGNECTO ISTHMUS SHIP-RAILWAY.

ed by the angry waves that break upon her decks, or drive upon her abeam, tossing her in their fury from crest to crest, and dropping her suddenly into great "troughs of the sea," it is idle to suppose that she cannot safely carry her burden when lifted gently into a "cradle," and borne smoothly and steadily along over solid rails of steel.

It is customary to speak of the sea as "the native element" of the ship. But no vessel was ever yet built in the water. From keel to pennon she is the product of the land. The forests, the fields, and the mines have all contributed to her construction, and her domination of the waves is a battle and a struggle her whole life through. If she is disabled in her conflicts with the sea, she is promptly restored to her native element (the land) and put in repair in order to renew the strife.

During the last decade engineers of high repute have been engaged in surveys and estimates for works of this character in every part of the world.

Sir John Fowler, who is now engaged upon the ship-railway for the isthmus of Chignecto, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, was in 1873 requested by the Egyptian Khedive to prepare a project for the transport of steamers and other vessels around the first cataract of the Nile. He carefully investigated the alternative plans for a canal or railway, and decided in favor of the latter; but financial complications of the government at the time prevented its construction. But the railway over the Chignecto isthmus is already under contract.



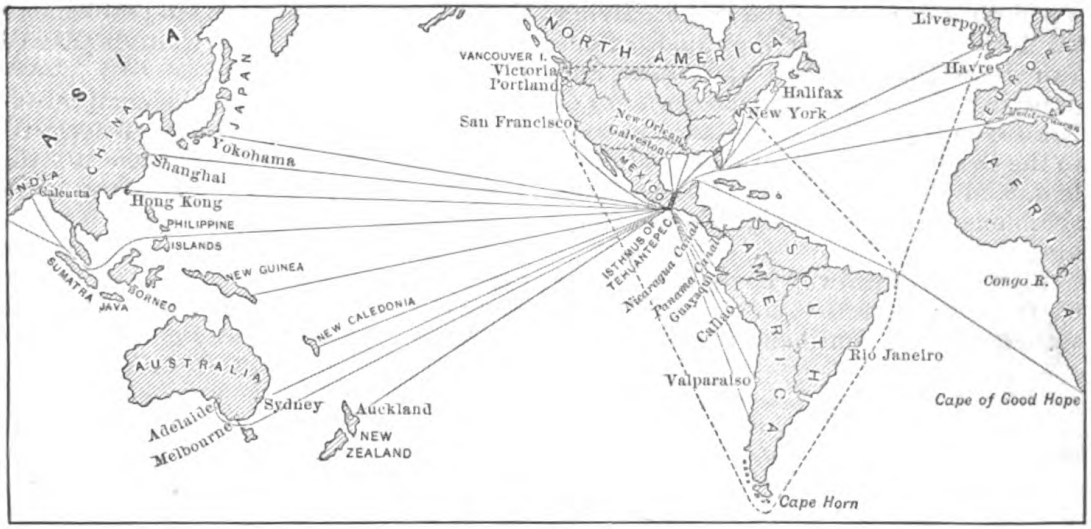
PROPOSED MICHIGAN PENINSULA SHIP-RAILWAY; ALSO SHIP-RAILWAY BETWEEN GEORGIAN BAY AND LAKE ONTARIO.

Another Canadian project is for a ship-railway between Georgian Bay (an arm of Lake Huron) and Toronto, on Lake



THE TEHUANTEPEC AND FLORIDA SHIP-RAILWAYS.

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THE CENTRE OF OCEANS.

Ontario. The distance is about 70 miles, and it would save 500, and the devious navigation of the St. Clair and Detroit rivers and the Welland Canal. It would, moreover, land the products of the West at Rochester and Oswego, instead of Sandusky, Erie, or Buffalo.

Major Jones, of the United States Engineer Corps, has recently designed a ship-railway for the avoidance of the dangerous navigation at the Dalles, on the Columbia River, in Washington Territory. His plans are now under consideration of the War Department.

Another project is the Michigan Peninsula Railway, from Michigan City, opposite Chicago, to Toledo, on Lake Erie. The recent periodic disasters upon Lake Michigan have been of such a character as to attract unusual attention. These are to be attributed not only to the vastness of the lake, but to geodetic considerations and its peculiar shape and position. They must continue to increase, therefore, with the increase of commerce. The surveys for the proposed ship-railway are over a very practicable route, saving a distance of 700 miles of perilous lake and river navigation *viâ* the lakes Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair, the straits of Mackinaw, and the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. It would, moreover, lengthen the season of open navigation between Chicago and the East about a month each year. Its strategic importance would be great, as being entirely within our own control, instead of skirting the British lines through Huron and the St. Clair and Detroit rivers to Lake Erie.

A ship-railway has also been surveyed across the Florida peninsula to save the 600 miles of distance around and through the straits. This is a most practicable route, and the railway can be built for about one-half the estimated cost of a ship-canal.

But the great work in all this programme, both as to the magnitude of its construction and its results, is the Tehuantepec ship-railway of Captain Eads, now in the hands of Captain E. L. Corthell as chief engineer. Speaking of this, the London *Times* says, "We have said this scheme is a bold one, but it is not more remarkable for its boldness, as well as for its originality, than for its engineering soundness, and for the perfectness with which every detail has been worked out and every possible contingency provided against."

There is no magic, mystery, or miracle in the evolutions of science or of nature. Columbus did not set out to discover a continent, but a western passage to India and the boundless empire of Cathay. The discovery of America was only an obstacle in his way. The spice islands and the South Seas seemed less accessible than ever; and not until centuries had elapsed, and the gold of California and Australia had given a new impetus to adventure, did the barrier appear surmountable. Cortez had surveyed in vain the valleys of Tehuantepec, and Magellan had discovered a strait too perilous and too remote. With the discovery of gold in California, however, the intrepid

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Vanderbilt came upon the scene, driving his little steamer over the rapids of the San Juan River, as we have seen, and dragging her bodily over the portages of Nicaragua. But still the western passage to the Orient remained an unsolved problem, and the grand old "Commodore" abandoned the field to become a railroad king.

Five lines of railway have since reached from sea to sea—four over the wide stretches of the continent, and one upon the isthmus—and still the old problem has remained unsolved, "the western passage to India and Cathay."

But it is possible that the comprehensive genius of Eads has at length revealed the long-sought passage to the Orient. To open this up to the commerce of the world is the great international mission of the two republics, Mexico and the United States. Suez is the centre of the old continents, but here is the centre of the oceans, the gateway of the world.

IN FAR LOCHABER.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

THE BIT LADY.

PEACE reigns in Fort William now. Lochiel has no trouble with his clansmen; the government have no trouble with Lochiel; the garrison buildings have been turned into private dwellings; women sit on the grassy bastions of the fort and knit stockings, sheltering themselves from the sun with an old umbrella; in the square are wooden benches for looking on at the tossing of the caber, putting the stone, and other Highland games; in the fosse is grown an excellent crop of potatoes and cabbages; and just outside there is a trimly kept bowling-green, in which the club members practise the gentle art of reaching the tee when the waning afternoon releases them from their desk or counter. Indeed it is possible that Alison, who had visited Edinburgh once or twice, and had passed the lofty crags and castle wall of Stirling, may have been disappointed to find a place of fair historic fame with so little to show for itself; but if Fort William is not in itself picturesque, it is in the very midst of wonderfully picturesque surroundings. When they took her along to "the Craigs," and ascended the mound there, she was struck dumb by the singular and varied and luminous beauty of the vast panorama extending away in every direction. The wild hills of Lochaber were all aflame in the sunset light; dark amid trees stood the ruins of Inverlochy Castle; the shallow waters of Loch Linne stretched away up to Corpach, where a flood of golden radiance came pouring out of Loch Eil; while all along the west, and as far south as Ardgour, the mountains were deepening and deepening in shadow, making the glow in the sky overhead all the more dazzlingly brilliant. Alison, standing somewhat apart from her companions, and wholly silent and absent, was wistfully wishing that her younger sister could be here for but an hour, for but a moment. Would it not enrich those pale visions of hers which formed so large a part of her life? Perhaps her imagination was starved in so cold and colorless a place as Kirk o' Shields? And might there not be in heaven high hills like these, flame-smitten with rose and gold, and placid lakes reflecting their awful and silent splendor? The Lord had made man in His own image; was it not possible that in fashioning the earth He had given us glimpses of that distant and mystic region which to poor Agnes seemed so white and wan? Why should it be white and wan? The Lord was the King of glory. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." Some strange kind of exaltation filled her heart, and flooded her eyes with tears. Those roseate summits seemed so far away; they were hardly of this earth; they were God's footstool, removed beyond the habitations and the knowledge of men. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" When her cousin Flora came quickly forward in alarm, for she had happened to see the tears running down the girl's face, she found Alison all trembling, and quite unable to speak.

"Why, what is the matter?" said she,

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and she put her arm within Alison's arm; and perhaps she guessed a little. "Come, come," said she, kindly; "you must not let a pretty evening in the Highlands bewilder you. I'm sure I beg your pardon for leaving you to yourself for a minute or two: Ludovick and I are so deeply interested about our new tennis-court. Come away, and we will show you the river Nevis; and then we shall have to be back in good time for supper, you know, or else both papa and Aunt Gilchrist will be for tearing us in pieces." And so she led Alison away, and talked to her unceasingly, with plenty of help from Captain Macdonell; so that long before they had returned to the house the girl had quite recovered her ordinary serenity, and was listening with an equal amount of amusement and of horror to a recital of some of the doings of the boy John.

But, as it happened, they had lingered so long by the banks of the clear-running Nevis that when they reached home again they were no less than ten minutes late; and the reception they got—not from the mild-eyed and soft-mannered Mrs. Munro, nor yet from the little, prim, gray-whiskered Doctor, but from Aunt Gilchrist herself—was of the sharpest. She who had been all milk and honey in the afternoon was now a fiery little scorpion; and no one was safe from her grumblings and mutterings and biting innuendoes. It was not only the real culprits who suffered as they all sat down at table; there was a thrust here and a thrust there; nothing, indeed, in the town of Fort William was right; there were not even two clocks in the place that kept the same time. For a while the little Doctor fretted and fumed in silence. At length he said, petulantly, "I wish, Jane, you would pay some heed to what one tells you, and get rid of that neureetis; for as long as it keeps hanging about ye, ye do nothing but grumble at the whole mortal world."

"Get rid of it!" she said, with bitter scorn. "Yes, if you can tell me what it is, and what brought it there, and what's going to cure it! The more o' that poison o' yours I take—your iodides and salicine and stuff—the worse it gets; and then ye jink round the corner and call it by another name. I wonder," she went on, contemptuously, "ye have na tried conjuring, or spirit-rapping, or reading a verse of the Bible backward! What kind o' tune is it they whistle to make serpents dance? Could ye no try that, Duncan, my man, when your bits o' bottles three times a day winna help?"

"If you'd take your medicine," said he, with some acerbity, "and leave alone that port-wine negus and cinnamon and sugar, you'd have a better chance of getting well—ay, and of improving your temper besides, Aunt Gilchrist, let me tell you."

"And if I have found out the only thing that gives me a little relief, I'm sure it was no doctor who made the discovery for me," she retorted.

"I should think not," he said, with glooming brows. "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. And the relief you get at the time, or fancy you get, d'you no think you'll have to pay for that? What are you laying up for yourself?"

"What am I laying up for myself?" she answered, snappishly. "'Deed, man, ye talk as if I was going to live for another half-century! Laying up for myself? I dinna care what I'm laying up for myself, so that I can get an occasional five minutes' peace and quiet; and that I have never got from any of your precious table-spoonfuls three times a day. Laying up for myself? Would ye talk like that if ye felt the whole o' your ten toes on fire, and more fire shooting across your ankles? I'm thinking, Duncan, my lad, ye'd be just as quick as any one to take whatever would still the pain; and ye'd not be so anxious about squeezing in another miserable year or two between yourself and your coffin. And ye speak about my temper. My temper! Why, if ye get a bit twinge o' the toothache, it's like bringing the heavens and the earth to an end!"

She relapsed into silence and sulked. He also relapsed into silence and sulked; and what conversation ensued was carried on between Captain Macdonell and Flora and Hugh. Alison observed that her aunt Munro, so far from betraying any embarrassment over this quarrelling, seemed rather to be amused, in her quiet way, and did not seek to interfere.

Now the nine o'clock supper was the chief meal of the household—the Doctor being away most of the day, and uncertain as to his movements—and on the table there was a decanter of claret and also one of whiskey, while there was a jug of beer brought in for the two young men. When the question of drinking came along, Mrs. Munro pressed her sister-in-law to have

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some claret, but the offer was coldly, yet firmly, declined. Aunt Gilchrist would take a little water, please. The Doctor pretended to neither see nor hear.

"Duncan," said his wife, "it has been a long and a hot day for you, would you like some soda-water with your whiskey?"

He did not answer. He got up and rang the bell. A maid-servant appeared at the door.

"Catherine, bring some hot water—some boiling water—and some ground cinnamon, and a lemon."

Then he went to the sideboard and brought out a toddy tumbler, a wineglass, and a dark bottle. Aunt Gilchrist would take no notice of his proceedings. Mrs. Munro was talking to Alison; Flora was talking to Ludovick Macdonell. And meanwhile, the servant having returned, the little Doctor standing at the sideboard was brewing a large beaker of port-wine negus.

Presently he brought the steaming tumbler and the small silver ladle and the wineglass round the table, and put them before his sister.

"I will not take it!" she said, shortly.

"Ye *will* take it!" said he.

"I tell ye, I will *not* take it!" she maintained, fiercely.

"And I tell ye, ye *will* take it!" he insisted, with equal vehemence.

"I will *not* take it, not a drop, while I am in this house; and *that* will not be long!" said she, in a very high and mighty manner.

Alison left her seat, and came round and put her hand on her aunt's shoulder. The old dame shook her off.

"Go away!"

"Aunt Gilchrist!" said Alison.

The girl had a soft and winning voice. Aunt Gilchrist looked up for a moment and patted Alison's hand.

"Well, well, what is it? What does the bit lady want?"

"I want you to take the negus, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said.

Aunt Gilchrist stared defiantly at her brother.

"He has put no sugar in it," said she.

The doctor went and fetched the sugar, and dropped one piece into the rose-colored fluid.

"That's only for periphery," said she, discontentedly.

"Oh, well, you stiff-necked woman, there's another for deficient circulation, and here's another for muscular rheumatism: will that do for ye?" said he, with a constrained laugh; and when he had plumped the two pieces into the hot negus he went back to his place.

"They Highland folk!" said Mrs. Munro, with a quiet smile, to Alison. "Their temper is just like a pickle tow brought near a candle. Decent Scotch bodies like you and me, Alison, try to keep some reasonable control over themselves."

Now whether it was that this yielding on the part of her brother had pleased her, or whether it was that the stimulus of the hot negus did really afford her some assuagement of her wandering nerve twinges, the old lady's mood was almost instantly changed. She grew most complacent and merry; she declared she would soon teach the Doctor how to cure nervous inflammation, so that neuritis and peripheral neuralgia and all the rest of the crew would simply fly at his approach—especially if he came with a tumbler of port-wine negus in his hand; she returned to the bold and generous undertakings and projects of the afternoon; and she challenged her brother to show his faith in his assistant by leaving him in full charge of the patients for a few days. When the supper things were removed she insisted on Ludovick Macdonell lighting his pipe, which he was very loath to do, for no one smoked except himself; but she declared that the odor of tobacco in the evening was sweeter to her than the scent of roses, for it reminded her of happy days long gone by. And then (just as Alison was expecting to see "the books" brought in for family worship) Aunt Gilchrist announced in her tyrannical way that they must have a comfortable little game of "catch-the-ten."

"Aunt Gilchrist!" said Flora, with a laugh, by way of protest.

"Well, then?"

"What will Miss Dimity Puritan say to our playing cards?" Flora asked, with a look at her cousin.

"The bit lady? Indeed I forgot!" said the old dame, glancing doubtfully across the table. "But never mind; we'll not ask her to play. Alison will come and sit by me, and I'll show her the game."

And so it was that Alison (though with some compunction, for she had been taught to regard "the devil's books" as one of Satan's most dangerous and deadly

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devices) found herself looking on at this game, which, after a little preliminary instruction as to the names and values of the cards, she managed to understand in a fashion. And not only was there no apparent wickedness, but she found herself equally amused and interested. In the very first hand it fell to her aunt's lot to hold the ten of trumps; and the various efforts made by the other players to seize this treasure Alison was sharp enough to guess at. What she did not know was that Ludovick Macdonell, who had a suspicion as to where the Ten lay, intentionally and good-naturedly sacrificed his chance of capturing it by prematurely throwing away his Jack, to Aunt Gilchrist's exuberant joy and triumph, for ultimately she won the game. This evening Alison kept out—pleading her ignorance; but she was a reasonable and even a clear-headed kind of creature, when she was withdrawn from certain surroundings and influences; and she could not for the life of her make out wherein lay the harm of this simple pastime. For the rest, a great cheerfulness and frankness and good-humor prevailed in the little circle; it was astonishing how quickly the time went by; she was quite startled and sorry when Captain Ludovick, at the end of a game, rose and said he must really bid them good-night and be off to his hotel. Indeed, she was disappointed: he seemed to belong to this household; she would rather he could have remained until the family party finally broke up.

As he was saying good-by, and when he came to her, he took her hand for a second.

"I hope you will be pleased with your stay in Lochaber," he said.

"Ludovick," Miss Flora interposed, "you are not going back to Oyre just yet?"

"Oh no," he said, "not for a few days. I have some business that will keep me in the town."

"That's all right," she said at once, "for you can neglect your business, and come and help me to show Alison some of the places about. Hugh won't be bothered with us girls, so we shall have to depend on you."

"I'm sure I shall be delighted," said the young man; and then he bade them a general farewell again, and went out into the night—which was all throbbing with stars, above the black shadows of the hills.

CHAPTER III.

IN A CALDRON OF THE HILLS.

ALISON did not sleep much that night; she lay awake thinking of these kind people among whom she had come, of their frank and pleasant ways, their good-natured banter of each other, their affection, and their obvious desire that she should feel herself at home among them. And as for the only one of them who was a stranger to her—Captain Macdonell—she was resolved to place herself on very friendly terms with him, if he also was willing. From the "Ludovick" and "Flora" of their mode of address, and from his general footing in the house, it was clear to her that Captain Macdonell was her cousin's accepted lover; so that she—that is, Alison—could extend toward him a kind of sisterly familiarity without fear; and besides, Flora would be pleased to find that her choice was thought much of and approved. That was one point. Then again she bethought her as to how she could manage to convince her aunt that it was not any hope of inheriting money that had brought her away from Kirk o' Shields, or induced her to obey similar previous summonses. That she was to inherit Aunt Gilchrist's money was quite freely spoken of, by the old lady among the rest; and indeed Alison was not thinking much of herself in the matter; she was mostly anxious that none of them should imagine that her father had any mercenary end in view in consenting to these visits. But how was she to show her own independence or his indifference? If Aunt Gilchrist had been a purse-proud, overbearing woman, Alison could have faced her in battle royal, and cut and slashed in scorn, and gone proudly home. But to face Aunt Gilchrist! She was the most whimsical of odd little tyrants. When she lashed, it was with a laugh. Her deadliest quarrels—with her brother—had only the tormenting of him for their aim. And as regards Alison herself, her treatment of "the bit lady" (except for an occasional snap when a sharper twinge than usual shot through her ankles) was just goodness itself. No, she could find no pretext for fighting Aunt Gilchrist; but the reflection was not a painful one; and it was with a pleased and dazed sense that under this roof there reigned a great good-will and content, and mu-

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tual and general kindness, that at last she fell asleep.

In her dreams she was back again in Kirk o' Shields. It seemed to her that she was lying awake in her own small room. Black night was all around, save for the lurid flames that shot up into the startled sky. She hardly dared stir or breathe, for might not her sister be listening for that strange visitant — the pale mother—who would come and stand by the bedside, smiling and benignant, seen and yet unsubstantial, heard and yet voiceless and noiseless? Was that a moan or wail coming from the room close by in which the servants slept? and was the poor creature Margaret, unable to close her eyes, torturing herself with thoughts of her eternal doom? This seemed to be a terrible night, so long, so sombre, so hopeless! For what was there to look forward to? The morning would but bring her the sight of a thousand chimneys vomiting smoke and fire into the surcharged and heavy air; bedraggled women, tired of face, and with shawls sheltering their heads from the rain, would be trudging silent to their work; poor little brats, barefooted, would be making their way along the miry streets to school. Then all day long the clash and din and thud of engines; the air becoming thicker and thicker with poisonous fumes; the dusk coming on prematurely, and the flames of the furnaces showing redder and redder through the gathering darkness. Is it time for the books now? It is enough to make one's heart bleed to hear this poor woman praising the Lord for all His goodness to her, and to know that she is looking forward to an eternity of punishment. But soon she will have retired for the night; and may a merciful Heaven grant her some brief spell of forgetfulness — this poor Margaret with the saddened eyes! Or is it only His beloved to whom He giveth sleep? For those others—the hapless lost ones—for them the worm that dieth not, and the fire that shall not be quenched.

Alison awoke with a cry. But what was this? Black night was no longer around her, with lowering skies and lurid flames; Kirk o' Shields had vanished; the solitary window of this neat small room had grown to be of a beautiful pale bluish-gray. The dawn had come, silent and mystical. A flood of joy and peace and gratitude filled her heart; the day before her had no further dread for her; the fair world would once more be shining all around her, a gladness and a wonder to her eyes. Nay, even now, before any in the house were up, might she not make assurance doubly sure that all these visions and terrors were fled, and the new, calm day arrived, with its beneficent beauty and stillness? She stealthily rose, and got hold of a light travelling cloak, which she flung round her shoulders; then she went to the window and removed the small muslin sash, and drew a chair into the embrasure, and sat down there. She seemed to hold her breath as she looked forth. The night was gone, but the day was not yet here; all things looked ghostly and pale and strange; the motionless waters of the lake, the wooded hills, the wan heavens themselves, were as if they slept—as if they had slept, even as they were now, since creation's morn. Nothing stirred; there was not a sound. On the calm bosom of the water the dark green fir woods of the opposite shore and the pale lilac heights above them were faithfully reflected—except where some long and shallow banks showed in orange sea-weed above the surface. A small scarlet object far away floated double on this liquid plain; she guessed that it might be a buoy to mark the steamers' course. A faint mist that hung about the woods appeared to be lessening—that was the only sign of change, and of the slow progress of the hours.

But as she sat there alone, and more than content, a transformation was taking place that at first she did not perceive. There was no archangel's trump to declare the daybreak; it came all so silently; the hill-tops had been touched by the rosy light ere she was aware. And then she looked up. Above the dark green woods, above the purple slopes and shoulders, the far-receding summits were bathed in a faint ethereal crimson, and the heavens overhead were of gold. The whole world seemed to grow warmer. There were intermingling colors on the wide waters of the lake. What was this sudden cry, too, startling the silence? A sea-swallow had struck down upon that glassy plain, emerging with its prey in its beak; its companions came screaming and dipping and flashing around it. The new day broadened and descended from the hills; the sunlight fell upon the fir woods opposite; far away in the north a small red ob-

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ject, leaving a brown trail behind it, began to move slowly along: was that the great steamer, with its scarlet funnels, coming south? She heard sounds below; the household was stirring. And then she stole quickly back to bed again, lest her cousin Flora should come to seek her; but her closed eyes still beheld the beauty and the majesty and the wistfulness of that silent dawn, that seemed to have belonged to herself alone.

And it was Flora, as it chanced, who first came to call her, the young lady appearing at the door of her room with a telegram in her hand.

"Look at this, now, Alison; was there ever anything so unfortunate!" said she. (And it was only when she was excited or unusually emphatic that a trace of Highland accent was heard in her speech: she said, "was there effer anything so unfhortunate!")

Then it turned out that certain friends from the south had telegraphed that they would reach Ballachulish that afternoon, on their way to Tyndrum next day, and that they hoped Flora and Hugh would come down and spend the evening with them. They were almost bound to go, Flora explained; but how could she leave her cousin just as she had arrived? Alison assured her that she need have no scruple. What was a single day? Besides, it was her—Alison's—place to remain with her aunt, and try to amuse her a little: she would have plenty of occupation till the two cousins returned from Ballachulish.

But Aunt Gilchrist was of a different mind, when, the brother and sister being ready to start for the steamer, Alison proposed to remain in the house and help her aunt with her sewing, or read to her, or otherwise wait on her.

"Read to me!" exclaimed the old lady, who had been peevishly grumbling all through breakfast-time. "Do ye want your head snapped off? If they fools o' doctors cannot get this wretched thing out o' my old bones—or nerves, or muscles, or whatever it is—why should you suffer, you stupid creature? Do ye want to be torn in bits?"

"I'm not afraid, Aunt Gilchrist," said Alison, with a smile—and when she smiled she showed she had exceedingly pretty teeth, as Flora noticed.

"Go away!" continued the old lady, with a sour face. "Go down to the quay with Hugh and Flora, and see them leave; then be off by yourself, and keep out o' my reach till the afternoon: I've not taken a drop o' their poisonous iodides this morning, so I may be better by then, and we'll go for a drive. Now be off with ye, and not another word."

Alison did as she was bid; and having seen her cousins leave by the steamer, she returned to the main street of the little town, and idly passed along that, looking at the small shop windows and their modest displays. She had no definite idea of where she was going, but she naturally followed the route with which she was already familiar. She passed the fort. She left the last of the villas behind, and went away along the dusty road until she reached the banks of the river Nevis; and here she lingered and loitered from time to time, as an opening among the thick foliage of overhanging ash and alder and sycamore enabled her to look down into the clear-running stream. It was with an inexpressible wonder and delight that she regarded the loveliness of these banks, and listened to the soft, continuous murmur of the river. The only waters she knew in Kirk o' Shields were, first of all, the canal, which seemed merely an intensification of all the surrounding squalor; and secondly, a little burn which ran through a steep chasm some five or six miles away: the chasm itself was picturesque enough, but all its foliage was blighted and blackened, and the sluggish burn at the foot was of the color of mud as it wound its way out into the grimy and melancholy fields. But look at this stream here, where the sunlight found an opening through the trees, and flashed a million diamonds upon the laughing ripples! The water was of the clearest golden brown; she could see the color of every red and olive-green pebble at the bottom. The overhanging branches, too, that trembled in the warm sunlight were of a bright and beautiful, sometimes of a translucent, green. And this pleasant, murmuring music had no kind of sadness in it; it was cheerful—as the sunlight and the fresh colors and the sweet air all around her were. She wished that Agnes were here, if only for one brief minute, to see and to hear.

She was wandering along idly enough, at peace with all the world, and well content with the solitariness, and the sunlight, and the placid murmur of the river,

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when she became aware that some one was behind her and overtaking her.

"Good-morning, Miss Blair!"

She recognized the voice at once, and she turned forthwith to give Captain Macdonell a friendly welcome. She was not in the least confused. He was a companionable kind of person—simple, off-hand, good-natured, in his manner, and there was a bright confidence in his look that commended him; besides, for Flora's sake, she wanted to be specially kind to Captain Ludovick.

"I saw you from the window of my hotel," he said, without more ado; "and as soon as I could get rid of the man with whom I was engaged I followed you. Do you want a guide? Are you going up the Ben? I heard that Flora and Hugh had gone south, and I was coming along to offer my services, if I had not seen you go by."

She told him she had no idea of going up Ben Nevis; she had only come out for a bit of a stroll.

"Yes, of course," said he. "You mustn't attempt Ben Nevis until you get a little used to hill-climbing. I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll get a couple of ponies some evening, if this fine weather lasts, and you and Flora will ride to the top, and Hugh and I will go with you, and Johnny to bring the ponies down. Then you'll stay the night at the little wooden caravansary, to get up in the morning to see the sun rise out of the German Ocean. How will that do?"

"I was never on horseback in my life," said she, somewhat aghast.

"Oh, but that's all right," said he. "You'll hold on; you've merely to lean well forward at the steep places. Well, now, where are you going at present? Would you like to try a bit of the hill by way of experiment? Suppose we go along, and I will show you the old track for ascending the hill before they cut the pony track."

So these two went on together, she accepting his escort quite naturally; and she was resolved on the first opportunity to say something very pretty about Flora, so as to please him. But she did not get the chance—at least, not then. He was in a very gay and talkative mood, and was doing his best to interest and amuse her, and to instruct her too.

"Oh yes," he was saying, in answer to some chance remark of hers, "all this is very pretty—very beautiful, if you like. But it isn't Lochaber at all. Lochaber is wild. These hills just now are like the hills you see from the Nile—pale chromolithographs; that isn't Lochaber. You want to see this neighborhood after a couple of days of Atlantic squalls—with heavy purple clouds and brilliant lights flashing about. You should get Hugh to talk to you about that—"

She glanced up with a little surprise.

"Ah, you don't know Hugh yet, I should imagine," said he. "He is a little shy. But he is a very extraordinary lad: he has all the Celtic sensitiveness to what is fine in music and painting and poetry; he seems to know by instinct what is right; and Flora has a good deal of the same quality too. It isn't that they themselves try to do much; but their appreciation of what is most beautiful, of what is best in all the arts, seems to be so marvellous; it seems to be some kind of sixth sense. I don't understand it myself, but I can see how true and fine their judgment is."

"But you are Highlander too, are you not?" Alison said, gently.

"Oh, I am a duffer," said he, quite simply, as they walked along; "and it's a good, wholesome thing, when you are a duffer, to know it. But that fellow Hugh—why, he does all sorts of things by a kind of instinct. You wouldn't think he was a bundle of nerves, would you? He's as strong as a young colt, but if you're driving with him, he's the first to tell if anything goes wrong with the springs, and he's the first to notice if the horse goes a bit lame. I declare to you he can sail a boat better than I can, and I've been all my life at it, and he has spent half his time in Edinburgh at his classes. It's some nicety of touch he's got—all the way round; you should see him throw a cast of trout flies on to smooth water, or screw a ball over a tennis net. And his sister has a great deal of the same faculty, though of course she has not tried her hand at so many different things. You wouldn't think she was very sensitive to impressions, would you? You might even," he added, rather turning to his companion and regarding her—"you might even say she was a trifle careless—and—and robust—even mannish—in her ways?"

"But surely," said Alison, with the blood mantling in her cheeks (for now was her chance)—"surely that very

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frankness comes from her honesty, and her good-nature, and her kind intention toward you? Surely that is so!"

"Yes, I think it is," he said, but not so warmly as Alison could have wished; "I think she always means well, and knows it, and is not very particular about people's opinion of her. However, she seems to have quite the same instinctive appreciation that he has of what is fine in music, or in poetry, or in the color of a bit of silk, for the matter of that. Neither the one nor the other professes to sing, you know; you couldn't persuade them to try a song in-doors—before strangers at least; but if you are out in a boat with them in the evening, and one or the other begins with some of the old Gaelic airs, then you never heard two voices in your life that went together with such a singular harmony. There is no effort; they don't seem to care; sometimes he sings second to her, sometimes she sings second to him; and it is a fragmentary kind of thing—a line, or a verse, or merely the humming of the tune. Sometimes I think he should have been trained as a musician."

"And yet he is going to be an architect!" said she.

He noticed the touch of surprise, perhaps of disappointment, in her tone.

"Oh, but you must get Hugh in a confidential mood, and then he will show to you that architecture is the noblest of all the arts; and not only so, but that it combines all the others. However, it isn't to everybody he confides his ambitions. For my part, I believe there are the makings of a very great man in that lad, though he is just now entirely occupied in building a jib and mainsail sailing-boat. Yes, I'm looking forward to the time when I shall be a broken-down old Highland laird, with a snuff-box and an old collie as my chief companions, and Hugh Munro will be away in the south, one of the great men of the world, building monuments that will preserve his name for centuries. You don't see much in Hugh, perhaps? He's shy; but I know I am right."

By this time they were crossing a wide stretch of undulating moorland by a path marked here and there by a bit of smooth-worn rock, and here and there by a few scattered stones among the tufts of coarse grass and heather. Far above them towered the mighty bulk of the Ben—what they could see of it, that is—the massive shoulders seamed with deep scars, the lilac-gray rocks wet in places and glittering in the sun. He was walking at a studiously moderate pace to encourage her; every now and again he would stop for half a second that they might go on together.

"You must tell me," said he, "not when you are tired, but when you think you are beginning to be tired—then we will turn."

"But I am a very good walker," she made answer. "At Kirk o' Shields, if you want to see a few green leaves and bushes—and they are not very green, poor things—or if you want to hunt for a primrose in the spring-time, you've got to walk away out to Kirtle Burn, nearly six miles off. That is a good walk, there and back."

"You ought to drive there and back, and have all your time at the place: wouldn't that be more sensible?" he suggested.

"At Kirk o' Shields no one ever drives, except to a funeral," said Alison, quite simply, and without being in the least aware of the grimness of her answer.

They were now ascending the lower slopes of the mountain, and she was doing excellently well under his careful encouragement and supervision.

"I shouldn't wonder if we got as far as the tarn," said he, cheerfully, "and I should consider that a very creditable performance for a first attempt."

"If I can get up so far," said she, laughing, but pausing to take breath all the same, "that will be all right; for we're bound to get down somehow."

"Well, you've done enough for the present; you must rest for a few minutes now," said he; and he chose out a dry hillock where she would have a comfortable seat.

He sat down beside her. They were now at a considerable height, and there was a spacious view before them, across the wide, undulating country to the long ranges of hills in the north. And truly there was not much of wild Lochaber about the still, beautiful, soft-tinted picture: those far hills of faint rose-purple were about as pale in hue and as ethereal as the sky immediately over their summits.

"I hope you will get a day like this," said he, "if your aunt Gilchrist should think of driving you over to Oyre."

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"To—"

"To Oyre: that is my father's place," he explained. "And I hope you will pay us a little visit. I should like you to see my father: why, you cannot go away from the Highlands without having seen the last of the old Highland gentlemen."

She looked up, a little astonished, and he smiled.

"That is what Hugh and Flora call him; but I think it would be better to say the last of the old-fashioned Highland gentlemen. Yes, he is of the old school entirely; and so is the house, and so are all his belongings. He won't part with anybody who has been years in his service; no, nor with any horse or dog that has done good work for him: it's a rare hospital for incurables that we have at Oyre. And, as you may imagine, the old gentleman is greatly given to praising past times, and magnifying the joy that used to exist then. You see, he remembers the *Ceilidh*. The *Ceilidh*," he continued—and he was carelessly pulling a twig of heather now and again, and she was contentedly listening, for his voice was pleasant to hear, and that was a beautiful distant panorama spread out all before her, and the very solitude was a grateful kind of thing—"well, that is only the Gaelic word for a visit; but it used to be the custom for the young girls of a village to meet at a particular house in the evening, and take their work with them, and then the young men would come in, naturally, and there would be songs and stories, and often a little dancing to the sound of the pipes. It was all very harmless and innocent; and if a young man could compose a good song about his sweetheart, there was his chance; and if one could play the pipes well, or tell a thrilling ghost story, there was the chance too. But nowadays, where is all that gone? My father will tell you that it is the Free Church that has taken the heart and soul out of the life of the Highlanders."

She started as he spoke, but he did not notice.

"No more music, no more singing, no more dancing, no rational enjoyment whatever—that's the programme," he went on, all unwittingly. "If a visit is paid to any one in the village, it is to talk about saving grace and the carnality of works—that's the *Ceilidh* nowadays! Why, some of the militia lads, who come over from the outlying islands, are just like to go mad when they hear the pipes. The pipes are forbidden in nearly all the islands now: the Free Kirk ministers will have nothing more wildly hilarious than the Jews-harp, if the young folks must have music. Really one loses patience to see a simple and generous and naturally light-hearted people tyrannized over by a set of men who are ignorant, ill-educated, narrow-minded, without any knowledge of the world whatever, and with no more understanding of human nature than a cow has of algebra—"

But here he laughed at his own vehemence.

"You will think I have put on my father's mantle," said he; "and yet I confess it does make me feel a little wild to see one of those illiterate, ill-conditioned boors become the spiritual master of a whole community of Highlanders—who are at heart gentlemen. Sometimes," he continued (and he was far too much engaged with those twigs of heather to notice the expression of his companion's face), "I am extremely happy to say, one of them gets hoist with his own petard. I know of a parish where the crofters were not so badly off, as things go; but this fellow came among them, sowing ill-will, talking about tyranny and slavery and all the rest; and at last he got what he wanted—they chose him to be their minister; and there he was installed as the champion of the rights of the people. But his popularity did not last very long. He was so inconsistent as to complain to the policeman that somebody had stolen his gooseberries, and also that some other person had actually opened his gate and driven a cart across his field by way of a short-cut; whereupon he was immediately and angrily denounced by his congregation as an aristocrat, a land-owner, and an enemy of the poor; and when the Sustentation Fund collectors went round, they came back with empty books—nobody would subscribe a blessed farthing. Oh yes, they're a set of nice, pleasant, peace-making, considerate, gentlemanly fellows, those Free Kirk ministers!" said this young man. "I suppose your father doesn't come much in contact with them, Miss Blair? He is a clergyman, is he not?"

"My father is a Free Church minister," Alison said, quietly.

This young Macdonell leaped to his feet as though he had been shot through the heart; and his handsome face, that ordi-

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narily shone with sunny good-humor and gayety, was hot and red with bitter mortification.

"It's true what they say!" he exclaimed, as if he were gnashing the words between his teeth, "that the sons of the Highlanders are not as their fathers were. My father would have made no such mistake. He would have found out before uttering a word. Miss Blair, how am I to ask your pardon?"

His distress, his humiliation, his abject self-abasement, was quite painful to witness; and Alison, looking up for a moment with her honest, clear gray eyes, was all anxiety to say a few reassuring words to him.

"But why should you think you have offended me?" she asked, in her gentle way; and she was looking down again now. "I don't know anything about the Free Church ministers in the Highlands. Perhaps what you say of them is true; and if it is true, why should it not be said and known?"

"But I had no idea your father was a Free Church minister!" he exclaimed.

"Of course I knew that," said she, in the most friendly fashion possible. "And I am sure of this too, that if you knew my father you would not include him among the stirrers up of ill-will and dissension. He is strict in his ideas of what the conduct of a professed Christian should be; yes, and a little old-fashioned, too, perhaps, about many observances; but I think if you knew him you would respect and honor him for the very way in which he clings to the customs of his forefathers. I suppose you never heard of the Blairs of Moss-end?"

She looked up with a quiet smile.

"N—no, I'm afraid not," he admitted.

"Nor of Adam Blair, the famous Seceder?" she continued; and there was some amusement in her eyes as she thus proclaimed her pride of ancestry. "I suppose not. But our family are descendants of his; and of course *noblesse oblige:* we have to maintain our own principles and practice, whatever our neighbors may do."

Indeed she was obviously bent on removing the chagrin that was still visible in the young man's face; and when they again set forth to breast the steep incline she proceeded to tell him some stories of those Blairs of former days, which seemed to suggest that, however austere in piety they may have been, they could also exhibit a grim sort of humor on occasion. But the memory of his grievous blunder was not yet gone from him. He was rather silent. She had to do nearly the whole of the talking—which was grossly unfair, for she needed all the breath she could get for her climbing, while he stepped from tuft to tuft or from stone to stone with the greatest possible ease. When she subsequently asked Hugh Munro what would have happened if her walking powers had given out, and she had had to succumb, he said:

"What—and Ludovick with you! Did you ever look at his shoulders? Did you ever see him catch hold of an anchor chain, and give a haul with those arms of his? He could have carried you all the way up, and carried you all the way down, and thought nothing at all about it!"

At length, after what seemed to her a good deal of laborious work—although he lent her a helping hand whenever there was any excuse for doing so—they reached the level and marshy plateau in which lies the solitary little lake already referred to; and then he asked her whether she thought she could hold out if they crossed the mountain and struck down the other side, getting home by Glen Nevis.

"Couldn't we get to the top first?" said she, boldly, glancing up to the far-receding heights overhead.

He laughed, but he seemed to approve her courage all the same.

"No, no," said he; "you are not anywhere near the top yet; and it becomes very steep after you leave the tarn. We shall do very well if we get back by Glen Nevis. Besides," he added, looking all around, "there's something queer—don't you notice how dark it is getting?"

"Yes, it is dark," said she.

"There's something gathering overhead, though where it can have come from I can't imagine; there was not a cloud in the sky when we started. Well, let us get along."

So they set out once more—he usually taking the lead, especially in the marshy places, and finding for her a safe and solid track, and she watching where he put his foot, and sometimes taking his hand to help her in a bit of a jump. All this time, however, the mysterious darkness around them was increasing. The lonely tarn over there seemed almost black. There was a sultry feeling in the air, and a sensation as though one could hear a

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great distance, though the silence was absolute.

All of a sudden she was startled by a short, sharp crack behind her, as though a pistol had been fired close to the back of her head; and as she wheeled round in dismay—to find nothing before her but this intensifying gloom—she could hear a thunderous rumbling go rolling and reverberating through the unknown deeps of the air, and dying away in lessening and ever-lessening echoes.

"That was pretty close by, though I did not see the flash," he said, with much composure. "We'd better push on quickly. If we can strike the path down to Glen Nevis before the rain begins, I know where there is a small wooden bridge where you will get shelter."

He had hardly spoken when a blinding glare of light shone all around them—a glare that showed them nothing but itself, for it blotted out the whole of the world from their bewildered eyes. Then came a startling rattle overhead—a quick succession of snaps and cracks, as if rocks were being rent and hurled against each other immediately above them; it was not until these appalling explosions had ceased that the muffled echoes, repeated and repeated, boomed and rolled away through the awe-stricken silence. He regarded his companion. Her face was pale; but not paler than usual, he thought. Nay, the instant she noticed that he was looking her way she brightened up.

"Is this the wild Lochaber, then, that you wanted?"

"A thunder-storm is a thunder-storm anywhere," said he, "and I wish it had not caught you so far from home."

For the first heavy drops had begun to fall, and the darkness around them grew more intense. He stopped for a moment, and whipped off his jacket of rough homespun.

"You must put this round your shoulders," said he, approaching her.

"Indeed I will not," she said, emphatically. "Why should you get wet any more than I?"

"But you will—you must. Now don't argue like your aunt Gilchrist and the Doctor, but be reasonable," he said; and he had never spoken to her like this before—exercising a kind of brotherly authority over her, as it were. Indeed he took possession of her. He slipped her arm into one of the sleeves, pulled on the coat, drew it round her, slipped in the other arm, and securely fastened the buttons in front, even to the upturned collar, which came round the lower part of her face. It was none too soon. The water was now coming down in sheets—a straight, resistless downpour, which seemed to spread a smoking vapor all around. He took her hand and led her onward, for the rain drowned her eyes. She followed him blindly, not caring now whether she reached dry footing or not, so long as she could keep up with him.

Then something happened that caused them both to stand stock-still, as if they had been paralyzed. There was another wild glare all around them, but in the midst of it there was a ball of fire—a ball of white fire that appeared to be hurled down to the ground just in front of them—and instantly there was a sudden, terrific, ear-splitting rattle of sounds that seemed to shake the earth to its very foundations. Alison felt him let go her hand, and at the same moment perceived that he had dropped his stick on the heather, and was standing there uncertain. Then he began to press his arm, from the wrist up to the shoulder.

"What is it?" she cried, in quick terror.

"Only a bit of an electric shock; there's no harm done," he said, as he picked up his stick again. "I suppose this was the conductor."

"Then why not throw it away?" she said, instantly.

"I can't do that," he said: "my father gave it me more than a dozen years ago—on the day after I caught my first salmon. Come along; we must get out of this hollow cup as soon as we can."

So he caught hold of her hand again, and they set off. But the rain was now worse than ever, and seemed to press down the clouds and mist upon the ground so that she at least could make nothing of their whereabouts. He appeared to be leading her across a marshy and trackless and interminable waste, through white vapors surrounding them and shutting out all the rest of the universe. Fortunately they did not encounter any more fire-balls; their trouble now was merely those blinding sheets of water that seemed to cause the earth to smoke around them. As for their route, she was happily ignorant of any danger: she had never heard of people being lost on Ben Nevis; she took it for granted that her companion was familiar

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with every slope and corrie of these Lochaber hills, and trusted herself implicitly in his hands.

And yet she was glad enough to feel that they were at last beginning to descend from these solitary heights; and when eventually they struck a rude little path consisting of chipped rocks and stones, and when he told her that this would lead them down to Glen Nevis, it was pleasant to know that there was a link connecting them with the world far below. Moreover, the rain was lessening now; the clouds were lifting; a warm glow as of sunshine was appearing through the "smurr." Finally a flood of golden light fell all around them, on the wet path, on the shining grass, on the silver-gray rocks. He took the soaking coat from off her shoulders and slung it over his arm. He was talking very cheerfully to her now, for this encounter with a thunder-storm in a caldron of the hills had driven his unhappy blunder of the morning out of his mind. And Miss Dimity Puritan was very cheerful too, smiling and showing the pretty dimple in her cheek, and declaring that her bedrenched and flaccid garments (which he studiously forbore from noticing) would be perfectly dry and comfortable long before they should get back to Fort William.

As they got farther and farther down into the lower world (and Alison found this descent over broken stones a far more trying operation than the previous climbing) the sunlight became hotter and hotter, until she rather envied her companion the coolness of his flannel sleeves. And where was there any sign of the storm through which they had passed? When at length they were descending into the beautiful valley of Glen Nevis—a sunny flash here and there upward through the overhanging foliage told her where the river wound its way down to the sea—he suddenly asked her to pause and listen. What was this sound, as yet distant and faint? Why, surely, there was a reaping-machine at work somewhere in those fertile fields in the hollow of the glen!

"They've had no rain at all down here," said he.

"Then," said she, demurely regarding her drooping skirts, "they'll think I must have fallen into the river."

However, she was not to challenge the curiosity of the Fort William folk in any such manner; for they were still outside the town when a friend of Captain Macdonell's came driving by in a dog-cart, and he was delighted to have Miss Blair take the seat beside him, where the apron in front afforded her all the concealment she wanted. In this wise she was driven home, and immediately retired to her own room, thoroughly tired out, and aching considerably about the ankles, and yet glad enough to have met with this adventure, now that it was all over.

For she had seen a good deal to-day of this young man, who was naturally an object of great interest to her, as likely to become a relative of hers. And in thinking back over all the things that had turned up in their conversation, what struck her as most peculiar was that he had been far more ready to speak about Hugh than about Flora, and that he expressed a much more enthusiastic appreciation of the brother than of the sister. Was it his modesty, then? She had always understood that a young man engaged to be married was forever anxious to talk about his future bride, and to expatiate upon her various perfections and virtues and celestial attributes so long as there was left in the world one patient ear to listen. But perhaps (Alison finally said to herself) Captain Ludovick knew that Flora, who was an independent, proud-spirited, wilful kind of creature, would resent being made the subject of any such foolish and infatuated discourse, and perhaps it was really out of respect for her and for her wishes that he remained mostly silent.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN.

NEXT morning, Aunt Gilchrist being still confined to her room by the supersensitiveness of her toes and fingers, and Hugh and Flora not having yet returned from the south, Alison was again left to her own resources; and thus it was that she came to make the acquaintance of the boy John. The boy John, whose sole aim in life was to sneak out of the way and do absolutely nothing, was rather glad to have his idleness publicly recognized and condoned. He went about with Alison very willingly; and as he immediately discovered that she knew next to nothing of country life, he was soon engaged in imparting information to her about many

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other things besides the plants and flowers in the garden, of which he himself, by-the-way, was pretty ignorant. Alison listened in amazement, and with a little fear, to this lumbering lad, whose small, twinkling, shrewd eyes seemed to suggest that he was not quite such a fool as he looked. And yet she came to the conclusion that John's conception of the universe, and of his own position in it, was perfectly sincere. He appeared to take it for granted that all nature, animate and inanimate, was in a conspiracy to maim, injure, and destroy him, John; and that he, John, was therefore justified in taking his revenge beforehand whenever he got the chance. Of course there was more than that. Sometimes, instead of merely killing them, you could outwit those malevolent creatures by which you were surrounded. Ill luck they meant you; but good luck you might extort from them by the exercise of a superior cunning. Here, for example, as Alison and he were strolling about the back garden, they came upon a big black snail that had strayed on to the foot-path.

"Now, mem, now uss your chance!" John whispered, eagerly, and he put his hand on her arm. "Quick, now—the little duffle he does not see us—his horns are out—quick, now, mem, grip him up by the horns and throw him over your left shoulder—oh, that will bring you plenty of money and good luck!—plenty! plenty!"

"I would not touch the horrid beast for anything!" she exclaimed, with a shiver of disgust.

Seeing that, Johnny advanced by himself, knelt down, extended his hand warily—warily—and then made a sudden grab. But the horns were instantly gone. He got up, sullen and scowling.

"The little duffle!" he grumbled. "He wass only pretending not to see us. If I could get a big stone, now, I would bash his head for him."

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said Alison, angrily.

And then Johnny grinned. He did not look further for a stone; he stooped and picked up the snail in his hand, and crept across the garden to the wall. On the other side, tethered in a bit of pasture, was a large she-goat, with magnificent horns and beard; and when this heavy-shouldered, broad-faced, lubberly gnome had reached the wall, he raised his head to the top, peeped over, flung the snail with all his might at old Nanny, and then came crouching back to Alison.

"Mebbe she'll eat the snail," said he, in great glee, "and it will kill her. Cosh, that would be fine!"

"Why, what harm has the poor old creature done you?" Alison demanded.

He looked at her; then he glanced at the stone wall, so as to make sure the old Nanny-goat should not overhear.

"Mebbe you'll not know," said he, pretending to whisper mysteriously, but his eyes were twinkling: she never knew but that he was making fun of her ignorance. "Do you not know where them beasts hef to go, once in effery year? They hef to go to the big Duffle himself, to get their beards combed; ay, that's a truth, now; effery year they hef to go, and the Duffle gets their beards combed for them. And who knows what they will bring back, and what they are thinking about, and what harm they can do to you, if you anger them? There's wild ones in Ardgour; and no one will go near the rocks where they are after dark, for they'll come behind you, and push you, and push you, down into the sea. Ay, and it's not any use firing at them either, even in the daytime; for the big Duffle he hass put something ofer them, and nothing will touch them.... Cosh, I wonder if she hass eaten the snail?"

He was for sneaking back to the stone wall, but Alison impatiently called him away, and so he came and humbly accompanied her as before, only pausing now and again when he managed to discover some pugnacious insect that he could worry into a display of its fierceness.

But Alison must have produced a most favorable impression upon Johnny's ingenuous mind, for it was entirely of his own accord that he asked whether she would not go for a sail. Miss Flora and Mr. Hugh, he had heard, were coming back by the mid-day steamer; would the young lady not like to go in the boat to meet them? There was a nice breeze. Maybe they would get as far down as Corran? And if not, they would have a sail whatever.

Alison (who rather wondered that Captain Macdonell had not come along to say whether his arm had quite recovered from the electric shock of the previous day) at once assented; and Johnny led the way down to the shore, where he was not long

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in launching a small rowing-boat that was lying there. Moreover, the tide being a little way out, he generously offered, if she would but wait a minute or so, to hunt out two partans (by which he meant crabs), so that she might witness a combat between them; but she declined that amiable proposal; so he asked her to get into the stern of this rickety small craft, and he would pull her out to the sailing-boat, which was lying at her moorings. A few minutes thereafter Alison was on board, and securely seated in the little cockpit; while Johnny, forward on the deck, was hoisting the gaff of the mainsail with a vigor which showed that his constitutional aversion from work was not due to any want of muscle.

Now Alison was absolutely ignorant of everything connected with boats and sailing; while Johnny, on the other hand, took it for granted that she knew as much as any of the young people about, any one of whom, in going out for a sail, would naturally take the tiller, while he, Johnny, looked after the jib-sheets. Accordingly, when he had fastened the small boat to the moorings, and was ready to let the larger one go, he turned to see if she was ready. She was quietly regarding him.

"Will ye tek the tiller, mem?" he suggested.

"Oh yes," said she, with cheerful alacrity, "if you will show me what to do."

"Oh, well," said he, not at all suspecting her real ignorance, "I would keep her pretty close up: there's sometimes bad squahls on this loch."

Forthwith he let slip the moorings; then he turned round to see what his fellow-voyager was doing. She was doing nothing. The mainsail was flapping and rattling in the wind, and the young lady was merely concerned in ducking her head under the swaying boom. Did she not understand, then, that the moorings had been cast off? He went down beside her, put the helm up a bit, slacked out the main-sheet, gave it one hitch round the pin, and handed it to her; then he surrendered the tiller.

"Ay, just keep her about that," said he; and then he went and stood on the deck by the side of the mast, which was his accustomed place when either Miss Flora or Mr. Hugh was sailing the boat.

And at first things went very well indeed; and no doubt Johnny was assured that the young lady could sail a boat just like any one else—probably better than himself, for he was not much of a hand at it. The brisk breeze that was blowing came almost straight up the loch; they had a long stretch before having to go about; and it was with a great surprise and delight that Alison found this bounding and living thing so completely under her control, obeying the smallest touch of the rudder, and yet ever cleaving an onward way, and throwing sparkling white foam from the rising and dipping bows. She was not in the least afraid; she suspected no danger; she was exultant, rather, with this new-found joy of speeding through a world of dazzling sea and sunlight, herself the mistress of the mysterious power that was bearing her so swiftly along. She was more excited than she knew. When the wind struck down in a heavier gust than usual, the sudden "swish" of water all along the side of the boat was like music in her ears. And Master Johnny no doubt considered that they were doing splendidly, and making a very brave display, if anybody happened to be watching them from the distant shore.

But Master Johnny's serene confidence in his companion's seamanship was destined to be rudely shaken when it was time to go about.

"You may put her round now," said he, from his post by the mast.

"Yes?" said Alison, inquiringly.

"Ay, you may put her about now," Johnny repeated.

"But what am I to do?" she called to him.

He turned and stared.

"Put the helm down," said he; "we'll go about now."

And still she sat helpless, awaiting instructions, so that even Johnny must at last have perceived her appalling ignorance.

"Put the tiller aweh from you!" he called to her.

Poor Alison was all bewildered. She vaguely knew that something had gone wrong, that something was happening, and then that Johnny was down here in the cockpit, working quickly at the ropes, that the boom was over on the other side, and she holding the tiller with her other hand, and that presently they were sailing along apparently with as much ease and comfort as before. As for Johnny, he could now make fast his lee jib-sheet; but

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it had been forcibly impressed on his youthful mind that his sole companion for the time being knew as much about sailing as he did of Greek.

And perhaps it was this discovery, coupled with the knowledge that he himself was but an indifferent hand, and was never allowed to go out in this boat unless there was some capable person on board, that served to unnerve him, just when coolness and self-command were most necessary. For the wind had freshened up considerably; and when they got farther and farther out into the middle of the loch it began to come along in swirling gusts that were extremely disconcerting. There was no plain sailing, no exultant joy, for Alison now. She could only sit clinging to the main-sheet, and watching the motion of Johnny's hand as he directed her how to keep the tiller: the fact being that although by this time he was quite aware of her absolute ignorance, he preferred not to take over the responsibility on to his own shoulders. And as his chief notion of safety, when those gusts came along, was to keep the boat close up, under Alison's inexperienced guidance she was continually staggering into the wind, and then being blown down on the other side, with a terrific rattle of the loose oars and spars on deck. He was in the cockpit by this time, attending to the main-sheet as occasion demanded; but he would not touch the tiller; that was the young lady's lookout: the truth is, he had lost his head altogether, and could only mutter to himself again and again, "That duffle of a wind!" He scowled as he looked down the loch. His malignant enemy was too strong for him; he could but bear those furious buffets, and wonder when they would cease. And sometimes he would try to escape. Taking advantage of a lull, he would let her head away a little; the shivering sails would instantly fill, and she would shoot forward willingly enough; then would come another tearing squall, driving the gunwale down into the seething water, and threatening to send the small craft and all its contents to the bottom. He had forgotten about the shore now, and about possible spectators. He was at the mercy of this wind-demon that struck and struck, and was trying to send them over; and he could not strike in return, nor yet run away and hide: his enemy was his master now, and he was helpless.

He happened to look back, and toward the land.

"There's a boat coming out—is she mekking for us, do you think?" he said.

But how could Alison tell? Besides, she was too much engaged in clinging to her place, and also in doing what she could to prevent the wind from getting a grip of the flapping and cracking sails. But John kept his eye upon the small cockle-shell in the distance; and at last he said, with an awe-stricken air,

"Cosh! it's Macdonell himself; and he'll be for giffing me an ahfu' licking!"

Alison turned quickly. She could see the small boat and its tiny white sail, and also a figure seated in the stern, but she could not make out who he was.

"Is that Captain Macdonell's boat, John?" she asked of him, amid this bewildering din of tumbling oars and swinging spars and creaking cordage.

"Tuz," said Johnny, in gloomy assent. And then he added (still bent on keeping her responsible), "Will I tek down the mainsail now and wait for him?"

"I don't know—how should I know?" said Alison, who was rather bewildered. "Wait for him, did you say? Oh yes, certainly! If that is Captain Macdonell, certainly wait for him!"

"I'll tek down the mainsail whatever," said Johnny; and he went forward and loosed the halyards, and rattled down the mainsail and gaff upon the deck.

That small blue boat, with the tiny white lug-sail, was coming along in beautiful fashion, seeming to skim the crests of the waves like a sea-gull; and long before he was near, Alison had recognized—and recognized with heart-felt gratitude, and with a curious sense of trustfulness and security—that it was Ludovick Macdonell who was the solitary figure there. When he ran the little craft alongside he got to his feet, threw a line to Johnny, brailed up the sail, and leaped on board.

"Good-morning, Miss Blair," said he, very coolly. "I saw you were in a fix, and I thought I'd run out and lend you a hand. And you," he said, turning to the cowering Johnny, who regarded him with a furtive eye—"you've been making a nice exhibition of yourself, young shaver! What were you doing? Did you want to send the boat to the bottom?"

"The wind wass blowing so hard," said Johnny, sulkily; he guessed that the be-

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laboring of his shoulders was but a question of a couple of minutes.

"Why didn't you take in a couple of reefs, then?" said Macdonell, who was getting his own small boat fastened securely astern.

"I could not reef the sail all by myself in them squalls," answered the youthful mariner, still plunged in apprehensive gloom.

"Then what prevented your hauling up the tack, and running away back to the quay?"

"She wanted to go on," said Johnny, at a venture; and "she," being thus in a measure appealed to, thought she ought to interfere.

"Indeed the whole fault is mine, Captain Macdonell," Alison said. "I have no doubt Johnny imagined I could help in sailing the boat—and I don't know anything about it—and since it came on to blow so hard I am sure he has done everything he could think of."

"But what brought you out here? Where were you going?" he asked, in amazement.

"We thought we might go down and meet Flora and Hugh," she said. "But it was only a fancy. Shall we go back? Is there any danger?"

"I will take very good care there won't be any danger now," he made answer, confidently enough; "but once or twice I thought you were over—I did, indeed. It was two men on the shore who happened to catch sight of you; and when they called to me, and I saw the trouble you were in, I bolted down through the town, and put out in the little *Blue-Bell*—none too soon, as I think. Here, Johnny, you young idiot, come along and get the sail reefed."

Johnny, observing with his shrewd small eyes that the captain appeared to be in a very good humor, grew less apprehensive about his shoulders, and set to work with a quite unusual alacrity, in hopes of procuring a remission of his self-imposed sentence. Instead of looking about for a stick or a rope's-end, Captain Macdonell was laughing and joking with the young lady the while he was getting the boat into proper trim; and at last, when everything was right, he insisted on her resuming possession of the tiller and the main-sheet.

"That's the thing," he said to her, as the boat shot forward through these rushing seas. "Don't be afraid—keep her full—let her have it—never mind the gusts—that's the way now!"

This was all very well; but the small craft, reefed and all as she was, was now tearing along at a spanking pace; and Alison could not help regarding with apprehension the surging and hissing water that came so close up to the rail.

"Please, I wish you would take these things," she said.

"Certainly, if you prefer it," he answered at once; and she made room for him, so that he could sit with his left arm on the tiller and his right hand holding the sheet.

"Ah, that is so much more pleasant!" said she, with a smile. "I feel safe now; and—and I can thank you for having come out to our rescue; for we were in danger, were we not?"

He hesitated; then he laughed.

"I should like to think I had saved you from a watery grave. And I should like you to think it too. But I am afraid I must tell the truth. Of course when you kept staggering into the wind like that, with every inch of canvas up, a particularly bad squall might have sent you over; but as soon as Johnny had lowered the sail you were safe enough; you would merely have drifted away up north again—with the chance of being run down by a steamer if you didn't get in before nightfall. But the two men who drew my attention to you fancied you were in a parlous case; and I can tell you John Gilpin didn't whisk through Edmonton half as fast as I got down through Fort William to the quay. But if you want to be very much indebted to me," he continued, in his usual frank and good-humored way, "you may take into consideration that I had no time to reef the sail of the *Blue-Bell* when I set out; I had the sheet once round my wrist, and took my chance of the puffs."

"I am sure I would much rather believe that you rescued us from very serious danger," said Alison, with a pleasant smile.

"This I am going to do for you, at any rate," said he—"I am going to show you something of the management of a boat, so that you yourself may know what to do if you should get into a difficulty again. And I don't think there is any use in our trying to get down to Corran—beating against a wind like this—before the steamer comes up from Ballachulish. We should not be in time. What do you say

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—shall we run away up to the head of the loch and get into more sheltered water, and I will give you your first lessons in sailing?"

"Very well," said she. "You have saved our lives; you can do what you like with us."

Accordingly Johnny was ordered to haul up the main-tack; the steersman rounded the boat away from the wind, and slacked out the main-sheet; and presently they were spinning along before the brisk breeze, with the water apparently grown quite smooth around them. John, foreseeing a long spell of idleness, proceeded to make himself comfortable. He stretched himself flat on the deck, face downward, put his elbows out at right angles, and rested his chin on his clasped hands. But he did not try to sleep; on the contrary, his small twinkling eyes were shrewdly observant; and as all fear of a thrashing was now gone from his mind, he was in a humorous, cheerful, and communicative mood. He did not exactly join in the conversation between Captain Macdonell and Miss Blair, but from time to time he made remarks, which might be listened to or not listened to. After all, he was in a position of some importance. He was the custodian of the boat. He was giving them this sail. Besides, his observations were addressed to the sea, and the sky, and the air; no one was obliged to listen; but the shrewd twinkling eyes knew pretty well when he had been overheard.

A large steam-yacht passed them, making for the north.

"Cosh! I would like fine to see her run into a steamer!" said this merry lad (talking to his two hands). "She would chump and chump in the watter before she went down head-first!"

A black-backed gull flew past overhead.

"If I had a herring, now," Johnny was heard to mutter, "I would put a hook in it, and float it out with a piece of string; and ferry soon you'd see him come back and dive for the herring. Ay, and when he found the hook in his throat, wouldn't he think he had catched hold of the duffle!"

There was a small cottage perched up on the wooded heights they were passing—on a plateau, with a bit of clearance around it: a solitary croft, perhaps, removed far above the world, or perhaps a shelter for some keeper or watcher belonging to Conaglen Forest.

"What a lonely place that must be to live in!" Alison said to her companion.

And Johnny must needs raise his eyes too. He regarded that isolated cottage for some time.

"I'm thinking that wass the last place that God made," he observed to himself, laying his chin once more on the cushion of his two hands—"ay, the last place that God made, when he wass going aweh home tired on the Saturday night."

"Johnny," Macdonell said, sharply, "get up and put those oars and boat-hooks properly together. And slack out the lee jib-sheet a bit more. What's the use o' your lying sprawling on the deck there, like a dead porpoise?"

Thus admonished, Johnny got up and began, in a lazy and leisurely fashion, to put things ship-shape; but he was grinning a little; perhaps the dark cogitations of his own brain were affording him amusement.

They ran away up to the entrance of Loch Eil, where they got into more sheltered water; and here, the reefs being shaken out, Alison received her first lessons in the art of sailing a small cutter. It was an interesting, even an absorbing, task; and the first intimation they got that Flora and Hugh must have returned to Fort William was the passing by of the great scarlet-funnelled steamer on her way to Corpach. But still they continued at their manœuvres and evolutions; for Alison was eager to learn, and Captain Macdonell was grown rather proud of his pupil, while to the boy John was administered as sound and wholesome a dose of work as he had encountered for many a long day. They hardly noticed how the time passed. As the mellow afternoon went by, the wind moderated considerably; so that they could run out into the open loch when they chose, with no thought of reefing. Alison admitted that she was rather hungry; but she was not going to give up for that reason. Moreover, when he at length overcame her persistency, and got her consent to make for home, it was found that far more time than they had expected was consumed in getting back, in securing the boat at her moorings, and so forth; and when at last they reached the house, Alison discovered that there was not much more than half an hour left for her in which to write a letter to her sister Agnes before the general assembling for supper. So she went to her

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room with all speed, for she had promised to write.

She had been there hardly over ten minutes when the door was brusquely thrown open, and her cousin Flora appeared—indignant of mien, and yet amused in a kind of way.

"Alison Blair," said this ferocious termagant, who looked as if she wanted to fling something, and was inclined to laugh all the same, "I'm going to have a word with you. Oh yes, it's all very well for you to look prim and innocent, Miss Dimity Puritan—open your big gray eyes, do!—but this is what I've got to say to you: you may run away with Aunt Gilchrist's money, if you like, but you sha'n't carry off my sweetheart as well—there! Is that plain talking? You can't expect to have everything, surely! Do you hear?"

"Flora!" Alison said, in blank amazement.

"Oh, I know! I've heard of your goings-on. I've heard of your adventures. Oh yes, and your tremendous courage and endurance and coolness—lightning-storms seem to come quite natural to you, for all as prim and mim as you are! But what business have you with my sweetheart?—that's what I want to know!"

Alison had risen; she was very pale.

"Flora, I thought you and Captain Macdonell were engaged—I made sure of it—and that is why I wished to be friends with him."

"Look how frightened she is!" said this strapping young damsel. "That's what happens when the guilty are found out. Oh, I know the ways of you quiet ones! Well, I'm not going to quarrel," she continued, with a sudden change of manner. "Take him. Take him, and welcome. A sweetheart more or less is nothing to me; I've got plenty of them, poor things: wait till you come to the Volunteer Ball, and you'll see for yourself. But all the same it *was* shabby, Alison, the moment my back was turned!"

"Flora, will you speak reasonably for a moment?" Alison pleaded. "Will you listen? I made sure you were going to be married to Captain Macdonell. Isn't it so?"

"Isn't it so?" repeated the other. "Well, he hasn't asked me, that's to begin with; and secondly, he isn't likely to; and a-hundred-and-twenty-fifthly and lastly, dear Miss Dimity, I wouldn't have him. But none the less I consider it remarkably cool of you to step in in this way—"

"Flora!" called out Hugh from below. "Flora!—Alison!—Aunt Gilchrist wants you both. Look alive! Supper's just coming in."

So Alison had to leave her letter unfinished; and as she went down-stairs to the dining-room—a little bewildered, perhaps—she was hurriedly trying to recall all that had passed between herself and this young Captain Ludovick, who was not, as it appeared, her cousin's *fiancé* at all, but, as one might say, a stranger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAMBLINGS IN THE WEST.

BY GENERAL RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

THE rapid and thorough reclamation of our Western possessions from the control and domination of savages, and the magical transformation of this vast expanse of wilderness from a theatre of barbarous warfare into thriving cities, villages, and farms, the occupants of which are provided with peaceful and happy homes, are doubtless without a parallel in the annals of civilization.

The purpose of this paper will be to elucidate this subject by the presentation of facts mainly deduced from personal observation during half a century's service in the United States army, for the most part in the wilds of the West.

As during this period I was often called upon to conduct extended explorations, involving long marches and occasional severe hardships and privations, leading me into the most unfrequented recesses of the mountains and plains, it has occurred to me that a succinct narration of some of the most notable incidents attending this era of my somewhat adventurous career might not prove void of interest to the reader, and serve to convey a general idea of the topographical, agricultural, and other characteristic features of that important section of our extensive domain.

In the execution of this purpose I remark that my military service commenced

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in Wisconsin when there was not a cultivated farm throughout the entire area of that large and pre-eminently attractive agricultural Territory. Neither was there a road leading from my station at Green Bay in any direction, so that the only practicable method of penetrating the adjacent forests was by following crooked and narrow Indian trails. Indeed, the whole country west of Lake Michigan, as far south as Milwaukee, was at that time a vast primeval forest, without a wagon trace, "clearing," or house, and the only respectable tenement at the incipient hamlet of Milwaukee was that of Solomon Juneau, a most genial and hospitable French Indian trader, who through pre-emption secured a patent to a quarter section of ground embracing the present site of that magnificent city.

The Western border settlements when I first reached Wisconsin did not extend beyond the Mississippi River. But from that time to the present a movable cordon of military posts has been kept up in advance of the outer pioneers, thereby interposing an effective barrier against the incursions of blood-thirsty savages, who have but recently ceased their barbarous efforts to obstruct the advance of civilization. And it is believed that without the protection thus afforded it would have been impossible to have forced our settlements much beyond the Mississippi River for many years to come.

In 1838 I visited Fort Snelling, only five miles from where the proud and beautiful cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis now stand, with a population of 100,000 each, and where there was not then a white human habitation.

Indeed, I saw but three cabins between Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien, a distance of some three hundred miles along the Mississippi River, whereas numerous large and flourishing towns and highly cultivated plantations now skirt both banks of the river throughout the entire distance.

In 1848 I was ordered to the "Indian Territory," where I served for several years among the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, numbering in the aggregate about 50,000 souls. They were at that time, through the benevolent efforts of missionaries, considerably advanced in civilization and enlightenment, having abandoned their hunting proclivities, and adopted agricultural avocations. They had churches and schools, which were well sustained, and many of them were fairly educated, living in comfortable houses, and produced abundant crops, and some of them cultivated large and remunerative cotton plantations.

The Choctaw and Chickasaw Reservations, united, are some 300 by 200 miles in extent, embodying woodlands and beautiful prairies, all well watered, and the soil eminently productive and admirably adapted to the requirements of the husbandman. While there in 1849 I was ordered to escort a large party of emigrants from Arkansas to New Mexico, *en route* to California. Our course, near the 35th parallel of latitude, led us for the first 200 miles through a heavily timbered forest, when we emerged into the Great Plains, and followed the Canadian River Valley for 400 miles over an unexplored, arid, and sterile region, and thence through a mountainous section, until we arrived at Santa Fe, 820 miles from the point of our departure at Fort Smith.

We ascertained here that the emigrants could not take their wagons through to California without turning down the Rio Grande 300 miles to the southern Gila route, the only practicable road then known. It appeared that the authorities at Washington imagined there was a wagon trail from Santa Fe direct to San Francisco, and my orders were issued under that misapprehension.

As it was evident the road we had made would no longer be travelled by California emigrants, being 200 miles out of the direct course, I resolved to accompany the party to the Gila road, and endeavor to find a practicable wagon route from that point back to Arkansas; and with a Comanche Indian, who assured me he could pilot us through to Texas, I ventured out from Donna Ana, on the Rio Grande, and marked out an excellent road to Fort Smith, a distance of 904 miles, 500 of which was through an unexplored section of country, and this road was afterward travelled by emigrants for several years, and the Texas Pacific Railway passes near the same route now. This road from Fort Smith crosses the Red, Trinity, Brazos, and Colorado rivers of Texas, traversing a most fertile region as far as the 101st degree of longitude, or about 120 miles beyond the western limits of arable land upon most of the other Pacific roads; but from thence onward, through Texas,

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New Mexico, and Arizona, the country for the most part is sterile and worthless, except for grazing.

Four different trunk railroads, with numerous auxiliary Eastern branches, have been completed entirely across the continent within the limits of our possessions. Yet it is doubted if the public generally entertain a correct idea of the agricultural capacity of much of the country over which these continental thoroughfares pass. Many seem still to be of opinion that our border Territories possess all the elements for making rich grain-producing States; but this conclusion is erroneous, as my own observations, while crossing the Rocky Mountain chain at several different points between latitudes 32 and 48 north, conclusively show that near the centre of the continent a broad belt of elevated arid table-lands is found extending from latitude 31 to 45, and from longitude 100 to 120, where, on account of the infrequency of summer rains, crops can rarely be produced without artificial irrigation. And the scarcity of permanent water renders this method of tillage impracticable, except along the few streams from which the water can be turned out over the bottoms, or brought in ditches from adjacent mountains. Besides, there is no woodland throughout this entire tract save narrow fringes of cotton-wood skirting the banks of water-courses; in the mountains pine timber is found, some of which makes fair lumber; but there is no hard-wood in this belt, except occasionally a few small scrubby oaks are met with. But I have never, while hunting in these mountains during every September for the past fourteen years, seen an oak or other hard-wood tree sufficiently large, long, and straight to make a decent wagon tongue.

In view of these facts, it will be apparent that the idea of expanding our Western frontier settlements beyond Texas, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, in anticipation of making other agricultural States of like productive capacity, is altogether fallacious. The history of New Mexico, which has been occupied by the Spaniards more than a century, and where nearly all the available land has been continually cultivated ever since, gives a forcible illustration of this. Besides, ever since that Territory was ceded to the United States in 1848 by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, it has been open to occupation by our citizens; yet but very little has been added to its area of cultivation or to its population within that period.

I received orders from the War Department in 1852 to explore the Red River of Louisiana from the upper settlements upon that stream to its sources. There was then no record of any man's ever having reached the head of this important tributary of the Mississippi, which is navigable for steamers 1500 miles above its mouth. It was, however, supposed to take its rise in a mountainous region east of New Mexico.

The navigable part of Red River meanders through heavily timbered alluvial bottom-lands of the most prolific character, yielding enormous crops of cotton and cereals without artificial irrigation. Our explorations commenced above the timbered section, where the soil was not so deep as below, and it became more arid and sterile as we ascended, until we reached the point where it debouched from the great "Llano Estacado" through a gigantic gorge or cañon at least 500 feet deep, and here the water was very bitter and unpalatable, resulting from the decomposition of gypsum, through an immense deposit of which the river flowed for seventy miles, and which the eminent geologist Dr. Hitchcock pronounced to be, with one exception, the largest body of that mineral in the known world. As soon as this deposit was passed the water became pure and free from salts.

While serving in Florida during the Seminole war in 1857 my regiment was ordered to march from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Utah, for the purpose of aiding the authorities in enforcing the laws of the United States against their infractions by the Mormons.

We left the Missouri River, with large trains of ox teams transporting our supplies, on the 22d of July, and proceeded over the South Pass route at the rate of only fourteen miles a day, until we reached the Rocky Mountains, where we encountered cold storms, with so much snow that our wearied cattle, exhausted from overwork and the absence of grass or other forage, soon began to break down and die by the hundred, which finally compelled us to stop for the winter at Fort Bridger, 150 miles short of our original destination at Salt Lake City.

The Mormons at that time evinced the most implacable hostility toward us, destroying three of our large supply trains,

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and orders from their highest authorities, which I captured from one of their armed parties, directed them to destroy the roads, burn the bridges and grass in front of us, and impede our movements in every way in their power. They had also fortified the deep mountain gorges through which they expected us to pass, and in their Temple threatened us with war "to the knife" should we attempt to approach Salt Lake City.

I saw in their paper, the *Deseret News*, the quotation from a discourse delivered about that time in their Temple by Heber Kimball, one of the most belligerent of Brigham's twelve disciples, in which he said: "We are told in the good book that we should love our enemies; but I feel to hate my enemies, and I hate the President of the United States. And, my brethren, they tell us that the President is sending out an army of 2500 men to chastise this people. Good God! I have wives enough to whip out that army." This did not, however, give us much uneasiness, and if our animals had held out, we would doubtless have pushed forward at once, which might have brought on a sanguinary war with those people.

We reached Fort Bridger about the middle of November, having been nearly four months upon the road. This, with the destruction of our trains, consumed the greater part of our winter supplies, and as they could not be replenished from the Missouri River before the following June, General Johnston, the commander, determined to send a detachment directly over the mountains to New Mexico, from whence it was believed supplies could be obtained earlier than from further east.

I was detailed to conduct this expedition, and with an old mountain guide and forty enlisted men, with sixty-six pack-mules, we left Fort Bridger on the 24th of November, and arrived at the base of the mountains near Grand River without difficulty, finding but little snow, and plenty of grass for our animals for the first 200 miles. But in advance of us the prospect did not appear so encouraging, as the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains rising into the clouds directly across our course were covered with snow. As from this point onward we encountered the most formidable obstructions, perhaps the mention of a few incidents relative thereto may not overtax the reader's indulgence.

We here met with a band of Digger Ute Indians, and endeavored to hire their chief to guide us to the summit of the mountains, offering him the price of four horses. But he refused, saying he would not attempt it for everything we possessed; that he crossed these mountains in the autumn and found snow two feet deep then, but it might be six feet now. He would therefore advise us to remain with him through the winter, or go back where we came from, as we would inevitably perish if we continued on.

Notwithstanding his gloomy prediction, we resumed our march the following day, but soon struck snow that materially impeded our progress, and it continued to increase as we advanced, until after a few days it became so deep that our mules could no longer wade through it, and obliged me to place the men in advance to break a track for them.

The snow at this time was five feet deep, and so dry and light that a man could not walk upright without sinking to his waist at every step; neither could snow-shoes be used; and the only alternative was for the leading men to lie down and crawl over the snow, placing their hands and feet in the same holes, so that when four or five had started in single file the track bore up the others walking upright, and after all had passed, the snow became sufficiently packed to support the mules. Thus we struggled on at the rate of only three or four miles a day, until at length our provisions were consumed, and our poor animals, having no forage but bitter pine leaves, began to falter and die from starvation. But they thus secured us from starvation, as we had no other sustenance for fifteen days save the lean flesh cut from their dead carcasses. We had no sugar, tea, coffee, salt, or tobacco, but suffered most for want of the last two.

While thus forcing our way onward, and encouraged by the confident assurances of our guide that we would soon reach the summit of the mountains, one of our herders, a half-breed Mexican, who was accidentally picked up just as we were leaving Fort Bridger, came to me, and said if I was aiming for the "Cochetopa" Pass, we were then going directly away from it; that he had been there before, and was familiar with the country.

This startling announcement, as may be imagined, caused me most serious apprehension and alarm, as up to that time

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I had placed implicit reliance upon the knowledge of our guide, whom I at once called up and questioned closely, and he finally admitted that as he had never passed over these mountains except in summer, their appearance now, enveloped in deep snow, was so different from what it was whenever he had seen them before that he was not altogether certain he was upon the right course; still he believed he was correct.

This evidence of a lack of confidence on his part was to me a matter of the most intense perplexity and anxiety, as I had the best reasons for believing the pass we were aiming for to be the only one for several hundred miles where these mountains could be crossed in midwinter. Indeed, General Fremont, some years before this, in the winter season attempted the passage of this range of mountains forty miles south of the Cochetopa Pass, and lost all of his animals and several of his men, obliging him to abandon the enterprise and return to Taos, the point of his departure. In view of the momentous consequences involved in the dilemma, I asked the herder if he was absolutely certain as to the correctness of his statement. If so, and he was willing to act as guide, I would give him fifty dollars in addition to his wages. "But," I added, "if at any time I discover you are not leading us right, I shall hang you to the first tree we come across as certain as you are living." He replied that he was willing to risk his neck upon it, and he was received as our guide from that time, and doubtless saved all our lives, as without him we would all inevitably have starved to death.

Shortly after this, from the summit of an elevated peak, he pointed out to me a depression in the mountain chain to our left, about thirty miles distant, which he said was the Cochetopa Pass we had been so anxiously looking for. But it required ten days of the severest labor to reach it. We had not for twenty days seen the least indication of a road or trail, but here we discovered evidences that a white man had been here before us in some distinct blazes smoothly cut by a white man's axe upon the trees in the pass.

In looking east from the summit of the great "continental divide" at this point, we saw in the distance a vast plain bounded by a chain of lofty mountains, extending south as far as the eye could penetrate, and this our guide informed us was within the valley of the Rio del Norte, now called San Luis Park.

He also pointed out a far-distant peak, at the foot of which, he said, Fort Massachusetts (now Fort Garland) was situated; and as this was the first place from which we could expect to procure supplies, I despatched two men with the only serviceable mules we had, giving them orders to hurry through to the fort, with a note to the commanding officer urging him to send us relief as soon as possible, as we were starving. They started at once, the snow having diminished a little in depth, and we followed on as fast as the crippled condition of our animals would permit, and at length reached the plain we had seen from the top of the mountains.

Ten days had now elapsed since our messengers left for the fort, and as nothing had been heard from them, and fresh snow had obliterated their tracks, I was fearful they had perished or lost their way; but about sunset two horsemen were discovered in the distance rapidly approaching, and to our great relief they soon came galloping into camp on fine fresh horses, and proved to be our long-looked-for messengers, and I have never witnessed such an exhibition of joy as was evinced by the party on that occasion.

The ruling propensity of men who are accustomed to tobacco received a forcible illustration at this time, as one of the messengers from the fort, before dismounting, threw a long plug of chewing tobacco into the crowd, where it was soon torn to pieces and demolished; but it so happened that one man who did not succeed in getting a taste offered ten dollars to another for a single quid, which, being about the amount of a month's pay of the soldier, was, I thought, quite an extravagant offer.

At another time, while we were in the deepest snow, and had stopped for a few minutes to rest and warm, I filled my pipe from a very small piece of tobacco, the last remaining fragment in the party, and observing the anxious look of one of my very best men who stood near me, I held the precious morsel out to him and asked if he would not take a smoke. He replied, "No, thank you, captain; I never smoke."

"Well," I said, "you are fortunate not to indulge in this habit when tobacco is so scarce."

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He said nothing for a moment; then added, "*I sometimes chew.*"

"Help yourself," said I; which he did, and exclaimed, with a most grateful expression,

"I never tasted anything so good in my life, captain."

We resumed our journey the following morning, and during the day met the supply wagons, which were at once turned into camp, when soup was made for the party, and a guard placed over the provisions to prevent the men from overeating, which in their famished condition might have serious consequences.

The commanding officer at Fort Massachusetts had kindly sent me a jug of brandy, and as soon as we reached camp I gave each one of the men a small drink, which in a short time made them very drunk, but the soup soon sobered them.

Notwithstanding my precautions, five of the men got at the provisions during the night, and were almost insensible the next morning from excruciating pains in the stomach, the effects of their imprudence. Medicine was given for their relief, but one of them, Sergeant Morton—a most excellent soldier—of the 10th infantry, died during the day, and it was with great difficulty that the lives of the other four were saved.

Four days afterward we marched into Fort Massachusetts, receiving a hearty welcome from the officers and men of the garrison. But, judging from the quizzical expression of their countenances and their manifest efforts to smother their risible impulses, they evidently looked upon us as the most lean, ragged, untidy, and scantily uniformed specimens of "regulars" they had ever encountered, which was not at all surprising, as but few of the party had any caps, their shoes were worn out, and their feet bound up with mule-hides or fragments of blankets, their trousers worn off below the knees by the snow-crust and brush, and the few great-coats remaining were materially razeed for repairing rents in other garments.

We had been fifty-one days in making the journey from Fort Bridger, about 500 miles, the greater part of the way over elevated mountains buried in deep snows, without the slightest trace of a road, pathway, or trail, and not a white man or house was met with during the entire trip. We were all greatly emaciated, and twelve of the soldiers had their feet and legs frozen so badly that they had to be carried upon the poor mules, only eighteen of which remained alive at the terminus of our journey.

From Fort Massachusetts we proceeded on to Santa Fe, and after securing such supplies as were required for our operations in Utah, set out on our return by a different route, passing through the Raton Mountains, and near Pike's Peak, to the divide of the Arkansas and Platte rivers at Squirrel Creek, where, on the first day of May, we encountered the most terrific storm I ever witnessed. The wind blew a furious gale for thirty hours, accompanied by a dense, sharp, blinding snow, which fell to the depth of three feet, causing two of our herders to perish but a short distance from the camp, and another was found crawling around on his hands and knees, in a state of mental aberration, after the storm ceased.

From thence we followed down Cherry Creek to its confluence with the South Platte River, which we found too deep and rapid for fording, and were obliged to halt for several days, and build a boat to make the crossing with safety. While we were here one of our teamsters—an old trapper—washed out some gold from the sands of Cherry Creek, and shortly afterward, at his request, he was discharged, and left us.

There was not then a white man living within one hundred miles of this place, but in a few weeks miners began to arrive from the East (probably guided by our discharged employé), and pitched their tents upon the same ground we had occupied, and that identical spot is at this time embraced within the limits of a most beautiful and flourishing city of 50,000 inhabitants, and is called Denver.

From thence we encountered no further obstructions, passing around the foot-hills, up the Cache la Poudre River, and down Bitter Creek, where no wagon ever passed before, and arrived at Fort Bridger on the 2d of June.

As the different transcontinental railroads that have been completed afford easy access to the greater part of our Western domain, it has occurred to me that a description of the country traversed by these thoroughfares would give the farmer or stock-grower a more accurate knowledge of the comparative advantages of different sections than could be derived from other sources. I therefore adopt this

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method of giving my own views upon the subject.

Of the three different railroads extending from the Mississippi River to New Mexico, the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio road, leaving New Orleans, passes Galveston and San Antonio, and runs through southern Texas to El Paso, on the Rio del Norte. It traverses a rich farming section as far as San Antonio, when it enters a more arid and barren region, which for the most part is only adapted to grazing purposes, and thence on to El Paso but few arable areas are found.

The Texas Pacific Railroad connects with Eastern roads at Dallas, Texas, from whence it passes through central Texas to El Paso, near the route explored by me in 1849, some account of which has already been given in this paper.

The third road, called the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, leaves the Missouri River at Topeka and Kansas City, traversing a very rich agricultural district of Kansas that is rapidly filling up with industrious farmers; then it strikes the Arkansas River, and follows up the valley of that stream for several hundred miles, passing over the smooth but narrow bottom, where there is but little wood. The soil, however, is fair, and can generally be cultivated without irrigation. On leaving the Arkansas River the track passes an arid and mountainous section, striking the Rio Grande at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and turns down that stream to El Paso, where it unites with the Texas roads before mentioned.

These three roads, from Deming, New Mexico, pass over the Southern Pacific Railroad to Los Angeles, California, 715 miles, nearly all of which is over an arid undulating prairie region, with but little wood, water, or grass, until arriving at the Gila River, a small stream that sometimes dries up in summer, but whose narrow borders can generally be made productive by taking water from the river in ditches. Following this stream to its mouth, the road crosses the Colorado River at Yuma, and thence over the desert and mountains to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Another road connects with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe road at Albuquerque, called the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, which runs almost due west, crossing the Colorado at the "Needles," and uniting with the Southern Pacific at Mohave, 815 miles from its eastern terminus. The eastern portion of this road, over which I have passed, traverses the most parched, barren, and worthless section of the universe it has ever been my fate to encounter. There are, however, a few insignificant patches of land along the narrow borders of some diminutive watercourses, that can be tilled by artificial irrigation.

The Union Pacific Railroad, leaving the Missouri River at Omaha, traverses the left bank of the Platte River for 250 miles over remarkably smooth and level bottom-lands from ten to twenty miles wide, which sustain a dense coating of native grass, affording to the occupants an unlimited supply of hay. The soil, although somewhat sandy, is generally fertile, and tilled without irrigation. There is no wood upon this part of the Platte River, save a scanty fringe of cottonwood, which makes it necessary for the settlers to burn coal—a heavy tax upon them. These conditions continue until the road crosses the North Platte and bears to the right up Lodge Pole Creek, and thence onward to Salt Lake, and over the Central Pacific Railway to Carson River —a distance of about 1500 miles, through elevated plains, with no wood excepting pine and cedar in the adjacent mountains, and with but little water outside Salt Lake Valley that is available for irrigation.

Only a minute fraction of this vast area is arable, yet it affords a short grass of the "buffalo" variety, with here and there some bunch-grass, both highly nutritious, and stock-raising to a considerable extent has been started upon the most favorable localities throughout that section of country. Several towns and hamlets have been established near railway stations along this arid section, the most important of which, Cheyenne and Laramie, are beautifully located and well built.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, extending from Pueblo, Colorado, to Salt Lake City (650 miles), is one of the most signal achievements in engineering skill ever attempted. This road meanders through a country covered by lofty mountains, with narrow valleys and precipitous cañons intervening, one of the latter, the "Black Cañon of the Arkansas," being 2000 feet deep, through which the Arkansas River rushes with tremendous velocity over precipitous falls and rapids, and the railroad in its tortuous zigzag course through this wonderful gorge doubles

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upon itself in numerous short curves directed to all points of the compass, so that the locomotive that invariably precedes the passenger train to clear the track occasionally appears to be thousands of feet directly overhead or underfoot, rendering it difficult to realize the fact that it is upon the same track with the observer. The gradient here is 213 feet to the mile, and at one point 10,857 feet above the sea has been attained—the highest altitude reached by any railway in America.

The scenery is marvellously grand and picturesque upon this road and its branches. Water and grass are abundant throughout this section, and the mountains abound in pine, cedar, and cotton-wood. But the altitude of the valleys is so great here, and the summers so short, that grain will not mature with any certainty.

This part of the country will not, therefore, be likely to attract farmers, but cattle-raisers have commenced driving their herds to this section, and stock-growing has for some years past proved remunerative along the branches of the Gunnison and Uncompahgre rivers as well as in the adjacent Wahsatch Mountains.

The Northern Pacific Railroad from its eastern terminus at Duluth to Portland, Oregon, is 1889 miles in length. This road for the first 120 miles traverses a flat, wet, and sandy pine and tamarack region totally destitute of agricultural requirements to the crossing of the Mississippi River at Brainerd. From thence the character of the country contiguous to the road becomes more attractive. The wet sandy soil disappears, and is replaced by fertile glades and prairies, interspersed with groves of hard timber, and is abundantly watered with beautiful lakes and small streams, which characteristics continue to Fargo, a thriving city upon Red River of the North, where the St. Paul branch unites with the main trunk road.

From Fargo, Red River is navigable for steamers to Lake Winnipeg. Below Fargo the river finds its narrow, deep, and tortuous channel through bottom-lands more level, expanded, and fertile than I have seen upon any other watercourse. This vast prairie bottom is from twenty to seventy-five miles wide, with a dark soil three feet deep, naturally sustaining a dense coating of luxuriant grass, and with the favorable climatic conditions of this locality, it yields without irrigation large crops of the highest grades of spring wheat, only requiring about three months from planting to maturity, as the products of several great plantations in that section have already illustrated.

The railroad from Fargo continues on over a fertile wheat-growing district that is rapidly filling up with substantial farmers as far as Bismarck, where it crosses the Missouri River and enters a more sterile region, following the valley of the Yellowstone 600 miles into Montana, where grain can seldom be raised without irrigation, excepting in some of the sheltered valleys like the Gallatin. Yet the seasons are so short here that frost occasionally injures the crops before they are matured, so that flour is sometimes brought here from Minnesota at considerable expense.

I am persuaded that Montana is better adapted to stock-raising than any of the more southerly Territories, for the reason that the nutritious bunch-grass, which germinates early in the spring, matures rapidly, and cures like hay before the autumn rainfall washes out its nutritive properties, grows more dense and abundant upon the mountains and valleys in this Territory than I have seen it elsewhere.

The snow rarely falls very deep here, and is seldom rained upon and frozen so as to form a crust that prevents animals from reaching the grass, as sometimes occurs in Colorado, Wyoming, and other more southern localities. Besides, the winds generally blow off the dry snow from the mountain slopes, exposing the grass, and the herds, as if by instinct, seem to anticipate such contingencies, and continue to graze in the valleys until the snow becomes too deep, reserving the mountain pasturage for midwinter consumption. Cattle are said to be remarkably healthy and thrifty in this climate, requiring no other forage but the native grass the year round.

From Helena the railroad crosses the great continental divide through a pass about 6000 feet above tide-water, and runs into northern Idaho along the banks of Clarke's Fork of the Columbia for 300 miles, and thence down the Columbia River, through Oregon, to Portland, which is one of the most beautiful and prosperous new cities I have ever visited, and from its numerous railway and water communications, and its pre-eminent natural position and resources, it seems destined to become the most important commercial metropolis in the Northwest.

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The climate of Oregon and northern Idaho is remarkably uniform and mild, and the atmosphere dry, invigorating, and healthy.

The soil in the river bottoms is a rich alluvium of highly productive character, and even upon the elevated table-lands heavy crops are produced without artificial irrigation.

Timber is abundant upon the Pacific slope of the mountains in this section, consisting of red fir, pine, cedar, and larch, which grow large, tall, and straight, and are well suited for lumber, especially the first, a good deal of which has been exported, and is now used to a considerable extent in this country.

This part of our Northwestern possessions is regarded as holding out rare inducements to stock-raisers, as the native grasses furnish sufficient forage for animals during the entire winter seasons.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON.

BY J. H. ROSNEY.

I.

WHATEVER personal opinion one may hold about socialist doctrines, there is one indisputable fact which no real observer will deny: it is the considerable increase of the partisans of socialism both in the New World and in the Old. Within the last ten years especially the number of adepts has increased in abnormal proportions, and nothing—neither the iron *régime* of Germany nor the liberty of America—has had, it seems, the power to check this prodigious evolution. And still, only a few years ago, England appeared to have escaped the contagion. I remember my long peregrinations in the suburbs of London and my talks with the working people. I had grown to love the British populace; I had learned slowly to become closely acquainted with its sentiments, and to feel and to analyze its complex latent qualities, its intellectual force, and its power of will. Well, at that time, about 1877, it was a rare thing to find a socialist in the multitude. The advanced tendency was simple radicalism, some few agrarian theories, an aspiration toward the extension of the franchise, and with all that there were plenty of conservatives. Gradually I saw the socialist genesis develop: in the *séances* in the beer-shops the militant socialists grew bolder, and anti-capitalist ideas sprang up amidst curious mixtures of rudimentary philosophy. Then came scenes in the open air—in Victoria Park, in the extreme east of London, for instance—where the socialist group, at first unimportant and feeble in numbers, kept on increasing every year when spring came round, until it finally made a good figure in the throng of Christian and secularist disputants.

Henceforward, after about 1880, the party had a club life in which the foreign element, particularly the German element, was considerable; but the working of the organization was so weak and so little known that when any one spoke of socialism he was often asked, "Where can you buy that sort of stuff?"

For that matter, the aversion of the British workman, his mockery, his anger, or his total indifference, might have led one to anticipate that socialistic proselytism would be a long and arduous enterprise. And in truth it was long and arduous. Even at the present day England—amongst all the European nations—may be classed as one of the most refractory to socialism; but it is nevertheless indisputable that a great step has been made. Furthermore, it must be admitted that, although the number of adepts is infinitely inferior to what it is in Germany, for instance, there is an ardor of movement and a zeal in proselytizing which justify one in expecting considerable progress in the course of the next few years. In short, in Great Britain, as elsewhere, it is time for lucid minds to study the social question coolly and frankly without vain repugnance, and to tell us impartially what we must think of the development of collectivism, without concealing either its bad or its good points. Hitherto, on both sides, we are still at the stage of reciprocal insult; and yet who knows if, with a little mutual good-will, we could not come to an understanding?

Socialism in London was monopolized at first by the "Social Democratic Federation." But about two years ago there was a division in this centre of propagandism, and a group of dissidents form-

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ed "The Socialist League," of which the principal personage is Mr. William Morris, author of the "Earthly Paradise." As for the "Democratic Federation," its leaders are Messrs. Hyndman, John Burns, and Champion. Recently important recruits have been brought in, especially Mrs. Annie Besant and Dr. Aveling. It must be said that the celebrated freethinker and the distinguished biologist seemed destined, since the extension of socialism, to lose a little of their influence amongst the most advanced democrats.

The general argumentation of the leaders and of the studious part of the English socialists bears, as it does everywhere else, on the contempt in which labor is held, on the insufficient remuneration of the working-man, and on the fact that capital is only the resultant of accumulated labor. The orators insist on the enormous inequalities of social conditions in England, compare the extreme wealth of some with the incredible poverty of others, and conclude by demanding the abolition of the capitalists, the suppression of inheritance, the transfer of capital and machinery to the state, and a complete reorganization of commerce.

As in the Continental countries, the opinions of the majority of the neophytes are often a little confused. It is clear that they do not succeed in conceiving the exact form of the collectivism of their dreams, and very simple arguments are often sufficient to disconcert them. Many, of nebulous mind, have a quasi-religious conviction that a great day is approaching, the day of the new birth of the world, when misery will suddenly cease on the face of the earth, or when, by some sort of miracle, fraternity and community of goods will take the place of the battle of individual interests.

On the borders of socialism, properly so called, there wanders a heteroclite, wavering crowd, which ends by being absorbed by the central nucleus. In this vague multitude some would be satisfied with a new division of land, and with the legal regulation of the maximum prices of provisions and the minimum rates of salaries. Others believe that it would suffice to prohibit the masters by law from employing a workman more than four hours a day, which, according to their argument, would give work enough to each one, and at the same time the leisure necessary to enable him to educate himself and enjoy life. A large number say simply that "there's something to be done." Others lose themselves in definitions of right or in conceptions of cosmopolitanism, in which all men and all races are included.

But besides these generalities, which are common to socialists all the world over, I remarked in the Anglo-Saxon a tendency rare in my own country, France —I mean a sentiment of slow progression, the fear of bloodshed and civil war, distrust of a social cataclysm; in a word, amongst almost all of the British socialists I was struck by their idea of obtaining reforms by reason, by discussion, by a process of evolution, by a conviction gradually imposed upon the brains of the greater number. I will not, however, affirm that such a state of mind is not subject to modification according to circumstances, but personally I observed the fact, of course with exceptions. Nevertheless, recent events touching English socialism further confirm my original observations. For instance, the Social Democratic Federation having to some extent advocated revolutionary means, and having attracted a large number of the more ignorant of the populace, who in other circumstances would just as readily have enrolled themselves under the banner of some new sect, there has resulted a crisis which for the moment impedes the movement of the Federation. A feeling of legitimate distrust has sprung up amongst the great popular democratic masses, who are disinclined to trust to violence, and this fact renders it probable that British socialism will tend more and more to walk in the path of study and work, and will prefer to follow those who, like the members of the Socialist League, of the Fabian Society, and like the writers of the *Commonweal*, of *To-Day*, and of the *Practical Socialist*, wish the people to become acquainted with the principles of political economy, to understand the creation of capital, and the impossibility of transforming anything in the existing state of society without the combined aid of time and of popular instruction.

It is hardly necessary to say that the English socialists have been combated by all the press, with the exception of *Reynolds' Newspaper*, whose democratic opinions are well known, and which formerly made a sort of apology for the grand Communist revolt at Paris on

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March 18, 1871. I insist upon this fact that the attacks of British journalism have been a most powerful means of propagandism for the Socialists, and an unexpected and excellent advertisement. A contingent of publicity was also given them by the London civic authorities when efforts were made by the police to suppress their public meetings in certain streets: on that occasion many democratic orators were arrested. The socialists took advantage of the incident to organize a monster meeting, in which they were clever enough to interest many of the London radical clubs. The object was to demand freedom of speech, and to protest against arbitrary arrests.

The reader will remember this very important manifestation in the autumn of 1886, in which 60,000 persons were present. There was no disorder whatever. After having gathered in the neighborhood of Dod Street, where the arrests had been made, the manifestants paraded past the docks, while the orators delivered speeches very enthusiastic in form, but very measured in matter.

The results of such a demonstration, from the point of view of advertising, may be imagined, and the English authorities seem to have comprehended the inconvenience of coercive tactics, for since then they allow the socialists to hold meetings in the open air, and to preach their doctrines to their hearts' content.

At present there are four socialist newspapers in London, two weekly and two monthly: *Justice*, organ of the Democratic Federation; *The Commonweal*, organ of the Socialist League; *To-Day*, a threepenny monthly socialist magazine; and *The Practical Socialist*, organ of the Fabian Society, a penny monthly review of evolutionary or non-revolutionary socialism. This Fabian Society is a socialist club composed of citizens of a class higher than the working class; but their zeal is not extremely ardent, at least so far as concerns the labor of conversion. There exists also an anarchist organ, of small importance, called *Freedom*, a monthly journal of anarchist socialism. The circulation of these journals is not very considerable, as may be well imagined. The two principal, *Justice* and *The Commonweal*, have a circulation of four or five thousand, and of three thousand, respectively. *The Commonweal*, *The Practical Socialist*, and *To-Day* are absolutely evolutionists, and do not hope to obtain any miraculous solution; *Justice* is more violent, and yet the Social Democratic Federation, of which it is the organ, while frequently indulging in rather strong threats, distributes programmes in which we read: "As means for the *peaceable* attainment of these objects [land, mines, railways, to be treated as collective property, abolition of a standing army, etc.], the Social Democratic Federation advocates adult suffrage, annual parliaments, proportional representation, payment of members and official expenses of election out of the rates, abolition of the House of Lords and of all hereditary authorities, disestablishment and disendowment of all the churches." This is in reality an evolutionist and not a revolutionary programme. *Freedom*, the anarchist journal, naturally professes theories of individual energy, incessant revolt, and suppression of all "rulers." This organ is of recent birth, and it is hardly probable that anarchy will have much show in England unless the doctrines of Krapotkine, Louise Michel, and Reinsdorff undergo considerable transformation.

The socialists do not seem likely to play a considerable rôle in the House of Commons for some time to come. Even in the popular quarters of East London they have not dared to risk the chances of an election. However, John Burns was put up once in the provinces, at Nottingham, as a Social Democrat, but without any success. As for some attempts made in London in 1886 in several electoral districts where socialist candidates were put forward, they must not be taken seriously. For that matter, nobody was deceived by them, and in the end it transpired that the electioneering expenses of these *soi-disant* "Social Democratic" candidates had been paid by agents of the "Great Tory Party." Disputes followed; violent indignation was manifested against the "Social Democratic Federation," which had accepted this compromise with the Tories, whose object was simply to deprive the Radicals of a few votes. To the reproaches of the popular parties the Social Democratic Federation replied that the compromise was a simple propagandist manœuvre, and that the end justified the means.

Amongst the most curious means of socialist propagandism are the "church pa-

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rades." These church parades are simply the invasion of the churches by democrats, who come with their families and exhibit themselves before the eyes of the rich in order to bring into contrast the difference of conditions, and the poverty of their clothes in comparison with the clothes of the well-dressed regular congregation. Generally these manifestations are very calm, but still it has not always been possible to check the excessive zeal of some fanatical collectivists who have been indiscreet enough to disturb the free celebration of public worship. Arrested and brought before the magistrates, these zealots have been convicted of making a disturbance in congregations assembled for religious purposes, and condemned generally to slight penalties.

It must not be imagined that these church parades are single individual manifestations; on the contrary, in many cases they have assumed very considerable importance—for instance, the monster gathering in the midst of the city, at St. Paul's Cathedral, in February, 1887. On that day the vast church was crowded with socialists who had come from the different suburbs, and the police took the most extraordinary precautions in order to avoid scenes such as those which followed the grand meeting in Trafalgar Square in 1886, when a number of shops and houses in the West End were pillaged and subjected to the destructive caprice of a mixed mob. The police was completely reduced to powerlessness. The minister of St. Paul's, however, on the day of the monster gathering, showed himself to be very diplomatic and not wanting in humor by choosing as the text of his sermon to the socialists these words: "The rich and the poor meet together in the house of the Lord."

When a monster meeting like that of Dod Street, Trafalgar Square, or Hyde Park has been decided upon in principle, the societies organizing it have, first of all, to give notice at the Central Police Office in Scotland Yard, whereupon the necessary measures are taken, unless the government thinks fit to prohibit the manifestation. The preparatory work of the different socialist branches is relatively considerable. They have to organize the procession, settle the points of junction, prepare the substance of the speeches, designate the guides, foresee obstacles, and calculate the time which each group will require to join the mass. Now as the socialists are generally poor, except the members of the Fabian Society, the absence of cash has to be compensated for by obstinate personal efforts; hence many meetings and projects and much manual labor. The offices of the Social Democratic Federation are on these occasions thronged with members preparing banners, making up rosettes, drawing up handbills. When at last the great day comes the clubs and societies who are taking part in the manifestation start in a body from their head-quarters, and march to the rendezvous with their banners and emblems, on which may be read inscriptions such as the following: "Force is no remedy;" "Labor makes capital, capital robs it;" "Free education"; "Eight hours labor," etc. At the last manifestation against the coercive measures in Ireland one of the societies carried a coffin, on which was the inscription, "The last remains of coercion." When at last the place of meeting is reached, the orators, who have been chosen in advance, address the people from platforms which have also been prepared in advance. Often at the moment of passing a "decision" there is heard a bugle call, and the "decision" is then passed by the different groups of manifestants. Order is rarely disturbed, although the return home is not effectuated precisely in the same conditions of discipline as the arrival.

The organization of small meetings, left to the initiative of each branch of the Social Democratic Federation, of the Socialist League, and of the Fabian Society, is a less complicated affair, in which individual devotion and vigilance are particularly brought into play. From this latter point of view I do not think that anything more striking than the efforts of London socialism could be found in any other sectarian agglomeration in the world. The number of daily and weekly meetings held in London is absolutely out of proportion with the small numerical importance of the societies; on certain Sundays in the spring and in the summer there are held as many as thirty open-air meetings, almost all animated and well attended, and these meetings are followed in the evening by propagandist meetings in the clubs.

As I have intimated above, the socialists are not quite harmonious. In order

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to gain the attention of the masses, the orators of the Social Democratic Federation have directed their efforts rather toward the sentimental side of the question, and have not hesitated to make miraculous promises. They have thus won over a relatively coarse public of unskilled and casual workers, while they have alienated the clever artisans and the trades-unionists by the wildness of their speeches. On the other hand, the Socialist League and the Fabian Society, resolute partisans of transformism, have followed a quite different method, and their partisans, more educated and more conscious of what they are doing, form the solid battalions which will ultimately take the direction of British socialism. It is to be anticipated, now that the period of incubation is drawing to an end, and that the doctrine is beginning to spread into towns of the second category, that the Social Democratic Federation will either experience another split, or else accept more or less the policy adopted by rival societies, and it is then only that the floating mass of socialism, or, in other words, the majority, will be able to pronounce. When that day comes, collectivist doctrines will necessarily attain in England an importance comparable to that which they have acquired in France and in Germany, and that eventuality is of a nature to direct the attention of the true statesman, who does not fear to look the present in the face and to foresee the future, toward the study of the great popular evolution of the end of the nineteenth century.

As for the different leaders of English socialism, of whom several are ministers of the gospel—English socialism being not necessarily non-Christian—I am decidedly of opinion that they are in general more sincere, more loyal, less mercantile, and less self-seeking and scheming than the socialist chiefs of the Continent—a fact which may doubtless be accounted for to a certain extent by the reflection that socialism is still young in England, and therefore yet in the period of great enthusiasm, devotion, abnegation, and generosity, which practice and habit always attenuate in the end in things human. However, England is more indulgent than France and Germany, inasmuch as she refuses to create martyrs. With the exception of Most, who was a foreigner, the penalties inflicted by English justice upon socialists have scarcely exceeded a few weeks' imprisonment.

II.

Now that we have finished with preliminary explanations, I will ask the reader to accompany me to the suburb of Hackney, and to assist at a couple of scenes of popular socialism sketched directly from nature. We will go first of all to Hackney Road one May evening.



"CLAD IN MUD AND COBWEBS."

On all sides people are coming home from work; from the city streams an abundance of clerks; in the tranquil firmament stray clouds linger and develop the polychromatic harmony of the twilight; young snobs titter at the girls as they pass; an odor of cooking shops, of meat, of grease, of horrible fried fish, and of leather, mingles with the subtle beauty

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of the evening; while one by one the yellowish flames of the lamp posts are lighted along each side of the street.

Night approaches. A feeling of suffocation weighs upon the great town, a thick sensation which gives you the spleen, and the idea comes into my head to go and listen to the conversation of the leather-workers who meet at the "Green Lion." Turning back, without haste, I proceed to stride along the Hackney Road. When I reach the "Green Lion" four companions only are present in the public bar.

A slight cloud of smoke clings to the ceiling; the big publican, in his shirt sleeves, his muscular arms half bare, is pumping out a pot of porter; a pallid pot-boy with reddish albino eyes is methodically washing glasses; and a very old woman, clad, so to speak, in mud and cobwebs, a hat with a big violet feather stuck on the back of her head, sips a quartern of rum, while she narrates to herself a mysterious story interspersed with indignant gestures and melodramatic refusals:

"He would, the old swine....I knew he would....Not for a golden church.... No, I says,....you sha'n't....'Pon my word....There he stood, like a duck in a thunder-storm....I keep her clean.... You sha'n't, you old beast....I'd better send her to Australia...."

The four companions, with a half-smile, are listening to the old woman's vague soliloquy. But when they see me enter they all turn toward me cordially.

"Glad to see you, sir."

After shaking hands, my pint is served, and they remain a few moments in silence, while the old woman continues.

"Take that....I'll show you, you rascal....I keep her clean....I want to go to Cambridge Heath to fetch her clothes.... Don't be greedy, old man."

Then brusquely, having emptied her quartern, she tapped her dress and walked out, grave, serious, thoroughly wrapped up in her own business. The companions laugh at her.

"Any news, sir?" asks one of the companions.

"No."

All four bow their heads; then one of them, very tall, slender, with bad teeth and watery eyes, begins:

"Well, you see, the machinists' strike has been beaten by the company. No, boys; capital ain't afraid of strikes; it is too strong."

Little Jim, his honest eyes raised toward the last speaker, replies:

"I believe in strikes, Bill; but they must be organized better. We do not get ready soon enough in advance."

"There you are again, Jim. You won't understand that during the past ten years the workman has become weaker and weaker every day, and capital stronger and stronger. It don't want much calculating to see that; it's as clear as daylight."

A man of forty comes in and listens, a broad, thick-set man, with heavy lips, and a dash of bovine simplicity in his face.

"That is all very fine, but England is punished. Damnable doctrines are coming over from the Continent. Well, it's no good talking; we ought to put our trust in the Saviour, and respect the old customs."

"I don't see why we can't put our trust in the Saviour and demand our rights at the same time," suggested Bill. "You see I don't go against the gospel. I say that socialism is in the gospel. I say that Christ gave the example of socialism, and that He preached it everywhere. I say that our parsons have falsified God's word."

The quadragenarian, very gently, but with trembling lips, replies: "God has given us chiefs. Jesus recognized governments. I can show you all the passages."

"So can I," replies Bill, with a laugh. "With bad intentions, one can always get the gospel on one's side; but you must take the gospel as a whole, and then you will find that the Saviour shed His blood in order to save us from sin and to establish socialism on the earth—socialism, which is the only doctrine according to which you can really love your neighbor as yourself. The gospel does not go against good sense. It is you who insult the Saviour. All conservatives blaspheme Christ by their conduct all the year long, whereas we socialists follow the true doctrine, and accomplish the words which He spoke to His apostles and to His judges. And, by Jove, Sam, you can't deny that His judges was the government, and that it was a government that crucified Him; you can't deny that, Sam."

Sam, indignant, drinks off his pint, and mutters: "'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' You see that

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He wished men to be obedient to the Emperor of the Romans, and so He means us to be obedient to our lords and rulers."

"Bother the fellow!" cried a sanguine fellow with bright blue eyes; "that is not the point. Let the gospel alone. It is clear that God can't be against the poor. Let us talk in a practical manner. What is it we want? I say, what do we want? Gen'l'm'n, we want that when the hand is producing, the belly may not remain empty; we want the man that works to be the man that eats. Very good. Now let's reckon it up. Is there nothing to eat in the world? I say there's too much to eat. I say that every Briton has a right to comfort. That's what I say."

The bar-room fills up; the publican, his face beaming with prosperity, vaguely disdaining all these poorly dressed customers on whom he lives, serves the pints and pots as they are called for, while a sheep-headed fellow cries:

"What we want is for each one to have a house and a garden, and a pension in his old age."

"None o' that. We must destroy machinery."

"Don't say that, Bob. After all, you know very well that it ain't the fault of the machines; the machines, like the land, ought to belong to the workman; that's what we want. Breaking machines is an antiquated idea that our fathers had. It was childish. Nowadays our motto is, 'Everything comes from labor, and everything ought to return to labor.' That's a noble sentiment."

But Sam, who has been silent for a few minutes, scoffs:

"You're very clever, a'n't you? There's no army marches without a general, and you never see any work without masters. Real socialism amounts to simply doing nothing, and smoking and drinking."

"Go on, Sam! Wasn't we born with brains enough to manage our own affairs ourselves? Are we dumb animals, that you think we are incapable of reckoning up our work?"

"Then you want to steal, is that it?—take other people's property? Why don't you go and pick the pockets of the passers in the street?"

"I'm not thin-skinned, Sam. But what you say there's just a bit insulting. The thieves are those who live on our work, and not we. I excuse them, because they have received a wrong education; but I claim that they ought to give up their riches to us; not right off at once; but if they would only just suppress inheritance."

"Then," said Sam, "if my brother wants to leave me a *souvenir*—something of his that I value highly—your society will come and take that *souvenir* from me."

"Oh, Sam, we shouldn't dispute over trifles; we'd let you keep your *souvenir*."

"In any case," remarked a stout and genial man with sandy hair—"in any case, I demand the suppression of all fortunes over a hundred thousand pounds. I demand that these fortunes be employed to diminish the taxes."

Then a deep, cavernous voice is heard: "Lord Beaconsfield was a great man."

And the owner of the voice appears—a strange person, old, stiff in bearing, dressed in a sort of uniform, on which the metal buttons are intermingled with various cloth buttons, and he repeats: "Lord Beaconsfield was a great man."

Then, as the others look at him and smile, knowing his hobby, he adds: "If he'd a-lived we should never have wanted these diabolical importations of Continental corruption. Astounding man, he was. He'd 'a saved England, he would. Now all's lost; we are on board a wrecked ship."

"He was an impudent dog, your blasted Jew," muttered Bill—"a mountebank, a hypocrite, who would have sworn his best friend's life away."

"He was a friend of the people. He would have given bread to everybody. I knew him. He spoke to me."



BEER-SHOP SOCIALISTS.

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"Hallo! he's going to tell us that story about the deputation over again," said a little man with very dark hair and a face that looked as if it were powdered with iron filings. "D—— the great men! I'd like to blow up the whole establishment. It's these great men who have made the people slaves. I say we don't want any more great men. We are sick of being slaves. We want to be equal. I want facts; I want a revolution; I want to overthrow everything. We are too patient; we are like a lot o' ducks; we don't dare to look our tyrants in the face. Blow them up, I say. We are all men; we all deserve the same amount of comfort. A great man is a great burglar—nothing more nor less. Let's be a hundred thousand, and march on the Houses of Parliament. We've done enough talking; the time for magpies is gone by."

The smoke now obscures the outlines and envelops the drinkers in a strange phantasmagoria, and their faces wear the most diverse expressions; some look smiling, others angry, others half asleep. An old man, half deaf, dreams to himself over the past, and mutters incoherent phrases in which the word Balaklava recurs. Children and young women come in and out carrying pots of porter and half-and-half; the publican, glistening with perspiration, greets the new-comers with a cordial and jerky welcome from behind his counter; in a "private bar" some noisy drinkers are talking about boxing and prize-fighting; while a ragged creature goes from group to group explaining that he is a phrenologist, and offering to "examine the gen'l'men's bumps" for a penny. Meanwhile our companions have at first listened to the violent little man with Anglo-Saxon patience, and then a roar of protestation arises.

"None o' that."

"Look at France; what has she gained by her revolutions?"

"Down with the system that says, 'If you don't believe, I cut off your head.'"

"Humbug."

The little violent man, furious, gulps down a mouthful, and cries: "You are slaves. Our forefathers made revolutions before the French did, and if it had not been for them, we should have been still lower than we are now."

"That's all rubbish," sneers Bill. "Our forefathers had not liberty to write and speak."

"Look how the government persecutes Hyndman."

"We've protested. We shall have the victory."

"You're a pretty lot of fellows, you are," resumes the little man. "With you we might go on until doomsday. You can look at history from one end to the other; you'll see that it is always by means of violence that great things are brought about. Suppose, now—suppose that England had contented herself with simply reasoning and arguing with the other nations, do you think she would have India and Canada and Australia? Suppose the United States had not rebelled against our silly tricks, do you think that that country would be as flourishing as it is now? No, you don't believe any such thing, and you won't dare to tell me that you do believe it. Very good; and then? You are like a workman who has a tool and who doesn't dare to use it. Upon my word it makes me sick."

And emptying his pint, and planting his old silk hat firmly on his head, he shrugged his shoulders and left the public-house with an angry air.

"Give a bone to that dog!" said the quadragenarian conservative, with a contemptuous laugh. "And that is what socialism will bring us all to. Luckily our government is strong, and there's still enough loyal Britons to defend the throne."

"What—" said Bill. "We've got all sorts amongst us, of course. Do you know any party where there are no mad dogs amongst 'em?"

III.

Now we will go to Victoria Park on some Sunday afternoon in June. On the big central lawn are scattered numerous groups, some of them very closely packed. Almost all the religious sects of England and all the political and social parties are preaching their ideas and disputing. This spectacle is of a nature to make a very strong impression on a Frenchman, and I remember having felt a veritable joy in mingling with these groups, and experiencing thus an impression of profound liberty. There every subject is discussed, and you are never saddened by the intervention of the authorities, or by some brutal invasion of police. Peace-keepers are walking about, and so long as no act of violence is com-

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"WE ARE SICK OF BEING SLAVES. . . . I WANT A REVOLUTION."

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THE TEETOTALIST ORATOR.

mitted, their orders are to enjoy the landscape and leave the public alone.

On this lawn the listener, as his fancy prompts him, may assist at lectures on Malthusianism, atheism, agnosticism, secularism, Calvinism, socialism, anarchy, Salvationism, Darwinism, and even, in exceptional cases, Swedenborgianism and Mormonism. I once heard there a prophet, a man who professed to be inspired by the Holy Ghost; but this prophet ended by being locked up in an asylum, where he will have to convert the doctor before he can recover his liberty.

Let us draw near to the groups. First of all, here is a Malthusian. He teaches us that excess of population is the enemy of all comfort and of all serious reform, and that right is nonsense in a country whose population doubles every thirty years. He quotes figures in endless profusion, proposes a number of very difficult problems, scoffs at all systems, excepting his own, and lays down a lot of biological laws on the authority of very big books.

The teetotalers, represented generally by very florid and robust orators, in order, doubtless, to prove that abstinence from strong drink does not cause a man to waste away, proclaim to the multitude that alcohol is the scourge of a country, the enemy of home, of morality, of economy. They compare the publicans to Beelzebub, and fling anathemas over the "bottles full of misery" and the "public-house gehennas." They add that the holy gospel orders abstinence, and that every drop of spirits is an offence against our Lord. To this an angry gentleman replies that Christ did not prohibit strong drink, inasmuch as He said, in His own words: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth." Another facetious gentleman observes that, as a matter of fact, when one does take strong liquor in quantities it is not an uncommon thing to be unwell, and very bad things do then come out of the mouth.

The Mormon narrates the revelation of the great Joe Smith, cites all kinds of mysterious stories and miracles, and ends by going back to the days of the patriarchs, and talking to you about Abraham,

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A MALTHUSIAN.

Isaac, and Jacob, and holy polygamy; while the Swedenborgian, a humoristic old fellow, asks us if we are foolish enough to believe in the literal meaning of the Bible, and if we do not understand that behind the text there is a mysterious and profound sense; then, with an air of pity, he concludes that the word of God does not manifest itself to the vulgar.

The Salvationists hold forth beyond the little fountain—monument of rose granite—under the shadow of seven fine trees. Their upraised faces wear a look of mild ecstasy; patches of shadow and flakes of sunlight dance on the grass where they stand, and the sound of their hymns rises in the air—a little brisk for a hymn tune. Then, when the singing is finished, an orator advances, a serious captain, a girl lieutenant in mourning, or else the famous converted "gallows bird," or perhaps some stranger who proclaims the good word in lamentable accents. The preaching consists of grand exhortations, stories of conversions, artless parables, popular phrases mingled with singular elevation and sudden subtlety of thought or of sentiment. Then the hymn begins again, the faces become ecstatic, and sometimes the roughs join in with some coarse joke or a snatch of some popular refrain.

The anarchists, who are rare, declare the uselessness of all government, demand the absolute liberty of all citizens, will not admit any intellectual differences between man and man, but affirm, on the contrary, that we are all born with equal faculties, only different in form.

At last here we are in the midst of a strong group of socialistic discussion. One notices a certain number of foreigners, especially Germans. One red-haired orator, with a vigorous, square-chinned face, and an expression of tranquil obstinacy, is controverting the doctrines of the collectivists. He is perched on a stool, and sprinkled over with specks of sunshine filtered through the foliage overhead; he gesticulates slowly and regularly with both hands. "You want to reduce man to a state of slavery worse than that of those nations who live under the



CONVERTED "GALLOWS BIRD" AMONG THE SALVATIONISTS.

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yoke of a tyrant. You want to make of the free sons of England serfs more degraded than the old Russian serfs. You want to destroy the finest privileges of truly civilized men, namely, liberty and individuality. Let me quote to you the words of the great Stuart Mill—and happy should we be if we could follow his wise counsel. What does he say about socialism?"

And taking some notes out of his pocket, and slowly unfolding and smoothing them out, the red-haired man reads: "'Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing. It is known that the bad workmen are decidedly of opinion that bad workmen ought to receive the same wages as good, and that no one ought to be allowed, through piece-work or otherwise, to earn by superior skill or industry more than others can do without it.'



AN EXPOUNDER.

"Well, now here's just the point. You want to convert men into machines, and to give as much to the bad workman as to the good, and to the imbecile as much as to the intelligent man—"

"Stop!" cries a socialist. "You've had your time; it's my turn."

And mounting the stool, he shows his nervous face and sharp eyes, and begins to talk rapidly:

"Our friend here accuses us of wishing to convert men into slaves and machines; our friend accuses us of wanting to stop the development of brains. Our friend is mistaken. Doubtless he has not studied our doctrines attentively. We ask our friend where he sees the liberty of a workman who works ten hours a day for a morsel of bread. We ask him what sort of liberty is that of the man out of work who has to go and knock at the door of the work-house. We are curious to know what he thinks of the poor girls who are reduced to sell themselves in our streets. Does not our friend know that labor is the source of all riches? Doesn't he know that a big capital cannot be created without one man oppressing another?"

"I deny that," exclaims the red-haired man.

"Ah! you deny it," sneers the orator. "Very well. You'll prove the contrary just now. Our friend does not comprehend that we give to each man the part which is due him—"

"You are a blessed lot of thieves!" cries one of the audience, brusquely.

"Shut up!" replies the socialist.

"Sha'n't," says the interrupter. "I'll tell you what you are: you are either madmen or loafers. You ought to go either to a lunatic asylum or to prison. I know the lot. It's envy that makes you talk in that way against the rich. Work, and don't go to the pub. In free England there's none but the idlers and the fools who don't know how to earn their living."

"Shut up, then!"

"Look at my hands: they are horny; they are the hands of a worker. I have economized enough money to buy myself a cottage. Do as I've done."

"We are workers too," howl the socialists.

And thereupon half a dozen fellows begin to vociferate and show their hands, enumerating their callosities and cicatrices, while the orator bellows out:

"Yes, by giving to each man the part which is due him we diminish the hours of labor, we give health and liberty to the working-man, we give him time to educate himself and to think."

"Time!" broke in the red-haired man.

The orator refuses to quit the stump, and asks to say two words more. There is a push and a quarrel, and in the end the red-haired man triumphs and mounts the improvised tribune.

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"WE ARE WORKERS TOO."

"My friend defied me to demonstrate that a large capital can be formed without one man oppressing other men. I will show you his folly. Suppose I find a desert island. Do I wrong any man? Won't that desert island be my property?"

"You are out of the question," yells the socialist orator.

"I ain't."

"You are."

"All right. I'll take another still more striking example. One day in Australia I saw this. It was in a little bay, far away from all communication. A ship goes aground there; impossible to get her afloat without unloading the cargo. The cargo is landed on the shore. Very well. This cargo was doing no good there. It was bound to rot. It wasn't worth a penny to the owner of the ship.

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Nobody wanted it. Nobody knew what to do with it. Then a man came along, and he bought that cargo for ten guineas. Do you mean to say that that cargo did not belong to him after he had bought it at his risks and perils?"

"Wait until we see what he is going to do with it," replied the socialist.

"Good! Hurrah! Sure enough! That'll defeat them," cries the working-man who had bought a cottage.

"I ask you," says the red-haired man, "if the buyer had wronged anybody. Remember that nobody —I say nobody—but him—wanted the cargo. Whom, then, could he wrong?"

"Wait a bit, till he has transported the merchandise," replied the socialist.

"Well," continues the red-haired man, "I'm coming to the question of transport. Our purchaser went to the nearest town, hired carts and horses and men."

"Ah," interrupted the socialist, "you see—men; he hired men. There's the point."

"I don't see that that alters the question at all," replies the speaker. "He paid for the carts and horses and men. He even paid them higher than the ordinary rates. Well, he transported his cargo, and sold it, with a very large profit, which constituted for him a big capital. Therefore you see it is quite possible to acquire a big capital without oppressing one's fellow-men."

"I don't see it at all."

"Then prove it."

"He can't," shouts the man with a cottage. "You have knocked him down as flat as a pancake."

The socialist orator, very nervous, mounts the stump again and says:

"It's only a quibble. If there had not been other men to provide carts and horses, if he had not had companions to load the merchandise on to the carts, could he have done anything with it? He could not eat the cargo, could he? He had to have recourse to others; he had to sell it to others; therefore he made an illicit profit. He took advantage of a chance; he gained nothing by his own efforts."



"OIRELAND'S WRONGS."

"He gained it," interrupted the red-haired man, "by his intelligence and by his spirit of enterprise; he was the only man smart enough to know how to do anything with the cargo; and I repeat once more he paid those who helped him considerably above the usual tariff. He did a good stroke of business himself, and made others do good business into the bargain."

"You are quibbling."

"You're done for," said the red-haired man. "No use to try to get out of it."

Then for another half-hour there continued an intolerable repetition of the same arguments under various forms, the one returning constantly to the fact that the purchaser was obliged to ask aid of other men, the other maintaining that he did no wrong to anybody, and the two camps egg each other; the syllogisms are interrupted by braggadocio; from all sides

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new-comers crowd up to bring their intellectual obole to the fight, until at last calm is restored, and a new point of discussion springs up, and enables the orators to resume the monotonous seesaw of their speeches.

But slowly here is twilight creeping over the edge of the Park; the light glides away harmoniously; rose, orange, and coppery clouds rest on the western horizon, and the sparrows chirp vigorously, and fly in wild flocks above the trees and garden plots. The fading light seems to glide over the grass as it quits the leafy summits of the trees. The roof of the rose granite monument seems to be covered with pale ashes; and in the water of the little pond, where a weeping-ash bathes its drooping branches, the swans stop and seem wrapt in sweet reverie.

A Salvationist hymn is wafted sadly through the air, the plaintive notes of the little organ being dominated by the voices of the women singers. A charming indecision envelops the groups of debaters, and the calming solemnity of evening acts on their nerves, subdues their laughter, appeases their wrath, and softens their words. But still one hears intermingled the names of St. Paul and Bradlaugh, Darwin, Gladstone, and Jesus Christ. And something patriarchal—an impression of scenes of other ages, of the days when man lived in the open air—penetrates one, touches and fills the soul with a melancholy poesy.

The Salvationists prepare for the retreat; they have formed in military order; the fifes strike up, and the captain, walking backward at the head of his company, beats the time. At length all start bellicosely, and the dull tramp of their feet over the grass is lost in the distance.

But the night grows thicker, the keepers ask the public to go, the groups break up, and you see confused and straggling bands of peripatetics tailing off toward the four points of the compass. Silence invades the vast lawn of the park; the summer constellations appear amongst the clouds; a thicker mist clings around the streets and trees, and outside in the adjacent streets the lamp-lights begin to flicker; a luminous rosy veil of dust obscures the sky, and forms that strange glowing canopy which will hang over the monstrous town until daydawn, marking its site afar to the country people. Now the disputers issue out through the four great gates; the more thirsty go and refresh themselves in the neighboring beer saloons; others in desperate earnest continue to crush each other with arguments as they walk along the street. And soon they are all once more in their homes—in those peace-making English homes whose soothing influence makes the anarchist patient and the sectarian tolerant.



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ON THE OUTPOSTS—1780.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

THE first settlers beyond the Alleghanies were a heroic race, and they did a work that was vital to the development of this country, and perhaps indispensable to the general progress of humanity. They subdued the Western wilderness, and made of it a fit habitation for civilized man; and they did this when exposed, by day and night for twenty-five years, to the assaults of a foe more crafty, cruel, and blood-thirsty than any ever encountered in modern times. They ploughed their fields with an armed sentry beside them, and never went to their beds or gathered to the worship of God without their trusty rifles within reach of their hands. They were thinking men, with clear ideas of civil policy, and so generally educated that not one of them in a hundred has handed his name down to us signed with a cross.

The crisis was great in American affairs when the Western settlers took their way beyond the Alleghanies. The country was on the eve of the Revolution. They were to stand as its rear-guards as well as the advance and forlorn hope of civilization. The work was great and the perils were appalling, so they were given leaders, "providential men," specially fitted to guide them in the work, and to bring them unscathed from out the cordon of fire by which they would be surrounded. There were two of these leaders, acting, it is true, in a limited sphere, but both of them great—John Sevier, the Nolichucky Jack of the border, and James Robertson, the founder of Nashville. Hemmed in by nearly twenty thousand savage foes, who destroyed his game, uprooted his corn, and girdled him with constant fire and slaughter, Robertson held his ground, and with a handful of heroic souls builded a free commonwealth in the very heart of the wilderness. Robertson was more than a pioneer, he was a statesman, a legislator, and yet we may look in vain for the mere mention of his name in a dozen general histories. Bancroft makes some scant reference to him, but he does nothing like justice to the important work he did in the early history of this country. To recount his career would require a volume, for it covered more than forty years, full of stirring events, in all which he was an actor. I shall in this article attempt only the merest sketch of his first year on the Cumberland, and I select this period because it illustrates life on the frontier at the time of our Revolution.

Robertson was born in Virginia, of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was twenty-eight years old when he led a body of emigrants to Watauga (now Elizabethton, Tennessee), and founded there the first white settlement west of the Alleghanies. Here he met Sevier, then a young man of twenty-six, and the two formed a friendship which lasted unbroken for forty-four years, through prosperous and evil fortune. Many older men were among the settlers at Watauga, but by that silent suffrage, in virtue of which every man is elected to his true place in a new community, these two were at once recognized as leaders in the nascent commonwealth. While Sevier was the underlying force and main-spring of events, Robertson was the acknowledged head of the rapidly growing settlements along the Holston and Watauga.

Thus it was for ten long and perilous years, during which these two men worked and fought side by side, till they had established the new community on a firm and enduring basis. Then, one day, in the darkest period of the Revolution, Robertson announced to Sevier that he was about to leave the ease and safety they had both acquired, and to plunge again into the untried dangers of a wilderness fifteen days beyond the most western of the Watauga settlements.

In numbers would be Robertson's safety, and he now exerted the "winning ways" for which he was noted even among the savages to induce others to accompany him to the Cumberland. His enthusiasm was so contagious that he soon had enrolled from among his Virginia friends and the Watauga settlers a company of about three hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Among them were men who would have done honor to any community—John Donelson and James Leiper, prominent citizens of Virginia; Evan and Moses Shelby, brothers of Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of Kentucky; John Rains, a heroic borderer; Abe Castleman, a noted scout and Indian

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"THEY PLOUGHED THEIR FIELDS WITH AN ARMED SENTRY BESIDE THEM."

fighter; Anthony and Isaac Bledsoe, and many others who were to acquire honorable distinction in the territory.

Among the emigrants were men of cultivation, who ranked high in their home neighborhoods, but by tacit consent they all submitted to the leadership of the unlettered Robertson. For there was about this quiet, thoughtful man, "of five feet nine inches, blue eyes, heavy eyebrows, and hair like a mole in color,"* an unassuming authority, a quiet consciousness of power, that belongs to born leaders, which impressed obedience upon others. He was now thirty-eight years old, and in the prime of manly strength.

The destination of Robertson was what was then known as the French Lick of the Cumberland—a salt spring which had for ages been the resort of the buffalo, and had been occupied in 1714 by a hunting party under one Charleville, a Frenchman. These two facts had given name to the locality. In a direct course it was distant about two hundred and fifty miles from Watauga, but by the only land route—a circuitous one blazed by hunters through the woods of Kentucky—it was five hundred miles, and a fifteen days' horseback journey. By water, down the Holston and Tennessee rivers, and up the Ohio and Cumberland, the distance was twice as great, and three months would be consumed in the passage. Robertson had visited the place, with a small party, in the preceding February, and had then planted some corn, and laid in store a quantity of jerked meat for the settlers he intended should follow. Leaving these in charge of trusty persons, he had returned to Watauga.

It was supposed that the women and children could not endure the fatigue of the long overland journey, so the emi-

* From a letter of Mrs. Cheatham, his granddaughter, dated February 28, 1880.

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grants were divided into two bodies, one, under Robertson, to go by land, the other, under Donelson, by water. With Robertson were about two hundred mounted men, and they set out in November, 1779, driving before them the cattle, and pack-horses laden with provisions and such farming implements as would be needed at the end of the journey. They also bore a couple of swivels to arm the forts that would be built for their protection. The settlers under Donelson were delayed by the construction of the boats—rude scows and "dug-outs," built on the banks of the Holston—and they did not begin the voyage till the 22d of December, 1779. With this party was a guard of thirty-three men, and about a hundred and thirty women and children, among whom were Rachel, the daughter of Donelson, subsequently the wife of Andrew Jackson; the wife and five children of Robertson; and the mother of the Hon. Bailie Peyton.

The way through the woods was deep in snow, and encumbered as they were with cattle, the party under Robertson made but slow progress, it being Christmas Day, 1779, before they arrived at their destination. They were not molested by the Indians, but suffered much from cold on the journey, for the winter was the most severe which had been known in a century. The ice in the Cumberland was thick enough to sustain the passage of animals, and it was not many days before the settlers had crossed over and begun on the bluffs which lined the southern bank the building of the fort and the few log houses which formed the nucleus of the future capital of Tennessee.

The situation was exceedingly beautiful. The bluffs rose to a height of from sixty to eighty feet, and at their base flowed a wide and winding river; while away to the south and southwest wound a chain of conical hills, crowned with towering oaks, poplars, and walnuts, which had stood there for centuries. The valley was about twenty miles wide, its surface undulating, and ascending in long, gradual slopes, but dotted here and there with an isolated eminence that rose two or three hundred feet above the bed of the river. One of these hills, covering several acres, and resembling a huge Indian mound, broke abruptly but symmetrically from the plain, and overlooked the whole surrounding country. This—the site of the present Capitol building—was distant about half a mile from the foot of Church Street, where the fort was located. Other hills, at greater distances and rising still higher, seemed designed by nature for fortifications; and events have fulfilled the design, for their crumbling breastworks bear to-day the names of Negley, Morton, and Casino, which have become famous in history.

These hills were now crowned with a dense growth of oaks and cedars, while on the bluffs and along the margin of two narrow streams which flowed down from the encircling hills were dense brakes of cane, standing from ten to twenty feet high, yielding excellent fodder for the cattle of the settler, and also affording a secure hiding-place for his lurking enemy. A gigantic forest of basswood and cedar covered the country in all directions, except around the fort, and the spring which gave name to the place. Here a few heaps of decaying logs showed where the French hunters had built their cabins nearly seventy years before, and the trodden cane told of the countless herds of deer and buffalo that had come to this spring for untold generations.

It was in the very heart of the wilderness, surrounded by nearly twenty thousand Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, all of whom were in alliance with Great Britain, which at that moment had overrun and all but subjugated the Southern colonies.

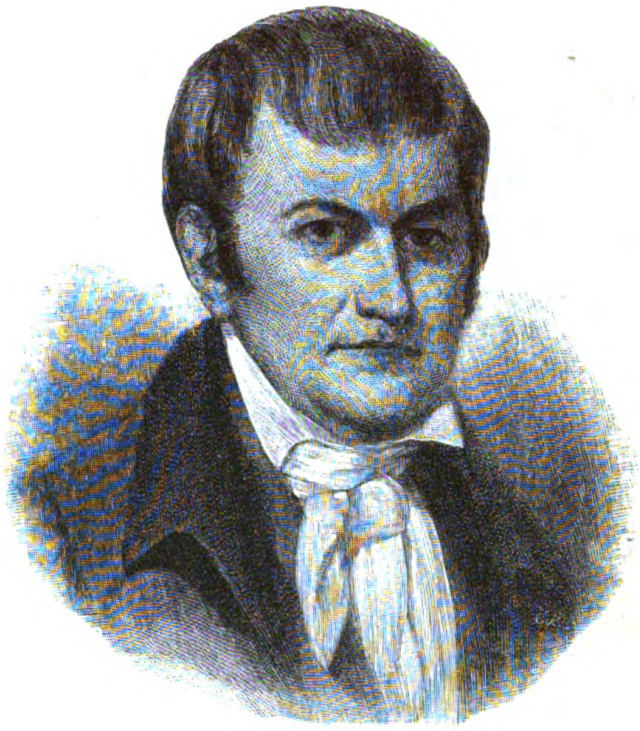
The fort built, the settlers organized themselves into a military body, electing Robertson colonel, Donelson lieutenant-colonel, Robert Lucas major, and George Freeland, Isaac Bledsoe, James Leiper, James Maulding, Andrew Buchanan, and John Rains as captains. Donelson was still absent with the women and children.

Thus organized, the settlers separated to select locations and build cabins for their expected families. Twenty miles of fertile country lay within sight of the fort, but these men had the pioneer's idea of space, and they spread for forty miles up and down the river, and located their lands around no less than eight "stations." These stations were stockades, enclosing block-houses, strong enough to repel assault from any small band of Indians. In case of attack from a large force, it was expected the settlers would concentrate at the Bluff, where the fort was thought capable of resisting any number

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of savages that would be likely to come against it.

In the arithmetic of these borderers, one white man behind a wall of logs was equal to twenty-five Indians in the open field, and it was seldom that the savages went on forays in large bodies. Robertson, however, discouraged this scattering of the settlers. "Keep in sight of the Bluff," he said, "where we can see your signal-fire or hear your alarm-gun. The outside stations will be the first to invite the savages, and if too far away we shall not know of the attack nor be able to come to the rescue."



JAMES ROBERTSON.

It had been well for the settlers if they had given heed to these words of Robertson. Some of the outlying stations were not only far away, but hastily or carelessly constructed. Those built under Robertson's eye were patterned after the one at Watauga, which had resisted a twenty days' siege from Oconostota and a large force of Cherokees. These were the one at the Bluff, another at Eaton's, two and a half miles away, on the northern side of the river, and a smaller one at Freeland's, a mile distant at the west, and near the residence of Robertson.

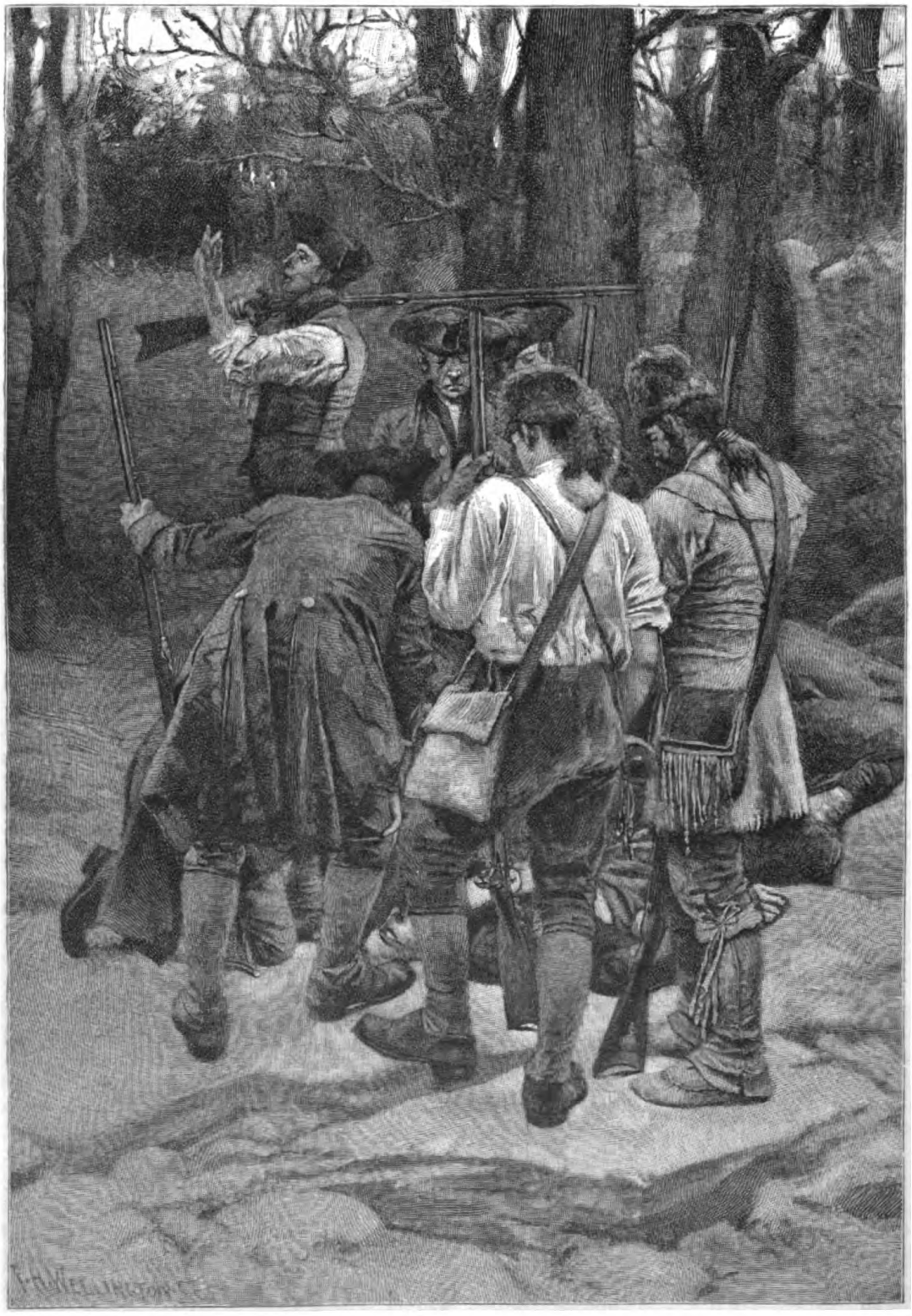
The stations erected, the settlers awaited in anxious suspense for the coming of their wives and children. The three months allowed for the voyage had expired, but no tidings had come from them, nor had the sound of their approach broke the stillness of the river solitudes. The anxiety about them soon became intense. Thus it was for a full month, and until the end of April. Then one morning at sunrise a solitary four-pounder echoed along the Cumberland, and in a few hours the little fleet of forty flat-boats, canoes, and pirogues came to anchor under the walls of the fort, amid such rejoicing as never before was known in the wilderness.

It had been a voyage without a parallel in modern history. A thousand miles they had come, through a country infested with hostile Indians, in frail boats, down rapid and perilous rivers never before navigated by white men. Their way had been through foaming whirlpools and over dangerous shoals thirty miles in extent, and they had endured the bitterest cold, and for many long days and nights been subjected to the constant and deadly fire of fifteen hundred Chickamaugas, the most ferocious tribe of savages on the American continent. Thirty-one of the company had been left by the way, butchered by the savages, and one had been taken prisoner.

Thus, amid ice and snow, and the intense cold of 1780—still noted as the coldest winter in American latitudes—was planted the first civilized settlement in the Mississippi Valley.

The wives and children of the settlers were no sooner domiciled in their rude abodes than Robertson called the men together to the Bluff to settle upon a form of civil government. They were within the limits of North Carolina, but far beyond its laws, and more than six hundred miles from its seat of government. The same three hundred miles of unbroken forest which shut them off from human help separated them from established life and social order; so they must become a law unto themselves, as it were—an independent commonwealth, not only self-

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FINDING THE BODY OF JOSEPH HAY IN THE TRAIL.

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sustaining, but self-governing. A compact of government was accordingly drawn up, and twelve men were elected to administer it, to whom was intrusted all civil power. Robertson was chosen presiding officer of this body, so that he now combined in himself all civil and military authority.

Thus the settlers lived in peace, primitive simplicity, and opulence; and social and intellectual enjoyment was not unknown among them. The work of the day over, they would gather together around the broad fireplaces of their rude cabins, and listen to Robertson or one of the older men as he read from some choice book, or discussed the affairs of the settlement, or the fate of their unhappy friends over the mountains, who were still wrestling in a death-grip with the gigantic power that would throttle the liberties of the continent. Or perhaps the musician would be among them, and his old-fashioned tune would so get into the legs of the younger people that they would spring upon the puncheon floor and dance away till the stars melted into the light of to-morrow morning.

But what is that solitary gun, sounding so faint and far away in the still evening twilight? The dwellers in the fort pause and listen. "Some one is late in winging his turkey for to-morrow's dinner," says one of the settlers. "No," answers Robertson; "a white man does not fire with so light a charge of powder. It is an Indian gun. The rascals are around us."

The gates are closed, and a sentry is kept all night on the lookout. But no alarm occurs. A stillness as of death hangs over the hills and the adjacent forest. It is the calm which precedes the storm that is about to burst over the devoted settlement. In the morning the gates are unbarred, and, rifle in hand, the settlers venture out among the undergrowth and canebrakes. They find no Indian "sign" around the fort, nor within half a mile in any direction. Then a shrill whistle echoes among the cane, and following the sound, they gather to one of their number who has struck the trail of a large body of Indians. There is no mistaking the "sign"—the moccasined foot, pointing forward straight as a rifle barrel. They are fully five hundred—too many for a hunting party; and the party of settlers numbers only thirty. Shall they follow, or return to the fort and wait there the coming of the savages? They do not deliberate long, for soon Robertson gives the word, "Forward!" The savages, he says, are headed north, toward Mansker's; and if not warned, the station may be taken unawares, and its occupants butchered. So, silently, with bated breath and muffled footsteps, their ears bent to catch the lightest sound, and their keen glances ranging the matted undergrowth, they move on over the trail of the Indians, till, at another half-mile, they come suddenly upon a prostrate body. It is that of a young man named Joseph Hay, one of their comrades. He has been scalped and horribly mangled. Silently they gather round the body, and then, in low tones, Robertson gives his orders. Fourteen of them will set out—two to each station—to warn the people of this, and call them all to the Bluff, or Eaton's Station. The runners having set out, the rest take up the body, bear it back to the fort, and give it suitable burial. It was the first interment in the cemetery at Nashville.

Though most of the settlers were reared upon the border, very few had seen a body that had been scalped and mangled by the savages. They were aflame with excitement, and clamored to be led against the enemy. But Robertson held them back. The true course, he said, was to sit still, and wait attack behind their intrenchments.

Rapidly the settlers came in from the outlying settlements, and gathered together at Eaton's, Freeland's, and the Bluff, called now Nashborough. But all did not reach those places of comparative security. Some were shot down as they set out, others fell by the way, two young men were awakened from sleep only to learn that their last moment had come, and of a party of twenty who were fallen upon at midnight, only one escaped. She, a woman, fled twenty miles through the woods, guided only by the trail of the savages, and, her clothes torn to shreds, and her feet and arms bleeding, reached Eaton's in the morning.

The savages lay in wait, and by ambush cut off the fugitives. Six were killed within sight of the fort at the Bluff, and among them James Randolph Robertson, second son of Colonel Robertson, and a youth of great promise.

Meanwhile the bloody work went on.

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I need not recount its incidents; the blood runs cold at the recital, so full of ghastliness. It is enough to say that out of those two hundred and fifty-six men, thirty-seven, one by one, during sixty days, perished. In fact, within that entire year only one of the settlers died a natural death.

But a foe more to be dreaded than the Indians was soon upon the beleaguered settlers. An unprecedented freshet came in the Cumberland, converting Nashville into an island, and submerging and destroying all the crops along the river. The grain around the outlying stations had been left to waste when the settlers fled for their lives. That upon the Cumberland was now their sole dependence; and they were also cut off from game, for it had come to be certain death for any party, however strong, to venture out on a hunting expedition. Added to this, their supply of powder was wellnigh exhausted. In these circumstances the stoutest-hearted began to quail, and on one pretext or another to slip away from the settlements. Out of the two hundred and seventeen men left by the tomahawk of the Indians, only one hundred and thirty-four answered in the autumn to the roll-call at the three stations. Even Donelson and Rains abandoned their posts, but only for a time, to convey their families to a place of safety; then they returned, and again cast in their lot with the settlers.

Robertson proposed to himself break through the Indian lines and go into Kentucky for ammunition. He did so, and thus for a second time deliberately threw himself into the breach to save his fellow-settlers.

After a time of death and havoc the Indians disappeared for a while from about the stations, and then seventy men who still survived came together to deliberate upon their future. With the prospect of another long and bloody Indian war before them, they asked again the question, "Shall we hold our ground, or make our way into Kentucky?" And Robertson answered, "I shall fight it out here."

THE TARIFF.*

NOT "FOR REVENUE ONLY," BUT ALSO FOR PROTECTION AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

THE article by Mr. Watterson in the January number of this Magazine certainly deserves the admiration even of those who may totally disagree with him, both in respect of his fundamental assumptions and the conclusions at which he arrives. It presents a specious and alluring picture of what he takes to be the evils of a tariff which has for one of its purposes the protection of American industry and the development of American resources, and it anathematizes with the best of rhetoric what he conceives to have been the motive, the purpose, and the effect of this species of legislation in all countries that have resorted to it. His strong and just condemnation of the taxation of one man or many for the benefit of others, and his condemnation of the control or attempted control of the industrial movements of society and of legislation by combinations of selfish interests, cannot be too highly applauded nor too strongly supported by any lover of the general welfare of his country.

But when we leave his general considerations, with which all sensible and patriotic men agree, and come, as all practical, earnest people must, to a consideration of exactly what has happened, and how, in respect of what are called protective tariffs, beneficial changes are to be accomplished, it is not so easy to perceive, in some important respects, precisely what his position is, and precisely how, consistently with the admitted necessity of caring for the existing interests of the producers, manufacturers, and consumers in this country, he would correct the evils he supposes to exist.

It is not true, as I understand history, that in any instance a protective tariff has been inaugurated and put in operation for the benefit of any privileged class whatever. These systems of legislation have, it is believed, always been put in operation for the general development of the resources and the encouragement of the industries of the countries that

* This article was in the hands of the printer before the President's Message was sent to Congress on the 6th of December last.—EDITOR.

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have resorted to them, whatever in some instances may have been the *motive*, as distinguished from the *purpose* and *effect*, of such laws. The one instance of Great Britain may be taken as a fair example of all, although from a protective tariff country she has come in the course of two centuries to a very large degree to be a so-called free-trade country.

When her system of protection began she was (as our own country is now) in a large degree a rural country, with mines enough and fields enough, and in general with every other resource sufficient to feed and find employment for the whole of her population; and it was her policy to provide by her customs and navigation laws that every one of her natural resources and all of her inhabitants should find development, labor, and with due thrift an increase of wealth. The only differences in situation among her people were purely internal and conventional, or were the natural ones that must exist in all countries until we have anarchy and chaos; that is to say, one person might be the owner of land, another the owner of a mine, and a third of a water-power, and a fourth a merchant, and a fifth a feudal lord, and so on. If all these could be induced by legislation to supply each other with the necessaries and comforts of life without resorting to foreign aid, which must be paid for, it was thought certain that the general average of wealth and development must necessarily increase, and with it the individual prosperity of all her people, so far as individual prosperity could depend upon industry, economy, and thrift. There was nothing in her general system of customs and navigation that favored one class of her people at the expense of another, for the laws applied equally to them all, until in respect of her colonies she adopted another and fatal policy. Her laws commercial were not calculated to build up, nor did they build up or tend to build up, an aristocracy either of land, power, or money in favor of one body of her people as against another. The aristocracy of land, as it may be called, was not a consequence of this system, but it existed before it, and it is clear that it would have continued to exist to a much larger degree than it does now had it not been for the very system of protection she so early adopted and so long continued, and that she has now, with the same purpose of protecting and advancing her interests, partly abolished. With the increase of her general wealth, distributed among a great number of persons, came the distribution of her lands into the hands of a greatly increased number of people; and just in proportion as the general diffusion of wealth increased, the independence of her middle and lower classes increased also, and the domination of the great land-holders diminished in the same proportion.

Through the long period of her protective system for production, manufacture, trade, and navigation, it will not be disputed by any one that, in spite of the enormous waste both of life and treasure in wars, her wealth as a nation, the development of all her natural resources, the improvement of the condition of all classes of her people, and her population, increased enormously, so that in later and still recent days her condition, as it respected the necessity or even desirability of continuing the strictness of her customs and navigation laws, had passed away. She had already become the mistress of the world in manufactures and commerce, and almost so in arms. She had, however, from this very growth, become unable either to feed or clothe her now over-abundant population from the products of her own soil, and so, as it was thought, a partial free trade became as naturally her proper policy for the continued prosperity of her people as protection had been before under entirely different conditions, and of course she would then more strongly desire, and could with more plausibility advocate, the abolishing of customs and navigation laws by other countries whose markets her people wished to employ for the sale of their productions, well understanding the error of the idea that seems to be advanced in Mr. Watterson's article, that it is the consumer who bears the whole burden of impost duties, and well understanding the fact that, at the least, a very heavy proportion of such imposts is borne by the foreign producer or manufacturer. This last-named fact appears to be entirely overlooked by those who advocate great reductions of customs duties as a benefit to the consumer, and as a relief of the consumer from taxation.

If the profits of the foreign manufacturer or producer are essentially diminished by customs duties, and are essentially increased by the diminution or

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abolition thereof, then, so far, the money obtained from them is not by taxation of our own people, but by taxation of the foreigner; and if the surplus revenues are to be reduced by the abolition or reduction of the customs duties, so far they are reduced, not for the benefit of our own people, but to the benefit of people of other countries who are the exporters of goods to our markets. This is well illustrated by our experience in the abolition of the duties upon tea and coffee in the year 1872. Before this abolition there had come into the Treasury many millions of dollars a year as duties from these two articles (in 1870–71 there were over twenty-two millions), neither of which was produced in the United States, and so it was supposed that these articles would be cheapened to the consumers, and that no injury could be done to any domestic interest by their abolition. And this was partly true, so far as its direct effect was concerned, but there ceased to come into the common Treasury from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars a year,* while the consumers of tea and coffee paid substantially the same or higher prices for these things than they did before, and the net result was that our Treasury gave up to foreign producers and operators that number of millions of money, without any advantage whatever to us, except that the Treasury was by that sum depleted. Even in respect of wholesale prices no change can be attributed to the repeal. The wholesale prices of teas six months before the passage of the act abolishing the duties were:

Hyson:			
Common to fair	40c.	@	55c.
Superior to fine.....	60c.	@	75c.
Extra fine to finest ..	80c.	@	$1 15
Young Hyson:			
Common to fair	40c.	@	55c.
Superior to fine.....	60c.	@	90c.
Extra fine to finest ..	$1 00	@	$1 30
Gunpowder and Imperial:			
Common to fair	60c.	@	70c.
Superior to fine.....	80c.	@	$1 00
Extra fine to finest ..	$1 10	@	$1 45

The prices of coffee were:

Rio:			
Ordinary.....	14¼c.	@	14½c.
Fair.....	14⅝c.	@	15c.
Good.....	15½c.	@	15⅝c.
Prime.....	16¼c.	@	16½c.
Java (duty paid)	25c.	@	26½c.
Singapore.....	19c.	@	20c.
Jamaica.....	17½c.	@	19c.
Manila	17½c.	@	19c.

* See Ex. Doc. No. 19, 46th Cong., 2d Sess.

Six months after the passage of the act the prices of teas were:

Hyson:			
Common to fair	45c.	@	52c.
Superior to fine.....	55c.	@	68c.
Extra fine to finest....	70c.	@	95c.
Young Hyson:			
Common to fair	38c.	@	45c.
Superior to fine.....	52c.	@	75c.
Extra fine to finest....	80c.	@	$1 15
Gunpowder and Imperial:			
Common to fair	55c.	@	65c.
Superior to fine.....	75c.	@	92c.
Extra fine to finest	95c.	@	$1 40

The prices of coffee were:

Rio:			
Ordinary.....	15c.	@	15¼c.
Fair.....	16c.	@	16½c.
Good.....	17¼c.	@	17½c.
Prime.....	18c.	@	18¼c.
Java.....	18¾c.	@	19c.
Singapore.....	15½c.	@	17c.
Jamaica	15c.	@	16c.
Manila	15c.	@	16c.

The price of tea rose, as did the price of coffee such as is chiefly used by the great mass of the people, though the price of Java coffee was less.

Allowing for all conceivable accidents and incidents of production or trade, it must be apparent that the abolition of the duties upon tea and coffee was substantially purely a benefit to the producer and exporter, and not to ourselves.

Another illustration may be found in the history of "reciprocity" with Canada, and in the evidence taken before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in September and October, 1886,* on the subject of the fisheries question.

Under the reciprocity treaty of 1854 with Great Britain a considerable and important amount of the productions of the Canadian provinces was admitted into the United States duty free. This resort to free trade did not, so far as is known, have any particular effect in diminishing the price to the consumer of these and similar productions. And when, in the year 1865, the treaty was terminated and the duties again imposed, it is not known that this change produced any rise in prices, and hence it would seem to follow that the duties exacted were paid and borne by the producer and exporter rather than by the American consumers. But it by no means follows from these instances that a general reduction or abolition of duties upon articles competing with those produced in the United States

* Senate Rep. No. 1683, 49th Cong., 2d Sess.

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would not be followed by a fall of prices. It doubtless would, for the tax being removed from the foreign producer and exporter, he could afford to lower his prices and still make the same profit as before, and at the same time make larger sales.

Under the treaty of 1871 with Great Britain, Canadian fish were admitted duty free. This treaty was terminated, pursuant to a resolution of Congress, on the first day of July, 1885, and the regular statutory duties were imposed, and yet the evidence taken by the Senate committee showed without any contradiction that the price of fish for the consumers continued to be substantially the same. The evidence also showed that the American exporters of fish had themselves to bear the customs duties that were imposed upon that commodity in every foreign country it was exported to by them. So far, then, as our experience is worth anything, it seems to be clear that it is not true in a general sense that customs duties are as a whole or in the greater part a tax or burden upon the domestic consumer. If this be true, as in the case of tea and coffee, where there is no domestic production or competition, and also true in respect of fish, where there is home production and competition, must it not be equally true in general in respect of all commodities that the people of the United States are capable of producing or manufacturing for themselves?

But if it be not true that, in respect of things produced in this country, the abolition of duties works no fall in prices to the consumer, it must be because the foreigner may then undersell the home producer and manufacturer and still have a margin of profit. This, of course, means the increased consumption of foreign commodities, and by so much the diminution of the consumption of domestic products and manufactures; and consequently there must be a corresponding diminution of home production and manufactures, or a production that cannot be consumed. What does this mean, and who desires it? Will the iron-master or the textile fabric worker, however wealthy, employ as many men and women or pay as high wages as before if his sales are thus diminished? Certainly not. If he does not, what is to become of the people he now employs? Let them leave the occupations to which they have been bred, and "go West" to farming, says the free-trader. If they knew how to do this, and could do it, farm products would largely increase, but where would be the market for these increased farm products? The home market among the manufacturing classes would have been diminished, while the farm products would have increased, and the farm laborer, whether owner or hired, would find for the results of his labor a market already overstocked, and there would be a general failure of all who were not already independent, and for them a pure stagnation, for there are now produced more farm products than can be sold at much profit in all markets, both domestic and foreign. How could such a course increase the prosperity of the whole people?

But what is the capitalist and where is the monopoly that free trade is expected to overcome? The capitalist, as such, is, so far as any active effect on social progress or his own is concerned, the most helpless of any member of a community. His capital is simply the saved and stored-up fruit of previous labor, and it is as inert as the metal in the heart of the mountain (or, as the paper-money men might say, as the pulp in a mill) until the brain and the arm of the workman, by whatever name he is called, put it into active motion, and enable it to exert its force by a combination with labor. The day's labor of the workman, whether of brain or pen or muscle, is only turned into capital as wages, be it fifty cents, as may be the average in other countries, or one dollar, as may be the average in this "tariff-ridden" country, and that capital of a day's work is then only useful as it comes into contact with the product of other labor in the form of food, clothing, house, or whatever its possessor may want. On the other hand—and not an adverse but co-operative hand—the labor of man is more than one-half lost unless it has the benefit of capital already accumulated to aid it in its operations. Who can well begin the simplest farm operations—even with free land such as our country gives to every citizen honestly desiring to work it—or open a mine, or build a mill, without some capital, the stored-up fruits of previous effort? And if the laborers of a country seized all the capital, and the "liberty of anarchy" had its wish for a day, the unchangeable law would remain the same, and the relations of labor done, which is capital, and labor

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to be done, would be just what they were before. The argument, therefore, that the accumulation of capital is injurious to the interests of the working-man is destructive of all personal liberty and the right of personal advancement. It puts the lazy and the vicious on the same footing (or better) as the industrious, honest, and economical. The one class take what they have not earned, and the other lose what their labor has achieved.

The disturbance of the occupations of labor in the United States would affect a great—very great—proportion of our inhabitants. There are, in round numbers, now engaged in agriculture, 8,000,000; engaged in professional and personal service—justly embracing, as the census puts it, lawyers, doctors, and hired help of every domestic kind in one class—5,000,000; engaged in trade and transportation, 2,000,000; engaged in manufactures and mechanical industries, 4,000,000: a total of 19,000,000.

This total represents in families a number not less than 30,000,000 directly dependent upon agricultural pursuits, and not less than 14,000,000 dependent upon manufacturing and mechanical pursuits. If, then, by importing more of the products of foreign labor, we diminish the consumption of the products of home labor, we would shorten not only the total wages upon which 14,000,000 of our people subsist, but also the earnings upon which 30,000,000 of food, etc., producing citizens, who now supply their wants from the wages earned in manufacturing and mechanics, depend. The probable outcome of such a step ought to appall every working-man, and every capitalist, and all others who desire the welfare of all the people of their country.

It may be justly affirmed that it is the duty of every government—which ought to exert everywhere, and does with us theoretically exert, the co-ordinated will and purpose of the people—to provide, so far as legislation can do, for the beneficial employment of all its citizens. This affirmation rests upon the theory that separate and individual nations or states are, in the wise order of Providence, and each in its own way, to provide for the welfare of their own people rather than that of another—just as the members of every private family are to carry on their common and correlated affairs preferably for the advantage of themselves rather than for that of some other family.

If this proposition be admitted as a fundamental truth applicable to the people of the United States, then the question is not whether the individual laborer in the workshops of New Jersey or California could in a given year buy more cheaply a coat or a pair of shoes made in England or in Austria if the customs were diminished or abolished, but whether, such duties being diminished or abolished, he, in the course of any ten years, could live better and save more out of the wages of his labor than he and his fathers have been able to do under a protective tariff?

Unhappily for the broad and correspondingly attenuated theories of the free-traders, all human experience has proved, so far, that in countries like ours, possessing abundant and as yet unexhausted natural resources of every kind, the peoples that have persisted in tariffs for protection have been more prosperous and have grown more wealthy than those which have not, and that this wealth and prosperity have not been confined to what are called capitalists or monopolists, but have fallen, as the early and the latter rain does upon the whole earth, upon every honest, industrious, and economical member of the community, and that the condition of the humblest and the poorest has been ameliorated in the same degree as that of all others. This, as I perceive it, is the utmost that good government can accomplish. All else must depend upon the natural conditions, capabilities, conduct, and opportunities of men, as in the same way all else depends upon the same conditions among fellow-citizens in the smallest communities on any part of the earth.

But it is said that this protection operates unequally, and that it does aid some while it does not aid other members of the political family. This, if true, would be a grave objection; but it is not true if tariff laws are adjusted in their application to the various productions and industries of a country according to their relative situation and needs. In respect of commodities that are not and cannot be imported, there is, of course, no need of protection, for there is nothing to protect against, and consequently the protection of some other commodity that could be and would be largely imported works no injustice to the first, any more than giving water to one that is thirsty is a wrong

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to one that is not. But in the United States there is scarcely any of the principal products that is not protected, and does not receive the benefit of such protection. The agriculturist is protected in respect of his cattle, his wheat, his oats, his butter, etc., just as his neighbor, the manufacturer, is protected in respect of his iron or his cotton cloth, and each therefore contributes in due proportion to the common good of all by the employment of all manufacturing resources near to the places of the production of the wool, the cotton, and the iron, which furnish the materials and furnish useful occupations to large numbers of the population, who, in their turn, consume the products of the farm substantially at the places of origin.

Besides all this, the advocates of free trade seem always to overlook the very important fact in social economy that every act of transportation is itself a constant tax without revenue, and wherever it can be dispensed with or diminished there is clear gain. The farmer whose wheat field is two miles from his granary is obviously a loser compared with him whose fields and barns are in the immediate neighborhood of each other. To transport wheat from Chicago to Liverpool, to be returned in the form of flour for consumption in the West, or to carry cotton from Mississippi to the mills of Manchester, to return in the form of cloths for the people of the Mississippi Valley, will be nowadays admitted to be absurd as a mere useless waste of human energy. A policy that discourages such a course, and stimulates production, manufactures, and the interchange of commodities within the shortest possible distance of each other, is a far different thing from that which the article of Mr. Watterson states to have been a grievance set forth in the Declaration of Independence as "cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." The wrong our fathers then complained of was that one body of British subjects, residing in one part of the empire, were denied the privileges that were granted to other subjects residing in another part of the empire, and it is perhaps not too much to say that had the customs and navigation laws of Great Britain been framed upon the principle that ours are required to be, giving no preference to the ports of any particular part of the empire, and no advantages to one set of subjects that could not be equally enjoyed by others, the Revolution of 1776 would not have occurred, and we might at this time be still subjects of her Majesty. We may now all feel grateful that such a policy of injustice existed for the time, for it helped to make us free.

That the income of the government from customs and internal revenue has been very much too great for a considerable period of time may be affirmed by every protectionist with as much earnestness as it can be by any free-trader. Excess of revenue has no philosophical relation to the questions of protection and free trade. Under either system the revenue can be reduced to nothing. Under the first by prohibitory duties, and under the second by putting everything on the free list. The present state of things, therefore, furnishes no proof that any product whatever of the United States is over-protected, or that the income derived from customs is excessive. Indeed, it is obvious to legislators of all parties that from customs duties alone, even in the present prosperous condition of the country, the revenues would be scant for carrying on liberally the operations of the government. If the internal taxes are to be retained and a diminution of the revenues attempted by lowering the customs duties, is there not great probability that such a lowering of duties will lead to an increased importation, and thus to the accumulation of as great a total revenue as now? If this be not so, then it is evident that the present "high tariff" furnishes no restraint upon importation, and the most of the evils imagined to flow from it cannot exist. If a diminution of the duties should be followed by largely increased importations, all the markets of the country would be overstocked with nearly everything that enters into consumption, and this would inevitably be followed by a diminution of home production, which simply means a diminution in all the employments of American labor, as well as a diminution in the prices paid for that which continued to be employed. Such a disaster we ought not to run the risk of if there be any other way of diminishing the revenues. The very able paper I have referred to seems to recognize the possibility of such a state of things, and generalizes against the "precipitate substitution of a tariff for revenue only," and advises such a mode of change

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to a tariff for revenue only as will promote the healthy growth of the industries of the country; but how such a course can be accomplished is not shown. If protection is tyranny and robbery, as the paper undertakes to show, we cannot be too hasty in abolishing it, but if under and by it the industries of the country have had a steady and healthful growth, and the wealth of the nation has steadily and enormously increased, and is far more equally distributed among all the people than in any free-trade country on the globe, then it would seem that the party really in favor of promoting the industries and increasing the wealth of the country should stand by protection, and should not destroy it or impair it as a means of diminishing the revenues.

The revenues can certainly be diminished by increasing the rate of duties upon articles imported, and without any danger of increasing the importations and so producing a glut in the market. The writer of this paper does not advocate this. It is only stated to show that, looking to the quantum of revenue alone, it can in that way be diminished, while it is far from clear that an attempt to diminish by the opposite course, short of an absolute free list, would not be followed by as great if not greater revenue than at present.

Had the great and far-reaching policy of the administration of President Arthur been supported by the Senate and by Congress, the present accumulations in the Treasury could for a few years have been kept down by wise and economical expenditures for objects beneficial to every interest in the United States, and our country would have assumed a commanding place in the trade of the world. He negotiated a friendly and reciprocally advantageous treaty with the republic of Nicaragua, which gave our government the right to build and really to control the very practicable—and only practicable—canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This treaty came before the Senate for ratification after the Presidential election of 1884, and, unhappily, it did not seem to meet the approval of the President-elect, and so (as it required a two-thirds vote of the Senate for its ratification), after an ineffectual effort to confirm it, it was withdrawn by the present Chief Magistrate, and Nicaragua was left to resort to private enterprise, which fortunately is American to-day, but may, as in all such cases, be English or French or German to-morrow, to construct a work that must exercise the greatest influence on the commerce of the world, and which should have been under the governmental control of the United States, as the Suez Canal is under that of Great Britain. Steam-ship and postal lines to countries where our productions could find an open field might have been established or aided. But they have not been, and our rivals in production and trade, who pursue a different policy, enjoy at their ease the benefits for which we have not the wisdom to contend. We cry aloud for new avenues and consumers for the productions of our industry, and at the same time decline, with a fatuitous persistence, to take any step to obtain the one or to reach the other.

If the whole internal revenue system were abolished except the tax on national banks, and the customs laws were left substantially as they are, the revenues would be diminished to the point (and perhaps below) of the absolute necessities of the government, and we should have only in force the system of collecting revenues that existed before the war of the rebellion, and with "the restored harmony of the States" would be restored to them the right to deal with whiskey and tobacco, and all social questions growing out of their production and use, untrammelled and unembarrassed by the interference of national law or the army of internal revenue agents. Everybody must agree that the money raised by the internal revenue system is a tax, and entirely a tax, upon the people and industries of the United States, which, as has been shown, is not the case with the customs revenues; and if any tax can be said to be direct and discriminative which is based upon a selection of particular home products to bear the burden which is not imposed upon other home products, it is this, and upon the just theory of equality in taxation upon *property* as such it cannot be defended. It is true that it is feared by many politicians, who look with a just and natural eye to the temper and sentiment of the people in their respective States, that a repeal of the tax on whiskey would not be popular in those communities and States where prohibition or other means of repressing or restraining the traffic in alcoholic drinks

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prevail; but it is believed this is an error, and that on reflection the people of the strongest prohibition communities would be satisfied that such a step would be of advantage to their cause. While the laws of Congress do not purport to interfere with the police powers of the States in regard to this subject, they certainly have had no tendency to diminish either the production or consumption of liquors, and they do recognize the manufacture of and traffic in them as a lawful and tolerable occupation even in States denouncing the same traffic as a crime. Under the wise and necessary separation of the powers of Congress under the Constitution from those of the respective States, every internal social question was left with the States themselves, to be judged of and dealt with according to their own sense of propriety. Certainly, apart from the sentiment of deriving a revenue from an occupation or a commodity injurious to the public welfare, neither the cause of prohibition nor that of repression has been in any manner advanced by the internal tax upon whiskey; and on moral grounds the prohibitionist would hardly felicitate himself upon sharing in the profits of a business he believed to be totally wrong and deserving of extirpation. If, upon grounds of sound political economy, the internal revenue tax ought to be abolished, members of Congress need not hesitate to do their duty from fear of an adverse sentiment on the part of some of their constituents. This path to a radical reduction of revenue is plain, the way easy, and the result certain. No industrial interest, whether of agriculture, of manufactures, or of commerce, can be injured by it, and if the income of the government should thus fall somewhat below its present rate of expenditure, there would be a very wholesome incentive to a rigid economy in all branches of the public service, and perhaps an introduction of that real reform which has recently been so much preached about and so little practised.

It is very often said by the advocates of free trade, and, as reported, notably by a very eminent member of the administration at a recent banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, that the failure of increase in our shipping and our selling trade in foreign countries is due to the protection contained in our tariff system. Aside from the great advantage of the British, French, and Germans in having long been in possession of the trade to foreign countries by established lines of transportation and colonial dependencies, it is not obvious to the understanding of common men how, for instance, a duty of five and one-half cents a yard on cotton cloths imported into the United States could influence the dwellers along the banks of the La Plata or the Congo to refuse to buy American cottons if they were offered at a lower price than those of the nations around. The question with the purchaser always is one of price and quality, and not at all a matter of customs regulations of the country whence the goods come. But if we take up the only real point, viz., that the cost of the production of manufactured goods must be lowered in order that our goods may undersell the others, we come again instantly to the matter of cheapening labor; and so also, if the laborer is to live as well as he now does, of cheapening the rent of his house, and chiefly the cost of the food he and his family consume. Not long since, the wages of our cotton-workers were 28 per cent. greater than the British. In woollen-working they were 25 per cent. greater. In the carpet and worsted mills they were 58 per cent. greater. In iron founderies and machinery building, 58 per cent. greater. In the manufactures of iron they were almost 100 per cent. greater.* And the same disparity doubtless still continues to a large degree; and in nearly if not quite all other pursuits of labor the rule is the same; while the food, clothing, and shelter of the wage-workers of the United States, from the humblest laborer up through the whole scale, are so immeasurably superior to those of the European in the same calling that comparison is scarcely adequate to illustrate it. If one of the great objects of good government be to promote the comfort, prosperity, and happiness of the whole body of the people, why should we reduce the cost of our manufactures to the foreigners' *minimum*, at the expense of reducing the price of labor or the price of any production into which labor enters, as the wool and the wheat of the farmer, as well as the fabrics of the loom and the shop? The encouragement of American lines of communication and the general superiority of our goods will, in the not far away future, give us a fair share of

* See Mr. Wells's report as Special Commissioner of Revenue.

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the sales in foreign markets; but to try to obtain it now by the means proposed by the free-traders, even if such means would have that effect, would be the opposite both of justice and good policy.

The supposed evils of our protective system, so vividly seen by the free-traders and the statesmen of rival nations, have gone hand in hand, as a mother leads her child, with blessings greatly outweighing all hardships and inconveniencies, if any there are, and far greater than those of any other people: our population and wealth have increased and become more and more decentralized; our public schools have increased; comfortable homes, owned by their occupants, have increased; chains of busy villages and cities, not built like Mr. Henry George's theatre at Jamaica—so much admired by Mr. Watterson—but from the wages and by the hand of free, intelligent, and thrifty labor, have overspread our part of the continent from the rock-bound coast on which the Puritans made their homes to the gate of gold that opens the shores of the Tranquil Sea.

Such has been our progress. Will the people's representatives be wise enough to allow it to continue?

THE AMERICAN SHIPPING INTEREST.

BY OSBORNE HOWES, JUN.

THE plan of adopting a system of general subsidies as a means of reviving the shipping interests of the United States has on its presentation to Congress at this session a wider and better organized support than any measure of relief for the merchant marine of this country that has ever been presented at the Capitol. The association that has been formed for the promotion of this plan—the American Shipping and Industrial League—has held during the fall conventions at Key West, Atlanta, Boston, and other seaboard and inland places, and has by the skilful tactics of its managers obtained the quasi-endorsement of the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce of a number of the principal American cities.

Besides this, the subsidy scheme is peculiarly attractive to those who prefer to find means of using the surplus revenue rather than have a reduction made in the present scale of customs charges. It has been estimated that if a generous subsidy, that is, 30 cents per ton for each 1000 miles sailed, was paid to all American vessels, both sail and steam, engaged in foreign trade, it would lead to such an improvement in our shipping industry as to require in two or three years' time an annual payment of not less than $10,000,000 by the government; and it is apparent that a regular outgo of this magnitude would act as a partial check upon a sweeping measure of tariff revision.

There is this degree of justice in the measure, that as the ocean merchant marine of the United States has been almost extinguished because the protective tariff has prevented our ship-builders from competing on equal terms with the ship-builders of foreign countries, if indirect relief in the form of tariff revision is not to be given to them, they cannot logically be denied the countervailing benefits that would come from a bounty. The mere repeal of the registration law, thus permitting American ship-merchants to buy foreign-built vessels, would be an act of injustice, in that it would open our market upon more favorable terms to foreign than to American builders. It may be admitted, however, that the evil would be one in theory rather than in practice, for the business of building vessels to be engaged in foreign trade has all but died out in this country, and if such foreign-built vessels were restricted to foreign voyages, the loss to our ship-builders would be largely a sentimental one.

The advocates of the general subsidy scheme, in presenting their claims to Congress, will seek to demonstrate the economic soundness of their reasoning by advancing the following propositions:

1. That it is necessary to have a merchant marine as a nursery for the navy.

2. That in the event of a great European war we need ships of our own to carry our surplus products to foreign countries.

3. That the expense of manning and victualling American merchant vessels is so far in excess of similar outlays on the part of foreign ship-owners that the former could not compete with the latter even if they were permitted to buy their

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vessels wherever in the world they could purchase them the cheapest.

4. That trade follows the flag.

These are the main arguments that have been made at the various conventions, and it is safe to assume will be urged in Congress. While there is in each of them a fragment of truth, there is so much more of sophistry that in order to clearly understand them it is necessary to consider each proposition separately.

An obvious comment upon the theory of maintaining at a large expense a nursery for the navy is that the present and probably future size of our navy will in no way justify such an outlay. It is often assumed that in the event of a war our naval strength would be rapidly increased, as in the early days of the rebellion. But those who take this view of the question ignore the fact that in the last twenty years the art of naval warfare has undergone an enormous change. The makeshift war vessels that were so rapidly brought into service in 1861 could have no counterpart in a future war. The large armor-clad war ships of England and France have rarely been built in less than eighteen months; and even assuming that American ingenuity and industry could compass their construction in half that time, the delay would be fatal to our naval efficiency, for no enemy that we should need to meet with ships of war would be considerate enough to delay operations until we had prepared ourselves. It may therefore be laid down as beyond dispute that should our government be so unfortunate as to become involved in a foreign war, it would have to depend entirely upon the war ships that had at the time been constructed for offensive and defensive service on the seas, and from present appearances our coastwise marine is a sufficiently large nursery to supply the limited demand that would under such circumstances arise. But even if Congress should deem it wise to vote large appropriations for the construction of quite a number of new war ships, it does not follow that a naval nursery would be needed. As these vessels were one after another put into commission, the men needed to serve in them would be recruited with little difficulty from the class—not necessarily merchant sailors—that has a natural liking for a man-of-war man's life. Indeed, one effect of the great changes that have taken place in naval construction is to materially lessen the value on a war ship of sailors who have received a training on merchant vessels. A modern armor-clad ship is a large piece of mechanism, and with the growing tendency to do away with sails, employing the short masts merely for signalling purposes, the old-fashioned A. B. sailor is almost as ignorant of the duties required of him as the newly shipped landsman. This fact has become so apparent that in England the discontinuance of the use of sailing vessels as training ships to prepare young men for the navy is likely to take place with the condemnation of those now in service. It will thus be seen that the nursery theory, however valuable the idea may have been in the past, has little present and still less future applicability. It would in no way justify Congress in voting away millions of dollars of the public money, since by the direct expenditure of a fractional part of the proposed appropriation in the establishment of training schools for the navy a much more certain and desirable result could be obtained.

The notion that our export trade would come to a sudden stop if a great European war should occur is altogether delusive, and is apparently put forward for the purpose of commending the general subsidy plan to the otherwise indifferent Western farmer, who, it is supposed, will not perceive its highly imaginative character. England is our largest purchaser, and no inconsiderable part of the vast sum of money she annually spends upon her navy is for the purpose of keeping open in time of war the great trade route across the Atlantic. The existence of her people depends on her ability to do this; and so far as her market is concerned, she is, at no small cost to herself, guaranteeing it to us. Should a war occur that involved all of the great powers of Europe, or even three or four of them, including England, its effect would be to make the United States, for the time being, the granary of the civilized world.

It may be admitted that the wages paid to officers and sailors on American vessels are, as a rule, higher than those paid by foreign ship-owners to the officers and sailors in their employ, and on the average the food provided on American ships is of a better and more expensive quality. But the same statement might have been made at any time during the last hun-

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dred years. A generation ago, when the American merchant marine was increasing with leaps and bounds, the disproportion between the wages paid on American and English vessels was greater than it is to-day, and in the matter of food the superior treatment of American sailors was much more marked in the past than it is at the present time. We paid our seamen better wages and gave them better food because we demanded and received better service from them. Those whose knowledge of the shipping business of the United States goes back of the days before the civil war must at times be moved by feelings of patriotic indignation at the unworthy comparisons that, for Congressional purposes, are drawn between American and foreign seamen. The successful captain of an American clipper ship in the '50's was paid three or four times as much as the captain of an English vessel of similar size, and his services were worth to the owner of his vessel a great deal more than this excess in wages. The American sea-captain's thorough knowledge of his profession, his energy and industry, his ability to make quick passages, his aptitude for business when in port, and his consideration of the ship-owner's interests in the purchase of supplies—these all tended to place him in a position far superior to that occupied by those commanding the ships of other nations. In the last thirty years there has been a sensible improvement in the mental, moral, and social standing of the English sea-captains; but that they have thus relatively gained upon us must be attributed to the fact that adverse material conditions have prevented young Americans of intelligence from entering our merchant-service. The prizes of success are no longer to be found there, and for this reason they have turned to other occupations.

What has been said by way of comparison of commanding would apply with equal force to the subordinate officers of American merchant-ships. As we have practically no ocean commerce, we have now few specimens of this class of men who were once a credit to the nation. But the race that produced them is not extinct, and there are to-day living in the sea-coast towns of New England hundreds of boys who twenty years hence might, and doubtless would, be worthy successors to the brave and energetic seamen of other days, if the fatuous national policy that has crushed the life out of our merchant marine could be reversed. Of the sailors it can only be said that national lines, both here and elsewhere, are fast disappearing. The men found in the forecastles of the many English and the few American ships that have cleared from the port of New York during the last six months have been of almost every nationality, and a similar comment could be made on the crews shipped during the same time at Liverpool, Hong-Kong, or San Francisco. There are United States statutes which decree that an American ship shall have a certain proportion of her crew made up of American citizens; but either these laws are not enforced or the claims of citizenship advanced by sailors are treated with extreme and justifiable leniency by the United States consuls and shipping commissioners. As a matter of fact, the crews of English and American vessels engaged in what used to be termed "deep-sea" voyages are made up of much the same material, the only difference being that American officers get more work out of their men, for much the same reason that operatives in an American factory work harder than operatives in an English factory. There is, judging by the past, good reason for believing that if American ship-merchants could obtain the ships and steamers they need for the prosecution of the ocean carrying trade at a first cost that was not much in excess of the price paid by foreigners for tonnage of a similar character, the higher wages paid to officers and crew would not prove the least barrier in the way of their success.

The theory embodied in the words that "trade follows the flag" is one which has recently been put forward in consequence of its obvious bearing on the subsidy question. It is one of those epigrammatic statements which seem to condense in themselves a considerable amount of solid truth, but which in reality are the veriest delusions. If we omit the solitary experience of England, there is not now a nation in existence whose trade relations do not give a positive denial to this assertion. If we accepted the theory in the sense that its supporters would have us accept it, we should be forced to the conclusion that a nation could not have a foreign trade unless it possessed ships engaged in foreign commerce. This is pure

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and unadulterated nonsense. Under such conditions an inland state, as, for example, the republic of Switzerland, would be completely bottled up, so far as foreign trade was concerned, yet as a matter of fact we import much more from Switzerland than we do from Norway, although vessels flying the Norwegian flag are constantly visiting our ports. But some of the best illustrations of the fallacy of this notion can be found in our own trade experience. It is hardly necessary to establish the premise that we have no merchant marine engaged in foreign trade, for the few instances to the contrary that can be brought forward are of the nature of exceptions that prove the rule. Hence, if trade contents itself with following the flag, we ought logically to have no trade. Fortunately for us, trade appears to be entirely indifferent to the color and cut of the ensign that the merchant vessels display. Our food supplies of all kinds not only do not wait for our flag to lead them, but would take possession of the markets of central and western Europe if it were not for the adverse tariff legislation of the Continental governments. Our cotton also disregards the flag in finding a market in all parts of Europe. But the most notable instance of the possibilities of foreign trade is found in the demand for our kerosene oil. We produce the best and cheapest oil for illuminating purposes that is made, and as a consequence there is a world-wide request for this article. Tin cans of American kerosene oil may be seen on the backs of mules toiling over the mountains of northern Persia, although the wonderful oil wells at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, are but a few hundred miles distant. American oil lights the dwellings of the people in China and Japan; it is a household necessity in all of the civilized parts of South America and Africa, while the quantity of it that is annually used in Europe is simply enormous. What has the flag to do with this trade? Nothing at all. We have produced an article which commends itself to consumers all over the world in consequence of its excellence and cheapness, and as a result the world's markets and the means of reaching them are placed at our disposal.

It may be said, however, of the "trade follows the flag" theory that it is not intended by it to assert that trade cannot exist independent of national means of transportation, but that if such national means are provided, trade that had no previous existence will spring into life. In other words, once establish American lines of steamers to foreign ports, and the cargoes with which to load them will soon be forth-coming. It may be admitted on general principles that the better the facilities for trade, the greater the probability that trade will be carried on. But this has nothing whatsoever to do with the question of the flag, for the best possible facilities might be provided by foreign ship-owners. That there is little gained for trade by exhibiting the American flag on the great ocean routes is made evident by a trial that has now been going on for twenty-one years; that is, an attempt to build up our trade with China and Japan by means of steamers sailing under the American flag between the United States and those two countries. On January 1, 1867, the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, favored by a liberal mail subsidy, and with high hopes of future success, sent its first steamer, the *Colorado*, to Hong-Kong. The government subsidy was only continued for a few years, but from that time to this the Pacific Mail steamers have made regular trips across the Pacific, sailing ordinarily at monthly intervals. Now if, in the secondary sense suggested above, trade followed the flag, these periodic journeyings of the Stars and Stripes to the westward would long before this have greatly increased the sale of American products in the markets of the East. It was due to this belief that the line was started, and that the generous mail subsidy was given. But it cannot be said that these anticipations have been realized. An examination of the recent outward freight lists of these steamers will show that they do not carry very much more, either in variety or quantity, than they did during the first two or three years of the existence of the line. The profits of the company have come in part from the inward cargoes—teas and silks which the Chinese and Japanese have sent here in advance of their flag—but chiefly from the patronage of the Chinese passengers, who not only come to America, but, moved by patriotic and family sentiments, make frequent short visits to their mother country, particularly at the time of the Chinese New-Year.

The system of general subsidies which

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it is proposed that Congress shall sanction is in all except minor details a copy of the method which was a few years ago adopted in France. The French maritime subsidy law was favorably acted upon by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies because a majority of the members believed that in this way a great increase in the merchant marine of their country could be brought about. In one or two respects there is a radical dissimilarity between the condition of affairs in France and their condition in this country; for while the French are admirable constructors of vessels, frequently surpassing the English in their readiness to adopt new ideas, they do not, as a rule, make good sailors, or show special aptitude for maritime affairs. They have never, for this reason, been able to compete on equal terms with the English, even where there has been no perceptible difference in the cost of ship construction, while with us English competition on the ocean has not prevented our success, the want of which has been wholly due to our inability to provide ourselves with low-cost vessels. While, therefore, the French may need a general subsidy as a means of placing themselves on equal terms with their rivals on the high seas, the obstacles that we have to contend with are of an entirely different character, and are found, not in the way in which we use, or would use if we had them, these instruments of trade, but in our inability properly to provide ourselves with them. It may be well to add that the French experiment has not proved a success. It has encouraged the establishment of several new lines of steam-ships, but the competition thus artificially intensified has led to a lowering of freight rates, thus depriving the French ship-owners of expected profits, while it has compelled not a few English ship-owners to content themselves with no profits at all.

It is obvious, therefore, that if the ocean merchant marine of this country is to be resuscitated, the remedies to be applied must be those adapted to meet the peculiar conditions of the complaint. Because brandy may be wisely prescribed to one sick man, it does not follow that all sick men should be dosed with that stimulant. Even if the general subsidy method had proved advantageous in France, it would not follow that it would be the measure of relief needed in our case. Our people do not need to be bribed to go to sea, or to have those losses which are incurred in consequence of their lack of natural skill made good to them by the government. This may be necessary in France, if that country is to have a merchant marine; but, as has been said above, such an assumption in our case is a gratuitous insult to generations of worthy men who have shown by their deeds that the American sailor is without his equal in the world.

The problem to be solved is how to provide our people with ships built at a low cost. When we can do this we shall make a beginning, though at first a slow one, in the work of regaining lost ground; and until we do this no healthy or permanent progress is possible. The higher rate of wages paid to men employed in the yards of American ship-builders is not a matter that calls for the least consideration. One of the largest ship-builders on the Clyde said to the writer five years ago that a number of American mechanics whom he had brought across from the United States to work in his yard, at more than current American wages, were the cheapest men in his employ. The labor cost of repairing a vessel in an American port is ordinarily less than the labor cost of similar repairs in the ports of Europe. We pay higher wages, but we exact more than the equivalent in faithful, constant, and intelligent service. The question hinges wholly on the cost of materials. So long as our ship-builders have to pay for the iron, steel, copper, wood, and hemp they require for their work much higher prices than English ship-builders pay for these same materials, competition on the part of the former is utterly hopeless. The surest means of relief would be a radical revision of the tariff, placing all of these articles, in their raw, semi-manufactured, and wholly manufactured condition, on the free list. Such an act would quickly place our ship-building interest upon its feet. This may be called a free-trade proposition; but it must be remembered that those who provide the ships or own the ships engaged in foreign commerce should be, from the very nature of their business, opposed to the advocates of a national protection system. The greater the volume of exports and imports, the larger will be the business opportunities of the former, while every success scored by the latter implies a lessened demand for the

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facilities which the former have to offer. Besides this, the experience of the last quarter of a century shows that while protection may have been of advantage to certain favored interests in this country, it has simply extinguished the American ocean marine.

A radical revision of the tariff in the manner suggested involves the overthrowing of so many strongly intrenched interests that as an immediate measure of relief it is perhaps impractical, although it is the only certainly efficacious means of arriving at the desired end. One other method has been suggested, which has in it the substance of equity, in that it recognizes that the downfall of the American merchant marine has been due to the adverse influence of the protection tariff, and to that cause alone. This is the bill reported in 1882 by the Congressional committee on American shipping:

"When any vessel, steam or sail, shall be constructed and equipped in the United States for foreign trade, including the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, in whole or in part of materials of the production of the United States, the owner or owners of such vessels shall be entitled to receive and collect from the United States a drawback or sum equal in amount to the duty which would have been collected on imported materials of like description and of equal quality with the American materials used in the construction, equipment, engines, boilers, and other appurtenances of such steam or sail vessel. Provided that in ascertaining such drawback the duties on such iron or steel materials shall be computed on iron and steel advanced in manufacture not beyond the point of plates, angles, bars, and rods. And provided, further, that this section shall apply only to vessels commenced after the passage of this act."

An objection that might be raised to this proposal is that it assumes that a drawback equal to the amount of duty that would be paid upon imported articles of the character described would be equivalent to the difference in the selling prices of these articles in the English and American markets, when, as a matter of fact, it would in many instances be more than an offset, for the American selling price of iron and steel plates, for example, is rarely as high as the English selling price plus the duty. However, there seems to be no other way of arriving at an adjustment of the loss which protection occasions the American ship-builder, and the additional gain, when there was any, would be but slight compensation on the part of the government for the injury which the adoption by it of a protective policy has caused the owners and builders of American merchant-ships. But if the drawback plan were to be adopted, it would be far better to enlarge its scope so as to include all American vessels engaged either in foreign or coastwise trade, and to further supplement it by a repeal of the registration law and all other national statutes which now attempt to regulate, but which obstruct, the development of the American shipping interest. If our merchant marine is to be encouraged, if our government is in some way to make good to the ship-builders and ship-owners the losses they have endured and are still enduring by the maintenance of the system of industrial protection, then not only should vessels now engaged in foreign voyages receive the benefit of the drawback, but all American merchant vessels might properly claim a share in this exemption from tax. It is true that our coastwise trade is protected by the law which forbids foreign vessels from engaging in it, but this is not an equivalent to the enhanced cost of construction brought about by the tariff restrictions. If American sailing vessels and steamers could be built at two-thirds their present cost, as it is possible under the drawback system they might be, a great increase would take place in the coastwise trade of the United States, brought about by a reduction in freight charges to correspond with the lessened amount of capital invested in each particular vessel. The result would be all the healthier if there were no registration or restrictive laws of any kind, for not only would the ship-owners be compelled to face foreign competition, both in the coastwise as well as the foreign trade, and adjust their freight rates to these new conditions, but the ship-builders would have this same competition to contend with in the sale of the vessels they constructed, and thus would be prevented from receiving more than their just returns from the drawback accorded to them by the government.

In a word, the effect of a general drawback, with a repeal of the registration law, would be equivalent to placing the entire shipping interest of the United States upon a free-trade basis; that is, the only basis upon which a shipping interest can solidly and permanently rest.

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HYDERABAD AND GOLCONDA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THERE are two Hyderabads in India. One is in the north, near the Indus, and the capital of Sindh. The other is in the south, the largest city in the vast territory known as the Dekhan. It is the capital of the Nizam's dominions. The southern Hyderabad is the more famous of the two, and has played an important part in the history of India for two centuries. The Nizam is a native prince, who, though with English safeguards, rules over the territory of his fathers, with a population of about 10,000,000.

The territory of the Nizam forms, however, but one, though the largest, of the still remaining native states of India. The area beneath his sceptre is equal to that of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maryland. The total population of the native states is 55,000,000, with a standing army of 300,000. The annual tribute which they pay to the British government is $3,500,000. While the native princes still rule as a mere form, each court is closely watched by an English Resident. His office is a very smoothly named one; but beneath the euphemism lies a hard-handed neighbor. His business is to watch everything. Every rumor, even, is reported to the British Viceroy at Calcutta, and in case of the least sign of revolt, the British troops, who are always within call, are at once on the spot, and know just what to do.

The present Prime-Minister of the Nizam is Sir Salar Jang. He is only twenty-four years of age, and owes his position to the extraordinary career of his father, who likewise bore the name of Sir Salar Jang. In diplomatic skill, far-sightedness, and incorruptibility the elder Salar Jang was perhaps the finest specimen of a civilian which India has produced since the entrance of the English upon this far-off field of commercial and political enterprise. He was the practical ruler of the Nizam's vast dominions for about twenty-five years. He saw that safety lay only in friendship with the English. Hence he resisted the tide of rebellion at every point, and in the mutiny of 1857 he heartily espoused their cause, and lived to see the union-jack float once more in triumph and peace over all India. Had the Nizam and his subjects thrown their influence and the weight of the army on the side of the natives, it is more than likely that the mutineers would have succeeded, and secured control of the whole country. The loyalty of the Nizam's dominions was the breakwater against the general tide of rebellion in the north, which was in revolt from Delhi in the west to Calcutta in the east.

When the mutiny was suppressed, the English permitted the Nizam to remain upon his throne and continue his rule. This was a just reward; and it must be said that England's general policy in India from the beginning has been one of strict justice. Her judges are pure, and it is not likely that there is a native Hindu in all India who in going to court with a just cause would not rather be tried by an English judge than by a fellow-native. But England has to watch even her most friendly provinces. Hence in Hyderabad she has her shrewd Resident, who lives in a palatial home, with beautiful and extensive grounds. The business of this gentleman, who, of course, is an Englishman, is to preserve loyal relations on the part of the Nizam's government. Every important movement, not only in Hyderabad but all over the Nizam's dominions, he is to watch and report. In addition to him there is a great English camp five miles distant, at Skunderabad. It is the largest body of British troops in southern India. They, in case of insubordination to the English government, could be on the spot in an hour's time, and quell it instantly. The presence of the English Resident, and the proximity of the troops, all of whom are commanded by British officers, furnish a picture of the peculiar way which England has found by experience needful to preserve control of the few native populations which she has permitted to continue a measure of independent government. This whole arrangement, however, is only a temporary affair. The first attempt at revolt, or any approach to it, would blot out even the present semblance, and the government would be absorbed in the Madras Presidency. The entire system will soon disappear, and in due time there will be no native princes on an Indian throne.

The present Sir Salar Jang, though very young, exhibits all the great qualities of

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his father. He is conservative, and pursues stoutly the liberal policy of his father. The Rev. Dr. Rudisill, of Madras, thus describes his personal appearance: "He is very tall, with grace in his every step. He has fine silky jet-black hair, delicate skin, sharp features, a pear-shaped head, 'with the large end of the pear up.'"



SIR SALAR JANG, THE ELDER.

Long before reaching Hyderabad I noticed that the country was dotted in every direction by huge masses of dark rocks. Some were mere bowlders, while others were sharp and conical, and reminded me of the party-colored sandstone cones in the region of the Yellowstone Falls. Several times during my week in this place I strolled out to a hill, a confused pile of these bare rocks, quite beyond the suburban residences. This is "Tippu's Lookout." It rises fifty feet above the plain. A flight of steps is cut into one side of the chief granite mass; but I generally succeeded in missing them, and so had to pick my way by a very uncertain path. From the summit of Tippu's Lookout one enjoys a view of the country for many miles around. The more prominent object is the gloomy old Golconda fort in the west, with the massive tombs of the Kutub Shahi kings in the foreground. The Meer Alum Lake is a vast tank. The drive to Skunderabad is along its margin.

The garden of the Nizam is public. It was within five minutes' walk of my place of entertainment, the house of the Rev. Mr. Carter. I never tired of wandering through its labyrinths, enjoying its delightful fragrance, and studying the endless variety of the plants. Every art which these cultivators of flowers in India have arrived at by the experience of centuries is here employed, by rich designs in colors, by succession of flowering shrubs, and by a happy combination of large shrubs and the smaller plants. All the smaller plants are in pots, and need to be watered every day. There are six millions of potted plants alone, to say nothing of the multitude of larger ones. Watering is the great business of the laborers. To do this properly a large force must be constantly at work. The garden has walks of all kinds, straight and in curves. Little surprises came to me every time I sauntered here, though I thought I had seen the garden well at my first visit. There are miniature lakes, small belvederes, laughing nooks, now a bit of jungle, and now a broad and beautiful open space where the distant view was enchanting.

The city of Hyderabad with its outly-

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ing suburbs has a population of three hundred and fifty-five thousand. Of all places in India it is the most turbulent and unsafe. This curious condition of things has come about because of the hostility between the two ruling classes of the population. These are the Hindus and the Mohammedans. But many other faiths and nations are represented in this strange city. In the brilliant days of the Mogul Empire in the north, when the emperors ruled all India from Lahore, Delhi, and Agra, they fearlessly marched far to the south and conquered the country. They established subordinate princes in Golconda as a capital, which was later abandoned as a residence. Hyderabad was then laid out and built to take its place. The ruling prince was the Nizam. He, like his fathers, was a Mohammedan. But his subjects were for the most part Hindus. The latter, naturally enough, have always been secretly hostile to the Mohammedan conqueror and his descendants, and every now and then there is a violent outbreak of the old hatred.

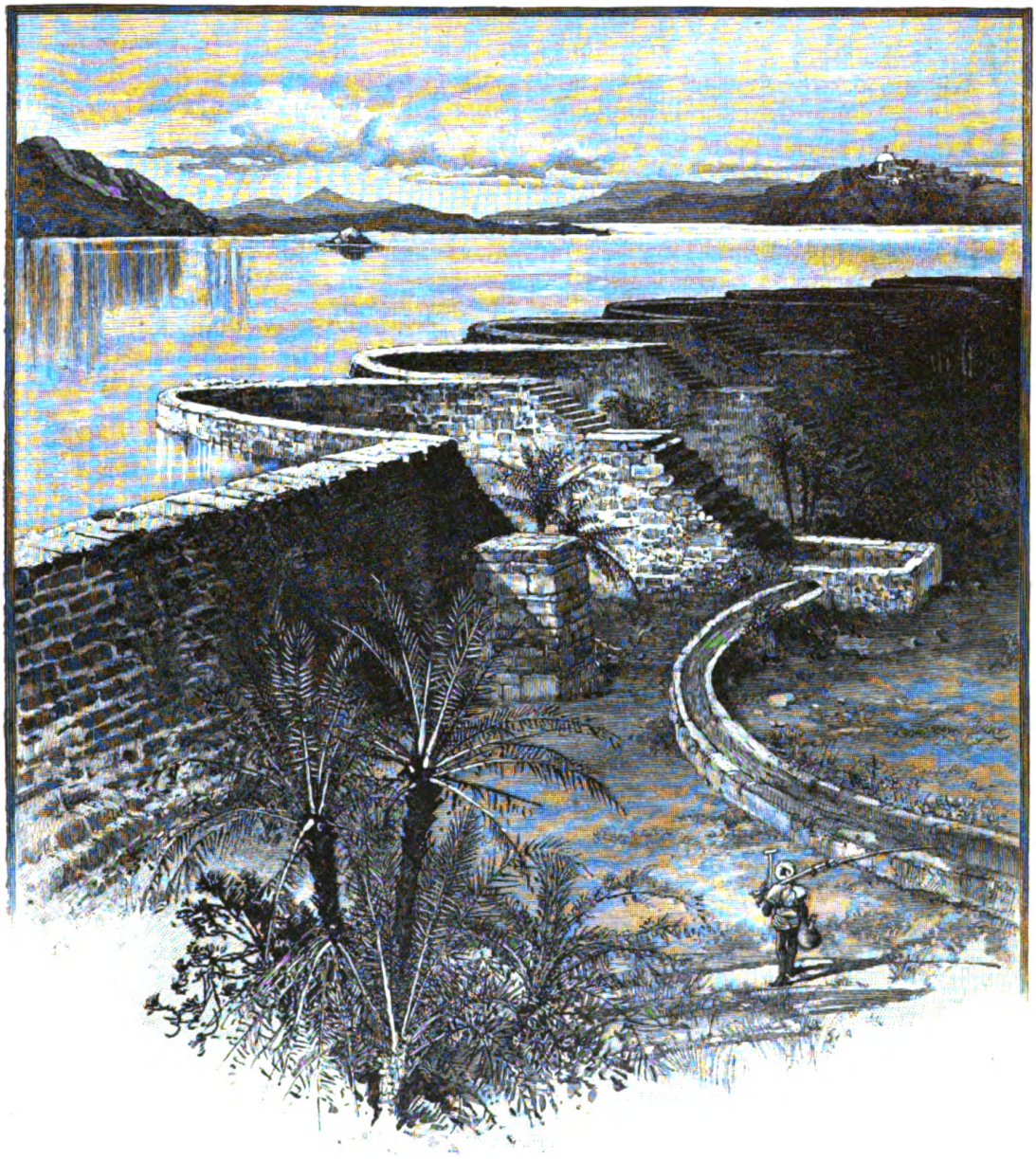
Hyderabad is still walled, and it is not always safe for a foreigner to walk through the streets without an escort. I was repeatedly cautioned against entering the gates and strolling even into the nearest bazar. Only the week before my short sojourn an outbreak had occurred, when nine persons were killed in the general uproar.

During my week in Hyderabad I had two opportunities for an elephant ride. The first was a mere stroll in a suburb, and around the walls of the Nizam's garden. The howdah, or saddle, was comfortable, and my elephant was as calm and obedient as a used-up Syrian horse. I found myself on a level with the tops of many of the native houses. But this was a mere promenade compared with the more stately ride on one of the court elephants. Three were furnished for our little company. Our plan was to ride through Hyderabad, inspect its chief buildings, and then go out into the country and make a visit to Golconda. To Mr. Henry Croley I was indebted for such special courtesies as made this second ride the most remarkable excursion during my entire stay in India. He is the author of the *Geography of the Eastern Peninsula*, and during his residence in Burma was the tutor of the Delhi princes, the last scions of the great Mogul dynasty. Mr. Croley is now Inspector of Schools in the Nizam's dominions, and has passed successfully through all the stages of violent jealousy and opposition, and is firmly established, by his successful management of the department of education, in the favor of both the Nizam and his Prime-Minister. Mr. Croley made application to the court for elephants, and a permit to examine the city and visit the ancient fort of Golconda. For two days there was no answer to the request, but a satisfactory one finally arrived, couched in all the epithets of Oriental courtesy in both Hindustani and Arabic. Three elephants were furnished, well caparisoned, and provided with a strong guard. I have never seen a larger elephant than the one to whose lofty back I was assigned. If I may judge from its enormous size, it might well have been the great one which had belonged to the senior Sir Salar Jang. The name of that famous beast was Khudadad, reputed to be the largest elephant in all India. Put on my elephant's back a spacious and elevated howdah, and then add to that the distance to the top of my white cork helmet, and one has converted a man of no great natural height into a conspicuous feature of the Indian landscape. My howdah was rich in tinsel, but it leaned obstinately to one side. I was told that this augured no ill, as all the straps were tight. But there was a sense of discomfort with every step of the great beast. A number of gentlemen rode on the same elephant with me, and as we had no clatter of wheels to disturb us, our social intercourse was as undisturbed as if we had been sitting on a group of chairs in the Nizam's palace. If people accosted us with unsavory epithets, they never went so far as to interfere with our progress. Perhaps the guard, with the courtly trappings of our elephants, produced a cautious respect.

Hyderabad has thirteen gates. We pass through one and over a bridge which spans the Musi River, and are now, in due procession, making a straight course through the main street of the city. All the lesser animals, with the throng of pedestrians, get out of our way. Our elephants seem to have all rights, and care for nothing. They pass steadily along, and in due time I get accustomed to the sag of my howdah.

The general architecture is not inspiring. With the exception of a few public buildings, such as the mosques, and the

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THE MEER ALUM LAKE.

palaces of the nobles, there is but little architectural merit. Nearly all the edifices were erected in troublous days. Hence the substantial character of all the massive teak-wood gates and wickets, over which are quarters for a guard or small garrison. Every now and then we pass a spacious bazar. The best of these are the Cloth Bazar, a handsome row of buildings facing an ornamental garden containing fountains and great tanks, and the Arms Bazar, where one can see old and new armor of every kind, and form some conception of the bloody work these people have been doing these two centuries. The people whom we pass in the streets present the most warlike appearance of any civilians whom I ever saw. All the inhabitants of Hyderabad carry a weapon of some kind, while the military classes go armed up to their very eyes. It is the custom of the upper classes to pay a visit to each other, or to the Nizam, with an unaccoutred dagger stuck in the girdle, or a sword suspended from the gold-lace belt which the majority wear. Servants and attendants

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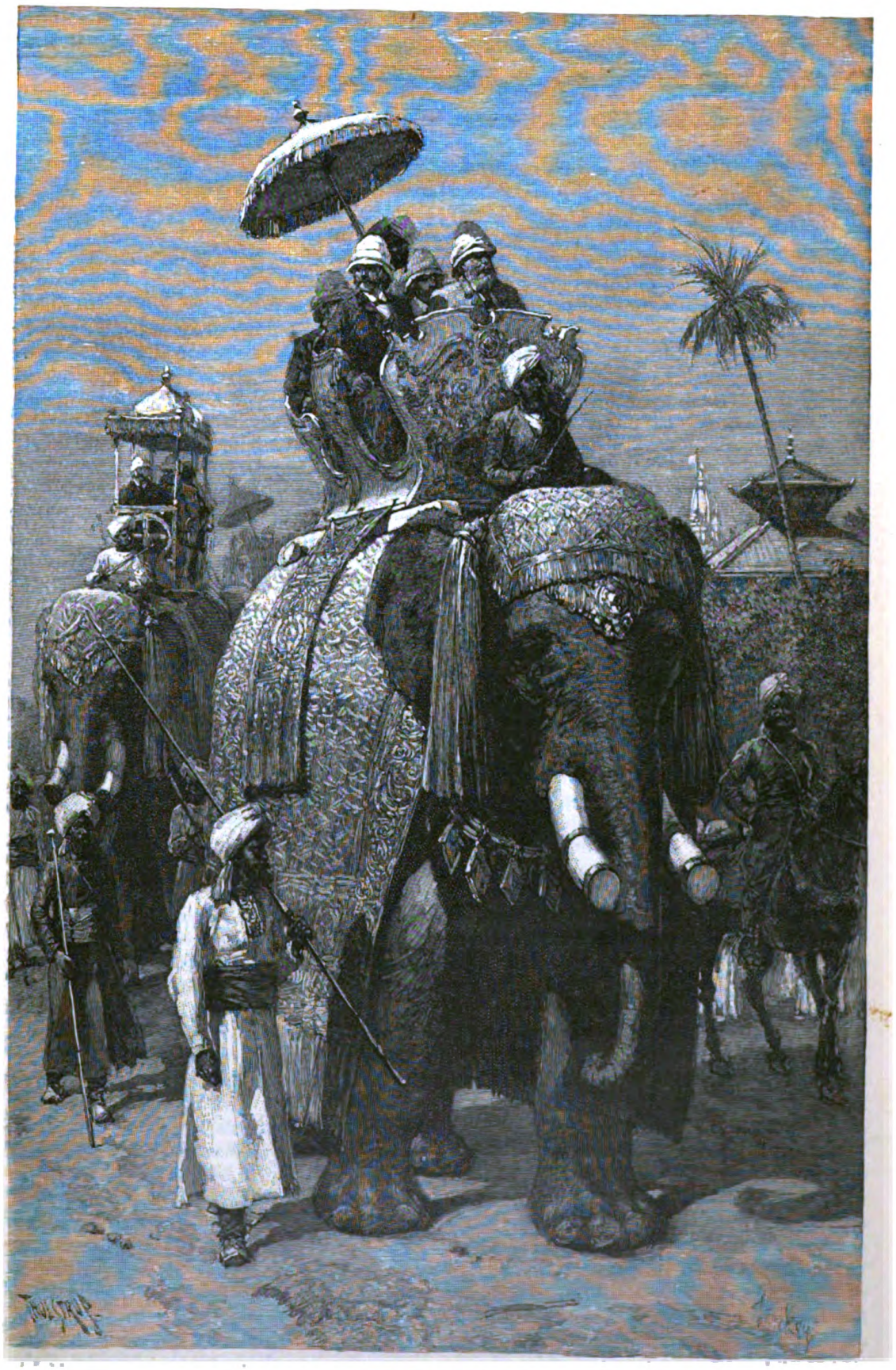
copy the formidable adornments of their masters.

The mixed nature of the population is very striking. All the ruder nations and tribes which have drifted into India or have been produced on the soil seem to be represented. Here is a semi-military Arab with a perfect arsenal of weapons in his kamarband (waistband.) An Arab chief in his pulki is escorted by a surging and tumultuous crowd of his retainers, firing off muskets and shouting out the wonderful titles of their august master as they pass along. Next comes the Seedee, with his broad black negro face, who is more fearful to behold than an Arab villain. The Rohilla, with slow and dignified step, may next be seen; his huge bell-mouthed blunderbuss, without which in Hyderabad he is never seen, is as distinguishable as himself. The Pathan, the Afghan, the Persian, the Bokharian, the Georgian, the Parsee, the Dekhanese, the Sikh, and the Turk, with many others, may be seen passing along, and making way for our magisterial elephants. We now reach the Char Minar (Four Minarets). It is the heart of Hyderabad. Four streets diverge from it. Each of the four minarets is one hundred and eighty feet high. Above the arches are a couple of rooms, used as a madrissa and masjid (school and church). No one is allowed to ascend either of the minarets, for they look down on the Nizam's palace. The Char Minar was erected A.D. 1591, by Mohammed Kuli Kutub Shah. He built it in honor of God's favorable answer to the prayers of some holy men in a day of a fierce pestilential scourge. In 1756 Bussy and his troops occupied it and the gardens around. It is the "scandal point" of the idle loiterers of Hyderabad. Writers of petitions and letters are squatted around on the steps, plying their trade, just as one used to see in great abundance in the Neapolitan marketplaces. Near by is the Mecca Musjid. This mosque is a quadrangle of three hundred and sixty feet square. Its roof is supported by fifteen arches. During the festivals from eight to ten thousand worshippers meet under the two huge domes. Abdoola Kutub Shah began it, and Aurungzib, the great Mogul Emperor, finished it. Within the mosque many of the princes lie buried.

We made only two or three halts while passing through the city, but, for prudential reasons, did not dismount. Having emerged from the gate of the city at the farther end of the main thoroughfare, we turned to the right, and took the road skirting the massive wall. We had a special permit to visit the Johan Numah, one of the principal palaces of Hyderabad. As we were now away from the warlike throng of Hyderabadese, we dismounted, and began a ramble through hall and gardens. The Johan Numah belongs to the family of one of the chief noblemen, Busheer-ord-Dowlah. Having gone through some buildings connected with the palace, but shielding it largely from public view, we came into a large court, which seemed to have been used for soldiers, both horse and foot, and the retainers of the prince. At the farther end of the court we came to a staircase, and entered the main rooms of the vast palace. Here were spacious halls, covered with carpets and rugs of many curious designs. The furniture was richly carved. Some of it was of dark old Indian woods, but a portion was of European and later origin. I was struck by the odd contrivances to amuse the members of the princely household living here. Here were clocks of odd workmanship, and at every convenient corner there were automata of the quaintest construction. All were in motion, and so contrived as to amuse by doing unexpected things. For example, I saw the figure of a grenadier, whose sole business it was to swallow miniature fish. There were instruments for performing musical freaks. Stuffed birds could be seen everywhere, grouped into all possible combinations, so as to make the scene as nearly life-like as possible. I visited many other palaces in India afterward, and learned that it was an ancient usage of the kings and noblemen of Hindustan to employ the most accomplished artists in curious mechanism, whose sole business it was to contrive and construct odd and unheard-of devices of this kind to please the ladies of the Indian courts. In the old days their time hung heavily. There were many women to be pleased, and they had their jealousies, and could be best appeased by having their fancy charmed by the sight and sound of these curious devices.

Having finished the halls of the palace, we ascended a staircase, and came out upon a beautiful and fragrant garden. My first thought was that the rooms which we had just left were imme liately

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AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

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below us, and that the garden we were now in was on the roof of the palace. But on examination I saw that the garden was really only on a level with the roof, but was supported by a terrace so raised as to give the visitor the impression that he was walking over the palace roof. This too was evidently only a device to bewilder the guest into still greater admiration at his environment. This garden contained flowers of rare beauty and fragrance, and was laid off in exquisite designs. Having left it, we wandered through the grounds in the rear. Here we came into a labyrinth of pleasing and of most curious construction. It served its purpose, as I soon learned by getting lost in it. Always expect the Indian to do his work differently from the rest of the world. This labyrinth was not of the same order as the one in the Palmgarten in Frankfort-on-Main, or the less pleasing one in the outlying grounds of Hampton Court. But it served its purpose far better.

We now remounted our elephants and proceeded on our way around the old wall of the city. Our excursion was only to end with the four-mile ride out to the celebrated fort and tombs of Golconda. But we had not proceeded long on our road around the wall before we found carriages waiting. Our friends whom we had left behind had imagined that we would be thoroughly tired of the elephants, and would be glad to exchange them for comfortable carriages. In this they were quite correct. An elephant ride to Golconda in that torrid sun would not only have occupied the entire day, but have been, to me at least, a dangerous experience. Happy he who lives in a country where it is not the highest discourtesy to decline the offer of the largest elephant belonging to the court of the prince! Our mammoth doubled up their spongy feet and dropped down with us. We were soon taking a little stroll on terra firma, and then entered the welcome carriages.

Golconda has an old, old history. Hyderabad, with all its years, and great population, and bloody history, is young in comparison with the dead city whose acropolis rises from the plain three miles in the distance, on our left. The blocks of black granite which lie scattered over the country here lose their individuality, and form a vast cone, on the apex of which stands the grim fort of old and rich Golconda. The fort is still surrounded by its crenellated stone wall, which is three miles in circumference. It has eighty-seven high bastions at the angles, on which are still the ancient Shahi guns, some of them with their breeches blown out, from service in half-forgotten wars. The bastions are built of solid blocks of granite, either cemented together or bound with iron clamps. Many of these blocks are of immense size and weight. Their average thickness is from fifty to sixty feet.

On the sides of this towering acropolis, and enclosed by the great wall, Golconda was built, the streets running at all possible angles, and crossing one another at unexpected places, the whole forming as complete a zigzag as one can find in the older parts of Genoa. I suspect, however, that all the buildings which this ancient wall enclosed were connected either with the army or the court, and that the general population of Golconda lived in the plain surrounding the rocky heights. It was the Indian way to call the place a fort where the palace and all its dependencies were situated. The army was always the needful support of royalty, and must be near at hand. Hence the homes for officers and the quarters for soldiers had to be within reach. The entire group of buildings, with the many additional buildings for servants and all the belongings of palace and army, was called the fort. It was the combined home of the king and his soldiers, and large space was needed for such a population. It was the kingdom in miniature. It was usual to build on lofty hills, in part for the sake of the better air, but chiefly for security against enemies. The Golconda fort was the most remarkable elevation in all the region of Hyderabad. Its high wall concealed all parts near the base of the hill, but other buildings and towers and palace ruins rose above these, until the open and airy tower, with graceful balconies and broad parterres, crowned the very summit and commanded a broad and beautiful view. I had no hope of being able to visit this mysterious place at first, for in Eastwick's *Guide to the Madras Presidency* I had read these discouraging words: "No person is ever permitted to visit the interior of the fort, unless the Nizam himself should go there, and as that seldom or never happens, the persons who can describe the details of the fortification are few or none." But Mr.

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Croley was fully equal to the emergency. With his other permits he had secured the all-important one to go within the very fort itself, and see every part of it, and stay as long as we might choose. On reaching the gates the chief of the guard, all of whom were accoutred in old-time Indian weapons, advanced to meet us. Mr. Croley drew forth our high-sounding permit.

The warder made low obeisance, and flung wide open the creaking and battered gates and bade us enter. The very sight of those old portals made one shiver. They were of teak-wood, and fairly covered with iron knobs, and bristling with rude and heavy spikes, enough (and much to spare) for resisting the attack of any number of assailing elephants. We now left the carriages, and began a stiff climb to the top of the hill. The scene was one of decay and filth. The very streets up and down which great royal processions had moved, and queens and princesses decked in jewels had been borne in glittering palanquins by human hands, were now neglected and full of wretched odors. On the way up we passed many battlements. It was fort within fort. We saw many fragments of palace walls; decayed mansions, where fragments of the delicate jalousies told the story of former splendor and social elegance; and heavy guns which had grown rusty in their long silence and disuse. On our right we saw an immense piece of masonry—a chambered wall with granite substructures—the whole covering a catacomb of fabulous dimensions. Here lay the buried wealth of Golconda in the old times when the kings revelled in untold glory, and their very names were symbols of heroism and treasure throughout India. What this treasure consisted of is not well known, but most probably it was in jewels and gold. They were buried somewhere in these far-down vaults, and only the king, with possibly his premier, knew its exact whereabouts. He had a diagram of the catacomb, and knew where to go with his diggers, who were probably blindfolded when in sight of the treasure. When treasure was taken out, the place was walled up again, that all trace of the locality might disappear. It is believed, according to the best information I could derive, that vast wealth is still stored here, which is at the service of the Nizam when his revenue from regular sources gets scanty. I noticed that there had been recent openings in the solid masonry, but could not tell whether they had been caused by making repairs or for outlets for the concealed treasure, and again walled up.

The "mines of Golconda" are a pure myth. The diamonds and other precious stones discovered near Parteell Cuddapah were brought here for sale, and were readily purchased by the rulers and their wealthy court. They were cut and polished here, and were regarded as equally good with gold as permanent treasure of the realm. The burial of them for future emergency gave the popular impression of a mine.

The vegetation of this wonderful climate was the only cheering object which we passed in our climb to the top of the acropolis. Graceful palms grew in the midst of spaces where once had been brilliant palace halls. Miniature lakes which must have been as pearls were now only filthy excavations overgrown with weeds, and the haunt of hideous reptiles. All the vines known to the tropics grew in luxuriance, and wound themselves about parapet and balcony, and over the rude huts where the soldiers sleep.

By-and-by we reached the topmost point, and came out upon a broad esplanade, and looked off into the vast distance. This was a part of the king's palace, his promenade and outlook. The picture was one of indescribable beauty. The December sky was cloudless and the air perfect. The sense of lassitude had passed away. We had fairly forgotten the fatigue of the elephant ride, and the climb up the steep way to our final lookout. On one side was the entire city of Hyderabad with its palaces and forts, and without the walls the green zone of English homes and churches, and the smiling and fragrant gardens of the Nizam. Nine miles on the east side lay Skunderabad. Towns and villages, great rectangular tanks large enough for lakes, conical hills of black rock, lofty palms, graceful minarets shooting up toward the sky, and, above all, the great domed tombs, still glittering with rich porcelain adornments, where rests the dust of kings and noblemen, in the plain at our feet, formed a panorama entirely different from anything I had seen, or, for that matter, was yet to see, in India.

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This was the rich Golconda of nearly four centuries ago. For an unknown time a village had lingered in filth and obscurity around the base of the rocky cone. In 1512 Sultan Kuli Kutub Shah declared his independence of the prince Mahmud Shah Bahmani, who ruled over the entire country. Mahmud's soldiers were strong, but Kuli's were still stronger and more successful. The latter built in this plain and on the hill his capital, and hoped to found here an imperishable throne. But pestilence, probably caused by lack of pure water, frequently invaded the place. It became a very den of disease. The treasures of his home sickened and died without apparent cause. In 1589 a successor resolved to remove the capital, and hence he began to build Hyderabad, which has served that purpose ever since. During the entire time since then, however, Golconda has been held as a fort, and has only been kept up as a military stronghold.

The history of Golconda, even when it ceased to be the capital, is a piece-work of singular romance. It is not unlikely that the kings still came out from Hyderabad and lived on this lofty place, and enjoyed the bracing air in the midst of all the splendors of a court. But the doom of the past made all its associations gloomy. Hyderabad, in time, took precedence over Golconda. The fame of the new residence extended into all the Oriental countries. The King of Persia sent hither his ambassador with a crown studded with rubies, and other valuable gifts, who, in return, took back with him gold cloth and other Indian treasures. The King of Hyderabad made war on his neighbors, absorbed their territory, and even invaded Bengal. This was too strong a power in the south to make the great Mogul rulers of the north feel secure. The Emperor Aurungzib marched hither at the head of his great army, and with his immense engines of war attacked the fort, captured it, and made prisoners of the royal family. This was the beginning of a new order. The present Nizam, as a successor to the old Mogul line, rules over this one fragment of the now dead empire of the Mogul rulers of the north—the greatest of Indian dynasties since the days of Alexander.

Our luncheon was spread out in the balcony of the fort, and we could enjoy the view during our whole stay. On returning to the gate we found our carriages, and then proceeded to visit the celebrated tombs of the kings. An Indian tomb is unlike any memorial structures in the Occident. When the wealthy or royal Hindu or Mohammedan wished to build a tomb in memory of his beloved dead he took care to make it large, a great building of solid stone or well-burnt brick, covered with durable cement; or, as in many cases, the whole might be of solid marble, with inlaid colored stones. The dead were buried in a vault below, but on the floor directly above it was the ornamental tomb, which in finish varied according to the taste and skill of the architect and the amount of gold put into his hands.

Take one of these Golconda tombs as a type. That of the sixth king, Sultan Abdoola Kutub Shah, may be regarded as a fair specimen. There is a broad base nearly a hundred feet square. Above this on every side are arches, beneath which one passes into the broad and unbroken hall where the one or several tombs are. Here is a tomb of black stone, consisting of five decreasing plinths, which are engraved with favorite extracts from the Koran, and an epitaph recalling the astounding virtues of the king. Directly above rises a dome of fifty feet in height. There are stairways leading through the walls to the balconies above, where one can look down upon the square hall below, or, as in some cases, out upon the surrounding country. Much of the exterior of some of these tombs is covered with porcelain tiling. The colors, though fused into the cement by an art now said to be lost in India, are as bright as though laid on only yesterday. They dazzle the eye in the bright sun. They may be simply inscriptions from the Koran, or graceful arabesques from old Persian designs. Some of this exquisite tiling has fallen, but enough still remains to tell how even a rare combination of bright colors was made to do its good part toward beautifying and making cheerful the exterior of these memorial places of the dead.

The largest and most magnificent tomb of all is to the fourth king, Mohammed Kuli. The eight plinths abound in incised quotations from the Koran. From the base of the building to the top of the ornament which rises above the dome there is a distance of one hundred and eighty feet. There are galleries and corridors in both the lower and upper stories.

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The colored tiles filling the distance between the stone-work on the exterior walls are exceeding rich. From places where the tiles had fallen I could see the way in which the artists had taken pains to secure them in their places. Spikes with hooks on the ends had been driven into the walls. The tiles, being perfectly ready, were laid in a bed of fine mortar, and the blocks, in this plastic condition, were placed upon these spikes, and pushed back into the general surface and left to harden. The hooked ends of the spikes, being surrounded with the hardened mortar, held the tiles in place. That the workmen did their work well the still remaining bright tiles on many of these tombs, after the waste and wear of three centuries, furnish ample proof.

There are many of these tombs at Golconda. They vary in size, and are in all degrees of preservation. Some are ruins, but the most are in good condition, and great pains are taken to keep the corridors and halls and even the approaches well swept. The white domes rise in all directions, and form such a picture of splendor in memory of the dead as is found nowhere else even in India. It was an old Indian taste that nature should do its part toward the adornment of the God's-acre. The friends of the departed took care that gardens should wind about the tombs, where, amid the beauty and fragrance of rich vegetation, they could sit at will and linger by the day in sight of the resting-place of their loved ones. So to this day there are rich gardens surrounding these vast tombs. They bloom on—the only bright picture in this dark landscape of decay and death.

It is one of the strange vicissitudes to which a royal tomb can come that an English family can go and occupy one, by special permission, during the summer months. That they are the coolest structures in all this region no one can deny. The tomb proper occupies but small space, while the great hall in which it stands is clean, has small rooms at its sides, and is well adapted for a comfortable home for a family. Mr. Schafter, one of the friends who visited the fort and the tombs in our little company, informed me that he and his family had occupied one of these better tombs during the whole of the preceding summer, and had found it a most delightful lodging-place. The idea that they were living in the burial-place of the dead had no disturbing effect whatever on his household. His family seemed never to think of it. But I soon found that in India one soon gets accustomed to things which at home the very mention of would seem preposterous. I found in Lucknow that one of the principal houses permanently occupied by one of our lady missionaries was a tomb. The sarcophagus occupied the centre of a room, and figured only as a piece of superfluous furniture, in Miss Blackmar's really beautiful home.

Before leaving Hyderabad I had given a hint to one of my new friends, Mr. Schafter, who had accompanied me on a special visit to the tombs of Golconda, that I would like to purchase some specimens of ancient armor. He gave notice to some retail dealers in the Arms Bazar that a customer might be found should they choose to bring some specimens of their wares to his bungalow. The hint was quite sufficient. Early in the morning, almost before I had finished my chotah-hazrah, several of these dealers came within Mr. Schafter's compound. They were laden from head to foot with all manner of early Indian or Arabic weapons. What they could not carry on their shoulders they had packed in bags and bundles, and when they had unloaded themselves, they not only covered a good part of the veranda, but also of the parlor floor, with their murderous wares. They had brought enough of their ancient treasures to fit up a respectable museum. The typical American searcher for bric-à-brac would have gone wild at such a scene. Here were a woven shirt of iron, great steel bows, short swords for thrusting, daggers with curved blades and double edges, rawhide shields, and many other fine specimens of armor now no longer made. The sword hilts were profusely inlaid with gold and silver thread, while the blades bore figures of rich arabesques, either burnt in or cut with great skill. All were of a make for dealing sure and savage blows. The weapons were irresistible. They came, I saw, and was conquered. Some of the more curious in many departments I bought. After making my selection I had to beg Mr. Schafter to tell the men to pack up and be off. I began to fear for the reserves in my letter of credit. I sent my collection by private conveyance to Bombay to await my sailing day, two months' hence. They are now safely stored in the Indian corner of my library.

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LOVE'S SEASONS.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

THE wall-flowers to the frolic wind
  Do dance their golden aigulets,
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads
  To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
  Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
The poppy cups, so fiery bright,
  Meseems would burn the hearts they hold.
The summer's here, the summer's here—
The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the South,
  The elf-maids haste them to their bowers,
And dandelion balls do float
  Like silver ghosts of golden flowers.
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
  Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty-white than her sweet breast
  The snow lies not the earth above.
The winter's here, the winter's here—
But love-time lasts the year, my dear!



BY ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

THE fair Pamela came to town,
  To London town in early summer.
And up and down and round about
  The beaux discussed the bright new-comer.
With "Gadzooks, sir," and "Ma'am, my duty,"
And "Odds my life, but 'tis a Beauty!"

To Ranelagh went Mistress Pam,
  Sweet Mistress Pam so fair and merry,
With cheek of cream and roses blent,
  With voice of lark and lip of cherry.
Then all the beaux vow'd 'twas their duty
To win and wear this country Beauty.

And first Frank Lovelace tried his wit,
  With whispers bold and eyes still bolder;
The warmer grew his saucy flame,
  Cold grew the charming fair and colder.
'Twas "icy bosom"—"cruel beauty"—
"To love, sweet Mistress, 'tis a duty."

Then Jack Carew his arts essayed,
  With honeyed sighs and feignèd weeping.
Good lack! his billets bound the curls
  That pretty Pam she wore a-sleeping.
Next day these curls had richer beauty,
So well Jack's fervor did its duty.

Then Cousin Will came up to view
  The way Pamela ruled the fashion;
He watched the gallants crowd about,
  And flew into a rustic passion.
Left "Squire, his mark," on divers faces,
And pinked Carew beneath his laces.

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Alack! one night at Ranelagh
The pretty Sly-boots fell a-blushing;
And all the mettled bloods look'd round
To see what caused that telltale flushing.
Up stepp'd a grizzled Poet Fellow
To dance with Pam a saltarello.

Then Jack and Frank and Will resolved,
With hand on sword and cutting glances,
That they would lead that Graybeard forth
To livelier tunes and other dances.
But who that saw Pam's eyes a-shining
With love and joy would see her pining?

And — oons! Their wrath cool'd as they looked —
That Poet stared as fierce as any!
He was a mighty proper man,
With blade on hip and inches many.
The beaux all vow'd it was their duty
To toast some newer, softer Beauty.

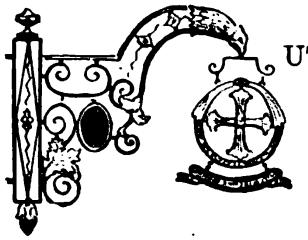
Sweet Pam she bridled, blush'd, and smiled —
The wild thing loved and could but show it!
Mayhap some day you'll see in town
Pamela and her grizzled Poet.
For sooth he taught the rogue her duty,
And won her faith, her love, her beauty.

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A LITTLE SWISS SOJOURN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

First Paper.



SIGN OF THE WHITE CROSS INN.

I.

BUT of eighty or ninety days that we passed in Switzerland there must have been at least ten that were fair, not counting the forenoons before it began to rain, and the afternoons when it cleared up. They said that it was an unusually rainy autumn, and we could well believe it; yet I suspect that it rains a good deal in that little corner of the Canton Vaud even when the autumn is only usually rainy. We arrived late in September and came away early in December, and during that time we had neither the fevers that raged in France nor the floods that raged in Italy. We Vaudois were rather proud of that, but whether we had much else to be proud of I am not so certain. Of course we had our Alpine scenery, and when the day was fair the sun came loafing up over the eastern mountains about ten o'clock in the morning, and lounged down behind the western tops about half past three, after dinner. But then he left the eternal snows of the Dent-du-Midi all flushed with his light, and in the mean time he had glittered for five hours on the "*bleu impossible*" of the Lake of Geneva, and had shown in a hundred changing lights and shadows the storied and sentimentalized towers of the Castle of Chillon. Solemn groups and ranks of Swiss and Savoyard Alps hemmed the lake in as far as the eye could reach, and the lateen-sailed craft lent it their picturesqueness, while the steam-boats constantly making its circuit and stopping at all the little towns on the shores imparted a pleasant modern interest to the whole effect, which the trains of the railroad running under the lee of the castle agreeably heightened.

II.

The Swiss railroad was always an object of friendly amusement with the children, who could not get used to having the trains started by a small Christmas-horn. They had not entirely respected the English engine, with the shrill falsetto of its whistle, after the burly roar of our locomotives; and the boatswain's pipe of the French conductor had considerably diminished the dignity of a sister republic in their minds; but this Christmas-horn was too droll. That a grown man, much more imposingly uniformed than an American general, should blow it to start a real train of cars was the source of patriotic sarcasm whenever its plaintive, reedy note was heard. We had come straight through from London, taking the sleeping car at Calais, and rolling and bounding over the road toward Basle in a fashion that provoked scornful comparisons with the Pullman that had carried us so smoothly from Boston to Buffalo. It is well to be honest, even to our own adulation, and one must confess that the sleeping car of the European continent is but the nervous and hysterical daughter of the American mother of sleeping cars. Many express trains are run without any sleeper, and the charges for berths are ludicrously extravagant—five dollars apiece for a single night. It is not strange that the native prefers to doze away the night bolt-upright, or crouched into the corners of his repellently padded carriage, rather than toss upon the expensive pallet of the sleeping car, which seems hung rather with a view to affording involuntary exercise than promoting dear-bought slumber. One advantage of it is that if you have to leave the car at five o'clock in the morning, you are awake and eager to do so long before that time. At the first Swiss station we quitted it to go to Berne, which was one of the three points where I was told by the London railway people that my baggage would be examined. I forget the second, but the third was Berne, and now at Delémont I looked about for the customs officers with the anxiety which the thought of them always awakens in the human heart, whether one has meant to smuggle or not. Even the good conscience may suffer from the upturning of a well-packed trunk. But nobody wanted to examine our baggage at Delémont, or at the other now-forgotten station; and at Berne, though I labored hard in several dialects with all the railway officials, I could not get them to open one of

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our ten trunks or five valises. I was so resolute in the matter that I had some difficulty in keeping from opening them myself and levying duty upon their contents.

III.

It was the first but not the last disappointment we suffered in Switzerland. A friend in London had congratulated us upon going to the Vaud in the grape season. "For thruppence," he said, "they will let you go into the vineyards and eat all the grapes you can hold." Arrived upon the ground, we learned that it was six francs fine to touch a grape in the vineyards; that every field had a watch set in it, who popped up between the vines from time to time, and interrogated the vicinity with an eye of sleepless vigilance; and that small boys of suspicious character, whose pleasure or business took them through a vineyard, were obliged to hold up their hands as they passed, like the victims of a Far Western road agency. As the laws and usages governing the grape culture run back to the time of the Romans, who brought the vine into the Vaud, I was obliged to refer my friend's legend of cheapness and freedom to an earlier period, whose customs we could not profit by. In point of fact, I could buy more grapes for thruppence in London than in the Vaud; and the best grapes we had in Switzerland were some brought from Italy, and sold at a franc a pound in Montreux to the poor foreigners who had come to feast upon the wealth of the local vineyards.

It was the rain that spoiled the grapes, they said at Montreux, and wherever we complained; and indeed the vines were a dismal show of sterility and blight, even to the spectator who did not venture near enough to subject himself to a fine of six francs. The foreigners had protected themselves in large numbers by not coming, and the natives who prosper upon them suffered. The stout lady who kept a small shop of ivory carvings at Montreux continually lamented their absence to me: "Die Fremden kommen nicht, dieses regenes Wetter! Man muss Geduldt haben! Die Fremden kommen nicht!" She was from Interlaken, and the accents of her native dialect were flavored with the strong waters which she seemed always to have been drinking, and she put her face close up to that of the good, all-sympathizing Amerikaner who alone patronized her shop, and talked her sorrows loudly into him, so that he should not misunderstand.

IV.

But one must not be altogether unreasonable. When we first came in sight of the lake the rain lifted, and the afternoon sun gushed out upon a world of vineyards. In other words, the vines clothe all the little levels and vast slopes of the mountain-sides as far up as the cold will let the grapes grow. There is literally almost no other cultivation, and it is a very pretty sight. On top of the mountains are the chalets with their kine, and at a certain elevation the milk and the wine meet, while below is the water of the lake, so good to mix with both. I do not know that the Swiss use it for that purpose, but there are countries where something of the sort would be done.

When the train put us down at Villeneuve, among railway people as indifferent as our own at country stations, and much crosser and more snubbing, the demand for grapes began with the party who remained with the baggage, while a party of the second part went off to find the *pension* where we were to pass the next three months. The grape-seekers strolled up the stony, steaming streets of the little town, asking for grapes right and left, at all the shops, in their imperfect French, and returned to the station with a paper of gingerbread which they had bought at a jeweller's. I do not know why this artist should have had it for sale, but he must have had it a long time, for it was densely inhabited. Afterward we found two shops in Villeneuve where they had the most delicious *petits gâteaux*, fresh every day, and nothing but the mania for unattainable grapes prevented the first explorers from seeing them.

In the mean time the party of the second part had found the pension—a pretty stone villa overlooking the lake, under the boughs of tall walnut-trees, on the level of a high terrace. Laurel and holly hemmed it in on one side, and southward spread a pleasant garden full of roses and imperfectly ripening fig-trees. In the rear the vineyards climbed the mountains in irregular breadths to the belt of walnuts, beyond which were only forest and pastures. I heard the roar of the torrent that foamed down the steep; the fountain plashed under the group of laurels at the kitchen door; the roses dripped all round

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the house; and the lake lapped its shores below. Decidedly there was a sense of wet.

The house, which had an Italian outside covered with jasmine and wistarias, confessed the North within. There was a huge hall stove, not yet heated, but on the hearth of the pleasant salon an acceptable fire of little logs was purring. Beside it sat a lady reading, and at a table her daughter was painting flowers. A little Italian, a very little English, a good deal of French, helped me to understand that mademoiselle the landlady was momentarily absent, that the season was exceptionally bad, and that these ladies were glad of the sunshine which we were apparently bringing with us. They spoke with those Suissesse voices, which are the sweetest and most softly modulated voices in the world, whether they come from the throat of peasant or of lady, and can make a transaction in eggs and butter in the market-place as musical as chanted verse. To the last these voices remained a delight, and the memory of them made most Italian women's voices a pang when we heard them afterward.

V.

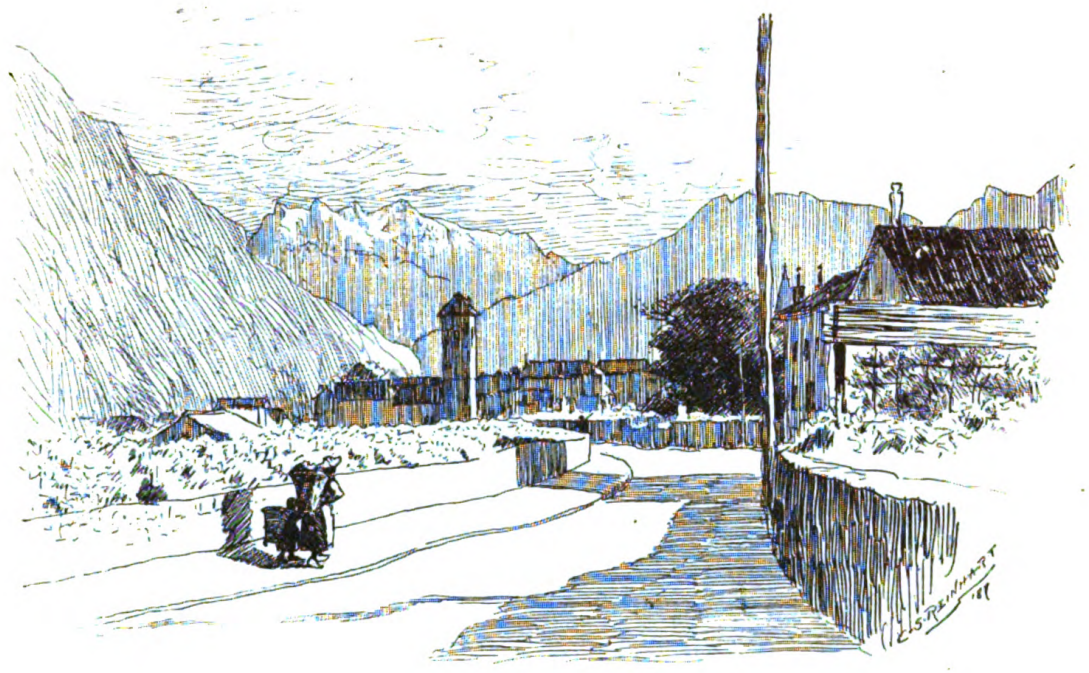
At first we were the only people in the house besides these Swiss ladies and their son and brother, but later there came two ladies from Strasburg, and with them our circle was complete at the table and around the evening lamp in the drawing-room. I am bound to say for the circle, outside of ourselves, that it was a cultivated and even intellectual company, with traits that provoked unusual sympathy and interest. But those friendly people are quite their own property, and I have no intention of compelling them to an involuntary celebrity in these pages, much as I should like to impart their quality to my narrative. In the Strasbourgeoises we encountered again that pathos of an insulted and down-trodden nationality which had cast its melancholy over our Venice of Austrian days. German by name and by origin, these ladies were intensely French in everything else. They felt themselves doomed to exile in their own country, they abhorred their Prussian masters, and they had no name for Bismarck that was bad enough. Our Swiss, indeed, hated him almost as bitterly. Their sympathies had been wholly with the French, and they could not repress a half-conscious dread of his principle of race nationality, which would be fatal to Switzerland, one neither in race nor religion, but hitherto indivisible in her ancient freedom. While he lives this fear can never die in Swiss hearts, for they know that if he will, he can, in a Europe where he is the only real power.

Mademoiselle sat at the chief place of the table, and led the talk, imparting to it a flavor of humorous good sense very characteristic. The villa had been her father's country house, and it abounded in a scholar's accumulations of old books in divers languages. She herself knew literature widely in the better way that it was once read. The memories of many years spent in Florence made common Italian ground for us, and she spoke English perfectly.

As I wish to give a complete notion of our household, so far as it may be honestly set down, I will add that the domestics were three. Two of them, the cook and the house-maid, were German Swiss, of middle class, who had taken service to earn what money they could, but mainly to learn French, after the custom of their country, where the young people of a French or Italian canton would in like manner resort to a German province. The third was Louis, a native, who spoke his own *patois*, and found it sufficient for the expression of his ideas. He was chiefly employed about the grounds; in-doors his use was mostly to mount the peculiar clogs used for the purpose, and rub the waxed floors till they shone. These floors were very handsome, of hard woods prettily inlaid; and Louis produced an effect upon them that it seemed a pity to mar with muddy shoes.

I do not speak of Alexis, the farmer, who appeared in domestic exigencies; but my picture would be incomplete without the portrait of Poppi. Poppi was the large house-dog, who in early life had intended to call himself Puppy, but he naturally pronounced it with a French accent. He was now far from young, but he was still Poppi. I believe he was the more strictly domestic in his habits because an infirmity of temper had betrayed him into an attack upon a neighbor, or a neighbor's dog, and it was no longer safe for him to live much out-of-doors. The confinement had softened his temper, but it had rendered him effeminate and self-indulgent. He had, in fact, been spoiled by the boarders, and

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ENTRANCE TO VILLENEUVE.

he now expected to be present at meals, and to be fed with choice morsels from their plates. As the cold weather came on he developed rheumatism, and demanded our sympathy as well as our hospitality. If Elise in waiting on table brushed him with her skirts, he set up a lamentable cry, and rushed up to the nearest guest, and put his chin on the table for his greater convenience in being comforted. At a dance which we had one evening Poppi insisted upon being present, and in his efforts to keep out of the way and in the apprehensions he suffered he abandoned himself to moans and howls that sometimes drowned the piano.

Yet Poppi was an amiable invalid, and he was on terms of perfect friendship with the cats, of which there were three generations—Boulette, Boulette's mother, and Boulette's grandmother. They were not readily distinguishable from one another, and I really forget which it was that used to mount to the dining-room window without, and paw the glass till we let her in; but we all felt that it was a great accomplishment, and reflected credit upon us.

VI.

The vineyard began immediately behind the laurels that enclosed the house, and at a little distance, where the mountain began to lift from the narrow plateau, stood the farmer's stone cottage, with the stables and the wine-vaults under the same roof. Mademoiselle gave us grapes from her vines at dinner, and the walnut-trees seemed public property, though I think one was not allowed to knock the nuts off, but was only free of the windfalls. A little later they were all gathered, and on a certain night the girls and the young men of the village have the custom to meet and make a frolic of cracking them, as they used in husking corn with us. Then the oil is pressed out, and the commune apportions each family its share, according to the amount of nuts contributed. This nut oil imparts a sentiment to salad which the olive cannot give, and mushrooms pickled in it become the most delicious and indigestible of all imaginable morsels. I have had dreams from those pickled mushrooms which, if I could write them out, would make my fortune as a romantic novelist.

The Swiss breakfast was our old friend the Italian breakfast, with butter and Gruyère cheese added to the milk and coffee. We dined at one o'clock, and at six or seven we supped upon a meal that had left off soup and added tea, in order to differ from the dinner. For all this, with our rooms, we paid what we should

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POST-OFFICE, VILLENEUVE.

have paid at a New Hampshire farm-house; that is, a dollar a day each.

But the air was such as we could not have got in New Hampshire for twice the money. It restored one completely every twenty-four hours, and it not only stimulated but supported one throughout the day. Our own air is quite as exciting, but after stirring one up, it leaves him to take the consequences, whereas that faithful Swiss air stood by and helped out the enterprise. I rose fresh from my forenoon's writing and eager to walk; I walked all afternoon, and came in perfectly fresh to supper. One can't speak too well of the Swiss air, whatever one says of the Swiss sun.

VII.

Whenever it came out, or rather whenever the rain stopped, we pursued our explorations of the neighborhood. It had many interesting features, among which was the large Hôtel Byron, very attractive and almost empty, which we passed every day on our way to the post-office in Villeneuve, and noted two pretty American shes in eye-glasses playing croquet amid the wet shrubbery, as resolutely cheerful and as young-manless as if they had been in some mountain resort of our own. In the other direction there were simple villas dropped along the little levels and ledges, and vineyards that crept to the road's edge everywhere. There was also a cement factory, busy and prosperous; and to make us quite at home, a saw-mill. Above all, there was the Castle of Chillon; and one of the first Sundays after our arrival we descended the stone staircased steps of our gardened terrace, dripping with ivy and myrtle, and picked our steps over the muddy road to the old prison-fortress, where, in the ancient chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, we heard an excellent sermon from the *pasteur* of our parish. The castle was perhaps a bow-shot from our pension: I did not test the distance, having left my trusty cross-bow and cloth-yard shafts in Boston; but that is my confirmed guess. In point of time it is much more remote, for, as the reader need not be reminded, it was there, or some castle like it, almost from the beginning, or at least from the day when men first began to fight for the possession of the land. The lake-dwellers are imagined to have had some sort of stronghold there;

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and it is reasonably supposed that Romans, Franks, and Burgundians had each fortified the rock. Count Wala, cousin of Charlemagne, and grandson of Charles Martel, was a prisoner in its dungeon in 830 for uttering some words too true for an age unaccustomed to the perpetual veracity of our newspapers. Count Wala, who was also an abbot, had the misfortune to speak of Judith of Bavaria as "the adulterous woman," and when her husband, Louis le Debonair, came back to the throne after the conspiracy of his sons, the lady naturally wanted Wala killed; but Louis compromised by throwing him into the rock of Chillon. This is what Wala's friends say: others say that he was one of the conspirators against Louis. At any rate, he was the first great captive of Chillon, which was a political prison as long as political prisoners were needed in Switzerland. That is now a good while ago.

Chillon fell to the princes of the house of Savoy in 1033, and Count Peter, whom they nicknamed Little Charlemagne for his prowess and his conquests, built the present castle, after which the barons of the Pays de Vaud and the Duke of Cophingen (whoever he may have been) besieged Peter in it. Perhaps they might have taken him. But the wine was so good, and the pretty girls of the country were so fond of dancing! They forgot themselves in these delights. All at once Little Charlemagne was upon them. He leaves his force at Chillon, and goes by night to spy out the enemy at Villeneuve, returning at dawn to his people. He came back very gayly; when they saw him so joyous, "What news?" they asked. "Fine and good," he answers; "for, by God's help, if you will behave yourselves well, the enemy is ours." To which they cried with one voice, "Seigneur, you have but to command." They fell upon the barons and the duke, and killed a gratifying number of their followers, carrying the rest back to Chillon, where Peter "used them not as prisoners, but feasted them honorably. Much was the spoil and great the booty."



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

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Afterward Peter lost the castle, and in retaking it he launched fifty thousand shafts and arrows against it. "The castle was not then an isolated point of rock as we now see it, but formed part of a group of defences."

VIII.

Two or three centuries later—how quickly all those stupid, cruel, weary years pass under the pen!—the spirit of



A RAILROAD SERVANT.

liberty and protestantism began to stir in the heads and hearts of the burghers of Berne and of Geneva. A Savoyard, Francis de Bonivard, prior of St. Victor, sympathized with them. He was noble, accomplished, high-placed, but he loved freedom of thought and act. Yet when a deputation of reformers came to him for advice, he said: "It is to be wished, without doubt, that the evil should be cast out of our midst, provided that the good enters. You burn to reform our Church; certainly it needs it; but how can you reform it, deformed as you are? You complain that the monks and priests are buffoons, and you are buffoons; that they are gamblers and drunkards, and you are the same. Does the hate you bear them come from difference or likeness? You intend to overthrow our clergy and replace them by evangelical ministers. That would be a very good thing in itself, but a very bad thing for you, because you have no happiness but in the pleasures the priests allow you. The ministers wish to abolish vice, but there is where you will suffer most, and after having hated the priests because they are so much like you, you will hate their successors because they are so little like you. You will not have had them two years before you will put them down. Meanwhile, if you trust me, do one of two things: if you wish to remain deformed, as you are, do not wonder that others are like you; or, if you wish to reform them, begin by showing them how."

This was very odd language to use to a deputation of reformers, but I confess that it endears the memory of Bonivard to me. He was a thoroughly charming person, and not at all wise in his actions. Through mere folly he fell twice into the hands of his enemies, suffered two years' imprisonment, and lost his priory. To get it back he laid siege to it with six men and a captain. The siege was a failure. He trusted his enemy the duke, and was thrown into Chillon, where he remained a sort of guest of the governor for two years. The duke visited the castle at the end of that time. "Then the captain threw me into a vault lower than the lake, where I remained four years. I do not know whether it was by order of the duke or from his own motion, but I do know that I then had so much leisure for walking that I wore in the rock which formed the floor of the dungeon a *pathlet* [*vionnet*], or little path, as if one had beaten it out with a hammer." He was fastened by a chain four feet in length to one of the beautiful Gothic pillars of the vault, and you still see where this gentle scholar, this sweet humorist, this wise and lenient philosopher, paced to and fro those weary years like a restless beast—a captive wolf, or a bear in his pit. But his soul was never in prison. As he trod that *vionnet* out of the stone he meditated upon his reading, his travels, the state of the Church and its reform, politics, the origin of evil. "His reflections often lifted him above men and their imperfect works; often too they were marked by that skepticism which knowledge of the human heart inspires. 'When one considers things

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well,' he said, 'one finds that it is easier to destroy the evil than to construct the good. This world being fashioned like an ass's back, the fardel that you would balance in the middle will not stay there, but hangs over on the other side.'"

Bonivard was set free by the united forces of Berne and Geneva, preaching political and religious liberty by the cannon's mouth, as has had so often to happen. That too must have seemed droll to Bonivard when he came to think it over in his humorous way. "The epoch of the Renaissance and the Reformation was that of strong individualities and undaunted characters. But let no one imagine a resemblance between the prior of St. Victor and the great rebels his contemporaries, Luther, Zwinglius, and Calvin. Like them he was one of the learned men of his time; like them he learned to read the Evangels, and saw their light disengage itself from the trembling gleams of tradition; but beyond that he has nothing in common with them. Bonivard is not a hero; he is not made to obey or to command; he is an artist, a kind of poet, who treats high matters of theology in a humorous spirit; prompt of repartee, gifted with happy dash; his irony has lively point, and he likes to season the counsels of wisdom with *sauce piquante* and rustic bonhomie.... He prepares the way for Calvin, while having nothing of the Calvinist; he is gay, he is jovial; he has, even when he censures, I know not what air of gentleness that wins your heart."



A BIT OF VILLENEUVE.

IX.

This and all the rest that I know of Bonivard I learn from a charming historical and topographical study of Montreux and its neighborhood, by MM. Rambert, Lebert, etc.; and I confess it at once, for fear some one else shall find me out by simply buying the book there. It leaves you little ground for classifying Bonivard with the great reformers, but it leaves you still less for identifying him historically with Byron's great melodramatic Prisoner of Chillon. If the Majority have somewhere that personal consciousness without which they are the Nonentity, one can fancy the liberal scholar, the humorous philosopher, meeting the romantic poet, and protesting against the second earthly captivity that he has delivered him over to. Nothing could be more alien to Bonivard than the character of Byron's prisoner; and all that equipment of six supposititious brothers, who perish one by one to intensify his sufferings, is, it must be confessed, odious and ridiculous when you think of the lonely yet

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cheerful skeptic pacing his *vionnet*, and composing essays and verses as he walked. Prisoner for prisoner, even if both were real, the un-Byronic Bonivard is much more to my mind. But the poet had to make a Byronic Bonivard, being of the romantic time he was, and we cannot blame him. The love of his sentimentality pervades the region; they have named the nearest hotel after him, and there is a *Sentier Byron* leading up to it. But, on the other hand, they have called one of the lake steam-boats after Bonivard, which, upon the whole, I should think would be more satisfactory to him than the poem. At any rate, I should prefer it myself.

X.

The fine Gothic chapel where we heard our pasteur preach was whitewashed out of all memory of any mural decoration that its earlier religion may have given it; but the gloss of the whitewash was subdued by the dim light that stole in through the long slits of windows. We sat upon narrow wooden seats so very hard that I hope the old dukes and their court were protected by good stout armor against their obduracy, and that they had not to wait a quarter of an hour for the holy father to come walking up the railroad track, as we had for our pastor. There were but three men in the congregation that day, and all the rest were Suissesses, with the hard, pure, plain faces their sex wear mostly in that country. The choir sat in two rows of quaintly carved seats on each side of the pulpit, and the school-master of the village led the singing, tapping his foot to keep time. The pastor, delicate and wan of face, and now no longer living, I came afterward to know better, and to respect greatly for his goodness and good sense. His health had been broken by the hard work of a mountain parish, and he had vainly spent two winters in Nice. Now he was here as the assistant of the superannuated pastor of Villeneuve, who had a salary of $600 a year from the government; but how little our preacher had I dare not imagine, or what the pastor of the free church was paid by his parishioners. M. P—— was a man of culture far above that of the average New England country minister of this day; probably he was more like a New England minister of the past, but with more of the air of the world. He wore the Genevan bands and gown, and represented in that tabernacle of the ancient faith the triumph of "the Religion" with an effectiveness that was heightened by the hectic brightness of his gentle, spiritual eyes; and he preached a beautiful sermon from the beautiful text, "Suffer little children," teaching us that they were the types, not the models, of Christian perfection. There was first a prayer, which he read; then a hymn, and one of the Psalms; then the sermon, very simply and decorously delivered; then another hymn, and prayer. Here, and often again in Switzerland, the New England that is past or passing was recalled to me; these Swiss are like the people of our hill country in their faith, as well as their hard laborious lives: only they sang with sweeter voices than our women.

The wood-carving of the chapel, which must have been of the fourteenth century or earlier, was delightfully grotesque, and all the queerer for its contrast with the Protestant, the Calvinistic, whitewash which one of our fellow-boarders found here in the chapel and elsewhere in the castle *un peu vulgaire*—as if he were a Boston man. But the whole place was very clean, and up the corner of one of the courts ran a strip of Virginia creeper, which the Swiss call the Canada vine, blood red with autumn. There was also a rose-tree sixteen years old stretching its arms abroad over the ancient masonry, and feeling itself still young in that sheltered place.

We saw it when we came later to do the whole castle, and to revere the dungeon where Bonivard wore his *vionnet* in the rock. I will not trouble the reader with much about the Hall of Justice and the Chamber of Tortures opening out of it, with the pulley for the rack formerly used in cross-questioning prisoners. These places were very interesting, and so were the bedchambers of the duke and duchess, and the great Hall of the Knights. The wells or pits, armed round with knife points, against which the prisoner struck when hurled down through them into the lake, have long had their wicked throats choked with sand; and the bed hewn out of the rock, where the condemned slept the night before execution, is no longer used for that purpose—possibly because the only prisoners now in Chillon are soldiers punished for such social offences as tipsiness. But the place was all charming-

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THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

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ly mediæval, and the more so for a certain rudeness of decoration. The artistic merit was purely architectural, and this made itself felt perhaps most distinctly in the prison vaults, which Longfellow pronounced "the most delightful dungeon" he had ever seen. A great rose-tree overhung the entrance, and within we found them dry, wholesome, and picturesque. The beautiful Gothic pillars rose like a living growth from the rock, out of which the vault was half hewn; but the iron rings to which the prisoners were chained still hung from them. The columns were scribbled full of names, and Byron's was among the rest. The *vionnet* of Bonivard was there, beside one of the pillars, plain enough, worn two inches deep and three feet long in the hard stone. Words cannot add to the pathos of it.

XI.

Nothing could be more nobly picturesque than the outside of Chillon. Its base is beaten by the waves of the lake, to which it presents wide masses of irregularly curving wall, pierced by narrow windows, and surmounted by Mansard-roofs. Wild growths of vines and shrubs break the broad surfaces of the wall, and out of the shoulders of one of the towers springs a tall young fir-tree. The water at its base is intensely blue and unfathomably deep. This is what nature has done; as for men, they have hugely painted the lakeward wall of the castle with the arms of the Canton Vaud, which are nearly as ugly as the arms of Ohio; and they have wrought into the roof of the tallest tower with tiles of a paler tint the word "Chillon," so that you cannot possibly mistake it for any other castle.



ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS.

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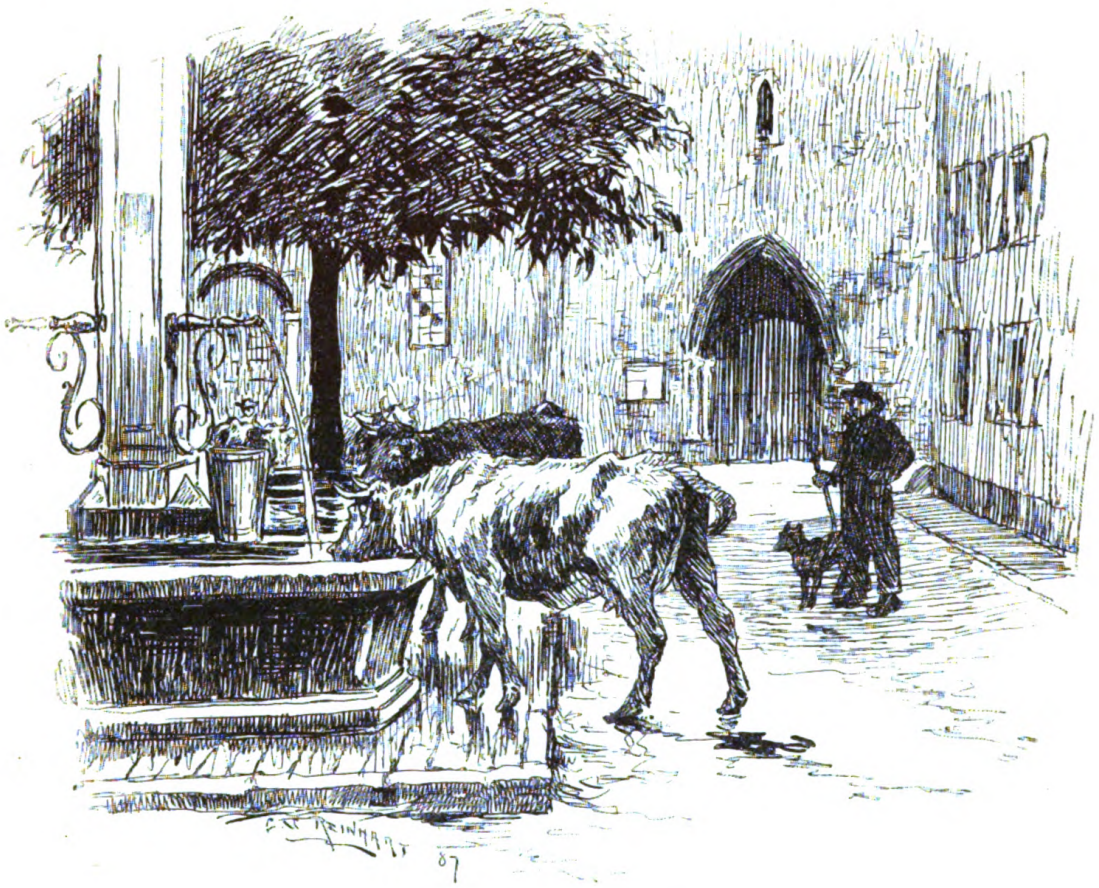


"THEY HELPED TO MAKE THE HAY IN THE MARSHES."

XII.

First and last, we hung about Chillon a good deal, both by land and by water. For the latter purpose we had to hire a boat; and deceived by the fact that the owner spoke a Latin dialect, I attempted to beat him down from his demand of a franc an hour. "It's too much," I cried. "It's the price," he answered, laconically. Clearly I was to take it or leave it, and I took it. We did not find our fellow-republicans flatteringly polite, but we found them firm, and, for all I know, honest. At least they seemed as honest as we were, and that is saying a great deal. What struck us from the beginning was the surliness of the men and the industry of the women; and I am persuaded that the Swiss government is really carried on by the house-keeping sex. At any rate, the postmaster of Villeneuve was a woman; her little girl brought the mail up from the railway station in a hand-cart, and her old mother helped her to understand my French. They were rather cross about it, and one day, with the assistance of a child in arms, they defeated me in an attempt I made to get a postal order. I dare say they thought it quite a triumph; but it was not so very much to be proud of. At that period my French, always spoken with the Venetian accent of the friend with whom I had studied it many years before, was taking on strange and wilful characteristics, which would have disabled me in the presence of a much less formidable force. I think the only person really able to interpret me was the amiable mistress of the Croix Blanche, to whose hostelry I went every day for my after-dinner coffee. She knew what I wanted whenever I asked for it, and I simplified my wants so as to meet her in the same spirit. The inn stood midway of the village street that for hundreds of yards had followed the

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CATTLE AT THE FOUNTAINS.

curve of the lake shore with its two lines of high stone houses. At one end of it stood a tower springing out of an almost fabulous past; then you came to the first of three plashing fountains, where cattle were always drinking, and bareheaded girls washing vegetables for the pot. Aloft swung the lamps that lighted the village, on ropes stretching across the street. I believe some distinction was ascribed to Villeneuve for the antiquity of this method of street-lighting. There were numbers of useful shops along the street, which wandered out into the country on the levels of the Rhone, where the mountains presently shut in so close that there was scarcely room for the railway to get through. What finally became of the highway I don't know. One day I tried to run it down, but after a long chase I was glad to get myself brought back in a diligence from the next village.

The road became a street and ceased to be so with an abruptness that admitted nothing of suburban hesitation or compromise, and Villeneuve, as far as it went, was a solid wall of houses on either side. It was called Villeneuve because it was so very, very old; and in the level beyond it is placed the scene of the great Helvetian victory over the Romans, when the Swiss made their invaders pass under the yoke. I do not know that Villeneuve witnessed that incident, but it looks and smells old enough to have done so. It is reasonably picturesque in a semi-Italian, semi-French fashion, but it is to the nose that it makes its chief appeal. Every house has a cherished manure heap in its back yard, symmetrically shaped, with the projecting edges of the straw neatly braided: it is a source of family pride as well as profit. But it is chiefly the odor of world-old human occupation, otherwise indescribable, that pervades the air of Villeneuve, and makes the mildest of foreign sojourners long for the application of a little dynamite to its ancient houses. Our towns are perhaps the ugliest in the world, but

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how open to the sun and wind they are! how free, how pure, how wholesome!

On week-days a cart sometimes passed through Villeneuve with a most disproportionate banging over the cobble-stones, but usually the walls reverberated the soft tinkle of cow-bells as the kine wound through from pasture to pasture and lingered at the fountains. On Sundays the street was reasonably full of young men in the peg-top trousers which the Swiss still cling to, making eyes at the girls in the upper windows. These were the only times when I saw women of any age idle. Sometimes through the open door I caught a glimpse of a group of them busy with their work, while a little girl read to them. Once in a crowded café, where half a hundred men were smoking and drinking and chattering, the girl who served my coffee put down a volume of Victor Hugo's poems to bring it. But mostly their literary employments did not go beyond driving the cows to pasture and washing clothes in the lake, where they beat the linen with far-echoing blows of their paddles. They helped to make the hay on the marshes beyond the village, and they greatly outnumbered the men in the labors of the vintage. They were seldom pretty either in face or figure; they seemed all to have some stage of goitre;



WASHING CLOTHES IN THE LAKE.

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but their manners were charming, and their voices, as I have said, angelically sweet. Our pasteur's wife said that there was a great deal of pauperism in Villeneuve, "because of the drunkenness of the men and the disorder of the women"; but I saw only one man drunk in the street there, and what the disorders of the women were I don't know. Possibly their labors in the field made them poor housekeepers, though this is mere conjecture. Divorce is theoretically easy, but the couple seeking it must go before a magistrate every four months for two years and insist that they continue to desire it. This makes it rather uncommon.

If the women were not good-looking, if their lives of toil stunted and coarsened them, the men, with greater apparent leisure, were no handsomer. Among the young I noticed the frequency of what may be called the republican face—thin and aquiline, whether dark or fair. The Vaudois as I saw them were at no age a merry folk. In the fields they toiled silently; in the cafés, where they were sufficiently noisy over their new wine, they talked without laughter, and without the shrugs and gestures that enliven conversation among other Latin peoples. They had a hard-favored grimness and taciturnity that with their mountain scenery reminded me of New England now and again, and gave me the bewildered sense of having dropped down in some little anterior America. But there was one thing that marked a great difference from our civilization, and that was the prevalence of uniforms, for which the Swiss have the true European fondness. This is natural in a people whose men all are or have been soldiers; and the war footing on which the little republic is obliged to keep a large force in that ridiculous army-ridden Europe must largely account for the abandonment of the peaceful industries to women. But the men are off at the mountain chalets too, and they are away in all lands, keeping hotels, and amassing from the candle-ends of the travelling public the fortune with which all Swiss hope to return home to die.

XIII.

Sometimes the country people I met greeted me, as sometimes they still do in New Hampshire, but commonly they passed in silence. I think the mountains must have had something to do with stilling the people: far and near, on every hand, they rise such bulks of silence. The chief of their stately company was always the Dent-du-Midi, which alone remains perpetually snow-covered, and which, when not hooded in the rain-bearing mists of that most rainy autumn, gave back the changing light of every hour with new splendors, though of course it was most beautiful in the early sunsets. Then its cold snows warmed and softened into something supernally rosy, while all the other peaks were brown and purple, and its vast silence was thrilled with a divine message that spoke to the eye. Across the lake and on its farther shores the mountains were dimly blue; but nearer, in the first days of our sojourn, they were green to their tops. Away up there we could see the lofty steeps and slopes of the summer pastures, and set low among them the chalets where the herdsmen dwelt. None of the mountains seemed so bare and sterile as Mount Washington, and though they were on a sensibly vaster scale than the White Mountains generally, I remembered the grandeur of Chocorua and Kearsarge in their presence. But my national—not to say my hemispheric—pride suffered a terrible blow as the season advanced. I had bragged all my life of the glories of our American autumnal foliage, which I had, in common with the rest of my countrymen, complacently denied to all the rest of the world. Yet here, before my very eyes, the same beautiful miracle was wrought. Day after day the trees on the mountain-sides changed, and kindled and softly smouldered in a thousand delicate dyes, till all their mighty flanks seemed draped in the mingling hues of Indian shawls. Shall I own that while this was not the fiery gorgeousness of our autumn leaves in their effect, there was something tenderer, richer, more tastefully lovely? Never!

The clouds lowering, and as it were loafing along, among the tops and crags, were a perpetual amusement, and when the first cold came it was odd to see a cloud in a sky otherwise clear stoop upon some crest, and after lingering there awhile drift off about its business, and leave the mountain all white with snow. This grew more and more frequent, and at last, after a long rain, we looked out on the mountains whitened all round us far down their sides. It was still summer green and summer bloom in the val-

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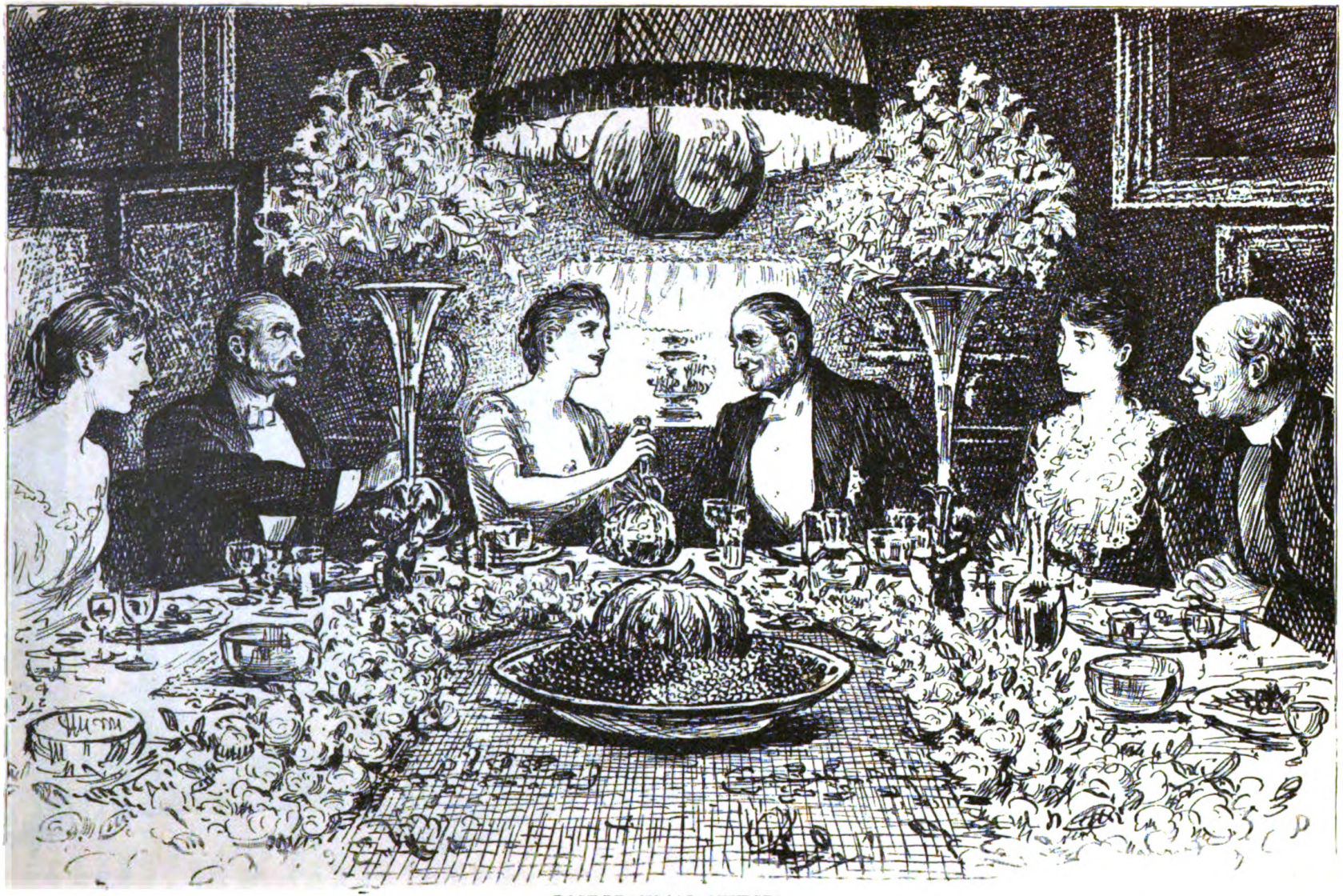
ley, and the black firs stuck up like spears from the winter of the heights, as if in a picture. The moon rose and blackened the mountains below the crags of snow, which shone out above like one of her own dead landscapes. Slowly the winter descended, snow after snow, keeping a line beautifully straight along the mountain-sides, till it reached the valley and put out our garden roses at last. The hard-wood trees lost their leaves, and stretched dim and brown along the lower ranges; the pines straggled high up into the snows. The Jura, far across the lake, was vaguely roseate, with an effect of perpetual sunset; the Dent-du-Midi lost the distinction of its eternal drifts; and the cold not only descended upon us, but from the frozen hills all round us hemmed us in with a lateral pressure that pierced and chilled to the marrow. The mud froze, and we walked to church dry-shod. It was quite time to fire the vestibule stove, which, after fighting hard and smoking rebelliously at first, sobered down to its winter work, and afforded Poppi's rheumatism the comfort for which he had long pined.



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POST-PRANDIAL STUDIES.

FAIR HOSTESS (*passing the wine*): "I hope you admire this decanter, Admiral!...."
GALLANT ADMIRAL: "Ah—it's not the *Vessel* I'm admiring...."

FAIR HOSTESS: "I suppose it's the *Port*...."
GALLANT ADMIRAL: "Oh no: it's the *Pilot*!"
—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the spring of 1885 the Copyright League in New York, which is an association of American authors who wish to secure the enjoyment of copyright in this country by foreign authors, happily planned a series of readings by noted writers from their own works. The object was to raise a fund for the payment of the expenses of the League in prosecuting the good work. Two afternoons were devoted to the entertainment at the Madison Square Theatre. The audiences were very large and brilliant, and the pecuniary results were very satisfactory.

Early in the last spring a committee of ladies in Boston, desirous of aiding the Longfellow Memorial at Cambridge, which will take the form of a pleasure-ground, with a personal commemoration of the poet in some form of art, recalling the success of the enterprise in New York, proposed an afternoon of similar readings at the Boston Museum, and secured the consent of a large number of well-known authors to read selections from their works. The project "took the town." The price of seats was very large. It was three dollars for the poorest places, and five dollars for all the rest, and at the appointed hour the curtain rose, and disclosed a group of authors upon the stage, who looked upon such an audience as is seldom seen in any theatre or hall. The result here too was most satisfactory, and the memorial fund was greatly increased by what was in the truest sense a labor of love, for no author was ever more sincerely beloved by his fellow-authors of every degree than Longfellow.

It was natural, therefore, as the prospect of some amendment in the law favorable to the design of the Copyright League seemed to be this winter more promising than ever before, that the League should resort to a repetition of the scheme of two years ago to fill its treasury for a new campaign. A reading to occupy two afternoons was planned, and the necessary business arrangements were admirably managed by the executive officers. They asked Mr. Lowell, the president of the League and one of the few acknowledged chiefs of American letters, to give to the occasion the charm and the prestige of his presence as chairman, and he cordially cabled his assent from England. The committee then made a selection of authors as readers which should well illustrate the working literary guild of the time, including some of the men whose names are most familiar in our current literature, and who should represent not only the whole country and the nationality of the movement, but also the gratifying fact that our literature is now in no sense local, as it has been hitherto, and that it begins to have a characteristic national flavor.

The pleasant and sociable Chickering Hall was chosen as the scene of the readings, and in the midst of a heavy and dismal autumn rain the hour arrived. The spectacle then was that which managers like to see. The rain had lost its preventive power. A great throng pressed into the hall, and as the clock indicated two, the authors who were to read and other authors and professional men came upon the platform, Mr. Lowell and Bishop Potter seating themselves in the chairs of official honor. The clock might say two, but it was useless to try to begin. The humming and jostling crowd was still entering, and it was some time before it was practicable for Bishop Potter to be heard. Then, in a brief speech of singular and characteristic grace and felicity and humor, he presented Mr. Lowell.

After a few words of good-humored deprecation, Mr. Lowell proceeded to deliver an address upon American literature, which was a most admirable although rapid summary of the subject. It was full of incisive perception, wit, sympathy, fine criticism, and just proportion, which, as always with Mr. Lowell, seemed to be the mere overflow of a full mind. It was the word of a master, which at once invested the occasion with dignity and made it memorable. On the second afternoon, when the hall, the day being clear and crisp, was even fuller, if possible, than on the preceding day, Mr. Lowell began the readings with three or four of his own poems, and all of the gentlemen who took part felt undoubtedly that the event of most permanent interest during the two days was the reading of "'Zekle crep' up" by its author.

Mr. Lowell's remarks upon the subject of copyright, expressed in the most compact form, gave the view of the League, that

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the moral difference between conveying a book which a man has bought and a book which he has written is imperceptible. The question involved is whether American character and life shall be moulded by foreign literature, and whether this country alone among the great nations of all time shall make a literature of its own impossible. As to practical measures to prevent such a calamity, Mr. Lowell said frankly that he cordially favored any course which would be a beginning toward the end sought. That is to say, he would not oppose a measure because it did not provide at once for all rights that might be claimed for the foreign author, so long as it secured to him a copyright. As the spirit of his address is undoubtedly the general feeling, a happy result does not seem to be indefinitely postponed.

The readings that followed the delightful address of Mr. Lowell were remarkable for the revelation of the fact that there is already both the genius and the material from which a national literature may be developed. There was scarcely anything read which had not a characteristic American quality, something which is not found in the literature of any other country, and which is not limited to any particular part of this country. This was striking throughout, from Mr. Lowell's delicious Yankee lyric of "The Courtin'" to Mr. Riley's homespun Hoosier ballad, which was the last word heard, the *bonne bouche* which the audience carried away. It was indeed exceedingly interesting to remark that the readings were in themselves a powerful argument for the purpose sought by the Copyright League. Who reads an American book? sneered the clever Englishman seventy years ago. Who wouldn't read an American book, if America would permit it? is the question with which the thoughtful listener to the readings might triumphantly counter Sydney Smith's.

And they were not only very thoughtful but very generous listeners who crowded the hall, in which long lines of ladies stood patiently behind the seats, through all the readings, to the very end. The sympathy and good feeling were remarkable. No reader, however indistinctly he may have been heard, or whatever his performance may have been, was permitted to sit down without his share of cordial applause. Doubtless there were gradations of sound, and the favorites of the hour were plainly indicated, but "without prejudice" to the most sensitive apprehension. The occasion was unique, and not of a kind to be often repeated.

But not only did it gratify the natural desire to see many authors in whom the public is peculiarly interested, and to hear them read their own works, but it presented from a living master in our literature a striking survey of its progress, and in him and in those who followed him an illustration of its tendency, its quality, and its possibility; and it forced home upon the public mind more powerfully than it could be otherwise urged the question, Shall the plain promise of that literature be blighted or cherished?

SOME years ago an accomplished diplomate at Washington, the representative of a power not of the first importance, expressed his regret to a friend that he could not give dinners, "because," he said, "my government is poor, and I cannot afford it." The conversation occurred at the profuse and splendid table of a rich and courteous host, whose feasts were of great fame, and whose invitations were credentials of admission to the best society. A young diplomatic comrade who sat by heard the remark, and smiled as he said: "My government is poorer than yours, and I am but lately arrived. But what is diplomacy without dinners? and I am going to give one. It will not be like this, but the splendor is not an essential part of the feast. I shall give a plain and cheap dinner, to which I invite you both."

His manner was gay, and his invitation was gayly and gladly accepted, because he was one of the delightful men in Washington. His colleague, however, who had spoken first, shrugged his shoulders, and said that for his part he couldn't do it; he couldn't ask people to come to his house and eat a poor dinner. "Not so fast," replied his friend; "I didn't say a poor dinner, but a plain and cheap dinner. I hope it will be good, nevertheless, although there may be no baked carp or stewed nightingales' tongues. But come and see."

The young Minister of the small and poor kingdom was one of the most accomplished men in Washington. He was known to have corrected a Justice of the Supreme Court in regard to a decision of a United States Court in a Western State,

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and to have made the correction in English, which was a foreign tongue to him, but in English so exquisitely chosen and urbanely expressed that the Justice was probably unconscious of the mortification of the correction. The young Minister had no foolish, fond reserves. "My government is poor, I am poor, we are all poor in my country," he said, "and I and my secretary work like day-laborers here in Washington to acquire and to report necessary information to my government." But nobody was more sought; there was nobody whose coming more surely brought pleasure to any circle than that of the young Minister.

The day of the dinner came, and a plainer and a pleasanter dinner was never known in Washington. Every guest, from the Secretary of State and the English Envoy to all their neighbors at table, gave every week, indeed, repasts much more magnificent. But the simple dinner, admirably cooked and served, without display of table service, without the carp and nightingales' tongues, but with the enlivening and inspiring charm of the host and the welcome variety of plainness after the luxurious extravagance and ostentation of the usual dinner, was so fresh and delightful that the satisfaction and pleasure were universal, and the skeptical colleague who had thought great cost essential to a successful dinner owned himself converted, and the next month ventured upon a similar feast, and with the same success.

The courage of the young Minister is almost universally wanting in what is called good society. If the social entertainment cannot be as costly as that of the household which is very much richer, it must be abandoned. But in New York, as in every great city, the most expensive and extravagant feasts and balls are not the pleasantest, and obviously if nobody is to open his or her house who cannot dress as richly and offer as superb a supper as the chief Dives or Crœsus in town, society will be reduced to the very lowest terms. The Easy Chair would respectfully recommend to débutantes and to their parents a careful course of reading in Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, and also an instructive paper by the same social philosopher upon *A Little Dinner at Timmins's*. In his *Early and Late Papers* also there are most amusing and valuable treatises upon dinners in Paris.

If the pupils to whom these essays are recommended can command the time, and would extend their study into other works of the same author, their sense of humor and of the fitness of things would be so reenforced that they would not shrink from asking their young friends to a little dance or even to a little dinner, without the fear of social Gorgons and Chimeras dire before their eyes. If Sophonisba's father is worth a great many millions of dollars, and chooses to fill his house with wonderful bric-à-brac, and to wash it every morning in Tokay—should that be his fancy—why should Sophonisba's young friends hesitate to ask her to a merry dance, with no bric-à-brac and no Tokay whatever, but plain mahogany and ices, salads and sandwiches? It is the fun and the cool refreshment after the dance, not the ormolu and the malachite, and the marvellous masses of orchids, and the solid gold and silver service, and strawberries in January and peaches in March, which make the pleasure of the evening.

Besides, if rich people entertain as they please, why do not poorer people entertain as they please? Will you refuse to ask your friends because you cannot serve ortolans upon Dresden china and gold, or pour Schloss Johannisberger for all the boys in Venetian glass, as your neighbor does? To put a truth in a homely way, you are as good as he, if not as rich, and why should you permit him unconsciously to bully you because he is richer than you? Mothers and fathers deplore the extravagance, the late hours, of society, the wanton dressing, the utter vanity and vexation, of the social tread-mill. And lo! a little courage, a little spirit, a little good sense, in practice upon the part of a very few sensible persons, would relieve the pressure.

It is plainly, however, very hard to command that courage and combination. But it is so also in other and more important affairs. It is universally agreed, for instance, that the excitement of a Presidential campaign is a very serious injury to the business interests of the country. The campaign is needlessly prolonged, and consequently much more expensive. The remedy is obvious. The two national committees—a body of less than a hundred men—could agree to call the nominating conventions later, in September perhaps, as for State elections, and the campaign would be reduced to two months, with an immense

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advantage in every way to every interest in the land. But nobody has the pluck to insist upon it, and nothing is done.

The great multitude of young persons and their parents in society are not very rich, but they suffer themselves to be dragged captive at the chariot wheels of great fortunes. Timmins will not give a pleasant, reasonable dinner within his means; he must rival in a way the banquets of Lord Guloseton, and the result is absurdly comical. There is a due proportion, a proper keeping, in all things. A supper that costs five hundred dollars is ludicrous upon the table of Timmins, in his modest house, plainly furnished. Every guest, so to speak, feels the strain. The feast seems to creak, and the tables, in good truth, to groan, with the conscious disproportion.

It is a wise proverb which urges us to do in Rome what the Romans do. But in Rome the *Conte* with a thousand scudi a year does not assume to entertain like his friend the *Principe* with a revenue of a million. *Conte* and *Principe* are equally noble, but not equally rich. When William of Orange, in a plain suit, received Philip Sidney, the ambassador of Elizabeth, blazing in scarlet and gold, their greeting was that of friends, and neither of them was troubled by the clothes of the other. Suppose we try, madam, not to be troubled by the riches of our neighbors?

THERE is a pretty game among children in which one whispers a little story to his neighbor, who repeats it to his neighbor, and so in turn around the circle. When all have heard and repeated, the first player tells the original story which he started upon its journey, and the last tells what it has become in the repetition. The result is amusing, but it is also suggestive. The first player may say that he saw a girl whirling an old rat at the fountain. The last may announce that Whararat is the oldest mountain in the world. The game might be called playing at history. For many of the accepted traditions even of comparatively recent events are of a similar accuracy.

The little game also throws light upon the wisdom and necessity of rules of evidence. The reports of eye-witnesses of the same events differ singularly. Sylvio and Sylvia drive in the lovely afternoon, and after their return he says to her incidentally that they met the miller at the top of the hill, near the beech-tree.

"Oh no, my dear," replies Sylvia; "it was at the foot of the hill, by the mill."

"My dear, I am sure."

"My dear, I am positive."

"Oh no, dear."

"Oh yes, dear."

"My dear, how very foolish!"

"Certainly, dear, you are very absurd."

"Sylvia, I will go to the stake upon it."

"Sylvio, scissors forever!"

They meet the miller the next day, and simultaneously inquire whether they encountered him on the day before at the top of the hill or the foot. Neither, he answers; it was two miles from the beech-tree and three from the mill. Sylvio and Sylvia both exclaim in chorus, "Well, now, I thought—" Yes, they thought, but they did not think correctly. Historical science and comparative inquiry are not only abolishing old legends and transforming lovely traditions into sun myths, but they are dissipating modern stories; the dying words of famous men; the *Messieurs, tirez les premiers!* at Fontenoy, and the *Up, Guards, and at them!* at Waterloo. The neat repartee, the eloquence that left the House too profoundly affected to deliberate, the original of the novelist's greatest creation—they are all vanishing like frost foliage at sunrise.

It is already necessary to remind the reader to beware of regarding the news in the morning paper as fact. A good motto for the paper would be, "Important, if true," or, "All rights reserved"—especially the right of contradiction to-morrow morning. Now one story disproved cracks all the rest. If the President of the Senate did not say, as was reported upon unquestionable authority, that the Speaker of the House was a cur, how can we reasonably suppose that the Speaker of the House said, as was asserted by a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, that the President of the Senate was a crank? If the newspapers leave even their own news glimmering and uncertain, what shall we think of history, or of that delightful detail which constitutes its chief charm? Macaulay is generally held to be the most fascinating of historians, and his ingenious biographer, Mr. Morrison, attributes the fascination to his skilful narrative and disposition of what artists call bits of color and picturesque effects. It is not only the main fact that he records as of

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the flight of James II., but the description of costume and place, the pictures on the wall, the carpet on the stairs, the happy *mot*, the satin and the plume, and the secret door.

But if the irrepressible student points out that the details are inaccurate, and sweeps away like cobwebs these pretty traditions, how much more than the tradition goes! Its moral and suggestion and poetic improvement all disappear with it. If Jefferson, the accepted incarnation of Democratic simplicity, did not ride up alone to the Capitol on horseback, and dismount and tie his horse to the paling, and go into the Senate-Chamber and take the oath and deliver the speech, then descend the steps, untie his horse, mount again, and return solitary to his house, where shall the orator turn for a glittering point to his plea for economy, or for a pretty feather for his shaft to drive it home? There is no more familiar tradition than this, and none more serviceable. But alas! that it must be said of Jefferson's horse, in the obituary slang, "Gone to meet the wolf of Romulus and Remus!"

The story was recently revived, but it is apocryphal. It is one of the pretty legends that gradually grow about the memory of noted men, and which are probably due to the feeling that, like venerable ruins, they need clustering and trailing vines and foliage to make them romantic. But the news of to-day may console itself with the reflection that it is reported as accurately as that of nearly ninety years ago. Indeed, the inaccuracy of this particular legend is almost as striking as that of any reported contemporary incident. Randall quotes from the Travels of John Davis, whom he calls an English eye-witness, the statement that "his dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades." But the *National Intelligencer* of March 6, 1801, then edited by Samuel H. Smith, describes a morning salute of cannon and a military parade in front of Mr. Jefferson's lodgings, which are said by another authority to have been near the Capitol. The account proceeds:

"At twelve o'clock Thomas Jefferson, attended by a number of his fellow-citizens, among whom were many members of Congress, repaired to the Capitol,"

which he entered "under a discharge from the artillery."

Here are no horse, no solitude; and the implication that he walked, and rode neither in the saddle nor in a carriage, is unavoidable. Duane, in the *Aurora*, speaks of the "immense" assembly and the salutes of cannon. He even states the number of persons in the Senate-Chamber as 1140, of whom about 154 were ladies, and adds that in this audience "there appeared to be a calm and exquisite diffusion of delight." The old Senate-Chamber, however, could have held scarcely five hundred persons, and the exquisite delight could not have been apparent to a tough old Federalist who thought Tom Jefferson and the Old Nick synonymous words. The *Intelligencer* says that after Mr. Jefferson took the oath there was another salute, and

"he returned to his lodgings, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Chief-Justice, and the heads of the departments, where he was waited upon by a number of distinguished citizens."

But even in this account the demon of inaccuracy is somewhere lurking. The impression conveyed is that of a levee. But Mrs. Smith, the wife of the editor of the *Intelligencer*, is said by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* some years since to have written an account of the inauguration, which was published in *Mrs. Hale's Magazine* for November, 1831, in which she says of Mr. Jefferson:

"He was seen walking from his lodgings, which were not far distant, attended by five or six gentlemen, who were his fellow-lodgers....The new President walked home with two or three of the gentlemen who lodged in the same house. At dinner he took his accustomed place at the bottom of the table, his new station not eliciting from his Democratic friends any new attention or courtesy. A gentleman from Baltimore, an invited guest, who accidentally sat next to him, asked permission to wish him joy. 'I would advise you,' answered Mr. Jefferson, smiling, 'to follow my example on nuptial occasions, when I always tell the bridegroom I will wait until the end of the year before offering my congratulations.' And this was the only and solitary instance of any notice taken of the event of the morning."

The details vary throughout. Mrs. Smith mentions no military parade or salute, and says that only about a dozen ladies were present in the Senate-Chamber. The two accounts differ also as to the fact whether Mr. Jefferson took the oath before or after the delivery of his address. But nowhere is there any mention of the horse, or of the tying to the

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paling, or of the unattended entry into the Capitol, which would have been an extraordinary proceeding even for Mr. Jefferson.

The familiar story is plainly a part of the Jefferson legend. His worshippers naturally desired to contemplate him as doing what ideal democratic simplicity required. His inauguration was the avatar of pure popular government. Far from "the people's" President be the monarchical pomp of a carriage and a procession! The high-priest of the Demos proceeds to the function of directing the administration of a great government as a Virginia planter goes to market. Beautiful! It is fine, but it is not history. Yet the tale points a rhetorical period. And since in fact Mr. Jefferson acted in this matter with common-sense and a proper regard for the decencies of the situation, we may suppose that the equally popular legend of his receiving a foreign minister in dressing-gown and slippers is only another form of the Jefferson myth.

THE musical season in New York during this winter has been more interesting, probably, than in any other great city in the world. There is an irresistible tendency of the best musical talent to the United States, and New York is the city which for such purposes has no serious American rival. Chicago is an amazing city, but even in Chicago the great artists of the stage, of every kind, come as visitors, and are always anticipating their return to New York. It is from New York that they make excursions, and although the word cannot be safely uttered, they regard their visits elsewhere as trips into the provinces.

It is, however, true that New York is not an absolute and supreme centre of the country like London of England and Paris of France, while, on the other hand, Chicago and San Francisco and Cincinnati and Baltimore and Boston are not capitals in the same sense as Munich and Dresden and Vienna. There is probably a stronger local attachment and pride in many of the other cities in this country than in New York. Indeed, nothing is more striking than the want of this feeling in New York. Nobody feels especially or personally proud or ashamed of events in this great city. You may walk over to certain quarters on the eastern side, and you have walked out of America and the English language into a foreign realm where nothing suggests the United States, and where the Declaration of Independence and Magna Charta are equally unknown.

The feeling of New-Yorkers for New York is less that of the citizen for his home than that of the guest for his hotel. It is the finest of its kind, and in the most modern taste. It supplies every comfort and every luxury. But it is a phantasmagoria, an ever-shifting pageant. The guests are constantly coming and going. You don't know your neighbors. Your room is your castle while you occupy it. But the sentiment of community, of public spirit, of local pride, such as that of mediæval Florence or of Revolutionary Boston, is not familiar in New York. There are, indeed, the utmost generosity and liberality. There are munificence and magnificence. But a vast multitude, probably the majority, of the active, prominent citizens of New York at this moment are not its native children. The roots of their family trees cling to another soil. They are here conspicuous, vigilant, successful, but the city is to its inhabitants what the Rialto was to Venice. It is a mart rather than a home.

This is shown in another way by the disappearance of the Dutch impulse or character from metropolitan life. The London or Paris of to-day is the evident descendant of the city of the Middle Ages. The stranger and the native constantly see the old London, the old Paris. But even with diligent labor it is difficult to find a trace of the Knickerbocker in New York. He has been quietly crowded out. Nothing is more pathetic than the half-jealous tone in which some Diedrich still lingering among us speaks of New England and the Yankee, or the severity with which he spurns Washington Irving's good-natured burlesque. The pathos lies in the natural but helpless regret that so goodly a heritage has passed to another, and that a stranger sits under the family vine and fig-tree.

But if it be the most cosmopolitan of cities, the city without active and inspiring traditions, a kind of open market or Russian fair in which the whole world meets and mingles, it is a delightful resort, which in all modern activities and interests rivals all its ancient European sisters. The winter season began with a German opera which is nowhere surpassed, and at

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which the new music was presented with an elaboration of scenic setting at which Vienna might marvel. Indeed, a few years since, on one memorable afternoon at the Thomas Music Festival in the Seventh Regiment Armory, Materna said that Wagner had never heard his music so adequately rendered as she had heard it that day. At the same time with this opera in the early winter there were two series of symphonic concerts, and it is agreed that Thomas's orchestra was never so exquisitely effective. To these delights was added the playing of the prodigy, the boy Josef Hofmann, who recalls the extraordinary tales of the young Mozart, and who captured at once those experienced foes of charlatanism, the musical critics.

These were but some of the incidents of amusement possible only to a great city. Henry Irving and Miss Terry were here in *Faust* and other plays, and had left London without one of its chief attractions in this kind. Yet doubtless it is mainly in amusements that the metropolitan supremacy appears. One of the great distinctions of other chief cities is notably wanting in New York. The famous men who lecture in the great schools, and who draw pupils from all the world, are not heard here. In his recent delightful record of a hundred days of travel in Europe, Dr. Holmes relates that he went over to Paris, the old song of his happy youth still singing in his heart,

> "Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
> Trip down the Rue de Seine."

He does not say that he looked for the fair grisette, whom, indeed, he had not hoped to meet again, and who had become, as he says, but

> "A shadow and a name."

But he went first to the old student quarter, rich with the recollection of his famous teachers; then to the café haunts of renowned Frenchmen; then to the galleries, treasuries of art.

These are the riches which, with all its colossal fortunes, New York has not yet accumulated. Nay—if the long-suffering reader will but once more have patience with the Easy Chair—the very lack of local pride is shown by nothing more than the want in the city of memorials to the greatest of native New-Yorkers. Dr. Holmes went to the Café Procope, the most ancient and most celebrated of Parisian cafés. There a century ago Voltaire, Marmontel, the poet Rousseau, Sainte-Foix, Saurin, Piron, were constant visitors. Elsewhere in Paris names as famous invest places, houses, streets, with a singular charm. It is such names, it is men and women, the scenes of crucial events, the houses and resorts of genius, galleries, museums, libraries, schools of learning, which make cities truly great. The refined amusements of a metropolis New York possesses amply. But the far-reaching intellectual eminence and influence, the chairs of science and of all knowledge—of these she has the beginning. But no mature Autocrat who studied in New York fifty years ago will find the café or the house or the school which is dear to him and to the world because there a great master lived or taught or talked.

Happily for the future New-Yorker, he will find that while he inherits much, it is yet possible for him to enhance the value of his inheritance. Cosmopolitan and metropolitan as his city is, there are still more lustrous gems to add to her crown.

LORD BROUGHAM said that he was not wrong who declared that the whole system of the state, King, Lords, and Commons, ends simply in bringing twelve good men into a box. In a recent thoughtful and learned paper upon "Trial by Jury," ex-Governor Chamberlain calls this a famous and preposterous utterance. Yet it has this truth, that the twelve good men in the jury-box, by the necessity of human nature, do happily sometimes cause justice to be done even where the process of law is inadequate to that result.

There was a recent illustration of this jury equity as against legal form in the case of Jacob Sharp. There was no doubt whatever of the guilt of Sharp. It was morally certain that he had bribed the Aldermen to give him the franchise of the Broadway Railroad. But dull and heavy as he appeared to be, he was exceedingly shrewd. He had not undertaken his task unwarily. When a man once applied to his lawyer to know whether he could do a certain thing, his lawyer replied, "Certainly you can do it; but it will land you in Sing Sing." "All right," said the client; "now what I want to know is, how near can I come to it and keep out of Sing Sing?"

Jacob Sharp was probably that man.

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He evidently consulted counsel, and thought that he knew how far he might venture. But he slipped into the hands of the law. He was tried for bribery, and the twelve good men in the box decided that he was guilty. They could not help it. It was evident. It was in itself a just verdict, and he was duly sentenced, when the Law intervened, and said that the processes of law had been strained, evidence had been admitted which should have been excluded, and the trial, conviction, and sentence were therefore void, and the accused must be tried again without that evidence.

There was universal disappointment, because the order of the highest judicial authority for a new trial seemed to secure practically a miscarriage of justice under the forms of law. It was especially unfortunate because it was the case of a rich man who had undoubtedly bribed the Aldermen, who had been able, as poor men are not able, to command every possible legal stay and resource, and who was practically freed just as justice seemed to have been accomplished. There was very general and severe criticism of the judicial action, and a serious disposition to assail the character and ability of the court, while, whatever might be the correctness of the decision, it was felt that the moral impression upon the public mind would be that justice winks at the crimes of rich men.

But it must be remembered that the decision was the unanimous opinion of seven lawyers, who were acting under the highest sense of responsibility, and whose characters are unsullied. Presumably, therefore, the opinion was honest. But there is another consideration of the utmost importance. Forms of law are devised primarily for the protection of the innocent, not for the conviction of the guilty. They were intended as defences against arbitrary power. It is for the interest of all that justice should be done according to law, and the requirements of law therefore should be honorably and strictly observed. They may be, indeed, perverted and abused. But it is certainly a perversion and abuse to strain them to cover any particular case. It is better that Sharp should go free than that the well-matured forms of law should be stretched to secure his punishment.

The reason is obvious, and it is akin to that which makes it better that many guilty should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. If the law be stretched to-day for one purpose which seems to be good, it will be stretched further to-morrow and for a bad purpose. When stretching begins it will not be necessarily for a good purpose, and the end cannot be foreseen. The reasons for establishing the strict rule of law are reasons for its strict observance.

There is no question that if the verdict of the jury in the case of Sharp had been final, substantial justice would have been done. But as the point of departure from sound legal methods was raised, assuming the correctness of the decision of the higher court, it was better to insist that justice should be done only in strict deference to law. If the decision were unfounded, or if there were improper influences affecting the Judges, then, indeed, justice did miscarry completely. But the last imputation has not been suggested, and if there be a question of the former, it is a question upon which able lawyers differ.

Assuming that the officers of the law do their duty, it cannot yet be said that justice has failed even in the Sharp case, because the twelve good men will be again summoned to decide. If, however, the case be not again prosecuted, and the officers be above suspicion, the conclusion will be inevitable that under the forms of law conviction was impracticable.

But when under these forms justice cannot be done, it is not wise to strain them in order to do justice, but it is then quite time to change the forms in order to secure justice under law.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE have seldom read a biography in which life and character appeared with more completeness than in Mr. James Elliot Cabot's *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. The work must have been all the more difficult because the life was so uneventful, and the character so essentially undramatic. Of course Mr. Cabot has allowed both to ex-

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press themselves in Emerson's abundant letters and journals, but he has not abandoned his office to these, and what he has to say of Emerson from time to time, in comment and summary, is no less valuable for a right understanding of Emerson than what Emerson says of himself. Often it is more valuable, for Emerson still needs an apostle to the Gentiles. The literary merit of the book, which to our present thinking is always the least merit of a good book, is of a sort as uninsistent as Emerson could have wished that of a record of his life to be, and that is perhaps saying all that one need say of the clear style, the unaffected manner, and the candid attitude.

There is the advantage in the last that it leaves you assured of the estimates you form in Emerson's favor throughout; you feel that nothing has been done to force your liking or your duty to that illuminated conscience which Emerson was from first to last. He was the final and pre-eminent Puritan, with all that made Puritanism mean and harsh, cruel and hateful, eliminated from his righteous and gentle spirit; and this is what Mr. Cabot's memoir enables you to perceive in almost the same measure as if you had known the man. It was inevitable that such a man, with the defects as well as the virtues of his qualities, should seem placed out of time. He was, indeed, so much ahead of his time in his perceptions that we have not yet lived long enough to know how modern they were.

His sympathies perhaps lagged a little. He was not a man who *felt* his way; he had to *see* it; though when once he saw it, lions might be in it, but he went forward. His indifference to consequences came partly from his impersonality; he was so much an idealization of the ordinary human being that his fears were attenuated, like his sympathies. This again was Puritanism, which had so wholly died out of his creed that almost at the outset of his clerical career he found it impossible to go on making formal prayers in the pulpit, or administering the communion. Then he promptly turned his back upon this career, though with many a longing, lingering look over his shoulder for some ideal Church in which these functions would not be insisted on.

His evolution as an antislavery reformer is an even more interesting illustration of these facts of his character. When he was a very young man he came in contact with slavery in Florida, where he had gone one winter for his health; but he does not seem to have felt the horror, the crime of it, so much as he discerned its gross unreason, its inconsistency, its absurdity; and he was repelled from the abolitionists at first by his dislike of violence, even in convictions, and of the very appearance of disorder. But when once he had taken the measure of the affair with that telescopic eye of his, and had intellectually compassed its whole meaning to the very furthest and finest implication, his whole nature solidified against slavery. The man in whom conscience and intellect were angelically one perceived that the law and order which defied justice and humanity were merely organized anarchy, and that as a good citizen he could have no part in them. When the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law, "There is an infamy in the air," he said, at the indignation meeting in Concord. "I wake in the morning with a painful sensation, which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the ignominy which has fallen on Massachusetts." It is a "filthy law," "a law which no man can obey, or abet the obeying, without loss of self-respect, or forfeiture of the name of gentleman." Later, at a Kansas relief meeting in Cambridge, he advised "the sending of arms to the settlers in Kansas for resistance to the pro-slavery raids from Missouri." After Harper's Ferry he said that if John Brown should suffer, he would "make the gallows glorious like the cross," but he omitted this and other passages from the republished lecture, "distance of time," says his biographer, "having brought the case into juster perspective." With the light of our own time, and the modern improvements of the "perfection of reason" as applied by the courts, he might see cause to modify other expressions; but he spoke in days when good men thought that their sense of justice was pre-eminently binding upon their consciences, and brought all laws and decisions that conflicted with this sense into lasting discredit with those whom their teachings schooled.

II.

Emerson, though not one of the earliest, became easily one of the first of those men, and no doubt many a gray-bearded

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youth can remember with us the liberating thrill of his words, beautiful as sculptured marble, vivid as flame. Was it the poetry or the humanity which touched us most? Both, equally, we think; for again these were angelically one in the man, who could not have been a poet for beauty's sake alone, although he feigned that beauty was sufficient in and to itself. In humanity, as in his theories of what literature should be to us, Emerson is still the foremost of all our seers, and will be so a hundred years hence. He seems in these sorts to be almost a disembodied force, but this is an illusion of his extreme impersonality. It ought not to be necessary to explain that his intellectual coldness, which, whenever he would,

"Burned frore, and frost performed the effect of fire,"

did not chill his affectional make-up. Tender and faithful son, and loving servant of his widowed mother's narrow circumstance, he was always a devoted husband, and the fondest as well as wisest of fathers; but he found it difficult to make his shy heart go out beyond the bounds of kinship and old friendship. The gentlest of men could sometimes be as infinitely repellent a particle as one of his own sentences, and he whimsically confesses to his diary that while he gets on well enough with Man, he finds it hard to meet men half-way or upon common ground. Now we are beginning to know that there is no such thing as Man, that there are only men, but Emerson can, with all his shrinking from men, best teach us how to treat them, with a view to their highest good. Mr. Matthew Arnold gave him supreme praise when he said that those who wished to live in the spirit must go to Emerson, though many worthy persons were aggrieved that he should have said Emerson was not so great a poet as this, not so great an essayist as that, not so great a philosopher as the other. To live in the spirit is the lesson of his life as well as of his literature; his whole memory strengthens and purifies. You learn from it that one who lives in the spirit cannot be unfaithful to the smallest rights or interests of others; cannot ignore any private obligation or public duty without shame and pain.

Every new thing, every new thought, challenged him: abolition, Brook Farm, Walt Whitman: he was just to each, and, with Emerson, as with all high souls, to be just was to be generous. He was for a long time supposed to be the exemplar of Transcendentalism. People who did not know what he meant said that he meant Transcendentalism, and as nobody ever quite knew what Transcendentalism meant, they again said that it meant Emerson. But mental dimness was as foreign to him as moral dimness; all that he says is impatient, is tense with meaning.

"While self-inspection sucked its little thumb,
With 'Who am I?' and 'Wherefore did I come?'"

Emerson was deeply employed in meditating the wisdom through which the mass of our stupidity and selfishness may finally be civilized into indifference to those questions, through a sense of duty to others. In a period still reeking with gross romantic individualism, when so many were straining to retch out the last rinsings of their sick egotism upon their fellows, he stood hale and serene and sane, elect and beautiful in every aspect of his mind. It is his impersonality, the quality that made him cold and unseizable to so many—it is this which makes him now and always our neighbor and our friend, the most imaginable person of his day. The value of Mr. Cabot's memoir is that it lets that sculpturesque figure grow fully upon you; and yet, even after reading this memoir, we should like to recur, for something more of color and warmth, to Henry James, Sen.'s incomparably vivid and suggestive essay on Emerson.* Written from the heartiest liking and the most tingling resentment of his elusiveness, the keenest perception, and the strictest limitations, and expressed from a lexicon peculiar to the author, this essay is of really unique value in the literature of biography.

III.

Perhaps Mr. Cabot imparts the same sense of Emerson, but the degree is wanting; and he has not touched at all one of the most interesting facts, from a literary point of view, in Emerson's history. His perception of the great and fruitful elements in Walt Whitman's work, when the "Leaves of Grass" first appeared, was long suffered to weigh with the public as unqualified praise; but Mr. Whitman has himself finally done justice to Emerson's exceptions. They concerned what may be called the manners, if not the morals, of Mr. Whitman's poetry; and we think

* *Literary Remains of Henry James.* Edited by WILLIAM JAMES.

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they are still valid; but there is no doubt that Emerson felt a keen sympathy with the æsthetic revolt so courageously embodied in its form. His own verse, in a certain beautiful lawlessness, expresses now and again his impatience of smoothness and regularity, his joy in a fractured surface, a broken edge, his exultation in a pace or two outside the traces. Mostly, however, the freedom of his thoughts sufficed him; he submitted their utterance to the conventional measures; yet he could foresee the advantages of bringing poetry nearer to the language and the carriage of life, as Mr. Whitman's work seemed promising to do; and it was characteristic of him that he should not stint his congratulations to the author.

We have been thinking of them in connection with a passage of a recent criticism in the *World* newspaper reviewing one of the late translations of Tolstoï. The writer has discovered that "the Russian absolutely ignores all rules, all efforts at an artistic roundness and finish. He finds life without artistic roundness, and he draws it as he sees it. There is no composition, no grouping, merely stern verity." This cannot greatly surprise any reader of the Study; perhaps that reader will not even find wholly novel the assertion that beside this verity the realism "of the extremest French and American apostles shrinks into bald convention." But this is true, as a rule, and we are glad to have the *World's* critic say it and feel it, while we commend Mr. Whitman's work, both in verse and prose, as a signal exception to this rule.

As a whole we do not commend it, and for the very reason that we do commend Tolstoï as a whole. The American's frankness is, on its moral side, the revolt of the physical against the ascetic; the Russian's is the cry of the soul for help against the world and the flesh. The American is intolerant of all bonds and bounds, and he bursts them with a sort of Titanic rapture; the Russian's devotion to the truth is so single that he is apparently unconscious of the existence of limitations; but both of these masters, at opposite poles morally, are the same in æsthetic effect.

IV.

The question as to whether American writers or French writers can ever approach the directness of the Russian writers is one which involves the much larger question of literary consciousness. Walt Whitman's rebellion was itself a confession of this consciousness; and we ought to recognize that Tolstoï alone, even among Russian writers, seems wholly without it. Some philosophers have attempted to explain his unconsciousness upon the theory that he has the good fortune to write in a language and land without a literary past, and is therefore wholly untrammelled by tradition; but these must have counted without the fact that Gogol, the father of Russian naturalism, who wrote fifty years ago, was as full of literary consciousness as Thackeray or Dickens. They ignore another fact, namely, that perhaps the book which most nearly approaches the simplicity of Tolstoï is *I Malavoglia*, by the Italian Verga, who has a literary past running back almost indefinitely. Near to this we think we should place *Maximina*, by Valdés, the Spaniard, who derives also from a remote literary antiquity. The only alloy in its unconsciousness is the humor which pervades it, and which perhaps disables the unconsciousness of the best American work, consciousness being the very essence of humor. Amongst Englishmen the author of the *Revolution in Tanner's Lane* and the *Mark Rutherford* books must be counted for his simplicity and directness. Amongst the French masters Daudet is always literose; and half the time Zola gives you the sense of book-making; the Goncourts are sincere, but still a little conscious; the repulsive masterpieces of Maupassant are as free from posing at least as Tolstoï's work.

If we come to the Americans, it is without the courage to make a very confident claim for any but the latest beginners, a Southerner here and there, and such a Northerner as Miss Wilkins, who, however, cannot always be trusted. We have something worse than a literary past: we have a second-hand literary past, the literary past of a rich relation. We are, in fact, still literary colonists, who are just beginning to observe the aspects of our own life in and for themselves, but who preserve our English ancestors' point of view, and work in their tradition.

Yet the future is ours if we want it, and we have only to turn our backs upon the past in order to possess it. Simplicity is difficult; some of the sophisticated declare it impossible at this stage of the proceedings; but it is always possible to be unaf-

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fected, just as it is to be morally honest, to put our object before ourselves, to think more of the truth we see than of our poor little way of telling it, and to prize the fact of things beyond the effect of things. What if, after all, Tolstoï's power came from his conscience, which made it as impossible for him to caricature or dandify any feature of life as to lie or cheat? What if he were so full of the truth, and so desirous to express it for God's sake and man's sake, that he would feel the slightest unfaithfulness to it a sin? This is not wholly incredible of such a man, though it is a hard saying for those who write merely from the low artistic motive long vaunted as the highest.

V.

Emerson felt the absence of the best motive, even in the greatest of the masters, when he said of Shakespeare that, after all, he was only master of the revels. The judgment is so severe, even with the praise which precedes it, that one winces under it; and if one is still young, with the world gay before him, and life full of joyous promise, one is apt to ask, defiantly, Well, what is better than being such a master of the revels as Shakespeare was? Let each judge for himself. To the heart again of serious youth, uncontaminate and exigent of ideal good, it must always be a grief that the great masters seem so often to have been willing to amuse the leisure and vacancy of meaner men, and leave their mission to the soul but partially fulfilled. This, perhaps, was what Emerson had in mind; and if he had it in mind of Shakespeare, who gave us, with his histories and comedies and problems, such a searching homily as *Macbeth*, one feels that he scarcely recognized the limitations of the dramatist's art. Few consciences, at times, seem so enlightened as that of this personally unknown person, so withdrawn into his work, and so lost to the intensest curiosity of after-time; at other times he seems merely Elizabethan in his coarseness, his courtliness, his imperfect sympathy. In these he was no greater than his great contemporary, to whom Emerson's censure would far more strictly apply; and if Emerson had said of Cervantes that, after all, he was only the master of the revels, no one could have questioned his accuracy.

The new translation of *Don Quixote*, by Mr. John Ormsby, brings Cervantes back into the literary world again as what the politicians call a "live issue," and his excellent introduction to the novel, his very interesting sketch of Cervantes's life, and his admirable essay on the master's masterpiece, supply fresh material for a bibliographical, biographical, and critical estimate of the whole case. The version recalls in flavor that of Jervas, which has so long been the accepted English version; but this is proof that Jervas had imparted the true "tang of the wine-skin" to his work, rather than that Mr. Ormsby has caught his tone: the tone must be the tone of Cervantes, and the latest translator does full justice to the faithful predecessor whom he is destined to supplant. We may trust him when he tells us that all other English versions are worthless, for none other have survived; and without having compared his own with the Spanish, we may safely believe that he has conscientiously reported it. Those who like can still read Cervantes in the original, though after reading Mr. Ormsby's essay they can hardly do so with the comfortable belief that its involved, careless, and rambling style is a *testa di lingua:* for that they had perhaps better go to any good modern Spanish novel. He has probably made a much better translation for us than more than two or three of us could make for ourselves; and after reading the novel nearly all through again in Mr. Ormsby's English, we feel no very lively regret for Cervantes's Spanish. We are really much obliged to Mr. Ormsby, not only for reflecting Cervantes so perfectly, but also for his sober and just criticism of the work. It is a relief to be freed from the hard necessity of supposing that the story of *The Curious Impertinent* (Ill-advised Curiosity, Mr. Ormsby calls it) is not very dull and characterless; that the other episodes, with the exception of the captive's story, are not very tiresome; and that the after-thought of that mechanism of Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli, with his Arabic manuscript, is not a direful bore. They are all each of these, in Mr. Ormsby's opinion, and we declare ourselves of it with a long breath of freedom. But for the sacrilege of mutilating a masterpiece, he intimates that the story of Don Quixote would be much better without them; and who that has taken the trouble of reading them, after having obeyed his first inspiration to skip them, can dispute this position? Mr. Ormsby is

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right not only in this, but in his feeling that they cannot be cut out by an editor. They are important as a part of literary history, if not literature; they mark a fashion, a stage of development, and belong properly enough with the crudity of much of the horse-play which deforms the exquisite beauty of the author's conception of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It must remain a question whether Cervantes would have put in the horse-play if left quite to his own taste, or if he had not felt obliged to consider the taste of his readers. Probably he was a man of his time, and liked horse-play himself, though, being the master he was, he probably liked better things better; and he half-humorously, half-seriously admits, in the discussion of the first part of the history by some of its characters in the second part, the justice of the censure it had brought him even among his contemporaries.

VI.

The sense of humor is something that the process of civilization has refined almost as much as the passion of love itself, which all connoisseurs now allow to be a very different thing from the passion of love known to even the free peoples of antiquity. The commonest newspaper funny man would now hardly offer to his readers the brutal pummellings, rib-breakings, jaw-smashings, vomitings, blanket-tossings, and worse, which the author of the supreme masterpiece of humor seems to have thought it amusing to portray. Doubtless he knew that as a bit of humor Sancho's coming out with the story of the punctilious clown, when Don Quixote was refusing the place of honor at the Duke and Duchess's table, was worth more than all these grotesque and barbarous inventions; but doubtless he liked them too. The memoirs and the novels testify how very lately such things were relished, and some college boys still think it droll to haze their fellows. Yet there has been a great advance, and the average humor of our time addresses itself habitually to the kindlier sense to which Don Quixote appeals only as a conception, and which his history touches only now and then.

VII.

As long as our modern humor does this it cannot become a serious question whether we are not too humorous, as a people, and whether, in our love of laughing, we have not lost some reverence for sacred and beautiful things. Apparently the sense of the grotesque is paramount in the Americans, just as that of beauty is in the Italians, and that of humanity is in the Russians, and that of science is in the Germans; and it is in the continual refinement of this sense that our safety from it lies. An old friend of the Study's, who loved the humorous with his full share of the national fondness for it, used to be troubled with serious doubts of its origin and its destiny. It seemed to him that the source of all derision was malignant, perhaps infernal; and he answered the fact that much humor was very kindly, with the argument that this kindness necessarily involved a degree of contempt, and that contempt was the one truly diabolical mood. He had grave misgivings as to the existence of humor in a heavenly state; an "affable archangel," yes; but he doubted about a funny one, though he owned, with the whimsicality which was his part in the sin, that he was afraid it might be dull in paradise without humor. His condition of mind was somewhat morbid, possibly; but it was no more difficult for him to mitigate the practical workings of his hypotheses than for a good Catholic to hope salvation for a heretical friend through the omnipotent mercy which can transcend its own laws. Humor and schism are alike bad, we may conclude, but not all humorists or schismatics must be lost.

It is a very pretty inquiry, and we commend it to those now beginning to deal scientifically as well as ethically with the qualities and forces of the mind. In the mean time we cannot see what harm there can be in a joke at some other's cost, or in that impersonal humor which plays luminously over many dark surfaces in life, and lights them up with a ray that neither kills nor scorches.

But humor, like every other gift, can continue valuable only as it becomes humanized and civilized. Like religion, it is always in danger of a relapse into barbarity; but its consciousness ought to save it; and the study of its own past can be very useful to it. The survival of old traits and the persistence of old forms in quite modern work is one of the interesting proofs of the irregular, hesitating, sometimes retrogressive character of all progress, and the reader who takes up the beautiful new Tappan-Zee edition of Irving's miscellaneous works must be struck

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by his fidelity to literary tradition if he comes to them from re-reading *Don Quixote*. It is not alone in his application of the Cervantean machinery to his comic history of New York, or the invention of a Knickerbocker Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli for the supposed authorship, that the American resembles the Spanish humorist; that is a device common to many; but there is a kindred love of horse-play in both. In Irving it is much tamer horse-play, the play of a horse much gentler and more politely bred, but still there is the same tendency to the broad, not to say the coarse, the same glance at drolleries which used to become the talk when the ladies left the table and the gentlemen began to enjoy themselves. It is just to Irving to recognize that this seems far more perfunctory in him than it does in Cervantes, in whom also it seems a concession largely to the coarseness of the general taste. But in higher qualities, as well as in these lower ones, we find the two men of the same lineage; and any sprightly *littérateur*, casting about for a subject, could not find a neater one than their community of humorous feeling. There has always been a strange affinity between the Anglo-Saxon mind and the Spanish mind; the two races brought the romantic drama to its highest perfection, and both rejected the classicistic, and the same comic strain seems to run through both people, so widely differenced by origin, by language, by religion, and by polity. As we suggested in the last Study, the humor of Valdés is of the same nature as that of some refined American humorist—say Mr. Warner, or Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Cable—and we think the reader of Shakespeare and Cervantes will often be struck by the kindred qualities of their humor. It is then perhaps not through the imitation of Cervantes, so much as through the æsthetical affinity of the Iberian and Anglo-Saxon races, that Irving reflects some of his traits.

VIII.

A far nimbler spirit than either comes with them to the Study table, and makes itself Autocrat there, as elsewhere. In Dr. Holmes we have certainly the finest and sweetest expression of that sense which can touch such opposite extremes; and it has continually subtilized and humanized itself in his work, till at last it does not seem a laugh at anything, but only a gracious smile of sympathy with everything. All unkindness is gone; and one feels in it an increasing trust of different manners and conditions of men, and an absence of all former reservations concerning men whose manners were not the best, and whose conditions were not the most fortunate. The pure kindliness in Dr. Holmes's frank record of what happened to him in his recent visit abroad is the loveliest trait of *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, though we should find it hard to say whether this was more admirable than the almost miraculous tact with which it is expressed; both seem of a piece; one scarcely knows which is which. It would have been so easy to fill such a record with lasting offence to both hemispheres; but in perfect consistency with a delightful candor, both hemispheres are always rubbed the right way.

In each of Dr. Holmes's books there is an autobiographic quality which is most valuable, and of *Our Hundred Days in Europe* one can only say that it is a little more autobiographical than the rest. If he was to tell at all the story of the beautiful and spontaneous appreciation shown him in England, there was but one manner of doing it, and Dr. Holmes has rightly presented his hosts from the stand-point of a welcome guest whose heart has been deeply touched by his welcome, and who is incapable of abusing it. As the book is about what he heard and saw, the attitude is necessarily personal, but never was personal experience so graciously imparted to the reader before; it seems as if this egotism had somehow got itself transmuted to altruism through that fine sympathy, and that each of us had spent Dr. Holmes's Hundred Days in Europe.

The new *Don Quixote* came to us as such an exceptionally handsome piece of book manufacture that we were ill prepared to have it surpassed by the dainty beauty of the new edition of Irving, which is, up to the date of this writing, the happiest and tastefulest American achievement in that sort. It leaves behind even the style in which Dr. Holmes's publishers have hitherto led the fashion in clothing their authors; and we hope it will inspire them to give us at least the literature of the Autocrat in an exterior elegance and lightness expressive of its quality. The only unpleasant thing about *Our Hundred Days in Europe* is the commonness and inadequacy of its outside.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of December.—The first session of the Fiftieth Congress was opened December 5th. Senator Ingalls presided as President *pro tempore* of the Senate. John G. Carlisle was elected Speaker of the House. The Senate stands—39 Republicans and 37 Democrats; the House stands—168 Democrats, 153 Republicans, 2 Labor Men, and 2 Independents.

President Cleveland's Message, read before Congress December 6th, was devoted exclusively to a consideration of the tariff. He stated that the surplus revenues, amounting December 1st to $55,258,701 19 were estimated to reach the sum of $113,000,000 at the close of the present fiscal year, June 30, 1888, at which date it was expected that this sum, added to prior accumulations, would swell the surplus in the Treasury to $140,000,000. He pointed out the consequent menace of wide-spread financial disturbance, and strongly urged a reduction of the tariff rather than the repeal of the internal revenue taxes.

The chief points in the Department reports are as follows: The postal service is practically self-supporting. The amount of lands restored to the public domain since March 4, 1885, is 31,824,481.79 acres. The army consists of 2200 officers and 24,236 men.

Total revenues for the fiscal year were $371,403,277 66; expenditures, $315,835,428 12. Increase in the public debt during November was $1,490,350 99. Total debt, less cash in the Treasury, December 1st, was $1,240,183,052 67.

President Cleveland sent to the Senate, December 6th, the nominations of Secretary Lamar to be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, of William F. Vilas to be Secretary of the Interior, and of Don M. Dickinson to be Postmaster-General; and December 12th, the nominations of Ministers: Oscar S. Straus, to Turkey; Alexander R. Lawton, Austria-Hungary; and Bayless W. Hanna, the Argentine Republic.

December 5th, the United States Supreme Court holds in the so-called Kansas prohibition cases that a State has the right, under its police powers, to prohibit the liquor traffic.

In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Clémenceau moved, November 19th, an interpellation of the government on the question of its domestic policy. A motion by the Ministry to postpone debate was lost by a vote of 328 to 242. Prime-Minister Rouvier announced the resignation of the cabinet.

M. Grévy resigned the Presidency of the French Republic December 2d. In his message to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies he declared that they had practically summoned him to resign, and that he yielded in order to avoid the possible consequences of a conflict between parliament and the Executive.

December 3d, M. Marie François Sadi Carnot was elected President of the French Republic.

In Paris, December 10th, an unsuccessful attempt was made by a lunatic named Aubertin to assassinate M. Ferry.

The new French cabinet was officially announced, December 13th, with M. Tirard President of the Council, Minister of Finance, and Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; M. Fallières, Justice; M. Flourens, Foreign Affairs; M. Sarrien, Interior; M. Dautresme, Commerce; M. Loubet, Public Works; M. de Mahy, Marine; M. Viette, Agriculture; M. Faye, Public Instruction; and General Logerot, War.

The Emperor of China has recognized the independence of Corea.

DISASTERS.

November 16th.—A Canton despatch reported burning of the steamer *Wah-Yeung* in the Canton River, China. About four hundred passengers lost.

November 19th.—The steamer *W. A. Scholten* sunk near Dover, England, by a collision with the coal-freighter *Rosa Mary*. One hundred and twelve passengers were lost.

December 4th.—An earthquake almost entirely destroyed the town of Bisignano, Italy.

OBITUARY.

November 16th.—In London, England, Sir William McArthur, ex-Lord Mayor of London.—In Paris, France, General Adolph Emmanuel Charles Le Flô, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

November 17th.—In Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt, Baker Pasha, otherwise Colonel Valentine Baker, aged sixty-two years.

November 22d.—In Orange, New Jersey, Brevet Brigadier-General Randolph B. Marcy, aged seventy-six years.

November 25th.—In Havre, France, within a few hours of each other, Lord and Lady Dalhousie.

December 1st.—In Washington, D. C., Major-General William Helmsley Emory, aged seventy-five years.

December 3d.—The Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, aged seventy-two years.

December 4th.—In Morristown, New Jersey, General Samuel I. Hunt, aged ninety-four years.—In New York, Algernon S. Sullivan, aged sixty years.—At Acquigny, near Enghien, Belgium, Philippe Rousseau, still-life painter, aged seventy-one years.

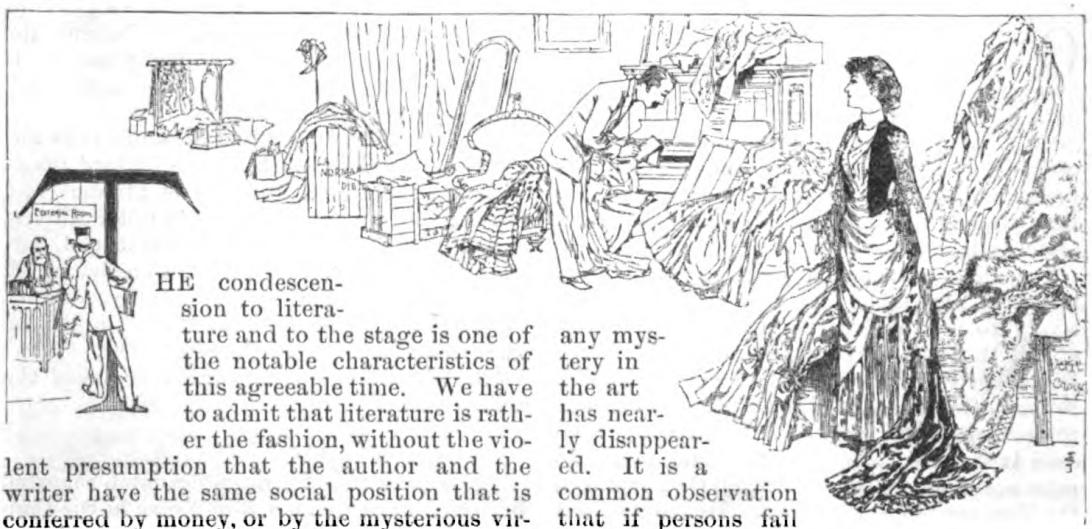
December 5th.—In London, England, Lord Lyons, in the seventieth year of his age.

December 7th.—In Brooklyn, James Carson Brevoort, aged sixty-nine years.

December 12th.—In New York, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, aged sixty years.

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Editor's Drawer.



THE condescension to literature and to the stage is one of the notable characteristics of this agreeable time. We have to admit that literature is rather the fashion, without the violent presumption that the author and the writer have the same social position that is conferred by money, or by the mysterious virtue there is in pedigree. A person does not lose caste by using the pen, or even by taking the not-needed pay for using it. To publish a book or to have an article accepted by a magazine may give a sort of social distinction, either as an exhibition of a certain unexpected capacity or a social eccentricity. It is hardly too much to say that it has become the fashion to write, as it used to be to dance the minuet well, or to use the broadsword, or to stand a gentlemanly mill with a renowned bruiser. Of course one ought not to do this professionally exactly, ought not to prepare for doing it by study and severe discipline, by training for it as for a trade, but simply to toss it off easily, as one makes a call, or pays a compliment, or drives four-in-hand. One does not need to have that interior impulse which drives a poor devil of an author to express himself, that something to say which torments the poet into extreme irritability unless he can be rid of it, that noble hunger for fame which comes from a consciousness of the possession of vital thought and emotion. The beauty of this condescension to literature of which we speak is that it has that quality of spontaneity that does not presuppose either a capacity or a call. There is no mystery about the craft. One resolves to write a book, as he might to take a journey or to practise on the piano, and the thing is done. Everybody can write, at least everybody does write. It is a wonderful time for literature. The Queen of England writes for it, the Queen of Roumania writes for it, the Shah of Persia writes for it, Lady Brassey, the yachtswoman, wrote for it, Congressmen write for it, peers write for it. The novel is the common recreation of ladies of rank, and where is the young woman in this country who has not tried her hand at a romance or made a cast at a popular magazine? The effect of all this upon literature is expansive and joyous. Superstition about any mystery in the art has nearly disappeared. It is a common observation that if persons fail in everything else, if they are fit for nothing else, they can at least write. It is such an easy occupation, and the remuneration is in such disproportion to the expenditure! Isn't it indeed the golden era of letters? If only the letters were gold!

If there is any such thing remaining as a guild of authors, somewhere on the back seats, witnessing this marvellous Kingdom Come of Literature, there must also be a little bunch of actors, born for the stage, who see with mixed feelings their arena taken possession of by fairer if not more competent players. These players are not to be confounded with the play-actors whom the Puritans denounced, nor with those trained to the profession in the French capital. In the United States and in England we are born to enter upon any avocation, thank Heaven! without training for it. We have not in this country any such obstacle to universal success as the Theâtre Français, but Providence has given us, for wise purposes no doubt, Private Theatricals (not always so private as they should be), which domesticate the drama, and supply the stage with some of the most beautiful and best dressed performers the world has ever seen. Whatever they may say of it, it is a gallant and a susceptible age, and all men bow to loveliness, and all women recognize a talent for clothes. We do not say that there is not such a thing as dramatic art, and that there are not persons who need as severe training before they attempt to personate nature in art as the painter must undergo who attempts to transfer its features to his canvas. But the taste of the age must be taken into account. The public does not demand that an actor shall come in at a private door and climb a steep staircase to get to the stage. When a Star from the Private Theatricals descends upon the boards, with the arms of Venus and the throat of Juno, and a wardrobe got out of Paris and through our stingy

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Custom-house in forty trunks, the plodding actor, who has depended upon art, finds out, what he has been all the time telling us, that all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players. Art is good in its way; but what about a perfect figure? and is not dressing an art? Can training give one an elegant form, and study command the services of a man milliner? The stage is broadened out and re-enforced by a new element. What went ye out for to see? A person clad in fine raiment, to be sure. Some of the critics may growl a little, and hint at the invasion of art by fashionable life, but the editor, whose motto is that the newspaper is made for man, not man for the newspaper, understands what is required in this inspiring histrionic movement, and when a lovely woman condescends to step from the drawing-room to the stage he confines his descriptions to her person, and does not bother about her capacity, and instead of wearying us with a list of her plays and performances, he gives us a column about her dresses in beautiful language that shows us how closely allied poetry is to tailoring. Can the lady act? Why, simple-minded, she has nearly a hundred frocks, each one a dream, a conception of genius, a vaporous idea, one might say, which will reveal more beauty than it hides, and teach the spectator that art is simply nature adorned. Rachel in all her glory was not adorned like one of these. We have changed all that. The actress used to have a rehearsal. She now has an "opening."

Does it require nowadays, then, no special talent or gift to go on the stage? No more, we can assure our readers, than it does to write a book. But homely people and poor people can write books. As yet they cannot act.

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

ONE day little Fannie was undergoing the customary ordeal of a hair-dressing at the hands of the maid, when, her patience being exhausted, she broke out with: "Oh, please don't brush so hard. You must remember my head's a little *tenderloin*."

Little Walter is a very active boy, and takes no account of his steps when playing and amusing himself, but a call in the midst of fun to do some trifling errand for any member of the family produces an immediate change of pace as well as face. One morning his mother, having twice sent him down-stairs with messages to the servants, made a third demand for his services a few moments later, which so annoyed him that he angrily exclaimed, "*I wish I had doors on my ears, so I couldn't hear you.*"

This is the way the world looks to a small New Orleans boy:

"Mamma, what kin is Cousin Matie to me?"

"She is your first cousin."

"Is she? *Who's my last cousin?*"

"Mamma, what kind of a car is that?"

"That is a freight car; don't you see there's no one in it?" (This to distinguish from passenger car.)

"When a house has nobody in it is it a *freight* house?"

To his nurse, a handsome, dark mulatto: "Mollie, you are the color of a ginger-snap, and I am the color of knick-knacks."

Abigail is a three-year-old, whose breezy unexpectedness of behavior has won her the nickname of "Gale." Her aunt took her into Boston on a shopping expedition, and joined a friend at the Adams House for lunch. Their home is in a trout region, and the friend, who is not so fortunate, ordered trout. "None for me," said Gale's aunt; "we have too many at



A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY.

"Stranger, had much sperience in ridin' buckin' broncbos?"
"Yis; this is me foorst; an', mound yez, it's me last!"

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home!" The bane of Gale's baby life is the need of a bib, and when the waiter placed before her a napkin, Gale drew up her tiny chin with a prompt, "Don't any for me; I dot too many at home."

Gale's brother Rob has a habit of pretending not to hear when called away from play, and mamma, busy with a friend, calls, "Robby, shut the door," continuing her conversation: "They advertise them on West Street, but Sue tried them (Rob, dear, *the door*), and they crack and stain dreadfully. — Rob, did you understand me? — CLOSE — THAT — DOOR!" in small capitals vocally.

Rob, looking up calmly, "How do you expect me to understand you when you go wobblin' round from one subject to another so?"

It was Rob who anxiously inquired in the midst of his bath, "Who was Adam's nurse?"

Florence is a very pretty little girl, also politic. An *awful* old woman, one of the chief members in her father's church, called one day, and said to her brother, "You love me, don't you, Wilson?" and the truthful little fellow reluctantly said, "No."

"Oh yes, I am sure you must love me a little; don't you?"

The poor child faltered out that "nobody could love her; she was such a cross old woman."

In great indignation she turned to Florence, and asked her the same question, and that young lady ran to her, hugged and kissed her, and said she loved her as hard as she could.

Wilson looked on in amazement, and when Mrs. Irish was gone, said, "Zizzie, do you truly love her?" and the four-year-old sister replied, "Course I don't; I fink she is a horrid old woman; but 'tisn't p'lite to tell her so."

"But, Zizzie, you told a bad story."

"Don't care if I did; I was a little lady."

Here is a speech which belongs to a little four-year-older of Brooklyn. Sitting at the table one day, with a plate of fancy crackers, resembling various animals, before him, and pausing in the operation of lessening the number as fast as his little teeth would aid him, his mother asked him what he was thinking about so earnestly.

"Oh, mamma, I'm thinking what a circus is going on inside of me!" was his reply.

One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said, "I couldn't find any switch, mamma; but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Helen, four years of age, entitled to a prize at the Sunday-school, selected a Testament. The next Sunday her teacher handed her one; it had a Russia leather binding, with extension covers, and a band of elastic to hold it together. Helen looked dissatisfied, and her teacher asked, "What is it, Helen? did you not want a Testament?"

"Yes," she replied; "but I did not ask for one with a *garter* on it."

SKINNING THE OX.

"BAD news, master," exclaimed old Absalom, a venerable negro of the old *régime*, putting his head in at the back door one morning just as Mr. Saunders, a farmer in a Virginia country neighborhood, was sitting down to breakfast.

"Why, what's the matter, Absalom?" inquired Mr. Saunders.

"De ole ox is done took sick, and is on de lift."

Mr. Saunders went with Absalom to the pasture to see the invalid ox, and together they exhausted the whole range of remedies known in bovine complaints. Dinner was fairly pushed off the stove by the decoctions of herbs, spice-wood, pine tags, etc., and yet, though copiously drenched with all these, the ox did not rally, nor could six men with fence rails prize him up. After spending the whole day in fruitless attempts to relieve the apparently dying animal, about sundown Mr. Saunders gave him up as a bad job, and turned to go home, remarking to Absalom as he started, "Anyway, I don't want to lose his hide; so you must come here and skin him the first thing you do in the morning."

The next morning Mr. Saunders began to look for Absalom with the hide at breakfast-time, but still he had not arrived. Half an hour passed, then an hour. "That old animal must be tough and hard to skin," said Mr. Saunders, seeking to account for the delay; but growing restless, he determined to go and see for himself what was the hitch. Half-way between the house and pasture he met Absalom, the perspiration standing in great beads on his shiny black skin, the ox-hide waving trophy-like in his hand, whilst a look of beaming complacency overspread his face.

"What in the world made you take so long, Absalom?" asked Mr. Saunders.

"'Cause it took me such a long time to catch him, master," replied Absalom.

"Catch him!" gasped Mr. Saunders.

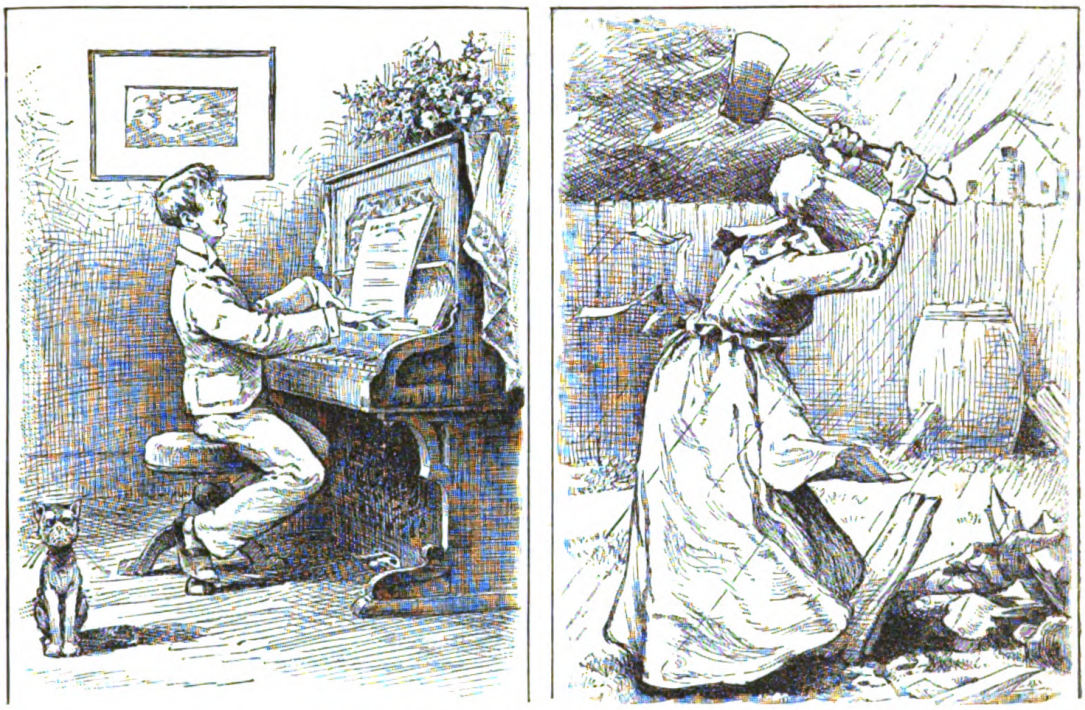
"Yes, sir. He give me a heap o' trouble. I had to chase him over de pasture three times before he would let me catch him."

"Chase him!" again gasped Mr. Saunders.

"Yes, sir," continued Absalom, with an air of modest pride in his efficient management of the job. "Den I knocked him in de head and killed him, and den I skinned him like you tole me," looking at Mr. Saunders for applause, or at least for approval.

But Mr. Saunders used language that made Absalom take to his heels.

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"WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?"

ON a certain occasion a gentleman was relating to a companion the substance of a newspaper paragraph which he had read, to the effect that Foote, during a trip through Scotland, had dropped into a church in a sparsely settled region, where the minister was delivering a somewhat caustic sermon to his people. In the course of it he warned them with the utmost earnestness against the sin of extravagance in dress. "And there wasn't," declared Foote, "a *pair of stockings* in the whole congregation."

"How could he have expected to find a *pair* of stockings, when there was but one *Foote* there?" inquired the listener.

PLEASE SEND ME A VALENTINE, SOMEBODY.

ST. VALENTINE'S coming to-morrow,
And I'm an old woman, I know,
Who ceased thinking of posies and Cupids
And true-lover knots long ago.
My autumn is very near winter,
I've almost forgotten the spring,
But please send me a valentine, somebody,
Just for the fun of the thing.

That the women still youthful and pretty,
Whose lives are yet happy and bright,
Should get all the rhymes of the season,
Really does not appear to me right.
Let them take the love poems. I ask but
A verse that will pleasant thoughts bring;
So please send me a valentine, somebody,
Just for the fun of the thing.

M. E.

ROBBIE, aged four, was a great chatterbox, keeping up a constant stream of conversation with everybody near him, or with himself if alone. One day, when his mother had company at dinner, he was permitted to come to the table for a share of the dessert. As usual, he talked incessantly, telling wonderful stories, and asking more wonderful questions, without apparently expecting an answer to any of them. His mother warned him several times to keep silence. This being of no avail, she finally threatened, in an angry tone,

"If you do not keep silence immediately, I shall whip you."

Little Robbie looked at her a few seconds, as if astonished, and then said, gravely, "There won't be any more silence then."

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, in his campaign against Lincoln, spoke in front of the hotel, and Old Rube was an attentive listener. Afterward he was asked what he thought of the speech.

"Dat was heaby doctrine," said he—"de heabiest kind ob doctrine. But dar was lots ob ign'ant folks dar, Mr. Hall, dat didn't understand dat doctrine—not a bit ob it. Dey didn't understand it, Mr. Hall, no more'n *you* did."

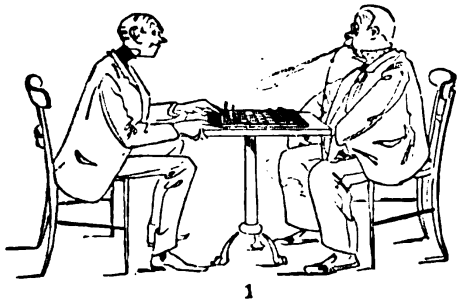
A VERY little girl, who was named for her aunt, when asked her name, replied, "I believe my name is Aunt Julia."

AT the head of Chautauqua Lake, which is said to exert as powerful an influence over its denizens as *la bella Napoli* does, a certain Methodist clergyman was put in charge of a church there many years ago, and the beauty of the place so enraptured him that when his

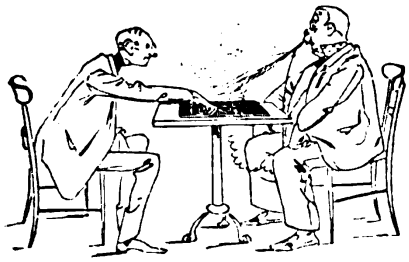
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"three years" were up, and he was sent to a neighboring town, his heart ever turned toward Jamestown. So constant were his praises of its beauty that one evening an aged sister arose in the prayer-meeting and said, "Well, brotherin and sistern, I fear I'm not good enough ever to reach Canaan; but if I don't, I do hope I may get *as far on the way as Jamestown*."

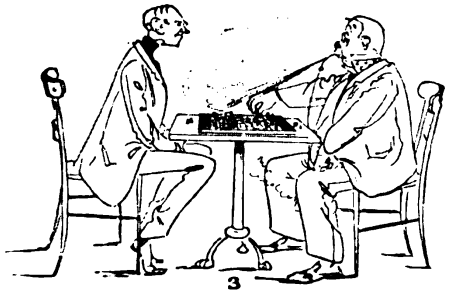
A GAME OF CHESS.



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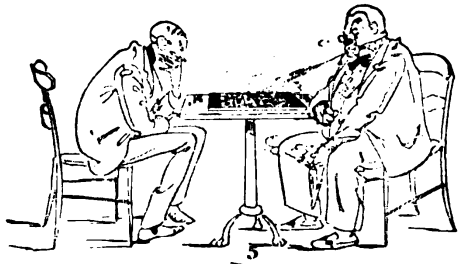
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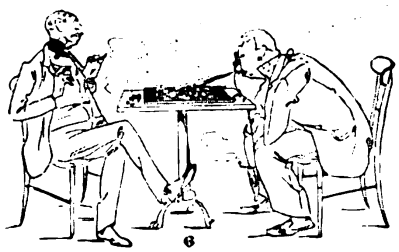
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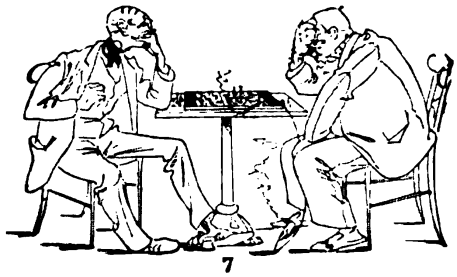
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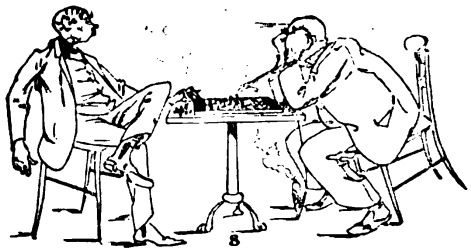
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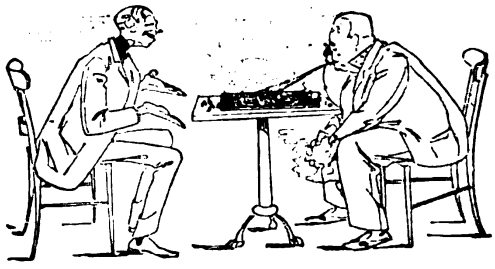
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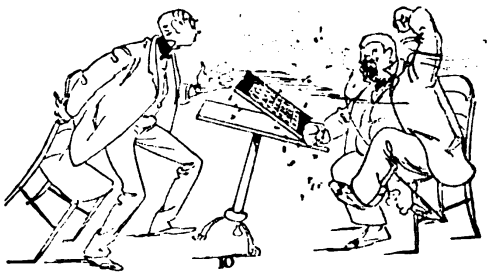
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"LAST SCENE IN 'HAMLET.'"—From the painting by Barbudo.—[See page 510.]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. MARCH, 1888. No. CCCCLIV.

MODERN SPANISH ART.

BY EDWARD BOWEN PRESCOTT.

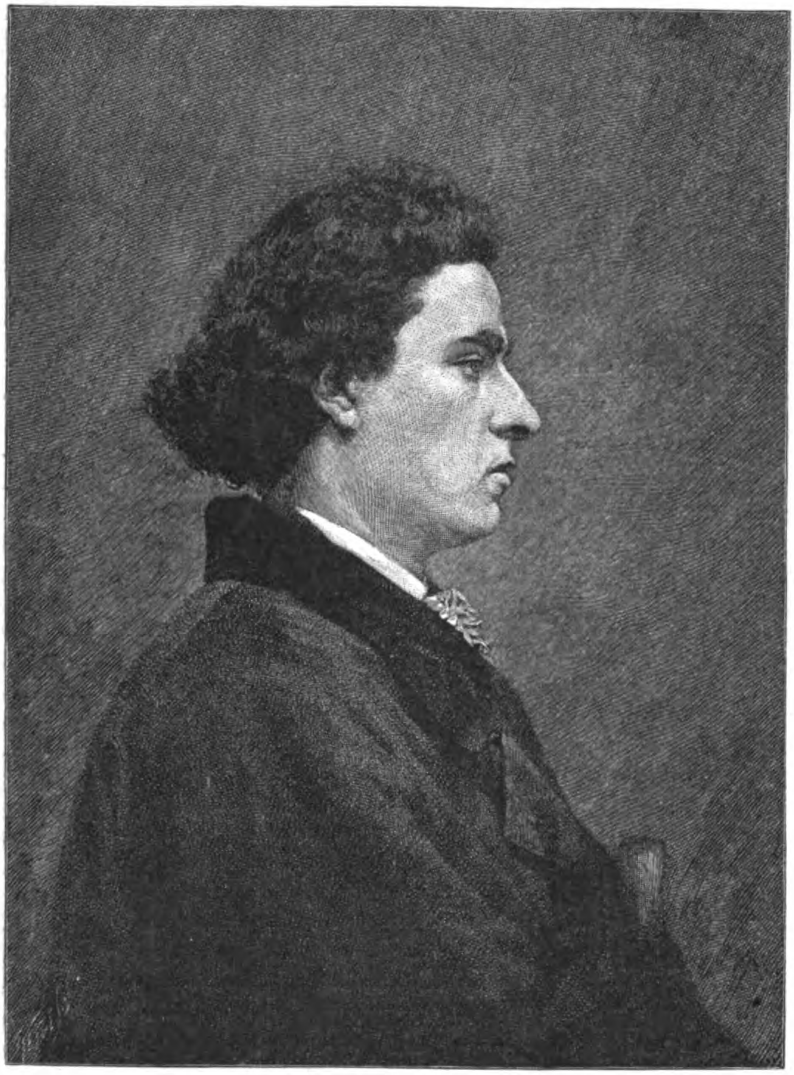
FEW subjects in the whole range of art present more attractive features than are revealed by an examination of the Spanish school. To many it also has the charm of novelty, for the modern artists occupy a peculiarly reserved position, withdrawn in a great measure from general observation; in only a few instances are they obliged to place their pictures in competition with others, and as a rule they are opposed to exhibitions, and object to their works being reproduced by photographs. Not the least remarkable peculiarity of the modern Spanish school is that the artists who originated the movement, with the exception of Rosales, Fortuny, and Zamacois, are alive at the present time, and that virtually they had no predecessors. From the death of Claudio Coello in 1693 down to the formation of the present school, art in Spain suffered a long eclipse; and in the midst of wars, invasions, and internal dissensions the only light that brightened the gloom was the genius of Goya. But Goya cannot be regarded in any way as an intermediate link between the old masters of the times of Zurbaran, Velasquez, Ribera, and Murillo and the artists of the present day. There is no connection between the old Spanish school and the modern movement; the only traits in common are the realism and national stamp of the work—the desire to paint from actual objects, rather than from imagination, which has always been a prominent characteristic of the Spanish artists of all periods. The artists of to-day, it is true, show a decided preference for subjects derived from mediæval times, historical pageants, rich combinations of color, which allow full play for their wonderful facility and unerring taste; but their style is essentially modern, and their master and leader and the initiator of their style was Fortuny. The peculiar technique of many of the modern Spanish painters and their loose manner of handling color must in a great measure be ascribed to Fortuny, who accomplished a revolution in the Spanish school as sweeping and as iconoclastic as that which Géricault led in France against the so-called classic school of David. Many of the "impressionist" painters of the present day owe their inspiration to Fortuny; but it is only men like those whose work is presently to be noticed, who commence the study of art in childhood, and who acquire an absolute control and thorough mastery of the instruments and materials of their profession, that can really benefit by his teaching.

With the name of Fortuny, then, we will commence our review of modern Spanish painters, basing our sketch of his life on M. Walther Fol's memoir, printed for private circulation, and upon the reminiscences of his former associates, and especially of Señor Lorenzo Valles, who was one of his most highly esteemed friends.

Mariano Fortuny was born in Reus, near Barcelona, June 11, 1838. He lived with his grandfather, having been left an orphan at a very early age. His father's family were builders, and it would seem that they were poor, as he was assisted in his first studies at the local academy by a priest, who allowed him from his private purse six dollars a month. This sum the council of the Academy gave to Fortuny personally for his necessities, and would receive nothing for his tuition, on account of the talent he soon displayed. At first it would appear he had no feeling whatever for color. His earliest pictures, painted later (1858-9), when he was emancipated from schools, are described as re-

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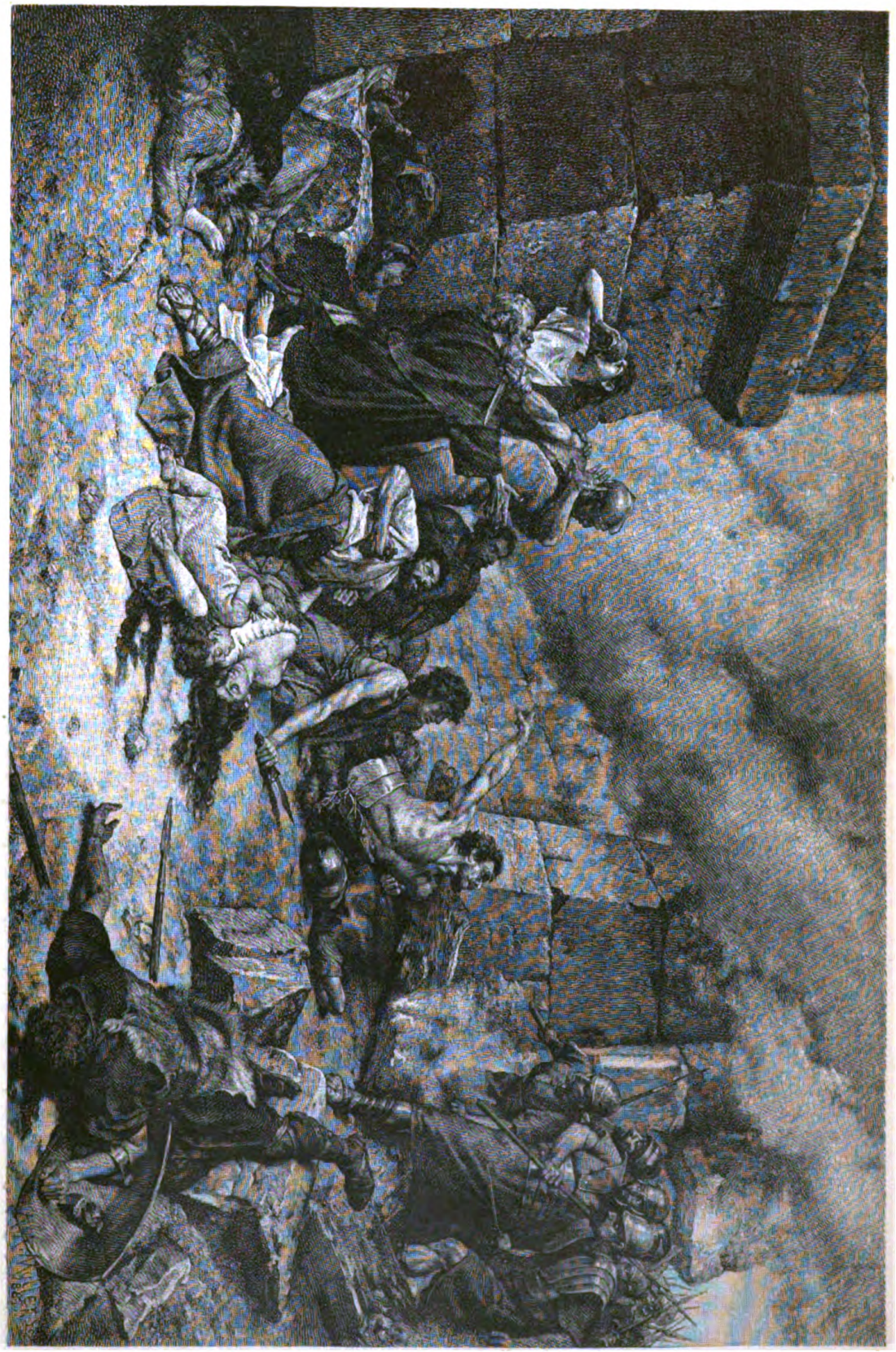
MARIANO FORTUNY, WHEN HE WENT TO ROME.

sembling tinted engravings. At twenty Fortuny gained the Prix de Rome. As he was preparing for his departure he was conscripted, and his career was only saved by the munificence of a patrician family of his town, who gave three hundred dollars for his release. In Rome he found Valles, Alvarez, Rosales, Casado, and other graduates of the Academy San Fernando at Madrid. The modern usefulness of this celebrated school, and the first impetus given to the existing movement, were mainly due to the exertions of Federico Madrazo, now director of the museums of art at Madrid, and Luis Rivera, still Director of the Academy. Both had studied in Paris and Rome, and had imbibed ideas in advance of their age. The class referred to also included Palmaroli, at present Director of the Spanish Academy in Rome, and Vera, an artist of remarkable strength and character, now Government Professor of public institutions. The family of Madrazo is peculiarly an artistic one. The father of Federico, Josef, had been a pupil of David, then at the height of his reputation, and Federico's son, Raimondo, is the well-known artist of Paris. They are principally celebrated for portraiture. Fortuny afterward married a daughter of this house. Rivera is an artist of great reputation in Spain. The decorations of the Parliamentary Palace were executed by him, besides many historical works.

At Rome, Fortuny spent his time in copying the old masters, and in making studies of everything that attracted his attention. But the result, as has been stated, was not entirely satisfactory, or even in a great degree promising. His studies only indicated a conscientious search after truth. He was, however, ambitious, and he possessed that best element of success, when the talent really exists and is only dormant, namely, an unbounded capacity for work. His portrait taken at this time shows a serious and earnest countenance of almost a priestly type, certainly with no indication of frivolity. His companions of this period, most of whom are still in Rome, and almost without exception celebrated, all concur in saying that he was never idle. His evenings were spent at the so-called "academy" of Gigi,* in drawing from the

* Gigi (abbreviation of Luigi) was a model, who conceived the idea of fitting up a room where artists could work nights.

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"TAKING OF NUMANTIA BY THE ROMANS."—From the painting by Vera.

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EDUARDO ZAMACOIS.

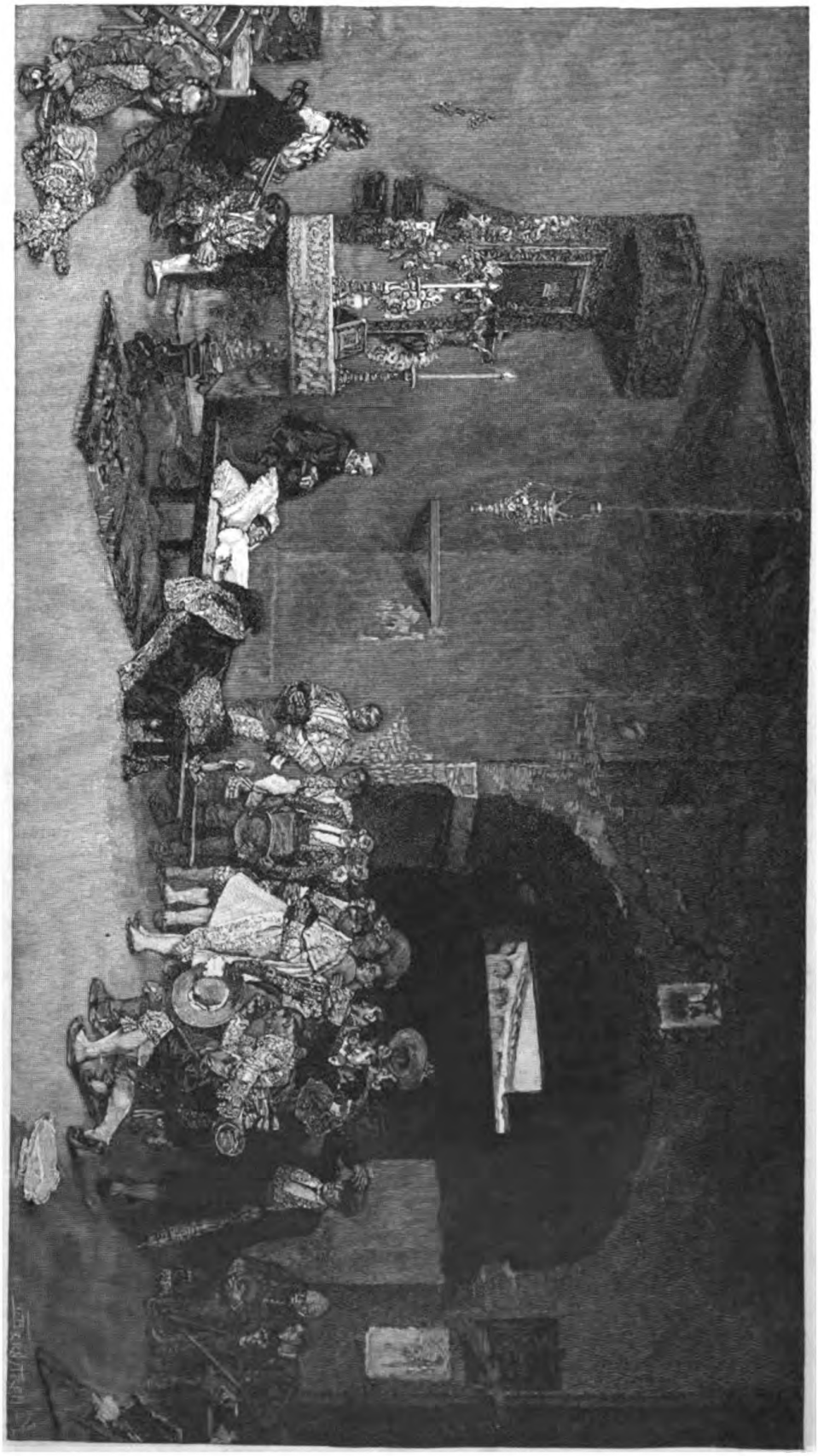
nude and costumed figure with crayon, pen and ink, and water-colors. Fortuny painted at this time a picture of his patron saint, Mariano, for his native town, a group of nymphs dancing about a statue in a mossy growth (from a *motif* found at the Villa Borghese), which he sent to the Academy at Barcelona, by which he was pensioned, and also other works, representing St. Paul preaching at Athens and St. George slaying the dragon.

Soon after this he was summoned back to Spain to accompany General Prim (who was Count of Reus and Gran Señor of the district) in his expedition to Morocco. This may be regarded as the first important event in his career. During this expedition he was attached to the staff, and associated intimately with the commandant and the superior officers. He won many encomiums for his bravery and the high character he evinced, and returned greatly esteemed by all. After a short stay at Barcelona he again visited Rome, which he regarded from this time on as his home. His letters written during his absence are very interesting, showing a wide range of observation and much affectionate remembrance of his friends. When he had resumed his previous course of life he commenced working up his Eastern studies, but his pictures were of but little commercial value. For one he received twenty dollars from a Russian family, and his friend Walther Fol says that he was "very proud" of the circumstance. One incident at this epoch influenced his progress most favorably, and from it his second manner may be said to date: he visited with his friend Valles an exhibition of paintings in Florence, and saw for the first time works by Morelli, of Naples, the greatest of living Italian painters, which produced upon him a profound impression, and his color and general treatment began at once to change for the better.

In 1862 the city of Barcelona gave Fortuny an order for a large picture to commemorate the battle of Tetuan, at which he had been present. After working at this two years, and making an immense number of studies, which involved a second visit to Morocco, he threw up the commission, on account of the impatience the Council manifested for the completion of the work, and though importuned to do so, he would never resume it. He, however, sent to the Council all the materials he had collected, and reimbursed the city for the outlay incurred.

The high dignitaries of Spain had already noticed Fortuny's progress with interest. Queen Isabella had conferred upon him the cross of Charles III., and about this time Queen Christina desired

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"DEATH OF THE MASTER MATADOR."—From the painting by José de Villegas.

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R. SENET.
LORENZO VALLES.

FRANCISCO PRADILLA.

B. GALOFRÉ.
L. ALVAREZ.

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"QUEEN ISABELLA MAKING HER WILL."—From the painting by Rosales.

him to decorate a portion of her palace in Paris. This work, the first of importance which he completed, represented scenes from the Carlist war of 1840. It was executed in Rome, and when finished and in its destined place elicited the general admiration of the French artists. For the first time Fortuny's friends began to realize his probable future, and they urged him with one accord to visit Paris. This he did in 1866. There he found Zamacois already eminently successful. Through his introductions he obtained several valuable commissions from Mr. Stewart and others, to be filled after his return to Rome. After a short stay in Paris he went to Madrid, where he remained several months, copying Velasquez, Ribera, and other old masters. During this time he became affianced to Señorita Madrazo, whose father greatly admired his character and talent.

Pending his marriage he redoubled his exertions, and the first pictures he produced after his return to his atelier displayed a marked development of power. Whether it was owing to his observation of the French school, or, as it is more probable, because he had at last acquired facility, and was no longer cramped by insufficient knowledge, he commenced almost immediately to exhibit the peculiarly bold and original style that was destined to make him so famous. It was then that he painted "The Snake-Charmers," totally unlike any picture ever before painted, and "The Selection of a Model," which represented a group of Academicians of the celebrated Academy San Luca, in Rome, dressed in the costume of the last century, and employed in discussing the merits of a model posed on a table. The accessories of this very striking work were obtained from a gallery of the Palace Colonna.

These paintings at once established his reputation. Artists perceived that an entirely new element was introduced into the artistic world, and this novel manner both of conception and rendering, at once so unique and original, and so different from what any one else had ever achieved, excited the profound admiration of members of every school. And this triumph was not an ephemeral one, for he sustained and added to his reputation up to the

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day almost of his death, and showed conclusively that his success was not merely the result of a sudden inspiration, but that it was based on wide and conscientious study.

Before going to Madrid in the summer of 1867 for his marriage he finished many aquarelles, eaux fortes, and replicas. He was the fashion, and orders and money flowed in upon him from every side. In Madrid he painted one new picture, "Mariposa," the idea of which was probably drawn from Hamon's "Aurora." When he had resettled himself in Rome he began the "Spanish Marriage," suggested by his own nuptials—a work which, combined with his amiable and modest character, won him the intimate friendship and regard of Meissonier, Gérôme, and other eminent artists. This picture passed into the possession of Madame de Cassin, the owner also of Regnault's "Salome." Regnault was one of the brilliant circle of artists and amateurs who frequented Señora Fortuny's receptions in Rome. The Duchess Colonna, who, under the pseudonym of "Marcello," became famous as a sculptor, the Princess Scylla, whose charming pastel portraits are signed also with a pseudonym, "Ruffo," the painter Clairin, the sculptors Clesinger and D'Epinay, and Fortuny's friend and pupil Simonetti, were also frequenters of these daily reunions, in addition to the Spanish artists.

Fortuny was now enabled to surround himself with all the luxuries of art, and his apartments were filled with the rarest Persian metal-work, Japanese bronzes, marbles, ivory carvings, inlaid rapiers and armor, old embroideries, Morocco rugs, and Hispano-Arabic faiences, interspersed here and there with sketches given by his friends and copies of his favorite old masters. At this time his studio was in the adjoining garden, and many of his backgrounds were obtained from this spot. Fortuny always preferred, when it was possible, to work in the open air, and he loved of all things the strong contrasts of light and shade, and the rich and vivid coloring of the south. While engaged at the easel he liked to have his intimate friends about him, and would continue his employment and listen to their discourse at the same time, occasionally throwing in a remark. From the unconstrained attitudes he drew many inspirations, and frequently painted portraits and positions into his work. In the "Spanish Marriage" referred to are to be found portraits of his wife, of her sister Doña Isabel, of the Duchess Colonna, and of Regnault.

For society he cared but little, and, according to Fol, nothing seemed to him more senseless than to pass an evening in talking and doing nothing. And so he confined himself to a narrow circle of friends, and so inveterate was his habit of working that he would only go to houses of intimate friends, where he could amuse himself by drawing while the others were talking. From time to time, says Fol, he would look up from his work and make an observation which showed that he had not lost a single word of what had been said. In his habits Fortuny was always simple, excessively industrious, enthusiastic on the subject of his art, unspoiled by success, and always devoted to the friends of his early and obscure days. When he died he was mourned with a sincerity and grief which time has but little effaced, and his former friends speak of him at the present time with an emotion as rare as it is pleasant to witness, and many of them have some little memento—a lock of hair, or some portion of the funeral trappings—which they preserve with the greatest care.

The remainder of his life is quickly told. The increased demand for his works summoned him again to Paris, where he passed the winter and spring of 1870. During this time he painted the "Bibliophile" and other small works, some of which were aquarelles. When the Franco-Prussian war was declared he started for the south of Spain, staying at Madrid *en route*, and painting while there a Carnival scene of the last century. Soon afterward he established himself in an old Moorish palace in Granada, using a portion of the court for his atelier. He would appear from his letters to have been greatly pleased with his surroundings, which satisfied his longing for color and rich effects. He also found there a young Spaniard making studies, whose great talent he at once recognized. This was José de Villegas, of Seville, now one of the leading artists of this school.

It was during this stay in Granada that most of Fortuny's best Eastern subjects were realized, including his "Tribunal of a Caïd." He also painted "The Fencing Lesson," for which the court served as a

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"SURRENDER OF GRANADA."—From the painting by F. Pradilla.

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"AN EPISODE."—From the painting by L. Alvarez.

background with its rich flowers and foliage. He was, however, alarmed by the state of affairs in Paris, where he had left many valuable studio properties, besides forty thousand francs in gold. He would seem also after a little to have had an almost constant desire to return to Rome. It was not, however, till December, 1872, that he is found again settled in this favorite home of the Spanish artists. He brought with him his studies, which are described as wonderful in color and realism, and the art treasures which he had acquired in Spain.

He had taken new quarters on the Via S. Gregorio, where there was a terrace suitable for his peculiar way of working. There he commenced the last of his serious efforts, "The Arcadian Academicians [a society under the particular patronage of the Pope] listening to a Drama in the Garden of the Society." This was destined to be the crowning glory of his short life. It was not finished till the year of his death in 1874. In the brief interval before his fast-approaching end he was so besieged by visitors of distinction that he was obliged either to refuse emphatically all access to his atelier and collections, except in the case of his particular friends, or to leave Rome and seek rest and quiet elsewhere. For this reason he visited Venice and Naples, where he found the air and light he so much loved. While at the latter place he first began to shape definitely a project he had for some time entertained, of introducing certain phases of Japanese art into his paintings. There was something in the *bizarre* effects that pleased his fancy. Time, however, was not given him to more than indicate his intention—an idea which some French artists have since profited by.

It is probable that the fatigue and lassitude of which he at this time complained were the first effects of disease already implanted in his system. These premonitory symptoms of the fatal disorder were also intensified by an act of imprudence on his part, against which his friends in vain remonstrated. He wished to be nearer his studio on the Via Flaminia, and with this object rented a villa which had for quite a long time been empty; this he persisted in occupying before the dampness had been properly removed. This

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cost him his life. Soon he was attacked by a virulent fever, which at first seemed to succumb to remedies, and while he was at Portici it apparently had been entirely eradicated, but unfortunately the seeds remained, and on his return to Rome it again appeared. He went to his atelier for the last time on the 13th of November, and tried to busy himself as usual, but the old-time nervous energy was gone. He received his friends with his former air of frankness and kindness, but evinced so much weakness and depression that they were greatly alarmed. On the 21st the fever was again apparently vanquished. In the evening, however, of the same day, while being moved, he suddenly expired, probably from the rupture of an aneurism. The ruling passion was strong up to the last moments, and he was engaged, when death overtook him and stopped forever the facile pencil, in making a design in bed, for an album, from a mask of Beethoven.

The transition from Fortuny to Villegas is easy, as they were friends, and Fortuny held greatly in esteem the talents of the younger man, who has since more than verified the impressions formed of him. José de Villegas may be regarded in many respects as a representative artist of the present school of Spanish painters. His style is essentially Spanish, he has the grand ideas which dominate their conceptions, the facility and the taste for rich costumes and effects that give color and brilliancy to a picture. He has already achieved a European reputation, and is most favorably known to art connoisseurs in America, and as he is still comparatively a young man, very much may be prophesied of his future.

His life, as told in his own modest terms, is most interesting, and as far as practicable in this review the artists will be permitted to tell their own story, and express their individual views in regard to art. The following is a translation of the painter's own words:

"All I can tell you about my life is the following: I studied in the School of Fine Arts at Seville, and left that city at the age of twenty to come to Rome, where I pursued my studies without any teacher save the works of the old masters and that one paramount instructor to whom every one should be subservient, Nature. This is the simple whole of my life. I have never exhibited my pictures, and have had no other recompense than the consideration and respect of my fellow-artists,



"BEATRICE CENCI'S BODY EXPOSED BY ORDER OF THE POPE."—From the painting by Lorenzo Valles.

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and of this I am sufficiently proud, as you will understand. If you wish some particulars respecting my early works, I will tell you that the first picture I sold, soon after my arrival in Rome, was to Mr. Stewart, through Zamacois. I next sold one to Mr. Hazeltine and another to Mr. Blodgett, also one to Mr. Morgan, and so on to various amateurs. Goupil, Avery, and other dealers bought some too. In 1880 I sold the picture of 'The Christening' to Mr. Vanderbilt, and another to Mr. Marquand, so that I may say that almost all of my productions from first to last are in America. At the present moment I have in hand, as you know, the two large pictures of the 'Coronation of the Dogaressa Foscari' and the 'Death of the Master Matador.' As soon as I can I shall begin the painting of the 'Interview between Montezuma and Hernan Cortez,' which the Spanish Senate has ordered from me for the decoration of the Conference Hall."

The foregoing brief résumé reveals the simple, unassuming nature of the man. Villegas is an artist of the true unconventional type. He has that quick, intuitive perception of form and anatomy which enables the leading artists of this Spanish school to place upon the canvas life-sized figures in a variety of easy, natural attitudes—figures which convey the impression that they have the use of their limbs and can move about. Villegas has for many years been collecting materials for his great work, the Triumph of the Foscari, the most important he has yet attempted. He has spared no expense or labor in procuring real costumes of the period, in making studies, copying portraits, and in getting together all the numberless details which give truth and realism to such a scene. In consequence the picture when completed will possess a certain intrinsic value on account of its historical accuracy, apart from the pleasure afforded by the spectacle of such pomp and magnificence. The scene represents the beginning of the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, at the time when the power of the Foscari was at its height, and before the conspiracy of Loredano had ruined and humbled this noble house. The Doge stands in the right foreground on the deck of the *Bucentaur*, with his counsellors and the chief dignitaries of state, awaiting the Dogaressa, who advances across a platform between two rows of maids of honor robed all in white. At the back is seen the façade of the palace and the quays lined with the shouting multitude; below flashes the water, and above are arches and wreaths of flowers and foliage; to the left in front are guards and attendants, and a page carrying the gonfalon of the republic.

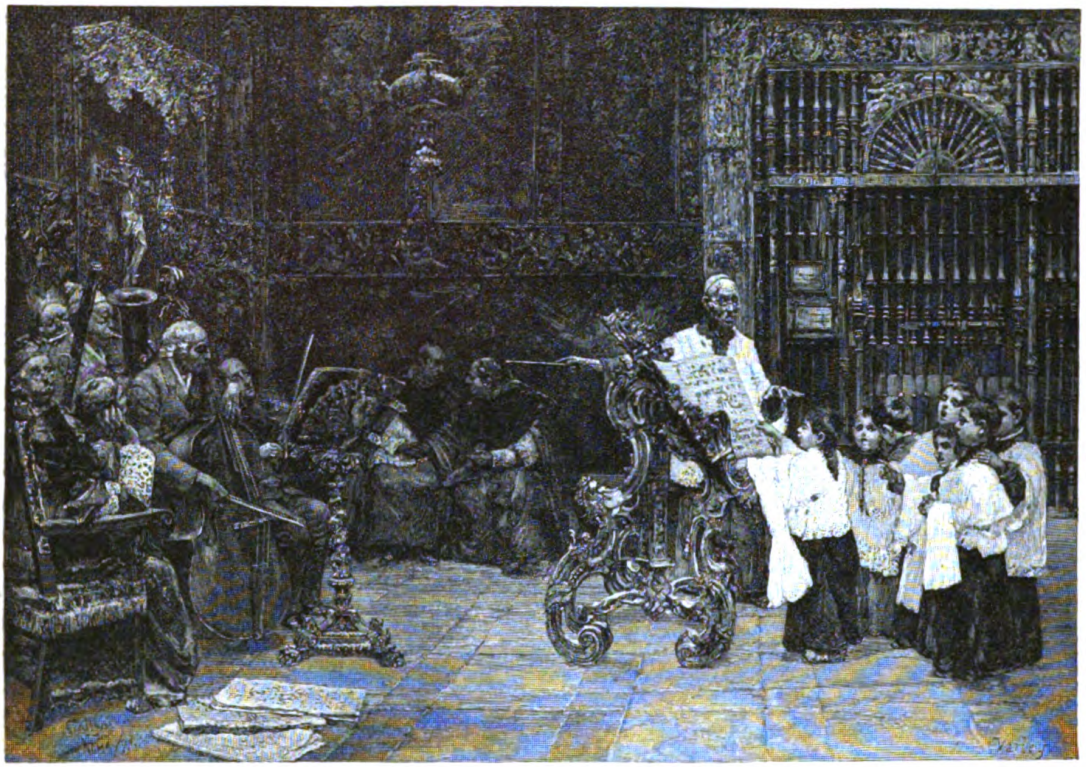
It will have been noticed how much benefit Fortuny and Villegas derived from the introductions and recommendations of Zamacois. This artist, however, is regarded by the other painters as more or less of an alien, whose style is more French than Spanish. This criticism is to a certain extent true, but in originality Zamacois was surpassed by none of his contemporaries. What artist can be mentioned who excels him in depicting humor, that most difficult of human expressions? How many hearty laughs has he provoked! what a flood of gentle, kindly emotions! He also lashed with unsparing hand meanness, hypocrisy, and the bowing down before rank. What a study of physiognomy and what probability of detail in his "Proposal of Marriage"!—those two old cronies who have seen the life of courts and camps, the loutish son, the country-bred daughter; how unconstrained the attitudes! In his "Education of a Prince" one can read in passing the subordination of the whole elaborate work to the expression of one idea—the effect of rank even when personified by the weakness of childhood upon the strongest intellects reared in the artificial atmosphere of courts; and this same idea is reiterated in still stronger terms in his "King's Favorite," where gray-haired warriors are depicted as bowing down in abject humiliation before a hideous dwarf. So in his "Rival Confessors" and "The Return from Foraging," the latter perhaps the most comical of all his compositions, he shows what human frailties may lurk at times under priestly robes. This last picture was the recognized favorite of the Centennial Loan Exhibition, held at the National Academy of Design in New York. The works of Zamacois, reviewed *en masse*, are fully as remarkable as those of Cervantes, and fully as foreign to the ordinary development of Spanish character. Humor, irony, satire, are rarely encountered in intercourse with the people of this race, or of the South generally, who are, whatever may be said to the contrary, of a melancholy rather than a gay disposition. It is probable that a great deal of the feeling with which Zamacois is regarded is traceable to his reflections on church and state. Many of the Spanish

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"PRESENTATION OF A CIRCUS TO A SPANISH TOWN."—From the painting by B. Galofré.

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"CHOIR OF BOYS."—From the painting by José Gallegos.

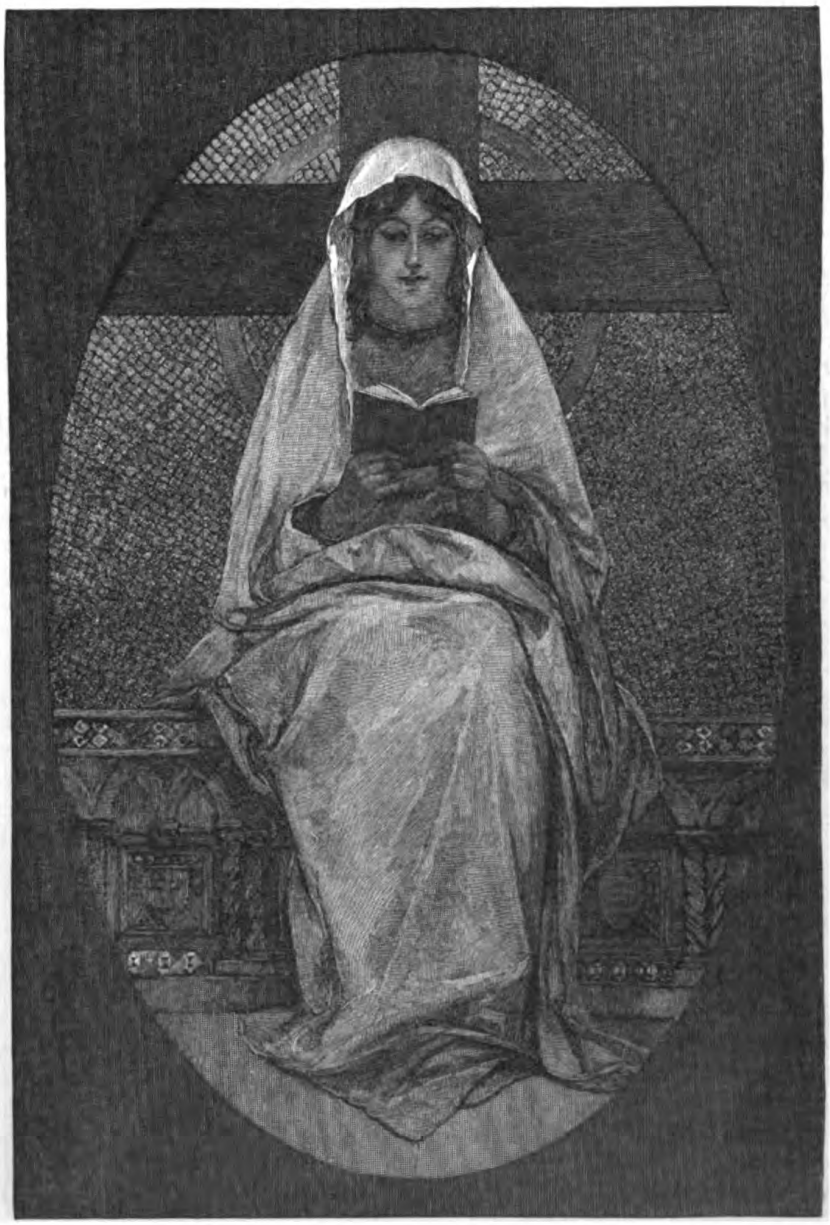
artists also, who are prominent in their profession in the legitimate stately way, esteem such productions as trivial, and unworthy of the concentrated energies of a great talent; their leanings are toward tragedy rather than comedy.

Zamacois received his preliminary education at the Academy San Fernando in Madrid; he then went to Paris, at quite an early age, and became a pupil of Meissonier. He remained there, eminently successful in every way, till the commencement of the Franco-Prussian war, when he returned to Spain with his family, and being attacked by a throat complaint, died after a short illness.

One of the most eminent artists of the Spanish school—in fact, of any school in Europe at the present time—is Francisco Pradilla, whose residence is also in Rome. He has already received, though but thirty-seven years of age, the highest artistic honors in the gift of his own country, and he has likewise gained the most important prizes offered for competition by France, Germany, and Austria. He would probably have been similarly distinguished in Italy; but the Spanish artists, especially those of Pradilla's standing, never send their work to the local Italian exhibitions. Commander Professor Pradilla, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, was born in Saragossa in 1849. He studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid (San Fernando), and in 1874 gained the Prix de Rome with his first important picture, "The Rape of the Sabines." During his first three years in Rome he painted some noteworthy pictures, the principal one being "The Shipwrecked Sailor and his Son"; he also made many copies from the old masters, including "La Disputa del Sagramento," by Raphael. This practice of studying the old masters by copying, which both the French and Spanish governments insist upon in connection with their Prix de Rome students, the artists themselves of this school regard as of the utmost importance. As Villegas puts it, they regard nature as the fountain of all true artistic inspiration, but next in importance they place the study of the old masters. They rightly think that the best examples handed down are the highest embodiment the world has yet seen of beauty, grandeur, and simplicity; and the study of these paintings not only accustoms them to work on a large scale, but

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its tendency is undoubtedly to elevate and enlarge the understanding, besides teaching the best principles of composition. Its effect is observable more in the size and completeness of the work of the artists of this school than in any other feature.



DECORATIVE DESIGN BY RICARDO DE VILLODAS.

Pradilla's color, for instance, while not so gray as the French, is essentially modern; it is a happy medium, which secures richness and at the same time permits realism. Pradilla's pictures painted at the commencement of his career attracted attention to him, it is true, and were favorably spoken of; but it was not till 1877 that he scored his first great triumph with his large painting of "Jeanne La Folle," which at once enrolled him among the famous artists of the day, and revealed his latent resources and power of poetical composition. Jeanne "La Folle," it will be remembered, was Queen of Castile, and the daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, called "The Catholic." She married at Lille in 1496 Philippe le

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Beau, Archduke of Austria. She loved her husband with an absorbing affection, but lived unhappily with him, both on account of his wish to usurp entire power and from domestic dissensions which grew out of her jealous exactions. Being naturally of an excessively passionate and impulsive temperament, upon his leaving her, her mind became weakened and at times wholly deranged.

After death had condoned the faults of her royal consort she determined to retire from public life and mourn upon his tomb till her own decease reunited them. With this object she gave up the reins of government to her father, and caused the body of her spouse to be removed by easy stages to the palace of Tordesillas, which she had chosen as their last resting-place, and where she died in 1554, at the age of seventy-five. The picture illustrates one of the scenes of this mournful journey, and though the engraving of this remarkable work has been published, a brief description will be of interest to those who have not seen it. It represents a windy heath, rain-swept and dreary. Dark clouds driven before the blast intercept the strong light, and the whole composition is pervaded with a chill, gray tone in sympathy with its character. The coffin, covered with the royal insignia, has been placed upon the ground. At the back, to the left, are two figures seated, a relative of the Queen, who watches her royal mistress with affection and anxiety, and an aged monk, clad in white, reading a prayer. Still farther back on this side commences a concentric line of attendants, guards, litters, and all the paraphernalia of the progress. After an open interval, left to give full effect to the sense of loneliness suggested by the long, level stretches, which melt in the distance into the air, this line is taken up on the right by the more important members of the suite and maids of honor, who continue it to the foreground. The dames of the court are seated upon the ground, their attitude expressing weariness and despondency. The impression of cold and of movement in the atmosphere is increased by a fire kindled in front of this last group, the smoke partially encircling the Queen and fading away into the sky, and by the garments of the principal figures being agitated by the searching air, which blows level the flame of the candles placed about the bier. All of these multitudinous details, which would embarrass and confuse most artists, are arranged in an entirely easy manner, without a suspicion of conventionality or stiffness, so as to enhance the general effect and concentrate the attention on the chief figure, the Queen, who stands beside the coffin, in the middle of the composition, the only figure standing in the front of the picture. The face and expression of the crazed Jeanne are most skilfully portrayed by Pradilla, the idea conveyed being that her only consciousness is the sense of grief and bereavement, while her eyes, gazing into vacancy, have a pitiful yearning indescribably pathetic. Altogether this picture in weird strangeness has rarely been surpassed, and its strength and originality so favorably impressed the critics when it was exhibited in Paris at the Universal Exhibition in 1878 that the artist received the Medal of Honor and the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. It also obtained the highest prize at the Universal Exhibition in Vienna.

After this success the Spanish government gave Pradilla several important commissions, including portraits of Alphonsos III. and V., and an order for a large painting for the Senate-Chamber, the subject to be derived from Spanish history. This resulted, after a comparatively short interval, in the production of the "Surrender of Granada," which represented King Boabdil giving up the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, which is perhaps the finest historical picture of modern times.

Pradilla is a member of almost all the prominent artistic and literary societies of Europe, including the Imperial Academy of Vienna. He is a man of small size, like most of the Spanish artists, dignified and reserved in his manner in a polished, courtly way. The immense reserve of strength and energy behind this quiet exterior can only be appreciated when one reflects on the amount of actual labor which is necessary for the production of a really grand work of art, besides unwearied study and research. No human undertaking is greater; and extraordinary natural aptitude, though the one great essential, is still but one of the factors requisite for its successful completion. Pradilla's talent is not all confined to one channel. His landscapes are remarkable for their crisp freshness and color, and

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"KING RAMIREZ."—From the painting by Don José Casado.

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his studies of animals would alone make him famous. He has also painted a series of small Carnival scenes, which in effect, and in vivid touches of color laid on with the utmost boldness, are perfectly unique. His last completed work is also in an entirely different vein from those previously alluded to, but it fully sustains his reputation and the promise they indicated. It



"RETURN FROM FISHING."—From the painting by R. Senet.

is entitled "A Fête of 'Gaya Ciencia' at the Court of King John of Aragon"; or, in other words, it represents a "court of love," or assemblage of poets and troubadours in the presence of the King and court. This John I., of Aragon, Navarre, Naples, and Sicily, who united seven crowns in his single person, was a great patron of such idle gentry, and loved the Gay Science fully as much as Francis I., or Richard of England, greatly to the detriment of his kingdom, which was harassed and worried on every side by those more practically inclined. He founded an Academy of the Gay Science in Barcelona. His wife, Solande, figured greatly in the poetry and romance of the time. This scene is also laid in the open air, in the garden of the palace; but the artist no longer treats of different phases of suffering, of pomp and panoply; all is softness and love. At the request of the Princess de Serignano, for whom the picture was painted, Pradilla has interpolated in the different groups, in a perfectly easy and natural manner, that would not be noticed if especial attention were not called to the fact, eleven portraits of the immediate relations and friends of the princess, including her own likeness and that of her husband. The historical portraits are, of course, scrupulously accurate, as well as the costumes and numerous accessories, and no incongruity results from the apparent anachronism of placing modern figures in a fourteenth-century composition, the faces being all of the same general type. In this work the artist also displays his skill in architecture, as the King and royal family are placed just in front of the arcades of a cloister, which are merged or lost in the angle of a church, both proper to the scene and time; and by this arrangement a mass of gray, restful color is obtained to balance the richness

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"VALE OF TEARS."—From the painting by Vicente Poveda.

of the rest. A contrast to the brilliant costumes is also secured by the introduction of nuns in their simple dark habits.

Casado belongs to an older class than Pradilla. Indeed, he is of the preceding generation, and may be termed, without disparagement to the other distinguished members, the leader of the present school. That he is regarded in this light in his own country is evident from the number

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of important commissions of which he has been and is now the recipient, and from the honors of various kinds which from time to time have been conferred upon him.

Don José Casado del Alisal was born at Palencia, in Old Castile. His art studies commenced in Madrid after he had received a full and liberal education in his own province. In 1856 he gained the Prix de Rome. He remained in Rome four years, pursuing the ordinary course, copying from the old masters, making studies and attempts at historical compositions. He accomplished nothing important, however, till his return to Spain; he then participated in the contest for the prize offered by the government for the best historical picture, and gained the first medal with his painting entitled "Don Fernando el Emplazado." From Madrid he went to Paris, and while there painted for the Spanish parliament "La Jura de las Cortes de Cadiz," for which he received the cross of Commander. Afterward he completed for the government the large picture of the "Capitulation of Bailen," which obtained for the artist the first medal and the appointment of painter to the court. He was then commissioned by King Amadeo to paint the "Juramento á la Constitucion Española," and was named, on the successful completion of this work, Professor of Fine Arts, and the grand cross of the order of Maria Victoria was conferred upon him. When the Academy in Rome was established by Emilio Castelar, while he was President of the Republic, Casado was appointed its director. In this position he remained seven years. Pradilla was at the Academy a portion of this time, and many of the younger artists. The most important work he finished in this interval was the "King Ramirez," which received one of the first prizes at the Austrian and Bavarian international expositions. Casado is now Professor at the San Fernando Academy in Madrid. His recent works are "La Aparicion de Santiago en la Batalla," in the Church of San Francisco, not yet finished; a large portrait of King Alphonso for the Queen Regent; and also a large picture for the Senate of the proclamation of the Queen Regent.

Another member of the same class with Casado at the Academy, and who was associated with him later when they were students together in Rome, is Lorenzo Valles. He was also one of Fortuny's most intimate friends and comrades, as has been mentioned in the sketch of his life. As a thorough and conscientious artist his reputation has been established for years in Europe. In America he is known but little, though he was represented at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and received a medal there. He has produced many pictures, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. His "Beatrice Cenci" is almost perfect as a composition, and its details show a very poetic fancy. This painting is of the scene when the dead body of the young and unfortunate girl was exposed to the public gaze after her execution at Rome, at the head of the Ponte San Angelo, by order of the Pope, Clement VIII. Another picture which attracted much attention when it was exhibited was his "Hamlet" (the scene with the players). In this Valles endeavored to follow literally Shakespeare's text, and to give such surroundings as would have been probable had the scene been a real one, the result being totally unlike a theatrical reproduction. Barbudo in his painting of the last scene in *Hamlet* is equally happy in escaping the effect of a stage representation, but he makes the King an intellectual rather than a sensual villain.

Valles was born in Madrid in 1831. He was pensioned to Rome in 1854, at the instance of the Duke of Sisto. He took the prize at the Academy San Luca in 1855; honorable mention at the annual exposition in Madrid, 1856; prize for the "Beatrice Cenci" at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, 1863; in 1866 gold medal for his picture of "Jeanne La Folle" (an entirely different interpretation from that of Pradilla); in 1873 he gained a medal at the exhibition in Vienna, and in 1876 one at the Centennial, as has been mentioned.

Valles has always lived in Rome. He excels in studies of heads and single figures, his women especially being very pure and elevated conceptions.

Another contemporary and classmate, and one of the most famous, is Luigi Alvarez, who has played a very important part in the formation of the present school. Alvarez was born at Madrid in 1841. At the age of ten he lost his parents, and was placed under the care of a tutor, who wished him to embrace a commercial career. This he struggled against, for, though so young, he felt such a strong

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"THE SLAVE-BUYER."—From the painting by A. Guinea.

impulse toward art that ultimately he was able to carry his point, and he was entered at the Academy in company with students much older than himself. Rosales and Palmaroli were in the same class. Following the example of the others, though not pensioned, he managed to go to Rome, his energy and perseverance carrying him through all obstacles. His first tendency, as is customary, was toward the antique, and the subject of his first picture was derived from Roman history, and represented Calpurnia, wife of Julius Cæsar. When it was exhibited in Florence in 1861 it obtained a medal and much favorable notice; afterward in Madrid it was greatly admired, and the government, with its usual generous recognition of talent, thought the artist worthy of especial honor and assistance. The picture was bought by Queen Isabella and placed in the palace, and Alvarez was sent back to Rome as pensionnaire. He applied himself to his studies with redoubled zeal, and soon finished his painting of "Isabella the Catholic" for the Cathedral of Burgos, now in the Royal Museum at Madrid. After this picture he changed his style and choice of subjects, and commenced painting *genre* pictures, interspersed now and then with historical subjects. It is difficult to say what is more particularly his forte, as all his pictures are painted with perfect evenness, and with a perfection of detail and wealth of color which it is hard to criticise. In the technique of his art he is not surpassed by any artist in Europe, and he only falls short of the greatest of his school in not having displayed the same breadth of design. He peculiarly excels in subjects borrowed from the time of the First Empire.

In 1870 Amadeo of Savoy was proclaimed King of Spain, and a committee was sent over to Italy to salute and escort him to his throne. During the festivities at Florence, Alvarez was summoned there, and received a commission to execute two paintings illustrating the preliminary ceremonies. Only one of these was finished before the abdication of Amadeo, namely, "The Embarkation at Spezia." When this picture was exhibited in Rome, in 1872, Prince Umberto, the present King, was so much pleased with it that he gave Alvarez his portrait with a flattering inscription. Alvarez is a very prolific artist, and during the last sixteen years has produced very many interesting works. Quite a number of these are in America, where the artist is well known to art con-

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noisseurs. The late Governor Morgan and Mr. Vanderbilt were purchasers, and also other owners of fine collections. Alvarez is now in the maturity of his talent, and it is probable that his future work will surpass what he has already achieved. His last picture represents a state reception at the court of Charles IV., to whom Goya was court painter. In this way, and through other sources, Alvarez was able to secure and introduce into his very elaborate composition upward of fifty portraits, of which one is that of James Monroe, who was American Minister at the time.

The next modern Spanish artist who demands mention is Ricardo de Villodas, born in 1847 at Madrid, and graduate of the Academy San Fernando, and a student for quite a length of time in Paris. His first important picture was a large one of the death of Cæsar, which obtained the second medal at the exposition in Madrid in 1877. The following year, at the exhibition held for the choice of pictures to be sent to the Universal Exposition in Paris, he again secured the second medal, by his painting of "A Message of Charles V. to Cardinal Ximenez." In 1879 he went to Rome, where he has since remained, producing a great deal of very excellent work, and acquiring a substantial reputation, especially for devotional subjects intended for churches, and for decorative designs for the walls and ceilings of palaces.

Prominent among the younger artists is José Gallegos, whose pictures, though on a smaller scale, show great ability and promise, and are greatly liked in Paris and London. He was born in Jerez de la Frontera, in the province of Cadiz. After studying in Madrid at the Academy San Fernando, he went in 1881 to Rome, which he has since made his home. His works cover a wide range, and include Venetian scenes, church interiors with ceremonies of various kinds, illustrations of Spanish customs and manners, and regular compositions, some of great originality and interest. His "Spoils of Battle," where an Eastern chieftain is surveying the harem and jewels he has won by his sword, is a noble work.

Baldomero Galofré, both in his profession and in social life, is in many respects an extraordinary man. As a youth he was endowed with a remarkably poetic and artistic temperament, and forced, partly by circumstances and partly by the peculiarities of his own disposition, to a life of isolation, he evolved the problem of art mainly from his own instincts, and from direct study and communion with nature. The result was a singular freshness of interpretation, which at once met with appreciation when his work came to be submitted to experienced judges. But, not satisfied with partial success, when competition with others had taught him his real strength, and holding the advanced ground that an artist, to be worthy of the name, must be equally ready in all the different branches of art, and with all the different materials employed, he has acquired by incessant practice in the long interval from youth to middle age a general knowledge and skill in the highest degree remarkable. His subjects are always unconventional and interesting, his color brilliant, and his style and manner of handling satisfactory to the most critical taste. If he has not met with the general success he undoubtedly deserves, it has been owing to his unwillingness to submit to restraint, and to conciliate those who could materially advance his interests. His habits of solitude have increased rather than diminished with years, and repel general friendship; he is, however, greatly esteemed and admired by his few intimates, who understand his sensitive and peculiar nature. His life, as given in his own words, will be literally transcribed from the Spanish, both on account of its great interest from a literary point of view, and for the insight it gives into the inner character of the man:

"I was born in Catalonia, at Reus, the birthplace of Fortuny, in 1847, from Carlos Galofré and Maria Ximenez. From my earliest youth my whole soul was filled with the desire to paint, and with that ambition to excel which has become my religion. I first studied under Don Ramon Marti y Alsina, who constantly impressed upon my mind the sentiment that nature was the best and only teacher, and for this reason I afterward lived almost alone for eight years, studying everything about me, and receiving my impressions direct, and not through any interpreter. It seems to me as if my knowledge of form and my feeling for color were in great part instinctive—at least I know that in art I have always given way to the impulses of my heart and brain, and that I have had no reason to regret or correct this course. But these long years of communion with nature engendered a love for

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"VENETIAN SCENE."—From the painting by A. Reyna.

solitude, which has grown with my life. In 1870 I did not wish that my parents should make farther sacrifices for my support or education, and filled with the desire to see new horizons, I left my native province and went to Madrid, where I arrived with six francs in my pocket and two large portfolios containing some two thousand drawings, which a speculator [*sic*] filched away from me. I do not know positively what became of these sketches, but I have every reason to believe that they were sold in South America some ten or twelve years ago.

"After a few days' looking about in Madrid I presented myself to the director of the *Ilustracion Española y Americana*, Abelardo de Carlos, from whom I obtained employment as draughtsman. I passed my free or leisure hours in making studies for pictures, and as I soon gained much money, I made long artistic excursions through the different countries and cities of Spain making studies, some of which I published in the *Ilustracion*. About this time Emilio Castelar founded the Spanish Academy in Rome. I took part in the competition, and gained the prize; and so in 1873 I went to Rome pensioned by the government. Afterward I remained in Rome, always continuing my studies, especially of the human form, which is my constant occupation when not actually engaged on pictures. I do not consider that much benefit can be derived from schools in art. There is but one teacher, nature, and our own efforts must never cease. Conventionality, which is apt to be engendered by academies, is the great foe of true progress. I am also opposed to exhibitions, which cannot and do not give guarantees of justice. Prejudice and partiality influence the minds of all men, and judges of awards are not exempt. The best critic is the public. No one can successfully maintain a false reputation for any length of time in the face of the many. I have no souvenirs of my works, and I do not remember to whom many were sold, and I do not generally permit reproductions. I have not the taste for historical subjects which influences so many of my countrymen; I only like to render what I have seen. Realism, in my opinion, is the foundation of art."

Salvador Sanchez Barbudo was born at Jerez de la Frontera, the birthplace of Gallegos. As an art student he has been principally a pupil of Villegas. Though still a young man, he has already acquired a high position, and as a colorist he is scarcely surpassed by any other member of the Spanish school. All he touches has that peculiar stamp which marks the natural artist, and which can no more be acquired by study and practice than can the poetic faculty. Barbudo also composes well, and handles extremely complicated subjects with ease and effect. His prefer-

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ences are for brilliant assemblages in magnificent apartments, with the most sumptuous ornamentation.

Vicente Poveda was born at Petrel, in the province of Alicante, and was educated at Madrid. His forte is pathetic subjects, like, for instance, his "Vale of Tears," a very simple but extremely good picture, which has been greatly admired. Poveda, like his especial friend Barbudo, resides in Rome.

Rafael Senet belongs to the first rank of Spanish painters. He was born in Seville, and began his studies at the Museum of Fine Arts of his native city under Aramburo; afterward he studied drawing with Don Joaquin Beguer, and painting and composition with Don Eduardo Cano. He remained in Seville till his twenty-second year, when he received a pension which enabled him to visit Madrid and the other Spanish cities, and finally Rome, which he has since made his home. His first picture of importance was "La Vuelta de la Pesca," a large work, which obtained the first premium at Madrid, and was purchased by the government for the National Museum. After two years he completed his second large picture, "Ya Estan Ahi," ("They are there"); also a fishing subject, where the wives, old people, and children are awaiting the return of the boats dimly seen approaching. He has also painted during his residence in Rome many smaller works, scenes in Venice and Naples beautiful in freedom and color, and an almost endless number of water-colors, which have found their way to nearly every country. Senet's studio is an interesting though curious place, one side being nearly filled with bird-cages. About the floor strut pigeons, their dignity at times greatly disturbed by onslaughts of various little puppies, whose gambols greatly amuse visitors. These studios in Rome resemble very closely the ideas formed of such places, much more so than those to be found in Germany and France; but while they contain many treasures and frequently invaluable collections, there is none of that studied arrangement one sees in ateliers where artists depend on the public and court the attendance of strangers. To this the Spaniards greatly object, not from ill-nature, but rather from the fact that they are workers, and do not wish to be disturbed. Senet excels all the artists of this school, except Martin Rico, in marine effects. In these paintings the water is as pure and limpid as nature itself. Senet's ideas on the subject of art are original and interesting, and can be expressed as follows, using his own words literally translated:

"I hold only such views as are demonstrated in my works of various kinds. I live in this country, and I endeavor to realize as far as is compatible with my ability the impressions I receive every day from the objects about me. I think that modern things and facts are worthy of the greatest attention, and that they are as full of poetry and color as those of bygone times; and it is only from such records as we leave that future generations will have accurate data of the present—such as we have, for instance, in the works of the great masters."

Ricardo de Villegas, the brother of José, is an artist whose works have been largely reproduced, especially in the German illustrated journals. He commenced his artistic career as a sculptor. For his picture of "Arabs Cock-fighting" he received a decoration at the Munich International Exhibition.

Anselmo Guinea is another comparatively young man, who is gradually working his way into prominence. He was born at Abando-Bilbao in 1855. He commenced his studies at Bilbao, and continued them at the Academy San Fernando in Madrid. In 1880 he went to Rome, where he has since remained. Before leaving Spain he served some time as professor at the art school in Bilbao. He is an artist of undoubted merit. His principal pictures are "Recuerdos de Capri," "La Tarantela," "Las Todas de Faraon," "Fuegos Olimpicos," and "El Mercado de Esclavos." The last picture, just finished, was purchased for England, where the Spanish artists find much appreciation.

Juan Luna's experiences have been so remarkable that his life seems like a page from a novel. He was born at Badong, in the Philippine Islands, on the 23d of October, 1857. He commenced his active career as a pilot, and was noted for his skill and daring. He had passed through the necessary studies at the naval school, and everything seemed to indicate a prosperous though humble life. At the end of three years, however, he announced his determination to leave this profession and his wish to become an artist. Some inner prompting had urged him to this course, something which at the time he could not himself explain—the effect of nature, of

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"A PASSAGE FROM THE PAPERS."—From the painting by E. Serra.

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the sky and sea, upon an artistic temperament. Artists are not an every-day product of the Philippine Islands, and his project met with sincere and well-meant opposition. Nevertheless, there is an art school at Manila, and to this he applied, only to be rejected. He, however, persisted, and managed to obtain some instruction from a gentleman named Guerrero. Afterward his parents, finding it useless to oppose him, assisted him to go to Madrid, where Vera interested himself in promoting his studies, and finally enabled him to visit Rome. At the expiration of three years he produced a picture of "The Death of Cleopatra," which obtained a second medal in Madrid, and attracted some attention to him, but it was not till the completion of the painting entitled "Spoliarium," three years later, that he really became famous.

This picture of "Spoliarium" was the outgrowth of solitary wanderings by the ruined Colosseum, whose crumbling walls are always peopled with spectres even by the most unimaginative. To the lonely stranger the ghosts were real. He could see the crowd surging down the massive staircases in the dusk of evening after a long day of gladiatorial shows, their way impeded by the slaves dragging past the slain combatants to be thrown in a heap outside the walls; he could see the old connoisseurs, not yet satiated, gloating over this last spectacle, and pointing out and recapitulating how each received his death wound. Before his eyes savage faces glared out of the darkness, and the pavements became again reddened with the long trails of blood. He could see ghoul-like figures with torches searching among the slain; the poor girl, the solitary mourner, weeping by her lover, whose life had been sacrificed for the moment's amusement of the mob. What his mind pictured he painted, and produced a most extraordinary work. The "Spoliarium" was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1886, and was rewarded with a third-class medal.

Antonio Reyna Menescan was born in Malaga. In 1880 he received the second medal at the exhibition in that city, and was pensioned by the province for Rome. His first teacher was Joaquin Martinez de la Vega, and he afterward studied with Don Martin Rico. His preference is for sea subjects, especially *motifs* found about Venice.

Juan Ximenez Martin was born in Avila. He studied at the Academy San Fernando in Madrid, but was drafted as a soldier before he had made much progress, or had had, indeed, opportunity for improvement. He, however, managed during his term of service to paint a picture which received a bronze medal, the subject being taken from Cervantes. For a painting afterward executed he received the Roman pension. Since his residence in Rome he has been awarded other prizes.

Enrique Serra's career is almost as romantic as Luna's. He was born in Barcelona in 1859. His parents were humble, and unable to furnish him with any instruction; yet it would appear that at the age of sixteen he had in some way completed a large picture called "La Paz de España," which was exhibited in the Town-Hall of Barcelona, and attracted much attention. In 1877 some friends sent him to Rome. Since then his progress has been rapid, and he has acquired a solid reputation as an artist of merit. In 1883 he was named by the Pope member of the society "La Arcadia," on account of his picture of the "Virgin of Montserrat," which was painted for the Pope's private gallery, both the commission and the appointment being a great honor. He has also received the cross of "Isabella the Catholic," and has been proposed as a member of the Academy San Luca. He is stronger in landscapes than in figure pictures.

The Spanish Academy at Rome, so frequently mentioned in the above review, is situated close to the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, on the southern slope of the Janiculum Hill, now called Montorio from the golden color of its sand. Away over opposite, on the Pincian Hill, is the French Academy, in the old Villa Medicis. Here the young men who are sufficiently talented to win the Prix de Rome are offered every opportunity and advantage for continuing their studies gratuitously, their only obligation being to send to the capital every year one original picture and one copy from the old masters. The young artists reside in the Academy, which has, in addition to its studios and the apartments of the Director, rooms for the students, a large room for exhibitions, a night class-room, a library, a billiard-room, and extensive and complete offices. There is also a beautiful garden, with a fountain and picturesque cloisters.

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ROMANCOKE PLANTATION.

A VISIT TO A COLONIAL ESTATE.

BY FREDERICK S. DANIEL.

AS it was first settled, and has been least disturbed, the section of Virginia between Richmond and the sea affords today the best preserved landmarks of the beginnings of the nation.

These South Virginia counties show up in a sadly neglected condition; their principal merit consists in the fact that they are dotted thick with relics from the colonial era—dwelling-houses, churches, monuments, estates. One may fancy that Washington, who was familiar with and lived in the neighborhood, would recognize it at sight if he were to be suddenly brought back to life. To a certain extent things remain pretty much as they were looked upon by that serene countenance. There has been no immigration: the people are of the original stock, handed down from father to son, with the same speech, manners, and ways, and are sparsely settled on large estates and small farms. Two small intersecting railroads scarcely mar the retrospect. In many respects, however, the appearance of this portion of Virginia is vastly different from that presented under its well-to-do owners who were the contemporaries of Washington. Then it flourished under the impulse given by wealthy and intelligent English settlers, who established perforce their homes where they first landed. Gradually, as they died off, their descendants moved to other more fertile and healthy portions of the State, and ultimately spread out upon the continent. As this gradual abandonment of the first area settled was persevered in, it is not surprising that the counties between Richmond and the sea became, as it were, obsolete, and at last fell into the wrecked and ruined condition in which they are now seen. The attractions elsewhere being so great, the area of the early settlements, even with their fine old buildings and monuments, but also with their swamps and fevers, was given up, and thus it was, according to the Virginian claim, that North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and several other Indian reservations were peopled and enabled to be admitted as States in the Union. Within the decayed circle there still exist under cultivation several large estates inherited from the old colonial owners; but as a rule the land has a sorry, forlorn aspect.

Upon invitation the writer recently visited the owner of a colonial estate situated on the Pamunkey River, in the counties of King William and New Kent. A truly rural railway passes through this estate on the way from Richmond to the village of West Point, at the head of York River; but as it is a short line (the distance being only forty miles), and little patronized, its accommodations are

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WASHINGTON'S BREAKFAST-TABLE; SILVER AND GLASS WARE FROM THE PARKE CUSTIS AND WASHINGTON FAMILIES.

rustic, its trains running at such a moderate rate of speed as to create the impression in the wayfarer's mind that the engine-drivers are opposed to disturbing the sweet repose of the wilderness to which they are accustomed. For verily the line passes through a wilderness of trees and swamps.

When we had reached a distance of thirty-four miles from Richmond, the conductor obligingly stopped the train to put us off at the station called for by our tickets. The name of this station—a roof on four poles—was "Romancoke," and "Romancoke" also was the name of the colonial estate whither we were bound. Emerging from the clump of pines around the station, we soon came in view of refreshingly open fields extending for miles, and saw, about a mile distant, the jaunty cottage inhabited by the owner of "Romancoke," Mr. R. E. Lee, Jun., the youngest son of General R. E. Lee. "Romancoke" and "White House," consisting of a tract of eight thousand acres, constitute what was formerly known as, and is still called, the "Washington estate," from the fact that Washington came into possession of it by his marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, and lived at the "White House" a short while after his marriage, before transferring his residence to Mount Vernon. George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, bequeathed the estate to his daughter, who was the wife of General Lee, and from her it was inherited by his son.

The "White House" portion of the estate is about ten miles from Romancoke, and the site of the old building in which Washington and his wife dwelt is now occupied by a small modern structure. As one nears the "White House," *souvenirs* bearing upon the great national hero thicken. Not far off, on the road leading from Richmond to New Kent Court House, there is still pointed out the farm of "P. Chamberlayne, Esq.," at whose country-seat the hero first met the blooming young Martha Custis, then a widow of three years' standing, with two children.

Although G. W. Parke Custis, in his *Recollections*, states that Washington's marriage took place at the "White House," then the residence of Mrs. Martha Custis, and other historians have merely followed his statement, it is still a mooted point whether the marriage took place there or at St. Peter's Church, which is three miles distant. The tradition of the neighborhood is that the ceremony occurred at the church. The Rev. Henry S. Kepler, who was the last rector in charge of it, related to his son an account of the affair, obtained from an aged servant of the Custis family, which asserts the marriage to have taken place at the church. In substance this account was as follows: "I recollect all about it, because I was one of the servants at the 'White House' at the time. The wedding took place at St. Peter's Church. I saw them married, and I saw the wedding party coming back from the church to the 'White House,' where the festivities, dancing, etc., occurred. All the servants on the entire estate were given a holiday for the day, and all, in their holiday attire, joined in the general merrymaking. Washington and Mrs. Custis rode to the church in a

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gorgeous chariot, and the invited persons followed them in vehicles of various shapes. When they stood up before the minister to be married, Washington towered beside his betrothed, who looked unusually small and low in stature, and this difference was remarked on by all who had been present. Washington was in uniform, and Mrs. Custis was arrayed in a fine white silk dress. As they came out of the church the newly united couple had a joyful appearance, Washington himself smiling upon and chatting with several of the attendants. He looked very youthful and handsome, and tripped around in a very lively manner. When the whole party got back to the 'White House,' it rang with laughter, merriment, music, and dancing; a good deal of wine was drunk at the supper, which was of the genuine old-fashioned sort, but there was no intoxication or disorderly proceedings. Washington and his bride took part in the dancing of the minuet, but re-



ROBERT E. LEE.—[FROM THE PORTRAIT BY WEIR AT ROMANCOKE, PAINTED JUST AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR.]
Photographed by G. S. Cook, Richmond, Virginia.

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LANGSTON, CHIEF OF THE PAMUNKEYS.

tired early; the rest of the assembly enjoyed their fun until a very late hour, some staying in the house all night, and others departing for their homes. All the house servants were given a piece of the wedding-cake and a small gratification in money. The next morning Washington, who was an early riser, took breakfast with his bride in their chamber before any of the guests had risen."

That the couple took breakfast "in chambers," as it were, is rendered quite likely from a tradition to that effect, and a piece of furniture handed down in the Custis family, viz., the identical small table upon which the wedding breakfast was served, and which was transferred from the "White House" to the cottage at Romancoke, where it is now preciously preserved, along with the old warming-pan which was used in airing the sheets on the wedding bed. The table is small, about three feet square, but quite sufficient to hold a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, such as we may fancy that to have been, although all signs or notes of the *menu* are lacking. Of course this little table is dingy and rickety now; a part of the top has been removed, but the bottom slips still hold the four legs firmly together.

St. Peter's Church was erected in 1703, at a cost of 146,000-weight of tobacco—currency of the locality; its steeple was put up twelve years afterward. Both on account of its record and its simple, pleasing old English architecture, it is the most attractive colonial church still standing in Virginia. It is built in the form of a parallelogram, with tower and surmounting steeple connecting at one end with the body of the edifice, all the proportions finely harmonizing. The walls of red brick are three feet thick, the windows are small, with rounded tops; the tower is quite large, with four rising projections capped with spheres, and is surmounted with a low steeple, holding on its extremity the cross-keys of St. Peter as a weather vane.

A short distance below the "White House" we passed through a curious collection of log huts and cabins, situated on the banks of the river, and constituting



FISHING SHORES—INDIAN RESERVATION.

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what is styled in the neighborhood "Pamunkey Town." It is a settlement of Indians, the last remnant of King Powhatan's fierce Pamunkeys and Mattaponies, who were the terror of the early English settlers. They number about sixty persons, including men, women, and children, and are the most peacefully inclined part of whole. They still make pottery after the fashion of their ancestors, and it is said that their jars, whether from the peculiar quality of the clay or the making process, have the advantage of keeping milk sweet for a long time. A habit of yearly sending presents of game and fish to the Governor of Virginia is one of the very few



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

the State's population to-day. They have a government reservation adjoining of fifteen hundred acres of land, which they cultivate, and upon which they hunt and fish, these latter pastimes being the ruling passions strong in their decay. None of these Indians, who have dubbed themselves the "Pocahontas" tribe, are of pure blood, as their progenitors for several generations intermarried with the negroes, whom they resemble in appearance and habits, despite the distinct Indian marks stamped on their faces. The land on which they reside is exempted from taxation by the State government. Hunting and fishing being their chief delights, it need scarcely be remarked that they are poor farmers, and rather thriftless on the old customs they adhere to. Not a trace of Indian language is to be found in their speech, which consists of corrupt English.

The present owner of Romancoke has in his possession the original deed by which the estate was conveyed to the Custis family. This yellow-stained old parchment bears the signatures of Thomas Jefferson and Carter Braxton ("signers") as witnesses. "Romancoke" is an Indian name, used on Captain John Smith's map, and it has been construed to mean a circling of water, as at that point the Pamunkey River makes a bend of seven miles, which at its neck is only a quarter of a mile across. The land enclosed in this bend is only covered with grass and weeds, and presents a fine open-plain view

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HENRY LEE ("LIGHTHORSE HARRY"), 1780.

backed by forest and hill. The Romancoke cottage is located immediately on the banks of the river, near the narrowest portion of this little peninsula; the site is charming, as one can stand in the vine-covered porch and scan the passing panorama of steamers, tugs, and sail craft of every description as these dot the distant horizon. There are no stately trees around the cottage, and it stands out emphatical-

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ly in bold relief on the plain, though there is an orchard with young fruit trees, and shrubs and flower bushes in the garden round about. The owner of the estate is a practical farmer, and all its operations are carried on under his personal supervision and direction. The nearest neighboring dwelling is three miles away. The building is tasteful in external form, and cozy and comfortable within. Its contents, rather than the house itself, are noteworthy, for, with the exception of a few modern implements and contrivances, most of the furniture and other household objects date from the olden days, and have been inherited from the Washington, Custis, and Lee families.

Naturally many of the articles in view have reference to General Lee. A good deal of their acuteness has been bestowed by the genealogists upon R. E. Lee, somewhat in the way that Napoleon Bonaparte was tackled by gentlemen of the same calling after he became famous. Thus there is at Romancoke a curious and quite an elaborate document claiming to connect Lee by an unbroken genealogical chain with no less nor later personage than Duncan, King of Scotland.

The pictures, painted and photographed, hung on the walls of the principal rooms in the cottage are entirely family illustrations. There is a representation of Stratford House, situated in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac River, where General Lee was born, and the residence of his father, "Light-horse Harry." Stratford is yet a very well preserved building, and owing to the solid excellence of its architecture, it is unequalled by any other colonial structure now existing in Virginia. A large oil-painted portrait of General Lee hangs on the wall of the dining-room. It was painted by Professor Weir, of the United States Military Academy at West Point, at the time Lee was its superintendent, and represents him in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. Just over the mantel-piece in the same room is the companion portrait of his wife, represented as a young woman, painted by Hansen. Both are well done, and both bear evidence of a remarkably handsome couple. They were married in 1831 at Arlington, where Mrs. Lee was born and raised.

Over the mantel-piece in the parlor are two small portraits of George Washington Parke Custis and Nelly Custis in their old age. The reminiscences of the owner of Romancoke in regard to his maternal grandfather are very vivid, as he was brought up from childhood at Arlington, which was built by this somewhat queer and extremely patriotic old gentleman. Arlington, in all its amplitude of Grecian portico, and fronting the Capitol at Washington, was the favorite residence of the many he owned, but its erection nearly ruined him. He had not sufficient capital to complete the building, and accordingly one of the largest rooms was left only lathed and roughly plastered. This room he occupied as a studio, his greatest delight being to shut himself up in it and paint the livelong day; for he was a painter —decidedly an amateur artist—as well as an author. In both art and literature his only subject, his whole "stock in trade," was the "Father of his Country," whom he spoke of as "THE CHIEF" at all times and to all persons: Washington was a bonanza on which he set his whole heart. His style of painting was a very loud one; his pictures were sensational, not from the love of sensationalism, but because his subject-matter required to be treated in deep colors and big, broad lines. Extensive—ay, colossal—canvases stood on his easels or propped against the walls, aiming to portray the leading events and some of the principal battles of the Revolutionary war, and whether the unities allowed or not, on all of them the foremost figures were "General Washington on a white horse, and the British streaking it." In alluding to his reminiscences of the war of 1812 he was wont to say that he had been present at the battle of Bladensburg, "the only fight" he had ever seen, and "never saw the enemy except running." The British were always "going it" in his eyes: dreaming or awake, he fondly had them on a perpetual run, with Washington and American bayonets driving them into space. In reality he never saw a shot fired.

The silver, porcelain, and glass in ordinary use at Romancoke antedate the republic, many of the articles having seen service in the beginning of the last century. These silver bowls, pots, mugs, cups, candlesticks, graceful and light yet substantial, porcelain plates, cups, and saucers, queerly shaped champagne-glasses, etc., have, in addition to the family associations clinging around them, an intrinsic solidity combined with high artistic merit quite eclipsing the similar ware of

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modern invention. At the present day Romancoke is well cultivated, the improvements made upon the estate having greatly increased its yield. An abundance of game is to be found roaming through its forests and over its broad fields, and parties of gentlemen from Richmond and Washington frequently visit the mansion in order to indulge their taste for the chase. Fox-hunting is still followed throughout these lower counties, but it is no longer the delight, as it used to be among the "fine country gentlemen" of one hundred years ago, when England was much nearer, so to speak, than she is now. The citizens of to-day find that this is an age in which work passes before pleasure, even the pleasure of keeping a pack of hounds, with horses to match.

IN FAR LOCHABER.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

A BOAT-LAUNCH.

BUT to Alison the astonishing thing about these good people, now that she saw them in the familiar intimacy of their own home and social circle, was the easy and contented way in which they took their life. Here was no studied mortification of all natural enjoyment; no constant and anxious introspection; no dwelling upon Death and Judgment as the only subjects worthy of human concern. The ordinary incidents of the day seemed to be for them sufficient; a prevailing cheerfulness and good-humor attended both their occupations and their amusements; and if there were sharp words at times—especially when Aunt Gilchrist's peripheral neuralgia was wandering around—these sharp words left no morbid sting. Alison felt all this; but she did not write to her sister about it, for it was difficult of explanation. But she was well aware (and perhaps with a little twinge of conscience at times) that she herself was being affected by this freer, this happier atmosphere. Gladness came with the first moment of her waking; whether there was rain or sunlight outside, there would be beautiful, clear things to look at; and gladness went with her down to the breakfast-table, where, whatever mischief and sarcasm might be flying about, there was always a covert intention of kindness. Alison, it is to be feared, was becoming a most worldly and careless and thoughtless person. She had forgotten all about Paley's *Evidences*. She was as eager as any of the younger folk in their various diversions and busy idleness; she walked down every morning to the boat-shed to see how the new boat was getting on, and Hugh quite tolerated her society now; she made Master Johnny regret the day that ever he offered to be her servant, for she kept him rowing and rowing, while she practised until she got her hands hopelessly blistered; she was ready at a moment's notice to run along and order the wagonette when Aunt Gilchrist, out of the plenitude of her wealth, would go for a drive; and she showed not the slightest hesitation when, as they pulled up at a certain hotel, she was bidden to go in and ask for Captain Macdonell, and invite him to join the small excursion. Aunt Gilchrist had come forth from her chamber in royal spirits; somehow or other she had procured for herself a temporary mitigation of her neuralgic pains, while refusing to have anything to do with the drugs prescribed by the doctors; and now she was waving a flag of triumph over her enemies, and singing a song of victory. But why, at such a juncture, she should have thought fit to include the Fort William ministers in the hosts she was supposed to have routed it would be difficult to determine.

"What ails ye at the ministers, Jane?" said her sister-in-law, with a quiet smile. "If they trouble you as little as ye trouble them, I'm thinking you have little to complain of."

"The bodies! The poor bits o' bodies!" said Aunt Gilchrist, in the magnificence of her scorn. "They're just alike with the doctors; they're a' tarred with the same stick; if you do not go to them there will be no mercy for you, in this world or the next. Oh yes, the ministers have got their bits o' bottles too, stoppered and labelled; 'saving grace' written on the outside; and they're the only lawful and li-

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censed dispensers. They've got their iodides, I warrant ye, and their salicine, and their spirit of ammonia; and a fine stramash and roar they set up if ye go by and pay no heed to them. I'm told, Alison, ye heard a fine whirligig o' denouncing last Sunday; and all about what?—about that harmless bit of a temperance shanty they have put on the top of Ben Nevis; and of course it's to be torn down and scattered to the winds because it's a temptation to the young lads that leads them past the church door—the temptation to climb four thousand four hundred feet of a mountain, and at the top of it not a single glass of ale to slake their thirst! Poor fellows! it's no often they get a glimpse of the outside world, what with their work all the week, and then the chances of a wet day; and what harm can there be in going up that hill, when there's not even a dram to be got? But no, no; it's my consulting-room ye've got to come to; if ye do not use my bottles and phials and patent mixtures, then you're doomed. You'd think that no human creature could get to heaven without applying to them for a ticket—"

"Aunt Gilchrist," said Alison, with a smile, "it wasn't so much the climbing of Ben Nevis that the minister was angry about; it was about Sabbath-breaking generally; and he said that the college boys at Fort Augustus played cricket on the Sabbath afternoons: now will you defend that?"

But Aunt Gilchrist was not to be driven into a corner.

"They're Roman Catholics," she answered, "and I will leave the Roman Catholics to defend themselves. But what I say is this: that the Lord made us all, and you may trust Him to look after us all—better than these dour-faced pulpit-thumpers imagine. Set them up with their bells and their bells! I will say this for the doctors, poor bodies: they may haver as much as ye like, and try to get ye to live on poisons, but they dinna claim the right to summon the whole population to their shops wi' a swinging and jangling of iron hammers. Mercy o' me! the confusion of noise there is on a Sabbath morning, in this wee town of Fort William, passes everything."

"I thought I was back in Kirk o' Shields, auntie, when I first heard it," Alison said. "But the rest of the Sabbath day is very, very different from Kirk o' Shields."

"How, then?" said Flora, who had just come in.

"Oh, well," the young lady continued, "here it is so brisk and cheerful to see the people come driving in to church in their dog-carts and wagonettes, and putting up at the inns; and in the afternoon there is a good deal of strolling along the sea-shore, or up the hills there; and then, in the evening, it is so pretty to see the boats taking the people home across the quiet loch—"

"Alison Blair, I am just ashamed to hear you!" Flora exclaimed. "Driving, walking, rowing, on the Sabbath-day—and you sit in that chair and describe such wickedness without wringing your hands! And do you know this, Aunt Gilchrist?—next Sunday she is coming to the Established Church with us—yes, indeed; she has promised. Just think of that! Poor thing—lost, lost!—gone over to Erastianism—a pervert from the faith of her forefathers!"

Indeed, sectarian differences appeared to bother these good folk very little, if at all; while as for the deeper mysteries of human life, and the possibilities surrounding it, these were never so much as mentioned among them. Aunt Gilchrist's easy-going formula, "The Lord made us, and He'll look after us," seemed to be tacitly adopted by all of them; and it was hardly incumbent upon Alison, although she had been brought up among serious-minded people, to begin and rebuke them for their contented optimism. Aunt Gilchrist, having for the time being cast forth the neuralgic demons that had been tormenting her, was determined upon enjoying her new-found liberty to the full; and although the excuse was that Alison ought to be shown all the neighborhood around, the fact was that the old lady herself was passionately fond of a jaunt and its excitement. She herself was the gayest of the gay as the comfortable wagonette drove them away along the lonely glens, the sweet air blowing by them, the sun warm on the heather and the birches and the silver-gray rocks, the hills rising far above them into the cloudless blue. She had got a large luncheon basket, most cunningly contrived, that could carry an abundance of provisions and render them independent of inns; and they would halt at mid-day and have luncheon on some road-side knoll, where there were a few overhanging trees to shelter them from

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the sun. And supposing, in these still solitudes, that the day should turn to rain, what did Aunt Gilchrist care? With rugs and water-proofs skilfully disposed, the little party seemed more snug and merry than ever; and the old lady would sing away at her Scotch songs, which she declared were infinitely more inspiriting and sensible than their Highland wails and lamentations. Nay, in defiance of the Doctor, she usually carried in the luncheon basket a bottle of most excellent sherry; and a glass of sherry and a biscuit (especially in these troublous times of wet) she maintained never harmed human creature.

"Aunt Gilchrist," Alison would say, laughing, "you're working for what you'll get."

"Oh yes, I know, I know," she would answer, scornfully; "ye've heard the Doctor say that, poor body! Duncan must aye be grumbling about something; the last was the expense of hiring this wagonette, instead of taking the coach or the mail-gig. Well, and if it is an expense, we're rid o' they English tourists; and we can stop where we like; and we've better fun altogether. Then just consider, Alison: when this bit of a pleasure-making's over, I'll be going away for the winter into a Hydropathic, and living in penury and sackcloth and ashes—ay, and instead of a biscuit and a glass of sherry in the forenoon, and a drop o' toddy the last thing at night, it will be soda-water, and seltzer-water, and potass-water, and maybe some o' their bromides or iodides three times a day. 'Working for what I'll get?'—very well, then: *I don't care;* now is that enough for you?"

"Quite enough, Aunt Gilchrist. But if your rheumatism should come back, you will remember I warned you."

"*You*—warn me?—you impertinent minx! What do you know about it? And I tell you this, that my pains and sufferings are not to be called by any such common and ordinary name as rheumatism. Rheumatism? My word! It's a kind of rheumatism that has kept the doctors clashing their empty heads together for ever and ever so long, and they're not a bit wiser now than when they begun." And thus would Aunt Gilchrist end the deadly feud.

Hugh Munro went with them on certain of those excursions; but Ludovick Macdonell accompanied them always—he seemed to take it for granted that he was to be their escort, whether he received a formal invitation or no. Alison, remembering her cousin's revelations, had resolved to treat Captain Macdonell with a certain reserve; but in this constant association she found it difficult—nay, impossible: any stiffness of demeanor on her part seemed to be thawed away by the sunny cheerfulness, the confidence, the imperturbable good-nature of the young man himself. He would not allow her to hold him at arm's-length. He looked after her, as he looked after the others, in a masterful kind of way; he made no scruple about fastening a water-proof cape round her neck, or a thick rug round her knees; it was he, not she, who was judge as to whether she required another slice of cold lamb at lunch. And yet Alison instinctively felt that there was some little difference between his manner toward her and toward the others. He was not *quite* so masterful with her. There was a consideration, a kind of gentleness and courtesy, that he particularly showed toward her; and that she attributed to the fact of her being a stranger. He seemed to take an especial care of her, when she was alighting from the wagonette, or coming along a gangway, or getting into the rowing-boat of an evening. Whatever babblement of talk was going on, the smallest remark that Alison made he was sure to hear and to answer. It was "Miss Alison" now; and while Miss Alison was made to do this and that, all for her own good, no doubt, his general supervision and authority over her was always accompanied by a certain gentle consideration and respect. And who, indeed, was going to say that Miss Alison should not have the box-seat on the coach, and the thickest rug on board the steamer, and the window-view in the inn parlor, when she was at once a stranger and a guest?

Aunt Gilchrist, who was a shrewd and observant little woman, was by no means blind to all these pretty little civilities and all this meek and courteous attention, and she thought she would address a few warning words, in a skilful and roundabout way, to the young laird of Oyre. One afternoon the four of them—Aunt Gilchrist, Captain Macdonell, Flora, and Alison—were over at Corpach. They had driven down Glenfinnan the previous day; had passed the night at Kinloch Aylort; and were now on their way back,

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waiting for the steamer to take them across to Fort William. As it chanced, Alison and Flora were walking up and down the pier together, talking, or idly looking over to the picturesque view of Inverlochy Castle and Ben Nevis that has been so often painted; and Captain Ludovick had sat down beside the old lady to keep her company. Here was an excellent opportunity.

"And when are ye going back to Oyre, Captain Macdonell?" Aunt Gilchrist said. "I'm afraid we have led ye into a great deal of idleness."

"Oh, well," he answered, lightly, "there has been some business to keep me hanging about Fort William this last week or two. We are going to have some alterations made at Oyre; and there were the plans to be overhauled; and to-morrow I am to have the estimate. Then there is the launching of Hugh's boat; that will be a great occasion; of course I must wait for that. Besides," he added, "one doesn't often get the chance of going about with so pleasant a party—and that's the truth; and I'm very much obliged to you for letting me help in arranging these little trips, for of course we all want Miss Alison to see Lochaber to the best advantage."

"Miss Alison?" the old dame repeated, with grave and inscrutable eyes. "Oh yes, indeed. Miss Alison. Maybe there is some little attraction there?"

She did not look at him.

"Don't you think there is a great deal of attraction?" said he, frankly. "I think so—and I don't care who knows it; I think there ought to be a great deal of attraction for any one; and it isn't merely her good looks and her pretty figure—these are obvious enough; and it isn't merely her kindly disposition, for lots of people have that; but—but there's something more. She has got her head screwed on straight, and that's the fact. At first she was rather shy and reserved; but ever since she came here she seems to have been growing brighter and merrier every day; and can't she hold her own if there's any kind of joking and quarrelling going on! Why, it has been quite delightful," continued Captain Ludovick, who seemed to have found an interesting subject, "to watch her become more and more at home, and happier and brighter every day. I fancy that Kirk o' Shields must be an awful place. She has given me some hints about the kind of life the people live there, and I think she is rather glad to be out of it for a time, though she declares she has come into a land peopled by Sadducees. But she has a wonderfully fair and even and well-balanced mind, and a clear and quick brain; and if you show her that such or such a thing is reasonable and harmless, and so forth, she accepts it, no matter what her upbringing has been. Of course you recollect, Mrs. Gilchrist, that it was you who taught her 'catch-the-ten'; and you see now who is the first to propose it, when the supper-things have been removed."

But Aunt Gilchrist was not to be put off her purpose; this rambling panegyric was all very well, but it was not business.

"I'm very pleased to hear ye say so," she observed, with much deliberation; "very pleased indeed. For I confess to a liking for the bit lady; and I'm glad to know that in the eyes of other folk she has attractions—and attractions in her own right, so that she is not dependent on what others may do for her. Now I'm going to be frank with ye, Captain Macdonell, and I'll tell ye why I like to hear my bit lady well spoken of, and for her own sake alone. When the doctors have done their worst wi' me, and I must go—and indeed there needna be much regret about departing for another world if it's a Hydropathic ye happen to be living in at the time—there's a bit money I've to leave behind me; and both my poor husband and myself were of one mind that it should go to Alison—or the bulk of it, at least. But that's just as I choose; I may leave it to her or not leave it to her. Now attend to this: what's the value of the solemn will and testament of a wretched creature that suffers from neureetis? Why, as long as he or she is alive, not a brass farthing. Not a single penny, I tell ye! A twinge goes through your ankle; there's a flare-up of a quarrel; a new will is made instanter, and the money goes to somebody else. That's the way of it. If King David was alive—poor man, he said some sensible things when he wasna aye groaning away at his supplications—King David would say, 'Put not your trust in princes; no, nor in anybody that has got peripheral neuralgia.' So ye understand, Captain Ludovick, why it is I'm pleased that my niece Alison is attractive on her own account,

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for it is entirely possible that she will never get a farthing from me."

This intimation—which in the end was plain and clear enough, notwithstanding the cunning and roundabout way it had been introduced—did not seem to disconcert the young laird. As Alison and Flora were coming up at the moment, all he could say was,

"I don't think your niece will ever have to depend on *that* attraction, Mrs. Gilchrist; but neither do I think that you and she are likely to quarrel."

When at length they got over to Fort William they found Hugh Munro waiting for them on the quay (a most unexpected honor), with the great news that his sailing-boat was quite finished, and ready to be launched on the following morning. As they walked along to the house he somewhat shyly suggested to Alison that she might perform the christening ceremony; and Alison cheerfully assented—merely stipulating that she should be told what to do. But when they would have him finally declare what he had resolved to call the new craft, he became evasive. They would know in the morning, he said. He wanted to see how the name looked—in blue letters on the band of white under the gunwale.

"Oho!" cried Flora. "Then to-morrow we are to get at the grand secret, Alison! I believe it's that Irish girl who was at Ballachulish with the Macphersons; you'll see the boat will be called *Norah*, or *Rosina*, or *Kathleen*. Do you know, he was quite civil to her; he actually stood by the piano and turned over her music for her. I wonder when he would do that for any of us!"

However, Hugh would say nothing further; and during the rest of the evening, whenever the morrow's celebration was spoken of, it was chiefly to assure Alison that her duties would be extremely simple. Nor was there to be much of an assemblage: the Doctor would be away attending to his professional duties; Mrs. Munro would be looking after her household; Aunt Gilchrist did not care to walk so far (periphery forbidding); and they certainly did not mean to take the fiend Johnny with them on the inaugural trip, and have him wishing all the time for the joy of some mighty disaster. Not only that, but the designer and owner of the craft intimated to the two girls that, after the christening ceremony, they might as well return home: Ludovick and he meant to have a serious trial of the boat and her sails; and it would be a mistake (as he hinted) to have useless baggage on board.

The ceremony, as it turned out, was of the briefest. On this bright, breezy, sunny morning the four of them walked along to the building-yard, and found the trim, shining, newly varnished boat fixed in an improvised slip, with a gallant bunch of white heather at her bowsprit. Alison, with a modest little bottle in her hand, came forward blithely enough to perform her part; but when she got to the stem of the boat she suddenly paused, and a quick flush overspread her pale face, for there, before her, on the white band, in neat, small letters of blue, she beheld the name that had been chosen—THE BIT LADY. Hugh was shy, and hung back; Flora was laughing; but Ludovick Macdonell, who was by Alison's side, took the bottle from her, cut the strings, released the cork, and returned it to her; whereupon she poured a little of the wine over the bow, and managed to say, "Good-luck—and—and—I hope she will be everything that has been expected of her—and—and good weather," which, alas! was all unlike the neat little speech she had prepared. Then with a cheer the boat was run down the slip into the water, and held there; the builder's men had a glass of whiskey apiece, to drink her good fortune; and forthwith, as Macdonell and Hugh got on board and began to haul the sails about, the two young ladies took their departure.

"And what do you think of yourself now?" demanded Miss Flora of her companion (who in truth was extremely mortified that she had made such a muddle of her benediction). "I believe you were in the secret all the time. Oh, it's you quiet ones who know how to come out with a dramatic effect! The pretty confusion; the pretty embarrassment; the pretty, stammering little speech! Very well done—very well done indeed, you hypocrite and actress! But there's one thing perhaps you're not aware of; it wasn't Hugh who ever thought of calling the boat after you; no, it wasn't. Don't you go and pride yourself, Miss Dimity, with the notion that you have found favor in the eyes of my lord the Sultan. What can you do better than any of us? Can you drive a nail in straight? Are you ever correct about the direction of the wind? Can you mark a

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tennis-court, or fold a newspaper, or, indeed, do anything right? Can you strap up a portmanteau without making a fool of yourself? Well, now, that is too bad!" continued Miss Flora, suddenly shifting her ground. "You don't know what trouble I take in packing his portmanteau for him, remembering twenty things he would be sure to have forgotten, and putting them all in their places, and folded and arranged, instead of shovelling them together as he would do. Then, when everything is ready to be sent downstairs, my lord comes in; he looks at the portmanteau; catches hold of a strap—and of course it's sure to yield a little if you pull at it with the strength of a rhinoceros; he nods his head, as much as to say, 'I thought so; this is the way a girl buckles a strap'; then he hauls each strap until he has got each buckle three holes tighter, and goes away with a contemptuous look. And do you think he considers you anything more accurate, or handy, or fit to live, than the rest of us? I bet you now, if he asked you to guess the distance over to the other side of the loch there, you would be at least half a mile out; and he wouldn't remonstrate with you; he'd only look at you as if to say, 'I wonder what tempted Providence to create such a set of helpless idiots as girls are!' So don't you flatter yourself, Miss Dimity Puritan, that you have won any favor. You're only a girl—your Latin is always wrong—you're frightened of cows—you can't do anything right. But if you would like to know who put that idea into his head of calling the boat after you—"

"Who, then, Flora?" her companion asked; but the big gray eyes were downcast, and there was a slight flush on the pale face, that seemed to say that Miss Alison had guessed the answer to her own question.

"Why, Ludovick Macdonell, of course," the other said. "Isn't it as clear as day?"

CHAPTER VI.

UEBER ALLEN GIPFELN.

WELL, *The Bit Lady* was duly launched, and her sailing powers tested again and again; but nevertheless Ludovick Macdonell seemed to be in no hurry to return to Oyre. Perhaps the plans and specifications wanted further amending; perhaps the contractor's estimate was excessive; at all events, Captain Macdonell remained in Fort William, and very much at the service of the Munroes and of Miss Alison their guest. It was not "Alison" as yet, but matters were tending in that direction; for the young man carried his good-humored straightforwardness to the verge of audacity, and these four companions had been much together. They left Johnny ashore now when they went away lythe-fishing as the evening fell. Alison had got on capitally with her rowing, and she was fond of it; and she preferred to ply a lazy oar in concert with Captain Ludovick, while Flora and Hugh, in the stern of the boat, looked after the rods and the lines and the large white flies. Sometimes the fishing was not heeded much. Sometimes they merely rowed, and quietly talked and listened, the hills around them growing darker and more dark, but the loch reflecting a wan and steely gray from the pale splendor still hanging in the northwestern heavens. The charm of the twilight was enough for them; the birds all gone to rest; an odor of sea-weed in the slumbering air; an orange ray, trembling down on the mystic expanse of the water, telling of some cottage window under the black woods opposite; a point of red and a point of green far in the south—the sailing lights of a yacht lying there becalmed. Then the long and idle pull home, the first white stars becoming visible in the transparent heavens, a string of golden beads along the distant shore showing them the little town for which they were making. Hugh would now take Alison's place, sending her to sit side by side and arm in arm with Flora. And when either brother or sister began to sing one of those old Gaelic airs, instantly there was the other voice joining in, softly and with exquisite harmony, in this silence broken only by the measured plash of the oars. These were magical, lambent nights. When Alison, long afterward, in Kirk o' Shields, tried to recall them, it seemed to her as if they were far too wonderful and beautiful—as if they never could have been.

But meanwhile there came along the long-talked-of night pilgrimage to the summit of Ben Nevis, with the hope of witnessing the sun rise over the German Ocean; and when the appointed evening

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arrived, everything seemed to be propitious. The weather had been fine for some days before; the glass was high and steady; the few light airs wandering about hardly stirred the glassy surface of the loch. Accordingly all preparations were made; and when they were ready to start, Johnny was sent on in advance with the two ponies, and directed as to where he should wait for the little party outside the town.

Johnny was a very proud lad as he set forth, for although his savage manners had not been softened by any acquaintance with the graceful palæstra, he bestrode his meek-eyed animal with much dignity, leading the other pony — the sumpter-pony, which carried the slung water-proofs and what not—by the bridle-rein, while in his right hand he bore sceptre-wise a stout oaken cudgel. Nor was his dignity of demeanor, as he passed in stately fashion along the main street of Fort William, sacrificed to that love of adventure which was dear to his heart. It is true that once or twice he tried hard to ride over and scatter a group of sprawling urchins; but this was of no avail, for the small boys of Fort William knew John, and fled at his approach as minnows flee from a marauding pike. Again, when he was nearly out of the town, he aimed a playful blow at a mongrel cur that happened to be wandering there; but he missed—his stick being too short—whereupon the mongrel replied with a sudden and vicious snarl, which caused Johnny's pony to swerve so violently that its rider was very nearly thrown into the middle of the highway. John turned in his saddle, and regarded the now departing cur, so as to fix its appearance firmly in his memory.

"You duffle!" he said. "I will not forget you. No, my young boy, I will not forget you! I will gif you something before many days are over—something that will be ferry good for you."

And then he went on again, grinning to himself; for he knew of many and divers schemes of vengeance which he could leisurely pick and choose from before returning from the top of Ben Nevis to his own familiar haunts and occupations.

Flora, Alison, Hugh, and Ludovick Macdonell had by this time started; and a very gay and merry little group they were as they left the town. For one thing, there was a spice of adventure in this expedition: even Alison had got to understand that it was the unexpected that usually happened in the mysterious solitudes of Ben Nevis. But at present everything seemed most promising; the evening was clear and golden as they passed along the highway, crossed the bridge, and followed the path by the river-bank; the mellow light was still warm on the foliage overhanging the stream; and a scent of new-mown hay hung in the air, for there was not a breath of wind. With reasonable luck they could almost count on a beautiful morning, and what was also of some small importance, they could almost make sure of a clear starlit night to enable Johnny to get the ponies down in safety, there being no shelter for these animals at the top.

By the time they had got to the point at which the rude pathway leaves the wide valley of Glen Nevis and begins the ascent of the lower slopes of the mountain, the golden evening had given place to a silver-clear twilight, and the slender sickle of the moon was now visible over the sombre masses of hills toward the south-west. Here Johnny was waiting; and when Flora and Alison had been properly and carefully mounted on the ponies, the procession set forth. First went Flora, with Hugh as her attendant; then came Alison, with Captain Ludovick walking by her pony's head, his fingers just touching the bridle-rein; Johnny was left to lag behind as he chose, but with the knowledge that present laziness and comfort would only make his midnight descent so much the later. At first the way was not very steep; the ponies got along easily enough; and Alison was delighted to find, in contradiction of her fears, that she had no difficulty at all in holding on. Then, if the night seemed closing down on the world, there was a clear twilight around them, in which all the neighboring objects—the rocks and knolls and chasms and trickling streams—were strangely distinct. Indeed, it was altogether a joyous setting out. The two young ladies were calling to each other; Alison in especial was in the highest spirits, and was so fearless and careless that her companion had to warn her to take a little heed when her pony was making its way across the rough stones in the bed of some shallow rivulet. She wanted to know when they were to be allowed to get down and walk. Would they go near the tarn where he and she

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had been caught in a thunder-storm? When should they be able to see the lights in Fort William?—or was that not possible at all?

But as they got farther and farther up into the awful solitude of the hills, and as they seemed to be leaving the world they had known farther and farther below them, there was less talking; and when they came to a rude little wooden bridge spanning a burn—and here on the bit of level they rested the ponies for a breathing-space—it was in silence they contemplated their vast and lonely surroundings. There was still a lambent glow in the northwestern heavens; but the world beneath them seemed to have grown dark; a gray mist filled the silent valleys. Alison saw the crescent moon reflected on some distant sheet of smooth water, but she did not know whether that was a solitary little lake among the hills or an inwinding arm of the sea; and as no one was speaking at the time, she did not ask. Then they resumed their upward toil, following the rough path that zigzagged up the mighty shoulders and slopes; while the night came on apace, and the first of the small twinkling diamond points began to show in the wan sky overhead.

By-and-by Ludovick Macdonell touched her on the arm to draw her attention. Then she could hear that Flora and Hugh were singing some song or ballad together. She could hardly make out the words, though Macdonell knew them well enough—

"*The stars are all burning cheerily, cheerily,*
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!
The sea-mew is mourning drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!"

—but the air was plaintive and tender, and their intermingling voices, even amid the clatter of the ponies' hoofs, made a strangely effective harmony in the silence and the dark. For dark it had now become, although the stars overhead were shining more and more clearly. She could hardly make out the path before her, or above her, rather, but she knew that it had become exceedingly steep and exceedingly rough, from the straining and stumbling of the patient animal that carried her. And as far as the starlight could show her anything of her immediate surroundings she saw that here no longer were steep grassy slopes scarred with water channels, but blocks of sterile rock heaped upon one another, and apparently rising perpendicularly into the sky. There were no more soft, retreating outlines in the dusk; these black masses were sharp and angular; and sharp, too, were the turns of the now invisible path. This upward struggle seemed interminable. The laboring animals fought gallantly; but now there was no little bit of a level bridge to give them a rest; there was nothing but this continuous, indomitable strain; the foot-falls on the splintered stones; the black rocks all around; the white stars overhead.

And then—as it appeared to her, and still far beyond them and above them—her startled eyes beheld three squares of crimson light. She was astonished beyond measure. She had grown accustomed to the black solitudes and the silence; she had come to think there was nothing above her but that great vault of stars: what were these strange illuminations? Had they toiled upward from the valleys of the world to find before them the mystic gates of heaven? And now she found that the pony was going with less of an upward strain; and Macdonell (who had not spoken to her for some time back, having to save his breath for the climbing) was leading the animal carefully forward over the loose stones; and at length her bewildered eyes made out that they were nearing some dark object, of unknown dimensions, and that these three squares of crimson were windows with red blinds. The next minute a blaze of yellow light came forth into the dark; Flora, she saw, was getting down from her pony; presently they were all standing at the open door, giving one look backward to the clear-throbbing skies (there Capella was burning, and the misty Pleiades, the pale mother of Andromeda displayed her trembling jewels, and Arcturus shone from afar) before they passed into the common room of this remote little caravansary, where a pleasant welcome and a blazing fire awaited them.

And now the long-pent-up flood of talk broke loose; for these were new experiences, and so far the expedition had been wholly successful; besides, they were glad to get into this warm and friendly shelter after passing through these bleak and dark solitudes. Very soon there was a sumptuous banquet of ham and eggs smoking on the table before them; and as this light-hearted little group of friends sat round the hospitable board, they fell to talking

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about the great masses of population far away beneath them—the population of Great Britain, in fact—in dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, in lecture-rooms and concert-rooms, sitting in theatres, dressing for balls, busy with the endless amusements and occupations of modern life. And Captain Ludovick not only claimed for his companions that they constituted the uppermost circle of all the social circles in Great Britain, but maintained that, viewed from their sublime elevation, all other gradations of rank and position and dignity were as nothing at all—were as half-invisible lines. They were not quite sure but that the scientific gentleman in the observatory might be their superior by a few feet; at all events, he was their only rival as to pride of place in the three kingdoms. And presently there came another to share their glory—Johnny, to wit—who put his head in at the door to announce his arrival.

Johnny was exceedingly sulky when he came in, for the last part of the ascent had been more than he had bargained for, and he was breathless and tired and beaten; but when he was directed to sit down at a small table, and presented with a lavish supper—moreover, Captain Ludovick was so kind as to order for him a bottle of that delectable beverage, ginger-ale, which Johnny had never before tasted—he got into a much better humor; and an occasional twinkle in his eye showed that he heard plainly enough what was going on at the other table.

"Well, Johnny," said Flora, turning to him, "and what do you think of Ben Nevis now?"

"Well," said he, with his mouth half full, but with his small eyes alert enough, "I wass thinking ahl the way up that it wass a ferry stupid thing to make a hull as big as thus. A ferry foolish thing. It is no use to any one, except to break your legs. What is the use of a hull so big as thus? But mebbe," he added, as an afterthought—and a pleasing grin suffused his face—"mebbe some day it will fall down on the top of Fort William. Cosh, there would be many a one get a sore head that day!"

"How are you going down again, Johnny?" she continued. "Are you going to ride the one pony and let the other follow?"

"Not me," said he, instantly. "I do not wish to go over and break my neck."

"How will you get them down, then?" she asked.

"I will put them on the track and drive them both before me," said he. "They can see in the dark well enough, them beasts—better than me, anyway." And then he glanced at Captain Macdonell, of whom he was always somewhat afraid. "And a good thing is thus," he continued, with a furtive snigger about his mouth, "that if the Duffle is wandering about, they will knock against him first. Cosh, that would be a fine sight, to see him go head over heels down a gully!"

"As if you could see him in the dark!" said she.

"Bit why not?" he remonstrated, and there was a sort of vindictive joy in his face. "Wouldn't there be sparks of fire flying from him, he would be in such a rage?"

"I'd advise you to hurry up, my young friend," Captain Ludovick interposed, "and get those animals started off while the night is still clear. And you'd better play no pranks, mind, Master Johnny; if you lame one of those ponies you'll get something that 'll make you wish you never had come within twenty miles of Lochaber."

Johnny took the hint in quite good part, for the bountiful supper and the ginger-ale had comforted him exceedingly; and it was with a merry allusion to the probability of his encountering the Duffle on his way down that he untethered the ponies, took the leading one by the bridle, and disappeared into the silence of the night.

"But if he were really to be frightened on the way down?" said Alison, when they had returned to the comfortable little table near the fire. "If he were to imagine he saw something?"

"Oh no; trust the thickness of Johnny's skull for that," Hugh Munro said, with a smile. "He'll go whistling and singing all the way down to Fort William. That dark and demoniacal imagination of his doesn't reach as high as that; it deals with little things, and mostly with the birds and beasts he finds around him in actual life. When he talks about the big Duffle it's only to alarm the small boys, or to make jokes for you—if he thinks Ludovick won't fling something at him; what Johnny is really superstitious about, what he fears, is the mischief that may be done himself by dangerous creatures—

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toads, adders, stinging jelly-fish, congers, and things of that kind; yes, and cats. He has an abject fear of cats—they're witches, he says—and if he can shy a stone at one when it doesn't see him, that is delight; but if it happens to turn its head, then Johnny drops the stone and looks at the sky, as innocent as you could think. But the rascal is not easily frightened, as a rule; no, the mischief with him, if he is in a boat, is that he will risk any danger for the sake of an adventure. You'll have a steamer blowing and blowing her whistle, and that fellow will keep on, trying to clear her, unless you knock him aside and jam down the helm."

"That's all very well," said Captain Ludovick, who, indeed, was not so lenient toward Johnny's impish freaks and fantasies as the others. "I don't mind his risking his own carcass for the enjoyment of a collision, but I object to his putting anybody else into danger. And you know he lost his head entirely that day he took Alison out in the boat." (It was "Alison" now, but perhaps this was a mere inadvertence.) "Why did he never get a good sound drubbing for playing that prank?"

"Because I was responsible for the whole affair," the young lady said, promptly; "and if anybody is to be beaten, you must beat me."

"No, I won't beat you," said Captain Ludovick, graciously; "but I'm going to send you all to bed, for you'll be called early in the morning, and you must try to get what sleep you can."

As it turned out, there was to be no sleep for Alison, or next to none, when she retired to the small chamber that had been allotted her. Toward midnight a wind arose, and gradually it increased, until it could be heard sweeping across the mountain-top in long, plaintive sighs and wails. The firmly fixed little wooden shanty did not shake, did not even tremble, but the force of the wind could be gathered from the shriller and shriller note that seemed to be the precursor of a storm. Alison lay and listened to the bodeful sound; sometimes she slumbered off a little; then this ominous cry would wake her again, and she would wonder when the window would begin to show in the dark. And at last the welcome light appeared; there was a small square of faint bluish-gray in her apartment now; and she thought she would not wait to be called. What was the use of lying here, listening to the moaning of the wind? She got up and dressed very quietly; then she made her way into the common room, where the supper-things of the previous night were still on the table; she went to the door, lifted the latch, and passed outside.

At first she could see nothing at all. A cold gray mist was driving by, enveloping everything, so that she could only make out the few wet stones at her feet, and she dared not move a yard away from the door. But presently this small horizon began to widen; she saw more and more of the stones; then a sudden cessation of them, as if that were the edge of the little plateau; and she thought she might venture along to look into the chasm beyond. She went cautiously, for these stones were large and angular; besides, she was trying to fix in her brain the whereabouts of the wooden shanty, so that she might be able to make her way back in the event of the fog closing in upon her again. But when she got along to the edge of the chasm all was blank. There was nothing before her but a waste of gray. So she thought the others were just as well advised to remain within-doors; clearly there was to be no sunrise.

But nevertheless this mysterious, formless vacancy kept moving in a singular manner; vague phantoms seemed to pass through it; a kind of fascination kept her there, as if she knew that something must happen. And what happened first of all was that the heavens seemed to open over her head; she quickly looked up, and behold! the zenith was a pale, clear purple, perfectly cloudless and serene. The light around her appeared to increase; out of the white gulf before her rose a sterile crag, silent and awful; and there was a bronze hue on the bare rocky slopes, as if they faced some unknown radiance. Then all of a sudden it seemed as if the plateau on which she stood were lifted out of these interchanging vapors, and she was bidden to look abroad on a newly created universe. Far away to the east, between her and the horizon, stretched an interminable sea of clouds—vast mountainous masses they were, solid, slowly moving, their upper ridges touched with saffron, the intervening spaces of a shadowy, impenetrable blue. Far away to the west, again, she caught a glimpse of some lower region—of darkened hills and sombre

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valleys, with the wan waters of Loch Eil lying still and gray in the strange twilight. But it was the wonders that were occurring around her and before her that claimed all her attention now, startling her, bewildering her, and eventually paralyzing her with a blind, dumb sense of terror. For this seemed a dreadful thing—this rising of awful shapes out of that vast witches' caldron—sterile peaks and scarred precipices that slowly revealed themselves as if called up by some mighty magician, and as slowly disappeared again into the gloom. She seemed to be looking on at the creation of a world, but a phantasmal world; a world of spectral and shadowy cliffs and crags; whereas the solid and substantial things were the mountain masses of cloud that she could see far below her, slow-rolling one over the other, and ever advancing, silent and threatening, until they blotted out of existence those barren heights and those lurid gulfs that a moment before had themselves seemed so terrible. And sometimes, in their slow advance, those orange-crested, gigantic billows would rise and rise, as if they were about to overwhelm her also, and the bit of rock on which she stood. Her head grew faint and giddy. The earth seemed to have no foundation. She was but a phantom in this world of phantoms: when should she too disappear into that awful abyss? The vision of the prophet Jeremiah was before her: "I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled." She seemed to have no power to go or to stay; the fascination of this awful phantasmagoria held her there; and yet she knew that her footing was quite unstable; all things were as a dream. And then, without warning, in a moment, the fate that she had feared befell her; she was surrounded, isolated, cut off from all the rest of the world, nothing visible to her but the piece of rock on which she stood. In vain, and with quickened terror, she turned this way and that to gain some knowledge of her position: she was conscious only that close by her, on which side she knew not, was that frightful abyss, and that a single step might launch her into its unknown deeps. She shrank back from this hideous chaos, and yet dared not move; the white mists seemed to choke her; her knees would no longer bear her weight; and while some vague, wild cry of "Alison! Alison!" rang in her ears, she sank to the ground unconscious, and lay there as if life itself had fled from her.

When she came to herself, a few minutes thereafter, she was in her own small room, whither Ludovick Macdonell had carried her, and Flora was standing by her bedside. No sooner did she open her eyes than she shuddered and drew back, as if she still thought she was on the verge of that ghastly precipice; but Flora was holding her hand, and gently chafing it. She was for getting up forthwith, but this was not to be thought of, Flora insisted; it would be some hours before they set out on the return journey; Alison must drink some hot tea, and lie still, and if possible get some sleep.

"Why, what a fright you gave us, Alison!" Flora said, when she saw that her cousin was almost recovered. "We did not know you had gone out. We thought you might just as well be left alone in your room, since there was to be no sunrise; and then it was Ludovick who noticed that your door had been left a little bit open, and he bade me go and see. I can tell you we got a horrible fright when we found you had been out all the time, and by yourself; and just as we set out to look for you the mist came over, and we were more frightened than ever. Didn't you hear us calling? Do you know that when Ludovick found you you were just at the edge of that terrible precipice where the snow is?"

Alison shivered slightly.

"Yes, I know. I—I tried to come away, and I couldn't; I was afraid to move. But I'm all right now, Flora; and if we are to be here for some hours yet, won't you go and lie down?"

"Well, yes, I will, then," her cousin said. "And you'd better get some sleep too, Alison. Why, the idea of your going out in a place like this all by yourself, and at such an hour!—no wonder you were frightened out of your senses!"

As it chanced, Alison did eventually fall into a profound, if far from dreamless, sleep, and they did not choose to disturb her; so that it was a little after ten o'clock before the little party were ready to begin the descent of the mountain. Their down-going was not nearly so mer-

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ry as their up-coming; for it was evident to the others that Captain Macdonell was unusually grave and preoccupied. He was very kind to Alison, bidding her take plenty of time and not hurry over those loose stones which offered so insecure a foothold, and carrying her water-proof for her, when the occasional heavy showers were followed by a burst of hot sunshine. But his customary light-heartedness was gone; he seemed to be thinking back over something or other; and he only brightened up a little when at length they were all down in Glen Nevis, and Alison safely seated in the wagonette that he had ordered to meet them there.

It was a day or two after these occurrences that Flora made a little confession —or revelation, rather—to her cousin.

"Do you know, Alison," said she—and she regarded her companion's face as she spoke, yet with no inimical scrutiny— "that Ludovick was terribly put about when he found you lying on the rocks and brought you in? I believe he hardly knew what he was saying; I fancy he considered himself responsible for having advised you to go up there; and the possibility of your having come to harm frightened him terribly. Do you know what he said when he carried you in? He declared that if you had fallen over the precipice he would have gone over too —that he would never have come down to Fort William alive."

And it was remarkable, from that day henceforth, that even among Flora's wildest jests and jibes and whimsicalities, never a word more was heard of her petulant, half-laughing taunt that Alison had stolen away her sweetheart from her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST FIRE.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

O VIRGIN hearth, as chaste and cold
As one who waits for burial mould,
Whom shall we summon here to keep
Watch while thou wakest from thy sleep?

Not from the far sky spaces, blue
As those that Zeus and Hera knew,
May Hestia wing her airy flight,
Bringer of holy warmth and light.

Pan may not come. By stream and shore
Fair Naiads dry their locks no more;
No Oread dwells in mount and glen;
No Dryad flees from gods or men.

Yet still do forest voices clear
Greet him whose soul hath ears to hear;
The murmur of the rustling pine
Is sweet as Hermes' harp divine.

The winds that rend the mighty oak
Clash loud as Ares' battle stroke;
The maples toss each leafy crown
Though Dian's votive wreaths are brown.

Here, as to sacrificial pyre
Kindled with pure celestial fire,
Shall hemlock, pine, and maple bring
The deep wood's fragrant offering.

As incense to this household shrine,
O hearth, no richer spoil were thine
If all Dodona's oaks had shed
Their life-blood and for thee lay dead!

Thou waiting one, doth no strange thrill
Thy quickening veins with wonder fill?

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Have the far-seeing, prescient years
No presage for thy listening ears?

Life hath its phases manifold,
Yet still the new repeats the old;
There is no truer truth than this:
What was, is still the thing that is.

Therefore we know that thou wilt hear
Childhood's light laughter ringing clear;
The flow of song, the breath of prayer,
Whisper of love, and sigh of care.

Thou wilt see youth go forth to gauge
His being's lofty heritage,
And manhood in the autumn eves
Come homeward laden with his sheaves.

O life and death, O joy and woe,
In mingling streams your tides shall flow,
While sun and storm alike fulfil
The mandates of the Eternal Will!

Now bring the torch and light the fire,
Let the swift flames leap high and higher,
Let the red radiance stream afar,
Dearer than glow of moon or star!

Burn, burn, O fire, burn still and clear,
And fill the house with warmth and cheer!
Soar, soar, O fire, so brave, so bright,
And souls shall soar to share thy flight!

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS ON THE SAGUENAY.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

ONE of the most romantic figures of American history still threads his way through the Northern wilderness; and although his aims and occupations have changed somewhat in accordance with our prosaic age, yet his life still shows some of the romance and adventure of heroic times. The freedom of the forest exercises a powerful charm over many men even in the freest of nations; but in Canada, under the suffocating rule of the feudal king and Jesuit, the woods presented attractions that for generations threatened to ruin the colony. At first the few *coureurs de bois* were legitimate and valuable servants, as interpreters, agents of the fur dealer, guides for the missionary. But when the population increased, the *coureurs de bois* became a very numerous and demoralized class, owing partly to the growth of certain political, religious, and commercial conditions of the colony. On the one hand, the policy of making religious and political allies of the Indians, the love of adventure, the profits of the fur trade, the license of Indian villages, all operated as powerful attractions; and on the other hand, the unprofitable condition of agriculture, the poverty of the settlers—nobles as well as peasants—and the intolerable severity of the Jesuits, restraining personal liberty, naturally drove many to adopt the Indian's manner of life.

Better social conditions began to prevail in the colony as the eighteenth century advanced; agriculture at last produced enough to feed the colony, and the mechanic arts began to be practised, the surveillance of the priests became a little milder, and a great part of the population settled down to home life. The voyageur might then have disappeared; but as the fur trade became more and more extensive, it demanded more voyageurs; it needed canoemen to paddle and portage, bush-rangers to fight for rival interests, revenue officers to guard the coast of Labrador, traders and agents to keep stores in the interior. Thus a great

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number of voyageurs continued to follow their calling long after the colony had emerged from its early phase of a vast Catholic mission struggling for life. Some of them married squaws; and although they all lived on the outskirts of civilization, yet they added a good deal of Indian blood—legitimate and illegitimate—and some strongly marked traits to the national body. As the lumber trade has replaced the fur trade in Canada, the primitive voyageur must now be sought in the region of Hudson Bay and the Far North. The term voyageur in Canada now describes a man who still preserves the leading traits of his progenitors—skill in wood-craft, courage, resource, endurance, independence. In casting about for the best region in which to study him, I chose the Saguenay, as offering at once good specimens of the type and remarkable scenery as a setting for his exploits. I accordingly went by the Saguenay steamer from Quebec to Chicoutimi, and from there carried and paddled the *Allegro* to Lake St. John, the head waters of that river.

Lake St. John seems like a Northern sea. The pale twilight lasts far into the night—until the aurora borealis hangs its mystic veil across the sky. The beaches, a mile or more wide in summer, the sharp waves raised by a wind on this very shallow basin, the screaming gulls, all make you look for a tide and for white-winged ships. But only a bark canoe now and then comes along from one of the thirteen rivers descending by many falls and cascades from the forest-covered mountains; and the pinched-up farms scattered along the shores add to the arctic sentiment, felt even on a summer's day. The Saguenay comes into being as lusty twins, the Little and the Grand Discharge—deep narrow channels worn in the rock. They run on separately for some miles through rapids and pools, and finally come together at the foot of Alma Island, at the Vache Caille. There begin the Gervais Rapids, three or four miles long; at their foot the river enters a smooth, quiet stretch of fifteen miles to the Grand Remous—the most furious cascade and the most turbulent eddy of the river; and then, after a few more miles of falls and cascades, the Saguenay ends its rapid career where it meets the tide near Chicoutimi. With the exception of a few clearings, the forest still covers the abrupt hills crowding upon the river. The Grand Discharge is a beautiful region; the stream is filled with an archipelago of small islands, some black bare rocks, others tree-crowned or decked with rich mosses; it has all the virgin seclusion and quiet of a lake, enclosed by a shore of bold picturesque bastions and walls of rock, surmounted by stately balsams that rise like sentinels above the birches, poplars, cedars, and nooks full of tender green grass. But this quietness is full of life; the islands divide the river into a labyrinth of streams; the water runs silently and swiftly in many opposite directions—down, across, even up the general course of the river; one is piqued, surprised, at its coquetry and shyness. And farther down it leaps away in the furious rapids of Ile Maline. The Little Discharge is so rapid that it destroys logs in its falls and cascades; the government therefore built an aqueduct, "the Slide," for running the timber over these dangerous places. After fishing a few days for the active wannoniche—said to be the landlocked salmon—and exploring the waters of these twin Discharges, I joined the men driving logs at the Vache Caille, and began my acquaintance with the voyageurs.

The "drivers'" camp is not so picturesque as the wigwam was with its dusky brood and the dashing voyageur of old times; but it has the charm of the summer life of the forest, and a free, active existence. As the men sat about on rocks and logs, and ran their food down in floods of tea as they drive logs in a freshet, they gave vent to the cheerful social spirit of their race, in spite of the fatigue inseparable from their hard labor. Then came the period of the pipe, lasting through the long July twilight in the Northern world; groups sat about the fires drying their limbs, or turning the rows of wet clothes hung over poles; others sewed or mended boots; many on the bough beds sprawled over one another like bears. There was a circle of heads close together, catching every syllable of some gossip; the older men talked with the foreman about the labors of the morrow. Meanwhile the cook had buried in the hot ashes a caldron of beans for breakfast, the tin cups hung like hard fruit on a tree, the kettles and provisions were collected under a boat turned over a log, and he soon settled himself among them for his short night's rest.

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The labors of the day divided the men into two companies of several gangs each, those who rolled logs from the shores into the water, and those who worked on the more dangerous jams in mid-river. My voyageurs distinguished themselves from the commoner men by having command of the boats and canoes. Each craft contained three men; two of them would land on the rocks and work at loosening the logs, while the captain generally remained by the boat, and held her ready to receive the men in a hurry when a jam should give way. The river was then lively with scattered groups of men along the shores, and boats darting here and there over the rapids.

The running of rapids is the climax of the voyageur's adventurous life. Even the most experienced voyageur changes color with excitement when he feels the canoe crouch and spring, sway, and dart over the first swells of a rapid. The voyageurs that I have known all possessed keen observation, a cool judgment, and a decisive turn of mind. In a small canoe of, say, twelve feet, without much load, a man alone will kneel on the bottom about one-third of her length from the stern, and paddle down a rapid pretty well. But the typical crew in an eighteen-foot canoe consists of a captain in the bow and a helmsman in the stern.

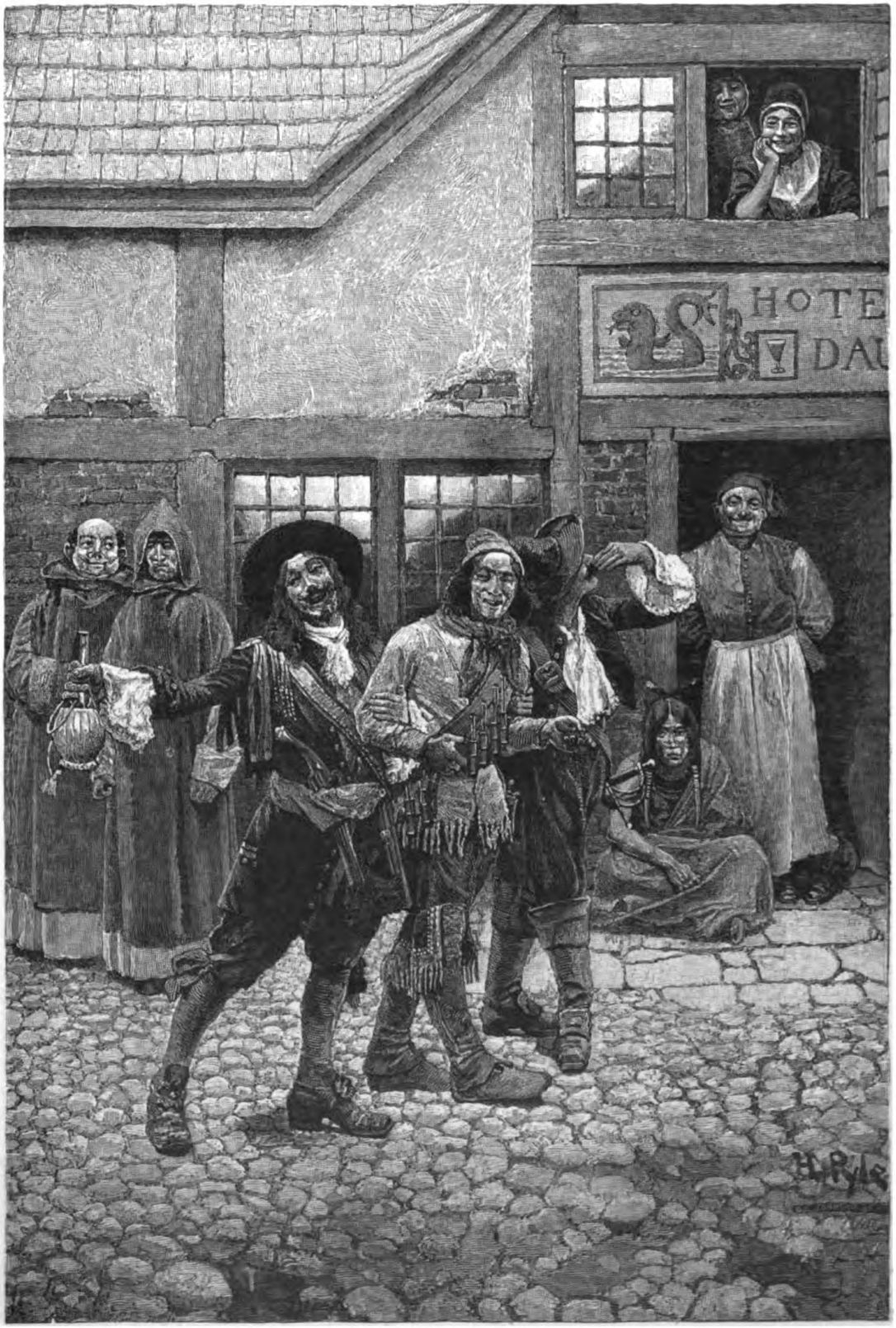
The Saguenay is the pride of colonization societies, not only in regard to its soil, climate, and resources, but also in the success that rewards the settler. The country has been occupied long enough to show fruits, and the people have not been contaminated by foreign influences. It may therefore be taken as the purest type and one of the best examples of the border civilization that the Canadian of to-day creates when left to himself and his Catholic leaders in a favorable locality.

I learn from the government reports that the valley of the Saguenay is triangular. About 275 miles of its northern side are the highlands that divide the water-shed of the St. Lawrence from that of Hudson Bay; the eastern end of this side is about 180 miles from the mouth of the Saguenay, while its western end is about 330 miles. The lower part of the valley for about 50 miles from the St. Lawrence is almost an unbroken desert of rocky mountains, an uninhabitable region. Nearly all the tillable land is in the basin of the upper Saguenay and the lake St. John, about 100 miles long by 60 wide. This country, therefore, is an isolated region, separated in winter from Quebec and the world by 137 miles of an uninhabitable mountain desert covered with deep snows. In summer, however, the Saguenay offers a reliable route from the St. Lawrence, and permits vessels to penetrate about twenty miles into the inhabited region. Then rapids unfortunately make the rest of the river unavailable, and cut off the lake St. John from navigation. The climate of the upper Saguenay is milder than that of the St. Lawrence, for the mountains—1500 to 4000 feet high—protect it along the north and east, and the large shallow body of water in Lake St. John relieves the region somewhat from frost.

The Saguenay was kept in the forest seclusion that the Hudson Bay Company sought to hold forever over the Indian, the beaver, and their wild haunts, until about fifty years ago; the government then granted the privilege of cutting timber, and capital soon began the business of lumbering. People came from the shores of the St. Lawrence, built cabins, worked in the mills and woods, and gradually cleared little patches of land. The occupation of the soil was still farther hastened by a national movement. The emigration of young people to the United States has always been opposed by the Church and the patriotic leaders. They formed many colonization societies with the object of stopping this emigration and aiding the surplus population of the older parishes in settling on the unprofitable mountains overlooking the fertile belt along the shores of the St. Lawrence. When it became known that the valleys of the Saguenay contained fertile patches of land the colonization societies sent there considerable numbers of families. As early as 1840–45 this northeastern outpost of American civilization on the borders of the arctic wilderness was well under way, and the flow of immigrants has continued ever since that date.

The colonial method of dividing the lots of land into long narrow ribbons is still followed throughout the province. The houses all stand along the roads as beads on a string, with the church for a crucifix and uniting-point. The settlement once formed, the next step is to make it into a parish and endow it with a church, the life and soul of this system of civili-

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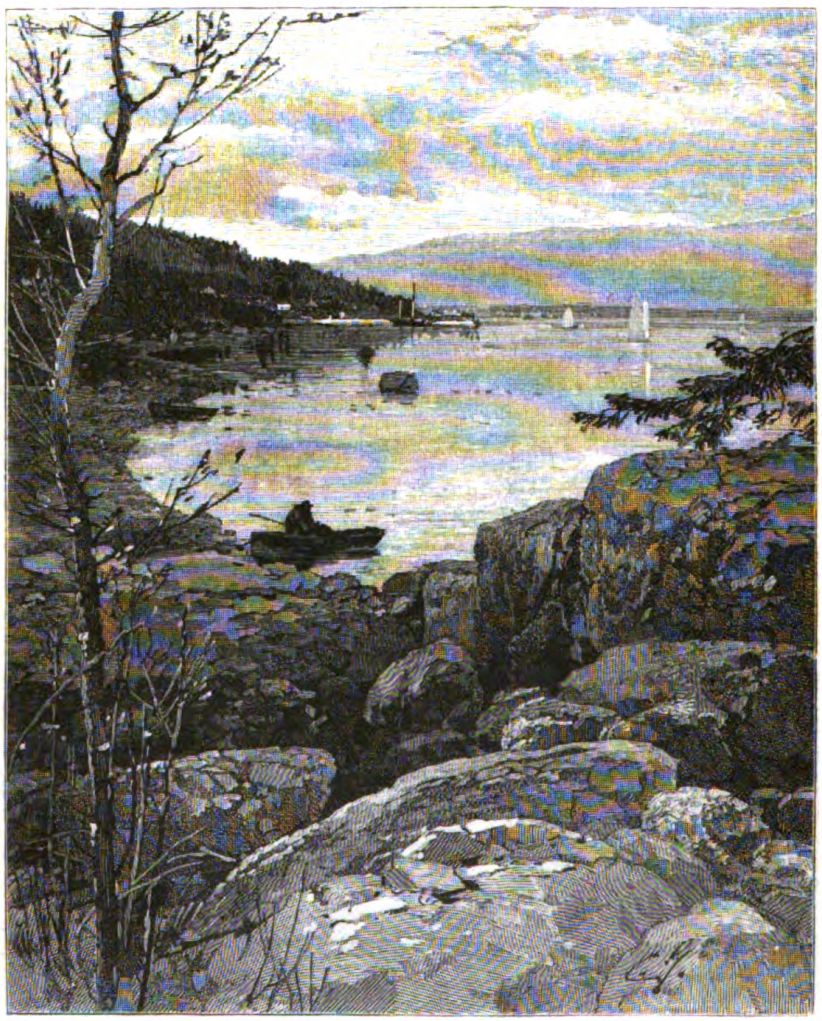


COUREURS DE BOIS.

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zation. The church is well named the people's palace, for quite independently of the deep religious comfort it brings to them, it gives these peasants their only sight of material beauty and art, their only taste of intellectual life. The settlers soon wish to replace the rude log chapel with something more imposing and ornate, and possess the permanent satisfaction of a resident priest.

stone convent is also built. These establishments generally cost $25,000 or $50,000 in these country parishes, generally containing from 1000 to 1500 souls. The yearly income to support them—derived from the land given the church, tithes of one-twenty-sixth of farm produce, fees, pew rents, etc.—amounts to from $2000 to $5000. Here and there a man has renounced his faith to escape this burden;



LAKE ST. JOHN.

A committee of citizens and the priest discuss the site, the amount to be expended, the bishop comes to confirm it all, the tax is proportioned among the land-owners—and collected by law if necessary—the work is pushed rapidly to a completion. The large church is well built of stone, finished inside with carved wood; the parsonage is equally good; perhaps a

others have justified to me the absence of their children from school or convent by the fact that the church absorbed all their available means; but generally they make no complaints.

And now having imposed this tax upon the parish, the church gives in return religious rites and charitable and educational monasteries. The people

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RUNNING A RAPID.

have done their utmost in establishing the church, and they now settle down to a life devoid of any intellectual interests, and look to the government and to charity for the execution of all public works. A stranger visiting a village even a century old is struck by the absence of the commonest means for improving a civilization—machinery on the farm, privacy and comforts in the home, libraries, lectures, readings, etc. This want of education produces a marked result on border settlements and on the national character. The Canadian is an excellent pioneer up to a certain point: no one surpasses him in enduring hardships, labor, want; he lives and increases where others will not remain. But when he has cleared a few acres and won half of a living he feels satisfied, and generally fails to carry his civilization to the higher plane of comfort, cleanliness, and taste. The house of the average successful farmer has two rooms, the roughest appointments, and it is generally crowded with two or three families.

The average successful farmer gets about $300 per year—counting the crops he sells and consumes, wages in winter lumbering, blueberries, knitting, weaving, and all other productions and industries. With the strictest economy some of them keep out of debt; but the great majority of the farms carry hopeless mortgages, and the families are troubled to get the barest necessities. But of course there

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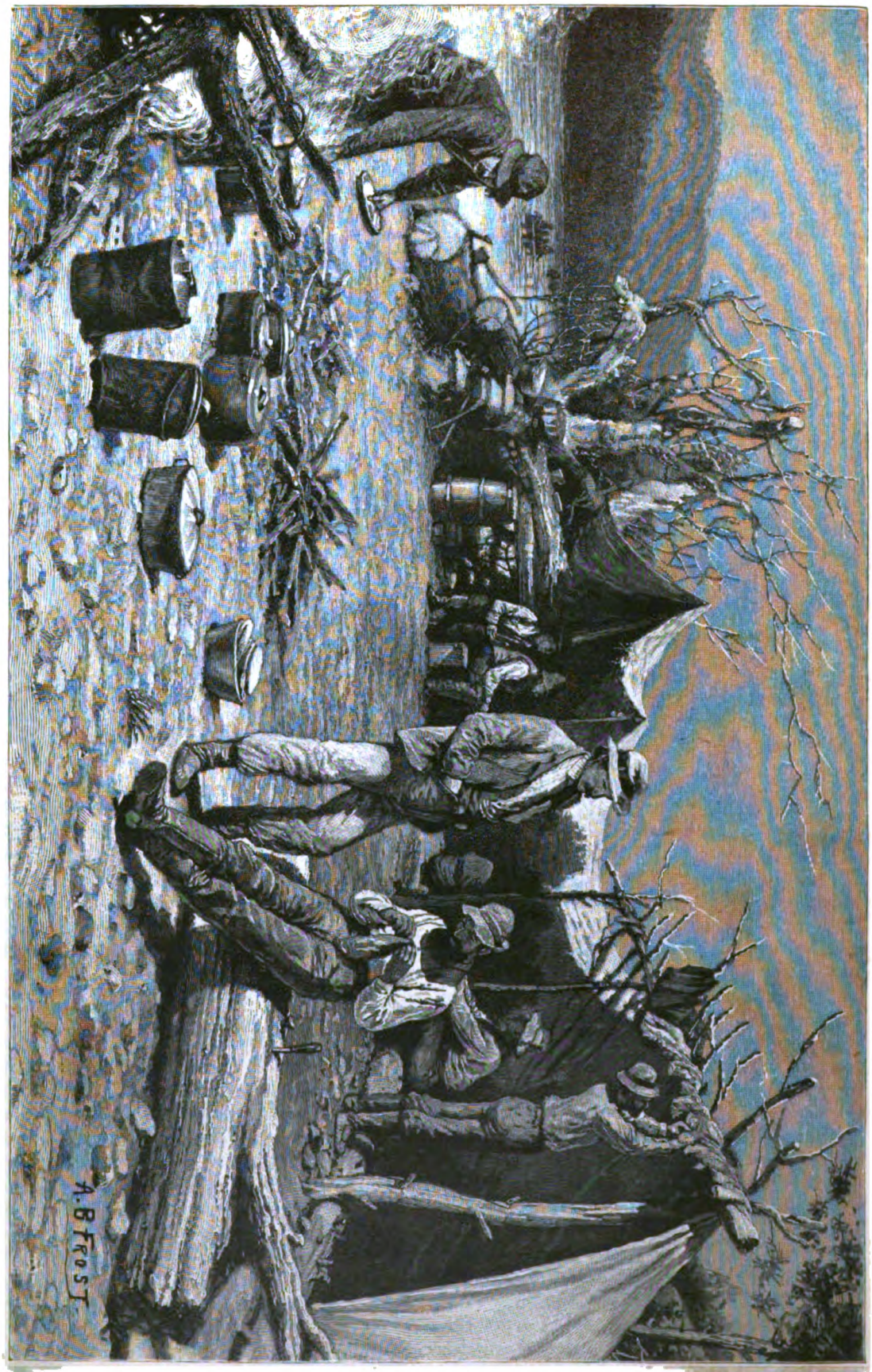
VOYAGEURS.

are here and there more comfortable establishments. I should add that a fire swept over the Saguenay in 1870, and destroyed some lives and the homes of 102 of the families. The immigrants who come hither, like immigrants all over the world, are generally poor people. A native author thus describes the arrival of the poorest class: "During the summer we frequently see on the Kenogami road entire families coming from the older settlements of the Saguenay or elsewhere, and going on to seek a new home in the fertile valley of Lake St. John. They are on foot, men, women, children, carrying bundles behind a cart loaded with provisions and furniture. They march at a slow pace, with an air at once of resignation and of hope. The mother often carries in her arms a child too small to walk; her face is smeared with sweat and dust; she is crushed with fatigue; but she holds on her painful way with courage and determination to accomplish this pilgrimage, whose goal is exile at the end often of a long perspective of misery. When the loads become too heavy, the family rest by the way-side, and the horse or ox in the cart nips the grass along the fence. They unwrap the big loaf and the butter from the homespun towel, and each one washes down this poor repast with a few swallows of milk from the bottle, which is refilled from time to time on the road. The journey lasts five, six, eight days, according to the destination, after which begins the hard work—clearing forest land, or tilling a field but just cleared and then abandoned by some discouraged or impatient settler, who goes farther to seek a better abiding-place." I met a haggard man once by the road-side picking raspberries into his hat. "We haven't much to eat in this country, sir. The Lord sends us hail, the potato-bug, frost, drought, fire—always something or other. And so raspberries are a great solace" (*adoucissement*). His pathetic earnestness fixed the word in my mind.

The winter life of these border settlements is very dull, and many break its monotony, and some escape suffering, by visiting a better region. A desert of snow must be crossed on snow-shoes or in sleds to reach the parishes along the St. Lawrence. The government supports a camp and a keeper every ten or twelve miles on these routes to give travellers entertainment and to keep the roads open.

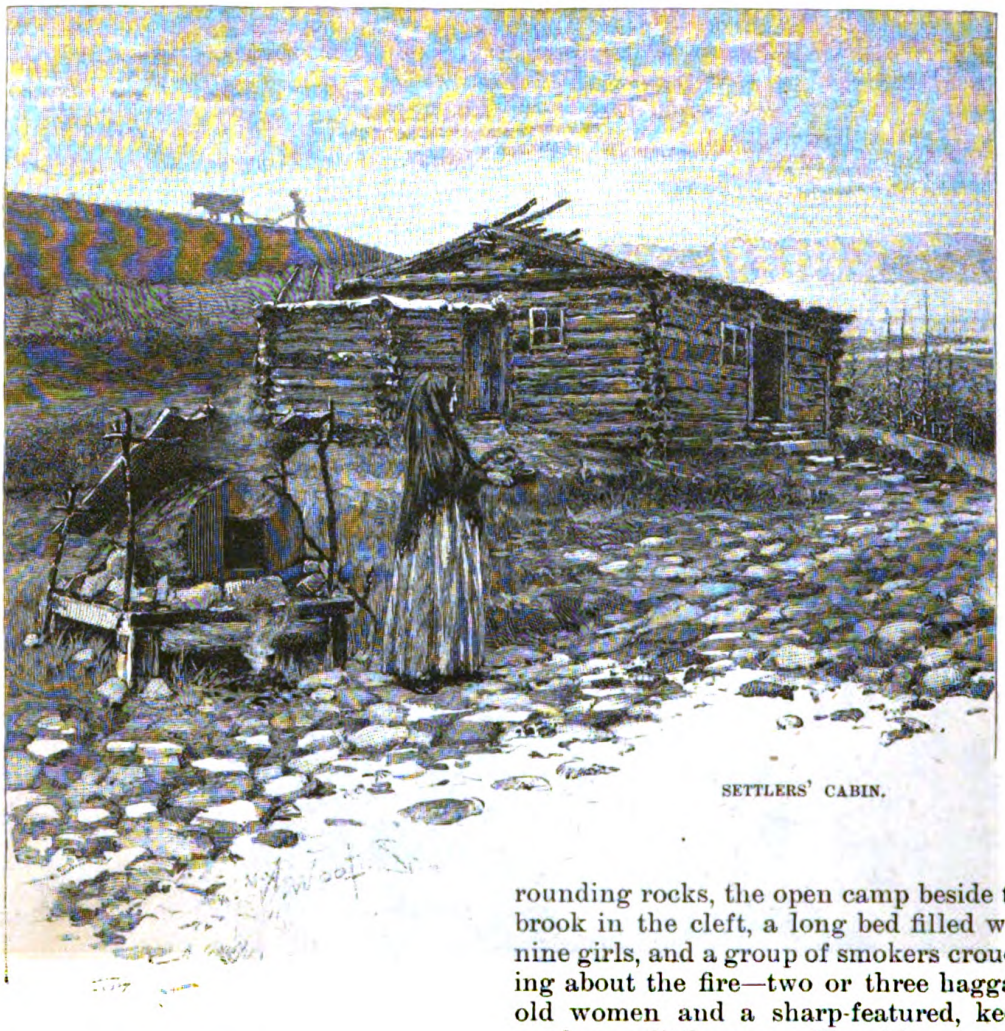
The camp is a log cabin of one or two rooms, with bunks along the wall, a stove, table, and benches. It often unites a diverse group of the travellers who drive wearily across this long stretch of forest and open, mountains and valleys of unbroken arctic snows—a merchant and his

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DRIVERS' CAMP.

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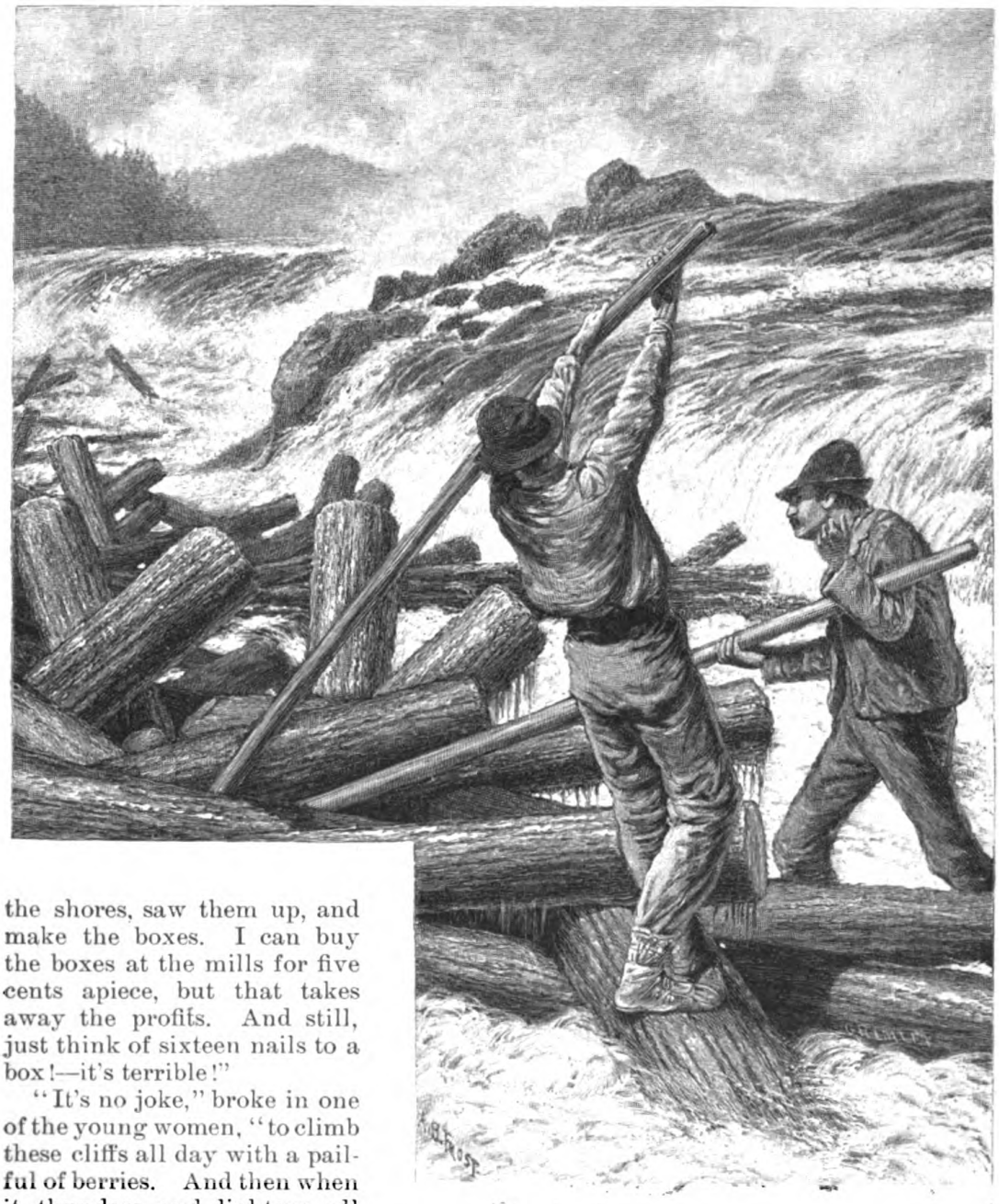
SETTLERS' CABIN.

wife making their winter trip to the more animated world of Quebec; students returning to college after their holiday visit; perhaps a farmer going all the way to Quebec with a load of frozen fish from Lake St. John; a priest in a corner, saying his prayers. There are doubtless some gentlemen returning from the hunt with a sled-load of moose and cariboo, and some beggars escaping from the Saguenay to enjoy a season at the capital.

In paddling down from Chicoutimi to Grand Bay I spent a night at the camp of some berry-pickers. After seeking till dusk along the precipitous shores for a landing-place, I suddenly came to a cove where a fire shone down from a little gorge, and the hum of voices broke on the evening air with the splashing of a brook. I beached my canoe, climbed the rocks, and found myself in a nest on the granite wall filled with chirping humanity. The flames fitfully lighted the surrounding rocks, the open camp beside the brook in the cleft, a long bed filled with nine girls, and a group of smokers crouching about the fire—two or three haggard old women and a sharp-featured, keen-eyed, gray little man. The old man arose at once, and welcomed me to the circle with the usual courtesy of Canadian hospitality. When I turned from this play of ruddy lights and deep shadows I gazed over the black, silent river below, at the great dim hills of rock across the water, and into the cold starlit sky faintly tinged with northern lights. It was pleasanter to keep in the camp: the nook, so high on the face of those towering cliffs, and filled with social warmth, seemed like the sheltering hollow of a mighty hand stretched out in space.

They talked of very homely topics. "It's terrible, sir, how scarce blueberries are this year. We are thirteen, and we get only six or seven boxes per day—all of us; and they are worth but sixteen cents a box—four gallons. And we lose no time travelling, for we live right here on the ground. I don't see how it pays the families who drive to and from the cliffs every day. I pick up slabs along

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ON A JAM.

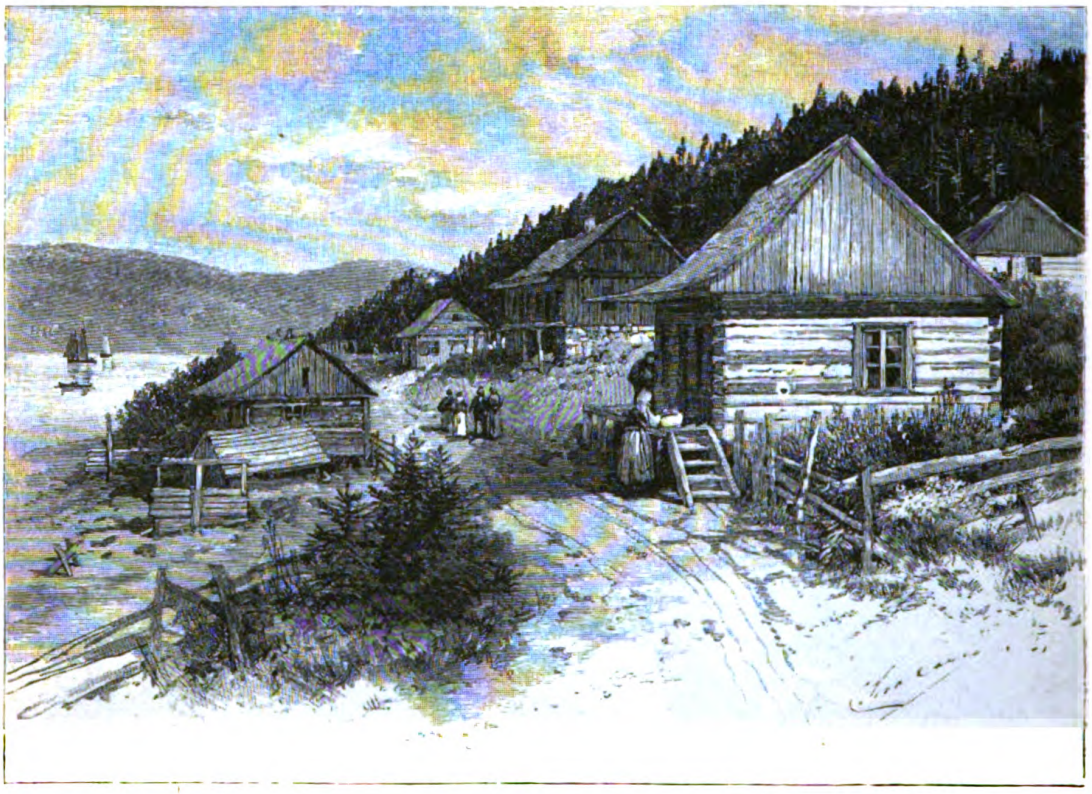
the shores, saw them up, and make the boxes. I can buy the boxes at the mills for five cents apiece, but that takes away the profits. And still, just think of sixteen nails to a box!—it's terrible!"

"It's no joke," broke in one of the young women, "to climb these cliffs all day with a pailful of berries. And then when it thunders and lightens all around! Ah, no! I'd rather go canoeing."

"Yes, yes," chimed in another, "with a gentleman, in a beautiful varnished canoe."

When I awoke, at daybreak, the girls were knitting, while the mothers fried the pork and made tea; the old man was hewing out his box covers; and here and there one was praying in the midst of the talk and clatter. After breakfast they gathered in a group before the camp, short-skirted homespun peasant girls, under broad-brimmed straw hats, and with big tin pails on their arms or a box strapped to their shoulders. As they turned to mount the bluffs some yawned, others stood in a reluctant attitude. "Come, come, girls," said the old man, "blueberries don't grow on your aprons." The troupe moved upward over the ledges, and soon fell to talking and joking about canoeists and their queer, solitary ways. Before long the

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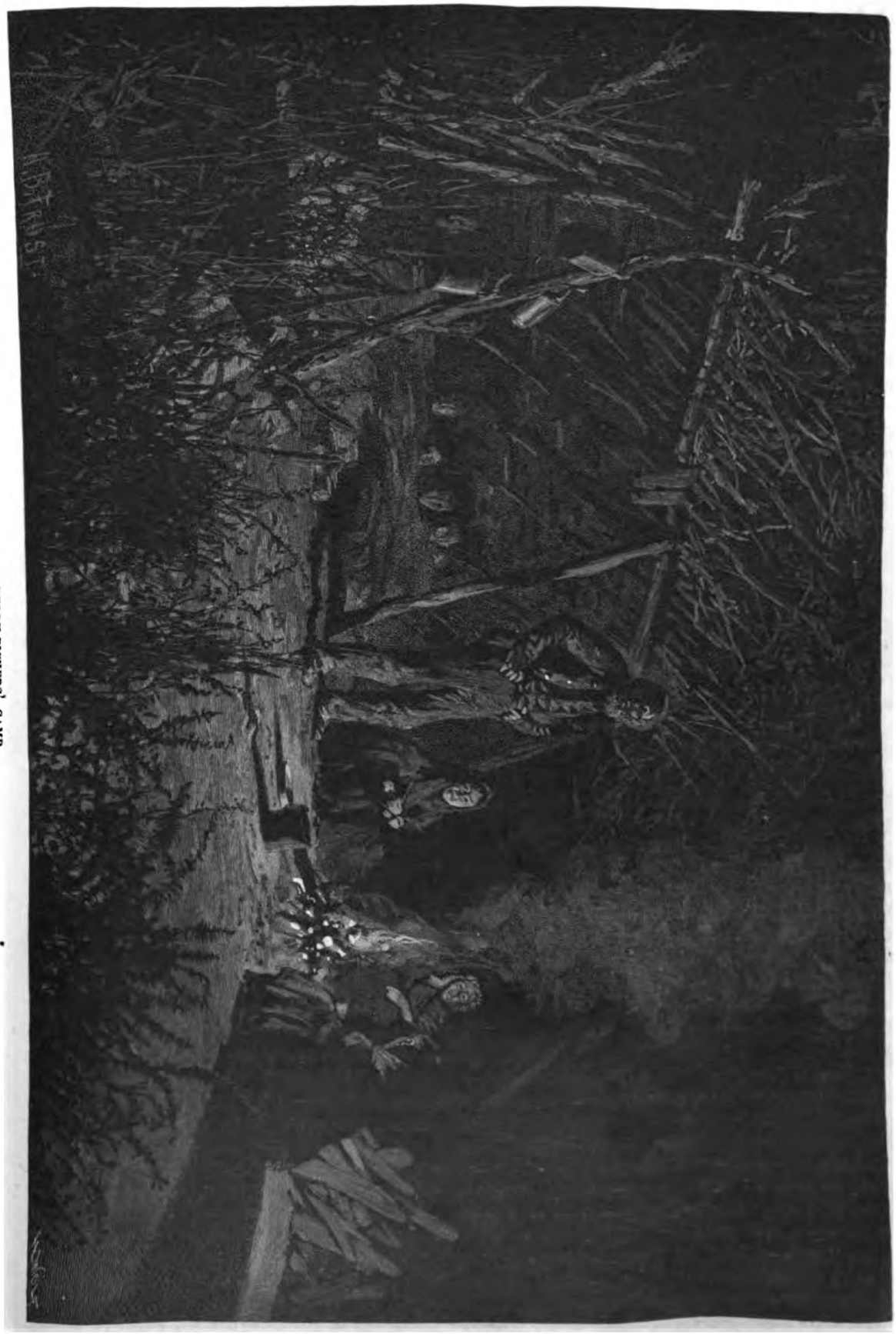
STREET SCENE AT LAKE ST. JOHN.

shepherdess of a Canadian song flitted about the gorge with the echoes, then withdrew to higher and higher nooks, and at last was lost on the far-off, wind-swept summit.

The huckleberry market at Grand Bay gave me another glimpse of Saguenay life. At my camp on the beach I watched the tide steal up the sands till the great bay was filled to the brim, and the terraces of inhabited lands, a verdant amphitheatre under bald granite peaks, rested in the silence of midnight. Then I walked over to the wharf to see a quaint market scene by starlight on the shores of this savage river. As I drew near the medley of sounds divided itself into many signs of human life; the driving of horses, the calls of men and women, the talking of a multitude, filled the obscurity with invisible yet eager spirits. The road was lined on each side with carts and buck-boards piled with boxes, and half draped with protecting boughs and grass. Half a dozen buyers moved about among the crowd, and their lanterns showed a forest of rough-booted legs, of shaggy fetlocks, and muddy wheels, and when the light was raised to examine an opened box of berries the tanned, furrowed, eager faces of men came out of the night like heads by Rembrandt. The darkness was full of strong human feeling, questions, answers, offers, refusals, expostulations, sighs of discouragement. A little booth at the end of the wharf was filled with a crowd watching some boisterous men playing cards for candies; with hats tipped back and chins outstretched in eager disputations, they had shuffled off their mortal responsibilities onto the jack of trumps. In the opposite booth four strong, shaggy, black-eyed men and a wrinkled dame sat about a dirty table and ate dry bread by the light of a candle. The talk in this dingy cabin was low and gloomy; a lad lying on his back on a bench announced in precise and bitter speech the condition of things: "The boxes must be large, well filled with clean fresh berries; the price then, ladies and gentlemen, is 15 cents!"

"Just so," replied one of the men as he crunched his crust with vim; "we are fourteen, we picked hard during two days, and got sixteen boxes; they gave me $2 40 for the lot; 80 cents off for the boxes, leaves

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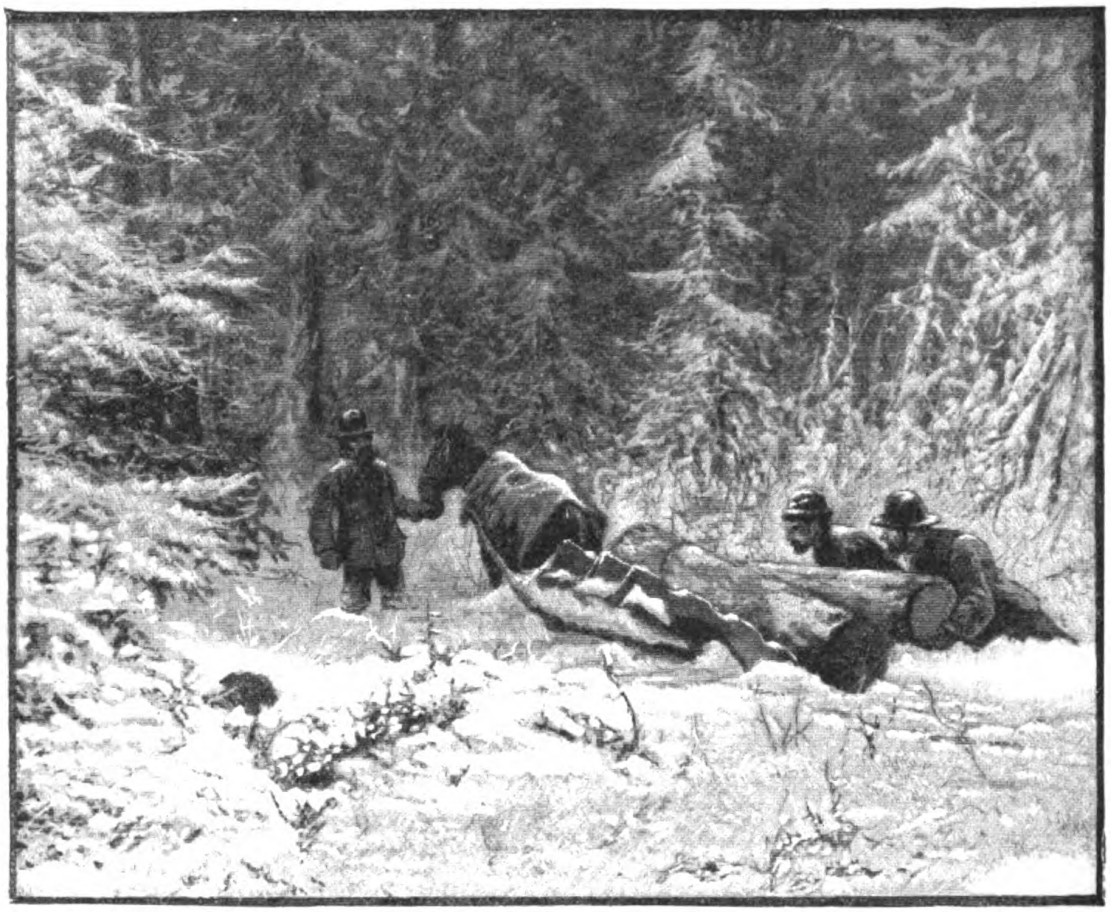


BERRY-PICKERS' CAMP.

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A HARD ROAD.

me $1 60 for the profit. If they think that pays, let them pick and we'll buy."

"No danger," said another, "of their tramping over the rocks! And we're fools to spend our time for them. Now I come from near Lake St. John, about fifty miles from here, with twenty boxes, and I've got $2 net for picking three days with twelve hands, and for driving a hundred miles."

Then they were silent for a while, till the old woman said, in a calm, resigned way:

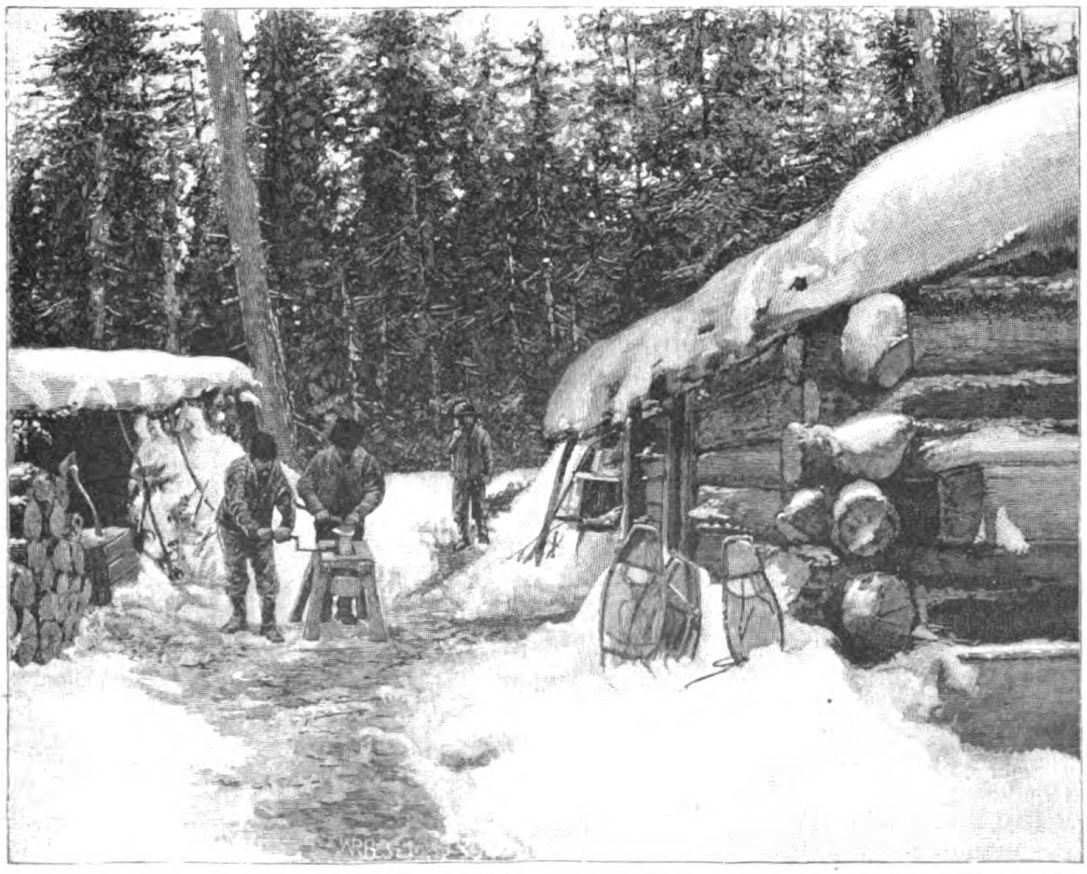
"Well, yes, all that's true enough, but what can we do? Blueberries are the only blessed thing that can be sold for cash. Where else could we get the $15,000 a year that comes into the country? It's all very well to tell us to improve our farms instead of picking berries, but we'd starve to death on the farm alone."

To pursue the voyageur beyond his home in these border settlements, I started for the woods of the river Ouelle one clear still morning in December, with a little box of a sled and a smart pony driven by a merry, gossiping Canadian. The mercurial thermometer marked 17° below zero; but our own feelings were at the boiling-point in that stinging, intoxicating air. Dressed in light, warm woollen suits, fur caps and mittens, and moccasins, we dispensed with overcoats, and tumbled our baggage into the ignominy of wraps and robes. We sat on the edge of the box and swung our legs in the sunshine until the keen air seemed to creep down our backs; then a jump onto the side of the road, and a gleeful run for ten minutes, brought us up again to the boiling-point. And thus the day wore on in an ebullition of spirits: only the hearty dinner at noon could weight us down. By the middle of the afternoon we had passed through all the strata of Canadian country life: the thickly settled comfortable parishes along the shore of the St. Lawrence; then the first, second, third, "concessions" or "ranges"—rocky, less productive regions, where the comforts of life diminished rapidly as we neared the woods. Here and there we

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passed a line of sleds hauling provisions to the lumber camps; the drivers walked in a squad to chat, while their horses toiled alone up the mountain, or each put on his buffalo coat, tightened the red sash about his waist, and rode on the load going down the hills. And wherever they were, the keen, still, sparkling air resounded with their laughter, jokes, and vociferous driving. They have a peculiar way of taking their one-horse sleds through the rough-and-tumble winter roads. In bad places the horse goes at his own gait, while the man takes hold of the rear stakes of the sled and guides it, steadies it, pulls back, or pushes, and all the while keeps up a voluble, direful, masterful shouting to the horse.

Where the fenced road was filled with drifts, we followed two lines of cedar bushes marking the track across fields and through swamps; we had to wade through the deep snow, and with our hands keep the crank little sled from capsizing; indeed, only a catamaran could have lived through those chop seas of dazzling lustre, covering stumps, logs, rocks, and holes. The last hill-top gave us a view of the valley of the St. Lawrence, a vast expanse of the arctic wilderness and winter; from our feet the broad full hills sloped down to the arm of the sea. Here and there the expanse of cold white death was touched with a bit of life—a grove of trees, a road lined with smoking houses, or a shining church steeple far down in the valley. The leagues of dark water bore upon their currents many floes of glistening ice, and the northern horizon was the tumultuous heads of the Laurentian Mountains. While we were still gazing, a little puff of wind passed our faces, then a stronger one, and in about a minute the sunny air took on a fierce sullen aspect; the bitterly cold wind raised a blinding cloud of snow. We hurried to our robes, for one could hardly breathe, and the snow cut like needles. I settled myself now well among the ignoble bundles, covered my head with the buffalo, and let the driver, poor fellow! urge on his cowering horse as well as he could. There is a keen excitement in



A LUMBER CAMP.

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these furious tempests of snow; the bare trees, the clean sharp angles, the breaking tension of all nature, give to a winter tempest hoarse shrieking voices unlike the mellower rustle of a summer storm. I looked out from time to time; the horse carried his head low; the driver sat all in a heap; the air was thick with snow in a fine white powder, so that we could not see more than a couple of rods. It sometimes happens that the roads suddenly become almost impassable, the horse gives out, and the travellers perish in these dreadful tempests. But as the woods were not far from us, we were in little danger, and I felt only the zest of a new acquaintance with Boreas.

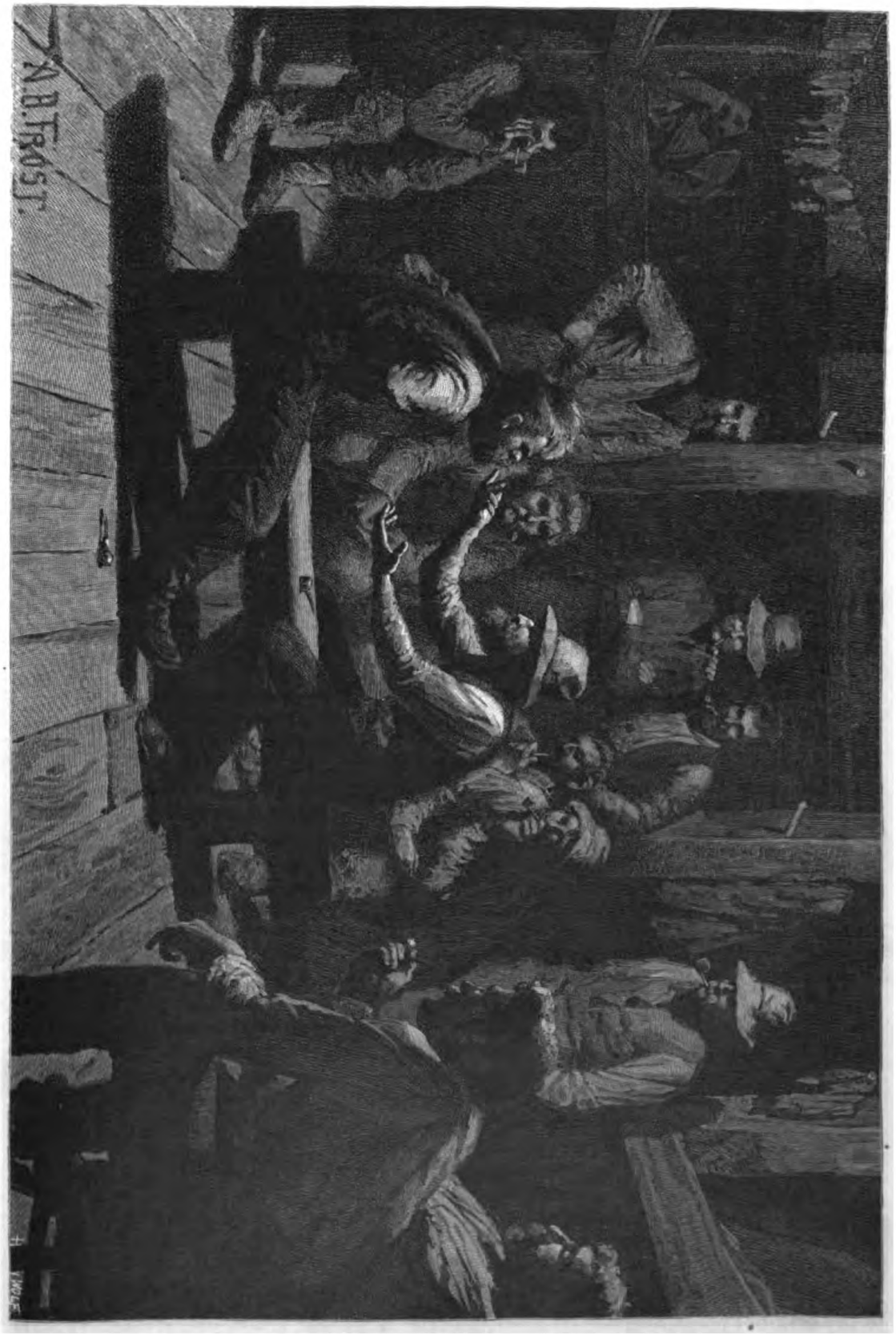
How welcome was the shelter of balsams and cedars! They seemed to cast a cloak about us; for while the wind howled in the tall pines, we felt not the slightest zephyr in the woods. Just as the glories of sunset stole through these silent aisles we heard the notes of a rollicking Canadian song; we were nearing the camp, and the men were coming in for the night. The twilight lent a kindly obscurity to the rough log cabins where steaming horses were being unharnessed at the stable door, sleds turned up on their sides, men striking their axes into the logs, hanging up the saws, sticking their snow-shoes up along the wall, and then jostling in through the door of the cabin. Then, while death seemed to settle over the forest, a jovial, hungry set of men gathered all the life in-doors.

The camp was a warm, dingy nest crowded with men. Night with its dim shadows seemed to have come in with us, and now mingled kindly and strangely with this thronging life; for the two antique open lamps, smoking their very best, were just able to reveal the socks, boots, and clothes hanging from the beams, rows of horny bare feet along the front of the bunks, and some figures on benches about the red-hot stove. Now and then a face shone out of the bunks when a smoker lighted his pipe. But the obscurity, so far from having the silence of solitude, throbbed with a ceaseless chatter of voices, and the air was literally full of human breaths. When the after-supper smoke was done, the men crawled out of their bunks; a few occupied themselves in sewing, mending shoes, shaving down axe-helves, cutting hair, grinding axes, washing clothes; but the most of them lounged about the benches and bunks in social idleness. These foresters were a lot of rough men, not large, but muscular and well knit. The most of them were of the poorer class—either young unmarried men, or men who, having no land to cultivate, must keep their families by their wages; in the summer season they worked for the fishing merchants in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the winter they passed at these lumber shanties, and during the spring freshets they helped to "drive" the logs they had cut and hauled. The voyageur here also generally holds his place in the front rank, explores and reports the quality and quantity of timber in certain "limits" or lots, frequently fills the position of "boss," or at the lowest wields nothing inferior to the axe; in short, his skill and judgment in woodcraft naturally make him one of the most valuable hands. And such is his love of the woods that in old age he will sometimes spend the winter at a camp doing odd jobs. Many of the voyageurs, again, hold their freedom above any wages; in the fall they load their canoes with provisions and go off in pairs for the winter to compete with the Indians as hunters and trappers in the remotest wilderness.

The cook is called the mistress of the house; he was a dignified, pompous little man, notwithstanding the bandless felt hat that sat upon him as an extinguisher, and the protuberance of his stomach, where the grimy apron was stuffed out with the dish-towel, pot-holder, red handkerchief, etc. He, and not the foreman, ordered us to meals, to prayers, which he said with even a professional glibness, and to bed at nine o'clock sharp, and he allowed no talking after that hour.

On Saturday evening, when the cook allowed us to sit up late, the men engaged in games and pastimes, at the order of the foreman as well as by their own desire; for beans, pork, tea, and amusements are needed to keep them from quarrelling and abandoning the hard labor of lumbering. Their national gayety makes a good foundation for fun, and their national courtesy prevents them from carrying a joke too far, and imbittering their rough intercourse. A small group were quiet enough to play a game of draughts; the brightest and shyest lad spent half an hour in writing a letter, while another sat close by him and watched him the entire time with wonder and admiration. The youngest

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POLITICAL DISCUSSION IN A LUMBER SHANTY.

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OLD CHURCH AT TADOUSAC.

lad was a victim of many consolatory practices; he could scarcely appear on the floor and escape the embrace of one or another; they made sweet speeches to him, hugged him and kissed him, and insisted that his hot resistance was due to the shyness and coquetry of a girl. Early in the evening a man named François arrived from the settlements; and the company at his entrance broke out with questions about the pending election. He was a violent partisan of the Conservatives, and being a good stutterer, an excitable character, and a violent gesticulator, it soon became evident that he was in some measure the butt of his companions. His assertions were known to be false, and this added to the interest of the fellow's talk; for his lies were emphasized with a ferocious earnestness of gesture and the twitchings of a face all but hidden by bristling masses of beard, mustache, eyebrow, and unkempt locks; and, moreover, his brute strength was known to be very real. His chief opponent, Baptiste, was his equal in exuberance of manner, speech, and hirsuteness, and his superior in cunning. They straddled the opposite ends of a short bench, and leaning eagerly forward, glowered into each other's ambushed eyes and faces: a crowd stood by and watched the game. Time and again Baptiste led the talk back to the original point, and started François afresh on his stumbling path—the same stutterings, the same convincing gestures at doubtful passages, and the same renewed crescendoes of dramatic excitement. When at last the debate seemed to be getting too warm, the foreman spoke, quietly but sharply: "That's enough; some games." The group dispersed at that instant with an amazing submission. And François was the first to lead in reparation by suggesting the game of "codfishing." He stood up blindfolded, holding out in his left hand one end of a short leather strap, and raising a knotted towel in the other, ready to strike; the others stepped about him, eagerly and silently, to jerk the strap and retreat before he could deal them a blow; whoever should get possession of the strap would take his turn at fishing. At length Baptiste reached the belt from behind, drew it up between the fisherman's legs, and so dragged him backward around the camp and out into the snow-drift; and meanwhile it seemed as if the roof must rise with the gusts of roaring laughter. "Passing the rat" was a quieter game: they sat close together in a circle on the floor, with their feet together and their knees raised to form an arched passage all around the circle; the knotted towel was passed about under the knees, while one man in the centre tumbled and scrambled over their feet and tried to catch it; while he would be looking or reaching for it at one point, they passed it slyly along to the opposite side of the ring, where they showered blows on his back as

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an intimation that he was watching at the wrong hole. The "bucking horse" was a line of men who bent over as for leap-frog, and by locking their arms about the waist of the one next in front formed a continuous back; the head man held fast to a post; the riders mounted at the tail end, and tried to keep on their beast while crawling along to the head, in spite of the jumps, shyings, and various antics of the men. During a pause a fellow came from the cook's corner with his face whitened, and when a group saw him and laughed, he also laughed and blew a cloud of flour over them. "The foxes" were two men on hands and knees, tied together by a strap about their necks; growling, grimacing, and backing apart, each tried to pull the other over the floor. In "selling sheep," a number of them, covered by blankets, sat in a group on the floor; the buyer felt of them and lifted them to test the weight, and finally, after selecting one, he lifted it for a final judgment, while a by-stander set a pan of water under it—for a surprising effect. In "knocking down the owl," two men held rigidly a pole on their shoulders, and a third—the owl—straddled it and hooted defiance while holding on to his perch; then the hunters approached, each with a bag filled with rags, and dealt their best blows on the featherless bird till he toppled over and hung head downward. Baptiste and François played a rude farce called "The Peddlers." A lad was securely tied as a pack onto the back of each; then taking a staff they went around the room, in opposite directions, and offered to sell us pins, needles, and other notions; while a bargain was in progress the peddler would place the end of his staff under his pack and relieve himself more or less of its weight, while the wiggling of the pack set off the crowd in fresh merriment. At last the rival merchants met, got into a dispute, and then fell to cudgelling each other—on their packs, of course. But the main interest of all these amusements was the childishness of the men; even the gray-haired worked at the entertainment with perspiring zest; the room rang with their boisterous laughter, the loud talking of all at once, the orders of half a dozen masters of ceremonies; and the leading spirits often jumped and danced about with uncontrollable excitement.

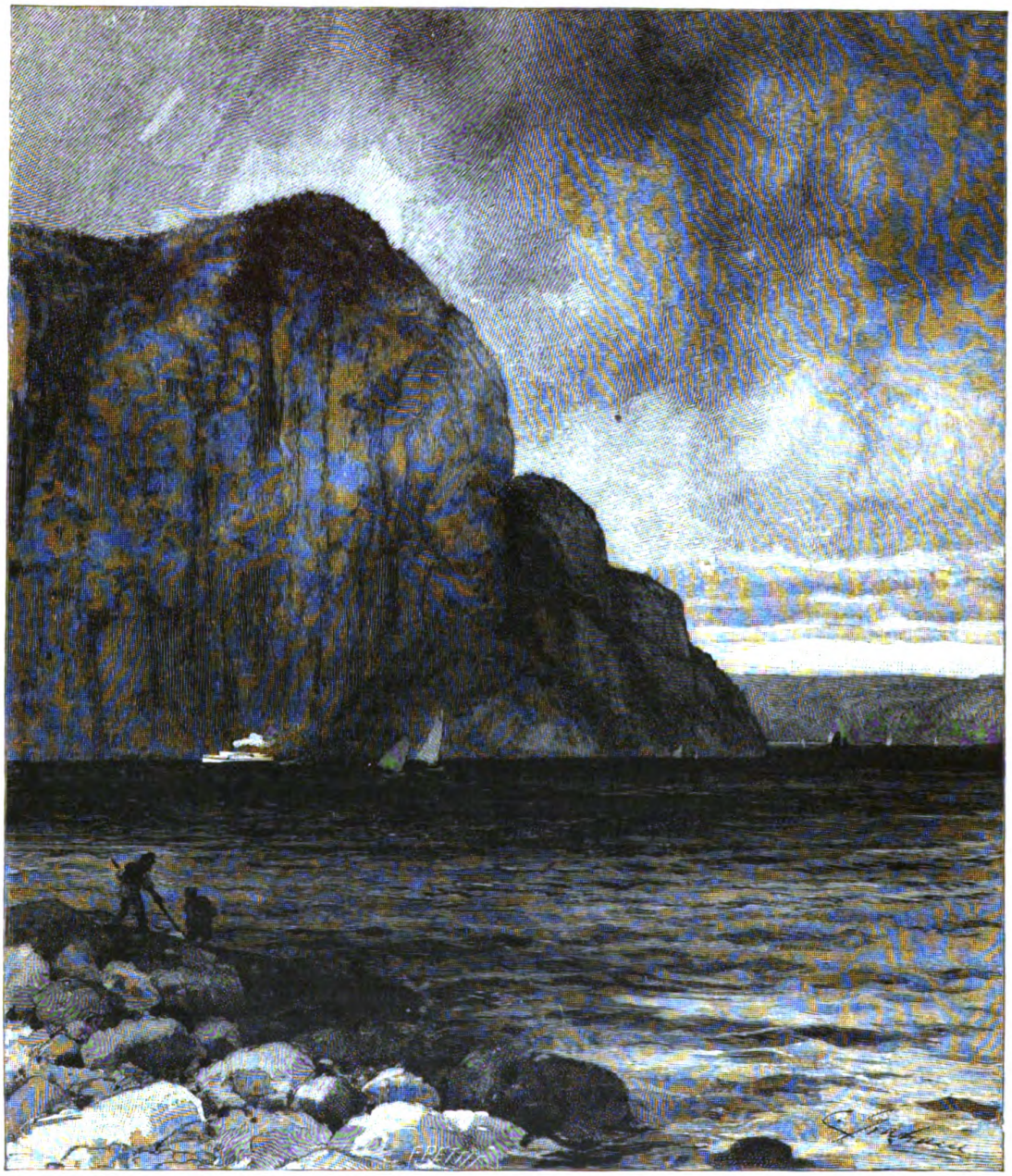
A missionary priest arrived early on Sunday morning, and set up his portable altar in a corner of the shanty. The men all gathered about him, and devoutly followed the ceremonies of the mass, in which the rich robes, the gilt ornaments, the burning tapers, contrasted strangely with the rough, dingy, shadowy surroundings. I left the voyageurs and their companions apparently in perfect content with their existence, and gladly returned to the comforts of civilization.

The lower Saguenay by its remarkable scenery draws travellers from many parts of the world, and it disappoints some of them. This feeling is due to their way of visiting the river. The scale of nature here is too vast to be appreciated by a hasty glance from a steamer's deck. As the boats hitherto have generally followed the middle of the river, the tourist beholds hour after hour half-barren cliffs and mountains from too great a distance either to feel their majesty or to see the beauties hiding in their savage and austere retreats, and the observer is very naturally oppressed by a sense of monotony. He touches the Saguenay only at the landing-places. Tadousac, at the mouth of the river,



HORSE FERRY.

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CAPE TRINITY.

charms him. The harbor is a semicircular bay between a wooded bank on the left, and on the right a clean sea-washed point of rock. Verdant steps or terraces, where the village stands, ascend to gigantic hills of bare rock close at hand, and through these the chasm of the Saguenay leads away from the ocean-like St. Lawrence toward the sunset over a grim and savage wilderness. In grandeur and austerity the scene is but a prelude to the Saguenay. The tourist relishes all the more for these surroundings the presence of life as he rows about the bay; watches the anglers coming and going with artificial flies on their hats and families on their hands, or the motley groups of peasants, Indians, sailors, fishermen, gathering for mass at the queer little chapel on the site, it is said, of the first church built in America; sees perhaps the cubs and the pappooses playing about a wigwam, the coming and going of schooners and lumber ships, or listens to

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the guns and fog-horns booming through the mists. Then as he ascends the river he sees at St. John's Bay an amphitheatre of bright green terraces surmounted by dark wooded hills, and these by mountains of rock, with a quaint people, long low houses, and the spirit of the arctic desert looking over the mountain-tops. This cleft in the walls of the Saguenay looks like a fiord, a Scandinavian port of the northern sea. He passes capes Eternity and Trinity at half speed, and so gets a chance to throw stones at the venerable and majestic mountain. Grand Bay is another and larger fiord, with a considerable population, lumber-mills, a good dairy farm, a salmon river. The flying journey ends at Chicoutimi, the most important seaport of the Saguenay, at the head of navigation, about seventy miles from the St. Lawrence. The town, counting about three thousand souls, is built along the right shore of the river, around the saw-mills at one end, and at the other about the commanding cathedral, seminary, convent, and bishop's residence. The parish of Ste. Anne, with its plain low houses, a massive stone church, and a great cross on the topmost point, seems to be a sombre feudal hamlet perched on top of the opposite cliffs. The ferry is a quaint stern-wheel flat-boat driven by a knowing old horse, who thrusts his head through the upper deck, keeps his own watch, and stops when he thinks best. The port often has several European vessels loading with lumber.

In this commonplace and hasty view, and in the social and trivial mood of an excursion party, you will not penetrate the secrets of the Saguenay. You must visit it in a small boat, alone if you are not afraid of your own conscience, and with time enough to stop and study the beauties as well as the grandeur of this unique region. Or, if you have a taste for the superlative in wildness and austerity, make a snow-shoe journey down the river in winter.

The capes Trinity and Eternity are the heart of the Saguenay. In my canoe cruises up and down the river I have always revisited them with increasing delight. My little camp in the bay gave me a desirable home-like feeling in these wilds, as well as the leisure to observe, and so I came to love these stern, unapproachable rock-heads. The glare of sunlight gives the Saguenay an expression of profound melancholy; the pitiless, searching light of northern skies reveals all the barrenness; at a distance the gray bald heads seem to be covered with sackcloth and ashes.

The river is probably the deepest stream in the world; excepting in a few places the general depth is from 600 to 900 feet; and the bottom of the Saguenay at its mouth is 600 feet below the bottom of the St. Lawrence. Thus a low point of rock at the shore or an island is really the top of a great hill springing up steeply from the bottom; and many of the cliffs are not half out of water. As the spring-tides rise about eighteen feet, the currents of the river are violent and eccentric; in some places the ebb stream runs from four to six miles an hour; the eddies along the shores are like those on a rapid; and the undercurrents sometimes lay hold of a vessel and turn her about or hold her still in spite of a tow-boat. Before the use of tow-boats, a vessel left helpless by a calm sometimes drifted against the rocks, lodged on a ledge, and when the tide fell capsized in deep water. As anchorage is very rarely found, large iron rings were let into the rocks, and vessels even now sometimes tie up to the cliffs and await a fair wind. The tide, for some unexplained reason, advances with extraordinary rapidity in the Saguenay; thus, notwithstanding the fact that the ebb current very rarely ceases to flow out of the river, yet high tide arrives at Chicoutimi only forty-five minutes later than at Tadousac—seventy miles. On the St. Lawrence the tide advances in the same time only from Tadousac to Murray Bay—about thirty-five miles.

The water of the Saguenay appears to be as black as tar until air-bubbles are mixed with it, as in breaking seas or the wake of a steam-boat; it then shows its real color to be that of brandy. It receives its color from inland rivers, which pass through swamps filled with moss and other highly colored roots and vegetable matter. Nearly all the rivers and lakes north of the St. Lawrence present the same appearance. A water-fall in the sunshine seems to be a sheet of liquid amber. In paddling about the shallower bays and reefs the bunches of olive-green sea-weed, the reddish rocks, the gray pebbles, now and then suggested a painter's palette lying in a basin of golden wine; and the air-bubbles drawn downward at

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the end of the paddle seem to fringe it with amber-colored gems. In the shadows and the reflections of rocks and trees the water has a remarkably black surface; when a ripple there catches the light of the sky it is intensely luminous by contrast; and if a smoky air happens to give the sunset a ruddy hue while a breeze blows, then the sullen current looks like a dark molten metal stirred into ripples of flame.

The view up or down the Saguenay at "The Capes" shows a long perspective of steep, high mountain walls, divided by gullies here and there into bald round-topped peaks of rock. These walls, from 1000 to 1500 feet high, are very often precipitous, but generally they incline a little backward from the river. Here and there on the slopes and the bald tops a patch of verdure appears—mosses, bushes, stunted trees; and in the gullies are found faint-hearted groves of pines, birches, and balsams. At Cape Trinity this wall turns a sharp corner, runs away inland as precipices, then comes back on the lower side of Eternity Bay as an ordinary forest-covered mountain ridge, ending in Cape Eternity, and there turns down the river again, and resumes its course eastward as a wall of bare rock. The bay is a sheltered nook about two miles deep; the head of it is graced with verdant natural meadows, and dark about the mouth of a stream. As you cross the river and paddle toward the bay, Cape Trinity on your right soon shows its triple crown, facing the bay, its triple steps leading up from the river, the cross of the statue of the Virgin recently stuck up on the mountain, and the immense precipices rising out of the water, and lifting the summit to a height of 1700 feet; the rocks, of a warm gray, are stained with yellow, brown, and black streaks from mineral matter. On your left rises Cape Eternity, the grandest form on the Saguenay; it comes up from the water in precipices, soon draws about its form a mantle of firs, and although rearing its crown above all others, about 1800 feet, yet it preserves a royal dignity and reserve in holding itself a little back from the line of bolder heads. When you at last reach the foot of the cliffs, withdraw your eyes from the surroundings and subject yourself to the immensity of this one feature. The little spots of color have now become great surfaces, bits of shadow great cavities under overhanging ledges, little ridges of the cliffs great buttresses of a mountain, and the fissures that looked like a crack in an egg-shell would now take in large houses. And yet these features are only the details of one of the foot-cliffs, a basement angle, a knob of the mountain. You look up at pines on the verge of the middle ledges, and see how they look like spears of moss; the summit towers still farther above you; some of the angles show fresh scars whence the St. Lawrence earthquakes and frost have dislodged pieces of rock; elsewhere the cliffs are ground clean by the snow-blasts of northeasters. You are floating in a frail little craft, tossed about on the chop seas; the mountain is high, and yet you are suspended on the surface of the water about 600 feet above the base of the cliffs; and you recover from the dizziness of it all to paddle away, and hope that nothing will happen to your canoe under such overpowering grandeur, and over such deep oblivion as the Stygian waves of the Saguenay.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I.—A FAR AND FAIR COUNTRY.

LEWIS and Clarke, sent out by Mr. Jefferson in 1804 to discover the Northwest by the route of the Missouri River, left the town of St. Charles early in the spring, sailed and poled and dragged their boats up the swift, turbulent, and treacherous stream all summer, wintered with the Mandan Indians, and reached the Great Falls of the Missouri in about a year and a quarter from the beginning of their voyage. Now, when we wish to rediscover this interesting country, which is still virgin land, we lay down a railway track in the spring and summer, and go over there in the autumn in a palace-car—a much more expeditious and comfortable mode of exploration.

In beginning a series of observations

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and comments upon Western life it is proper to say that the reader is not to expect exhaustive statistical statements of growth or development, nor descriptions, except such as will illustrate the point of view taken of the making of the Great West. Materialism is the most obtrusive feature of a cursory observation, but it does not interest one so much as the forces that underlie it, the enterprise and the joyousness of conquest and achievement that it stands for, or the finer processes evolved in the marvellous building up of new societies. What is the spirit, what is the civilization of the West? I have not the presumption to expect to answer these large questions to any one's satisfaction—least of all to my own—but if I may be permitted to talk about them familiarly, in the manner that one speaks to his friends of what interested him most in a journey, and with flexibility in passing from one topic to another, I shall hope to contribute something to a better understanding between the territories of a vast empire. How vast this republic is, no one can at all appreciate who does not actually travel over its wide areas. To many of us the West is still the West of the geographies of thirty years ago; it is the simple truth to say that comparatively few Eastern people have any adequate conception of what lies west of Chicago and St. Louis: perhaps a hazy geographical notion of it, but not the faintest idea of its civilization and society. Now a good understanding of each other between the great sections of the republic is politically of the first importance. We shall hang together as a nation; blood, relationship, steel rails, navigable waters, trade, absence of natural boundaries, settle that. We shall pull and push and grumble, we shall vituperate each other, parties will continue to make capital out of sectional prejudice, and wantonly inflame it (what a pitiful sort of "politics" that is!), but we shall stick together like wax. Still, anything like smooth working of our political machine depends upon good understanding between sections. And the remark applies to East and West as well as to North and South. It is a common remark at the West that "Eastern people know nothing about us; they think us half civilized"; and there is mingled with slight irritability at this ignorance a waxing feeling of superiority over the East in force and power. One would not say that repose as yet goes along with this sense of great capacity and great achievement; indeed, it is inevitable that in a condition of development and of quick growth unparalleled in the history of the world there should be abundant self-assertion and even monumental boastfulness.

When the Western man goes East he carries the consciousness of playing a great part in the making of an empire; his horizon is large; but he finds himself surrounded by an atmosphere of indifference or non-comprehension of the prodigiousness of his country, of incredulity as to the refinement and luxury of his civilization; and self-assertion is his natural defence. This longitudinal incredulity and swagger is a curious phenomenon. London thinks New York puts on airs, New York complains of Chicago's want of modesty, Chicago can see that Kansas City and Omaha are aggressively boastful, and these cities acknowledge the expansive self-appreciation of Denver and Helena.

Does going West work a radical difference in a man's character? Hardly. We are all cut out of the same piece of cloth. The Western man is the Eastern or the Southern man let loose, with his leading-strings cut. But the change of situation creates immense diversity in interests and in spirit. One has but to take up any of the great newspapers, say in St. Paul or Minneapolis, to be aware that he is in another world of ideas, of news, of interests. The topics that most interest the East he does not find there, nor much of its news. Persons of whom he reads daily in the East drop out of sight, and other persons, magnates in politics, packing, railways, loom up. It takes columns to tell the daily history of places which have heretofore only caught the attention of the Eastern reader for freaks of the thermometer, and he has an opportunity to read daily pages about Dakota, concerning which a weekly paragraph has formerly satisfied his curiosity. Before he can be absorbed in these lively and intelligent newspapers he must change the whole current of his thoughts, and take up other subjects, persons, and places than those that have occupied his mind. He is in a new world.

One of the most striking facts in the West is State pride, attachment to the State, the profound belief of every citizen

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that his State is the best. Engendered perhaps at first by a permanent investment and the spur of self-interest, it speedily becomes a passion, as strong in the newest State as it is in any one of the original thirteen. Rivalry between cities is sharp, and civic pride is excessive, but both are outdone by the larger devotion to the commonwealth. And this pride is developed in the inhabitants of a Territory as soon as it is organized. Montana has condensed the ordinary achievements of a century into twenty years, and loyalty to its present and expectation of its future are as strong in its citizens as is the attachment of men of Massachusetts to the State of nearly three centuries of growth. In Nebraska I was pleased with the talk of a clergyman who had just returned from three months' travel in Europe. He was full of his novel experiences; he had greatly enjoyed the trip; but he was glad to get back to Nebraska and its full, vigorous life. In England and on the Continent he had seen much to interest him; but he could not help comparing Europe with Nebraska; and as for him, this was the substance of it: give him Nebraska every time. What astonished him most, and wounded his feeling (and there was a note of pathos in his statement of it), was the general foreign ignorance abroad about Nebraska—the utter failure in the European mind to take it in. I felt guilty, for to me it had been little more than a geographical expression, and I presume the Continent did not know whether Nebraska was a new kind of patent medicine or a new sort of religion. To the clergyman this ignorance of the central, richest, about-to-be-the-most-important of States, was simply incredible.

This feeling is not only admirable in itself, but it has an incalculable political value, especially in the West, where there is a little haze as to the limitations of Federal power, and a notion that the Constitution was swaddling-clothes for an infant, which manly limbs may need to kick off. Healthy and even assertive State pride is the only possible counterbalance in our system against that centralization which tends to corruption in the centre and weakness and discontent in the individual members.

It should be added that the West, speaking of it generally, is defiantly "American." It wants a more vigorous and assertive foreign policy. Conscious of its power, the growing pains in the limbs of the young giant will not let it rest. That this is the most magnificent country, that we have the only government beyond criticism, that our civilization is far and away the best, does not admit of doubt. It is refreshing to see men who believe in something heartily and without reserve, even if it is only in themselves. There is a tonic in this challenge of all time and history. A certain attitude of American assertion toward other powers is desired. For want of this our late representatives to Great Britain are said to be un-American; "political dudes" is what the Governor of Nebraska calls them. It is his indictment against the present minister to St. James that "he is numerous in his visits to the castles of English noblemen, and profuse in his obsequiousness to British aristocrats." And perhaps the Governor speaks for a majority of Western voters and fighters when he says that "timidity has characterized our State Department for the last twenty years."

By chance I begin these Western studies with the Northwest. Passing by for the present the intelligent and progressive State of Wisconsin, we will consider Minnesota and the vast region at present more or less tributary to it. It is necessary to remember that the State was admitted to the Union in 1858, and that its extraordinary industrial development dates from the building of the first railway in its limits—ten miles from St. Paul to St. Anthony—in 1862. For this road the first stake was driven and the first shovelful of earth lifted by a citizen of St. Paul who has lived to see his State gridironed with railways, and whose firm constructed in 1887 over eleven hundred miles of railroad.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the familiar facts that Minnesota is a great wheat State, and that it is intersected by railways that stimulate the enormous yield and market it with facility. The discovery that the State, especially the Red River Valley, and Dakota and the country beyond, were peculiarly adapted to the production of hard spring-wheat, which is the most desirable for flour, probably gave this vast region its first immense advantage. Minnesota, a prairie country, rolling, but with no important hills, well watered, well grassed, with a repellent reputation for severe winters, not well adapted to corn, nor friendly to most fruits, at-

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tracted nevertheless hardy and adventurous people, and proved specially inviting to the Scandinavians, who are tough and industrious. It would grow wheat without end. And wheat is the easiest crop to raise, and returns the greatest income for the least labor. In good seasons and with good prices it is a mine of wealth. But Minnesota had to learn that one industry does not suffice to make a State, and that wheat-raising alone is not only unreliable, but exhaustive. The grasshopper scourge was no doubt a blessing in disguise. It helped to turn the attention of farmers to cattle and sheep, and to more varied agriculture. I shall have more to say about this in connection with certain most interesting movements in Wisconsin.

The notion has prevailed that the Northwest was being absorbed by owners of immense tracts of land, great capitalists who by the aid of machinery were monopolizing the production of wheat, and crowding out small farmers. There are still vast wheat farms under one control, but I am happy to believe that the danger of this great land monopoly has reached its height, and the tendency is the other way. Small farms are on the increase, practising a more varied agriculture. The reason is this. A plantation of 5000 or 15,000 acres, with a good season, freedom from blight and insects, will enrich the owner if prices are good; but one poor crop, with low prices, will bankrupt him. Whereas the small farmer can get a living under the most adverse circumstances, and taking one year with another, accumulate something, especially if he varies his products and feeds them to stock, thus returning the richness of his farm to itself. The skinning of the land by sending away its substance in hard wheat is an improvidence of natural resources, which belongs, like cattle-ranging, to a half-civilized era, and like cattle-ranging has probably seen its best days. One incident illustrates what can be done. Mr. James J. Hill, the president of the Manitoba railway system, an importer and breeder of fine cattle on his Minnesota country place, recently gave and loaned a number of blooded bulls to farmers over a wide area in Minnesota and Dakota. The result of this benefaction has been surprising in adding to the wealth of those regions and the prosperity of the farmers. It is the beginning of a varied farming and of cattle production, which will be of incalculable benefit to the Northwest.

It is in the memory of men still in active life when the Territory of Minnesota was supposed to be beyond the pale of desirable settlement. The State, except in the northeast portion, is now well settled, and well sprinkled with thriving villages and cities. Of the latter, St. Paul and Minneapolis are still a wonder to themselves, as they are to the world. I knew that they were big cities, having each a population nearly approaching 175,000, but I was not prepared to find them so handsome and substantial, and exhibiting such vigor and activity of movement. One of the most impressive things to an Eastern man in both of them is their public spirit, and the harmony with which business men work together for anything which will build up and beautify the city. I believe that the ruling force in Minneapolis is of New England stock, while St. Paul has a larger proportion of New York people, with a mixture of Southern; and I have a fancy that there is a social shading that shows this distinction. It is worth noting, however, that the Southerner, transplanted to Minnesota or Montana, loses the *laisser faire* with which he is credited at home, and becomes as active and pushing as anybody. Both cities have a very large Scandinavian population. The laborers and the domestic servants are mostly Swedes. In forecasting what sort of a State Minnesota is to be, the Scandinavian is a largely determining force. It is a virile element. The traveller is impressed with the idea that the women whom he sees at the stations in the country and in the city streets are sturdy, ruddy, and better able to endure the protracted season of cold and the highly stimulating atmosphere than the American-born women, who tend to become nervous in these climatic conditions. The Swedes are thrifty, taking eagerly to politics, and as ready to profit by them as anybody; unreservedly American in intention, and, on the whole, good citizens.

The physical difference of the two cities is mainly one of situation. Minneapolis spreads out on both sides of the Mississippi over a plain, from the gigantic flouring mills and the canal and the Falls of St. Anthony as a centre (the falls being, by-the-way, planked over with a wooden

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apron to prevent the total wearing away of the shaly rock) to rolling land and beautiful building sites on moderate elevations. Nature has surrounded the city with a lovely country, diversified by lakes and forests, and enterprise has developed it into one of the most inviting of summer regions. Twelve miles west of it, Lake Minnetonka, naturally surpassingly lovely, has become, by an immense expenditure of money, perhaps the most attractive summer resort in the Northwest. Each city has a hotel (the West in Minneapolis, the Ryan in St. Paul) which would be distinguished monuments of cost and elegance in any city in the world, and each city has blocks of business houses, shops, and offices of solidity and architectural beauty, and each has many private residences which are palaces in size, in solidity, and interior embellishment, but they are scattered over the city in Minneapolis, which can boast of no single street equal to Summit Avenue in St. Paul. The most conspicuous of the private houses is the stone mansion of Governor Washburn, pleasing in color, harmonious in design, but so gigantic that the visitor (who may have seen palaces abroad) expects to find a somewhat vacant interior. He is therefore surprised that the predominating note is homelikeness and comfort, and he does not see how a family of moderate size could well get along with less than the seventy rooms (most of them large) which they have at their disposal.

St. Paul has the advantage of picturesqueness of situation. The business part of the town lies on a spacious uneven elevation above the river, surrounded by a semicircle of bluffs averaging something like two hundred feet high. Up the sides of these the city climbs, beautifying every vantage-ground with handsome and stately residences. On the north the bluffs maintain their elevation in a splendid plateau, and over this dry and healthful plain the two cities advance to meet each other, and already meet in suburbs, colleges, and various public buildings. Summit Avenue curves along the line of the northern bluff, and then turns northward, two hundred feet broad, graded a distance of over two miles, and with a magnificent asphalt roadway for more than a mile. It is almost literally a street of palaces, for although wooden structures alternate with the varied and architecturally interesting mansions of stone and brick on both sides, each house is isolated, with a handsome lawn and ornamental trees, and the total effect is spacious and noble. This avenue commands an almost unequalled view of the sweep of bluffs round to the Indian Mounds, of the city, the winding river, and the town and heights of West St. Paul. It is not easy to recall a street and view anywhere finer than this, and this is only one of the streets on this plateau conspicuous for handsome houses. I see no reason why St. Paul should not become, within a few years, one of the notably most beautiful cities in the world. And it is now wonderfully well advanced in that direction. Of course the reader understands that both these rapidly growing cities are in the process of "making," and that means cutting and digging and slashing, torn-up streets, shabby structures alternating with gigantic and solid buildings, and the usual unsightliness of transition and growth.

Minneapolis has the State University, St. Paul the Capitol, an ordinary building of brick, which will not long, it is safe to say, suit the needs or the pride of the State. I do not set out to describe the city, the churches, big newspaper buildings, great wholesale and ware houses, handsome club-house (the Minnesota Club), stately City Hall, banks, Chamber of Commerce, and so on. I was impressed with the size of the buildings needed to house the great railway offices. Nothing can give one a livelier idea of the growth and grasp of Western business than one of these plain structures, five or six stories high, devoted to the several departments of one road or system of roads, crowded with busy officials and clerks, offices of the president, vice-president, assistant of the president, secretary, treasurer, engineer, general manager, general superintendent, general freight, general traffic, general passenger, perhaps a land officer, and so on—affairs as complicated and vast in organization and extensive in detail as those of a State government.

There are sixteen railways which run in Minnesota, having a total mileage of 5024 miles in the State. Those which have over two hundred miles of road in the State are the Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Louis, Northern Pacific, St. Paul and Duluth, and the St.

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Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba. The names of these roads give little indication of their location, as the reader knows, for many of them run all over the Northwest like spider-webs.

It goes without saying that the management of these great interests—imperial, almost continental in scope—requires brains, sobriety, integrity, and one is not surprised to find that the railways command and pay liberally for the highest talent and skill. It is not merely a matter of laying rails and running trains, but of developing the resources—one might almost say creating the industries—of vast territories. These are gigantic interests, concerning which there is such sharp rivalry and competition, and as a rule it is the generous, large-minded policy that wins. Somebody has said that the railway managers and magnates (I do not mean those who deal in railways for the sake of gambling) are the *élite* of Western life. I am not drawing distinctions of this sort, but I will say, and it might as well be said here and simply, that next to the impression I got of the powerful hand of the railways in the making of the West, was that of the high character, the moral stamina, the ability, the devotion to something outside themselves, of the railway men I met in the Northwest. Specialists many of them are, and absorbed in special work, but I doubt if any other profession or occupation can show a proportionally larger number of broad-minded, fair-minded men, of higher integrity and less pettiness, or more inclined to the liberalizing culture in art and social life. Either dealing with large concerns has lifted up the men, or the large opportunities have attracted men of high talent and character. And I sincerely believe that we should have no occasion for anxiety if the average community did not go below the standard of railway morality and honorable dealing.

What is the *raison d'être* of these two phenomenal cities? why do they grow? why are they likely to continue to grow? I confess that this was an enigma to me until I had looked beyond to see what country was tributary to them, what a territory they have to supply. Of course the railways, the flouring mills, the vast wholesale dry-goods and grocery houses, speak for themselves. But I had thought of these cities as on the confines of civilization. They are, however, the two posts of the gateway to an empire. In order to comprehend their future I made some little trips northeast and northwest.

Duluth, though as yet with only about twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants, feels itself, by its position, a rival of the cities on the Mississippi. A few figures show the basis of this feeling. In 1880 the population was 3740; in 1886, 25,000. In 1880 the receipts of wheat were 1,347,679 bushels; in 1886, 22,425,730 bushels; in 1880 shipments of wheat 1,453,647 bushels; in 1886, 17,981,965 bushels. In 1880 the shipments of flour were 551,800 bushels; in 1886, 1,500,000 bushels. In 1886 there were grain elevators with a capacity of 18,000,000 bushels. The tax valuation had increased from $669,012 in 1880 to $11,773,729 in 1886. The following comparisons are made: The receipt of wheat in Chicago in 1885 was 19,266,000 bushels; in Duluth, 14,880,000 bushels. The receipt of wheat in 1886 was at Duluth 22,425,730 bushels; at Minneapolis, 33,394,450; at Chicago, 15,982,524; at Milwaukee, 7,930,102. This shows that an increasing amount of the great volume of wheat raised in north Dakota and northwest Minnesota (that is, largely in the Red River Valley) is seeking market by way of Duluth and water transportation. In 1869 Minnesota raised about 18,000,000 bushels of wheat; in 1886, about 50,000,000. In 1869 Dakota grew no grain at all; in 1886 it produced about 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. To understand the amount of transportation the reader has only to look on the map and see the railway lines—the Northern Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and other lines, running to Duluth, and sending out spurs, like the roots of an elm-tree, into the wheat lands of the Northwest.

Most of the route from St. Paul to Duluth is uninteresting; there is nothing picturesque except the Dalles of the St. Louis River, and a good deal of the country passed through seems agriculturally of no value. The approaches to Duluth, both from the Wisconsin and the Minnesota side, are rough and vexatious by reason of broken, low, hummocky, and swamp land. Duluth itself, with good harbor facilities, has only a strip of level ground for a street, and inadequate room for railway tracks and transfers. The town itself climbs up the hill, whence there is a good view of the lake and the Wisconsin

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shore, and a fair chance for both summer and winter breezes. The residence portion of the town, mainly small wooden houses, has many highly ornamental dwellings, and the long street below, following the shore, has many noble buildings of stone and brick, which would be a credit to any city. Grading and sewer-making render a large number of the streets impassable, and add to the signs of push, growth, and business excitement.

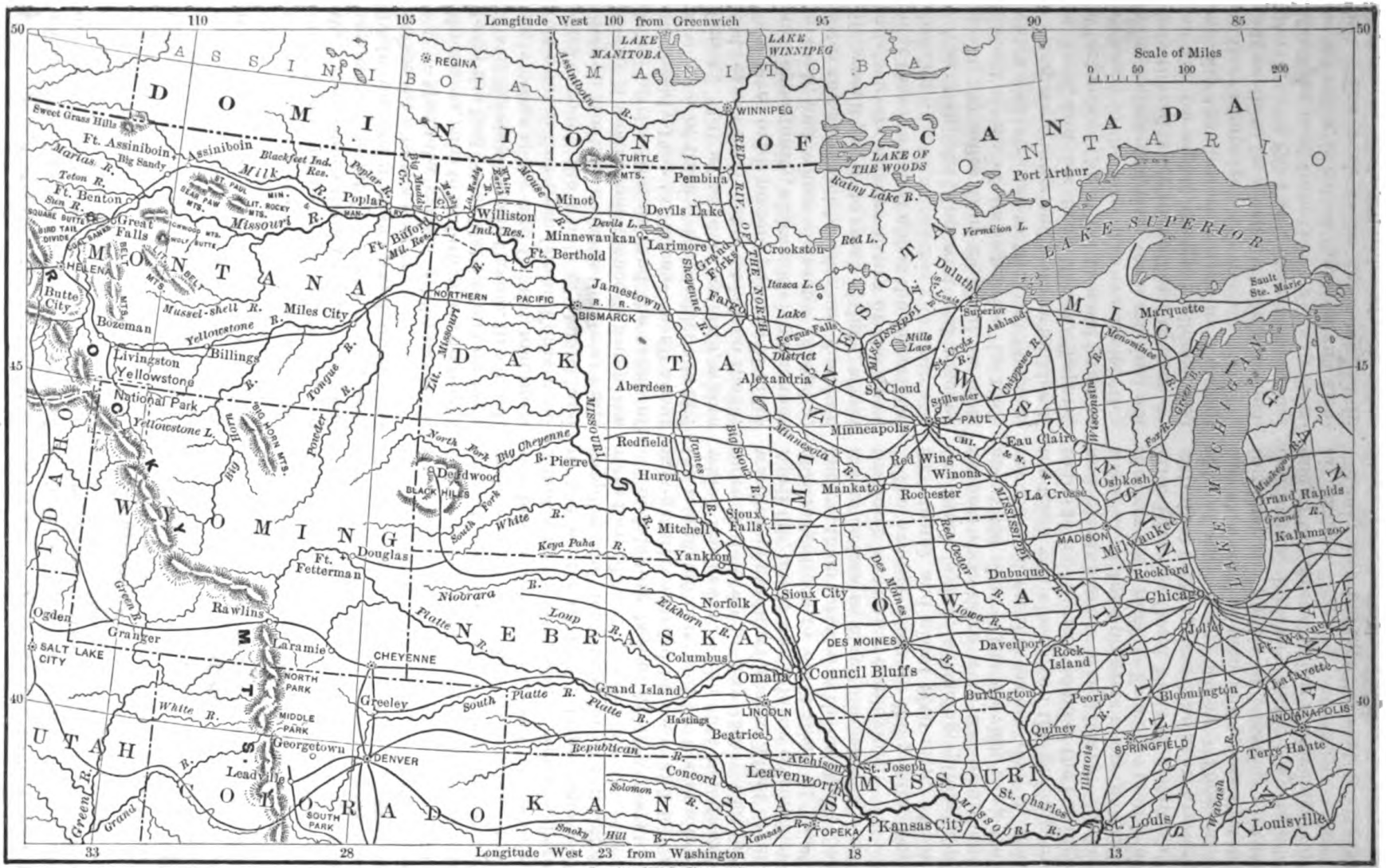
For the purposes of trade, Duluth, and the towns of Superior and West Superior, in Wisconsin, may be considered one port, and while Duluth may continue to be the money and business centre, the expansion for railway terminal facilities, elevators, and manufactures is likely to be in the Wisconsin towns on the south side of the harbor. From the Great Northern Elevator in West Superior the view of the other elevators, of the immense dock room, of the harbor and lake, of a network of miles and miles of terminal tracks of the various roads, gives one an idea of gigantic commerce; and the long freight trains laden with wheat, glutting all the roads and sidings approaching Duluth, speak of the bursting abundance of the tributary country. This Great Northern Elevator, belonging to the Manitoba system, is the largest in the world; its dimensions are 360 feet long, 95 in width, 115 in height, with a capacity of 1,800,000 bushels, and with facilities for handling 40 car-loads an hour, or 400 cars in a day of ten hours. As I am merely illustrating the amount of the present great staple of the Northwest, I say nothing here of the mineral, stone, and lumber business of this region. Duluth has a cool, salubrious summer and a snug winter climate. I ought to add that the enterprising inhabitants attend to education as well as the elevation of grain; the city has eight commodious school buildings.

To return to the Mississippi. To understand what feeds Minneapolis and St. Paul, and what country their great wholesale houses supply, one must take the rail and penetrate the vast Northwest. The famous Park or Lake district, between St. Cloud (75 miles northwest of St. Paul) and Fergus Falls, is too well known to need description. A rolling prairie, with hundreds of small lakes, tree fringed, it is a region of surpassing loveliness, and already dotted, as at Alexandria, with summer resorts. The whole region, up as far as Moorhead (240 miles from St. Paul), on the Red River, opposite Fargo, Dakota, is well settled, and full of prosperous towns. At Fargo, crossing the Northern Pacific, we ran parallel with the Red River, through a line of bursting elevators and wheat farms, down to Grand Forks, where we turned westward, and passed out of the Red River Valley, rising to the plateau at Larimore, some three hundred feet above it.

The Red River, a narrow but deep and navigable stream, has from its source to Lake Winnipeg a tortuous course of about 600 miles, while the valley itself is about 285 miles long, of which 180 miles is in the United States. This valley, which has astonished the world by its wheat production, is about 160 miles in breadth, and level as a floor, except that it has a northward slope of, I believe, about five feet to the mile. The river forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota; the width of valley on the Dakota side varies from 50 to 100 miles. The rich soil is from two to three feet deep, underlaid with clay. Fargo, the centre of this valley, is 940 feet above the sea. The climate is one of extremes between winter and summer, but of much constancy of cold or heat according to the season. Although it is undeniable that one does not feel the severe cold there as much as in more humid atmospheres, it cannot be doubted that the long continuance of extreme cold is trying to the system. And it may be said of all the Northwest, including Minnesota, that while it is more favorable to the lungs than many regions where the thermometer has less sinking power, it is not free from catarrh (the curse of New England), nor from rheumatism. The climate seems to me specially stimulating, and I should say there is less excuse here for the use of stimulants (on account of "lowness" or lassitude) than in almost any other portion of the United States with which I am acquainted.

But whatever attractions or drawbacks this territory has as a place of residence, its grain and stock growing capacity is inexhaustible, and having seen it, we begin to comprehend the vigorous activity and growth of the twin cities. And yet this is the beginning of resources; there lies Dakota, with its 149,100 square miles (96,596,480 acres of land), larger than all the New England States and New York

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Longitude West 23 from Washington
Scale of Miles
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DOMINION OF CANADA
ASSINIBOIA
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
MONTANA
DAKOTA
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
IOWA
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
MISSOURI
COLORADO
UTAH
KANSAS
REGINA
WINNIPEG
Pembina
Minot
Devils Lake
Williston
Minnewaukan
Larimore
Crookston
Red L.
Port Arthur
Duluth
Superior
Marquette
Sault Ste. Marie
Ft. Benton
Great Falls
Butte City
Helena
Bozeman
Miles City
Billings
Livingston
Yellowstone National Park
Yellowstone L.
Ft. Buford
Ft. Berthold
Jamestown
BISMARCK
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Winona
Rochester
La Crosse
Oshkosh
Mankato
Redfield
Pierre
Huron
Deadwood
BLACK HILLS
Sioux Falls
Yankton
Mitchell
Douglas
Ft. Fetterman
Rawlins
Ogden
Granger
SALT LAKE CITY
Laramie
CHEYENNE
Greeley
Georgetown
Leadville
DENVER
NORTH PARK
MIDDLE PARK
SOUTH PARK
Norfolk
Columbus
Omaha
Council Bluffs
Grand Island
LINCOLN
Hastings
Beatrice
Sioux City
DES MOINES
Davenport
Rock Island
Dubuque
Rockford
Chicago
Milwaukee
MADISON
Peoria
Bloomington
Quincy
SPRINGFIELD
Terre Haute
INDIANAPOLIS
Louisville
Atchison
Leavenworth
St. Joseph
Concord
St. Charles
St. Louis
Kansas City
TOPEKA
Lake of the Woods
Rainy Lake R.
Vermilion L.
Itasca L.
Lake Pepin
Mille Lacs
Fergus Falls
Grand Forks
Devils L.
Ft. Assiniboin
Assiniboin
Sweet Grass Hills
Big Sandy
Marias R.
Teton R.
Sun R.
Milk R.
Missouri R.
Poplar R.
Blackfeet Ind. Res.
Ft. Buford Mil. Res.
Little Missouri R.
Mouse R.
Devils L.
Jamestown
Shayenne R.
Red River of the North
Assiniboin R.
Lake Manitoba
Lake Winnipeg
Lake of the Woods
Mussel-shell R.
Yellowstone R.
Big Horn R.
Big Horn Mts.
Tongue R.
Powder R.
Little Missouri R.
Missouri R.
North Fork Big Cheyenne R.
Big Sioux R.
James R.
Minnesota R.
Mississippi R.
Red River of the North
Crow Creek
Chippewa R.
Wisconsin R.
Menomonee R.
Fox R.
Grand R.
Muskegon R.
Kalamazoo R.
Illinois R.
Des Moines R.
Iowa R.
Red Cedar R.
Wapsipinicon R.
Maquoketa R.
Wabash R.
White R.
South Fork
Keya Paha R.
Niobrara R.
Platte R.
Loup R.
Elkhorn R.
South Platte R.
Republican R.
Solomon R.
Smoky Hill R.
Kansas R.
Missouri R.
Green R.
Grand R.
Uinta Mts.
Wind River Mts.
Park Mts.
Sangre de Cristo Mts.
Sweet Grass Hills
Square Butte
Bird Tail Divide
Bell Mts.
Little Belt Mts.
Crow Butte
Wolf Butte
Big Medicine Butte
Big Muddy Creek
Big Porcupine Creek
White Earth R.
Poplar R.
Milk R.
Missouri R.
Big Sandy
Marias R.
Teton R.
Sun R.
Ft. Assiniboin
Assiniboin
Blackfeet Ind. Res.
Ft. Buford Mil. Res.
Williston Ind. Res.
Ft. Berthold
Devils L.
Jamestown
Shayenne R.
Grand Forks
Red River of the North
Lake Pepin
Mille Lacs
Fergus Falls
Itasca L.
Lake of the Woods
Rainy Lake R.
Vermilion L.
Red L.
Crookston
Duluth
St. Louis R.
Superior
Ashlands
Sault Ste. Marie
Marquette
Menomonee R.
Chippewa R.
Wisconsin R.
Fox R.
Grand R.
Muskegon R.
Kalamazoo R.
Grand Rapids
Oshkosh
Milwaukee
MADISON
Rockford
Dubuque
Red Cedar R.
Des Moines R.
Iowa R.
Wapsipinicon R.
Maquoketa R.
Wabash R.
Illinois R.
Peoria
Bloomington
Quincy
SPRINGFIELD
Terre Haute
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Yankton
Sioux Falls
Mitchell
Huron
Redfield
Pierre
Deadwood
BLACK HILLS
Mankato
Minneapolis
ST. PAUL
Eau Claire
Red Wing
Winona
Rochester
La Crosse
Aberdeen
Alexandria
St. Cloud
Stillwater
Minnesota R.
Mississippi R.
Big Sioux R.
James R.
Missouri R.
Little Missouri R.
Powder R.
Tongue R.
Big Horn R.
Big Horn Mts.
Yellowstone R.
Yellowstone L.
Mussel-shell R.
Miles City
Billings
Livingston
Yellowstone National Park
Bozeman
Butte City
Helena
Great Falls
Ft. Benton
Sun R.
Teton R.
Marias R.
Milk R.
Missouri R.
Poplar R.
Big Muddy Creek
Big Porcupine Creek
White Earth R.
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Jamestown
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Vermilion L.
Red L.
Crookston
Duluth
Lake Pepin
Mille Lacs
Fergus Falls
Itasca L.
Lake of the Woods
Rainy Lake R.
Vermilion L.
Red L.
Crookston
Duluth

combined, and Montana beyond, together making a belt of hard spring-wheat land sufficient, one would think, to feed the world. When one travels over 1200 miles of it, doubt ceases.

I cannot better illustrate the resources and enterprise of the Northwest than by speaking in some detail of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway (known as the Manitoba system), and by telling briefly the story of one season's work, not because this system is bigger or more enterprising or of more importance in the West than some others I might name, but because it has lately pierced a comparatively unknown region, and opened to settlement a fertile empire.

The Manitoba system gridirons north Minnesota, runs to Duluth, puts two tracks down the Red River Valley (one on each side of the river) to the Canada line, sends out various spurs into Dakota, and operates a main line from Grand Forks westward through the whole of Dakota, and through Montana as far as the Great Falls of the Missouri, and thence through the cañon of the Missouri and the cañon of the Prickly-Pear to Helena—in all about 3000 miles of track. Its president is Mr. James J. Hill, a Canadian by birth, whose rapid career from that of a clerk on the St. Paul levee to his present position of influence, opportunity, and wealth is a romance in itself, and whose character, integrity, tastes and accomplishments, and domestic life, were it proper to speak of them, would satisfactorily answer many of the questions that are asked about the materialistic West.

The Manitoba line west had reached Minot, 530 miles from St. Paul, in 1886. I shall speak of its extension in 1887, which was intrusted to Mr. D. C. Shepard, a veteran engineer and railway builder of St. Paul, and his firm, Messrs. Shepard, Winston, and Co. Credit should be given by name to the men who conducted this Napoleonic enterprise; for it required not only the advance of millions of money, but the foresight, energy, vigilance, and capacity that insure success in a distant military campaign.

It needs to be noted that the continuation of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba road from Great Falls to Helena, 98 miles, is called the Montana Central. The work to be accomplished in 1887 was to grade 500 miles of railroad to reach Great Falls, to put in the bridging and mechanical structures (by hauling all material brought up by rail ahead of the track by teams, so as not to delay the progress of the track) on 530 miles of continuous railway, and to lay and put in good running condition 643 miles of rails continuously and from one end only.

In the winter of 1886–7 the road was completed to a point five miles west of Minot, and work was done beyond which if consolidated would amount to about fifty miles of completed grading, and the mechanical structures were done for twenty miles west from Minot. On the Montana Central the grading and mechanical structures were made from Helena as a base, and completed before the track reached Great Falls. St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth were the primary bases of operations, and generally speaking all materials, labor, fuel, and supplies originated at these three points; Minot was the secondary base, and here in the winter of 1886–7 large depots of supplies and materials for construction were formed.

Track-laying began April 2, 1887, but was greatly retarded by snow and ice in the completed cuts, and by the grading, which was heavy. The cuts were frozen more or less up to May 15th. The forwarding of grading forces to Minot began April 6th, but it was a labor of considerable magnitude to outfit them at Minot and get them forward to the work; so that it was as late as May 10th before the entire force was under employment.

The average force on the grading was 3300 teams and about 8000 men. Upon the track-laying, surfacing, piling, and timber-work there were 225 teams and about 650 men. The heaviest work was encountered on the eastern end, so that the track was close upon the grading up to the 10th of June. Some of the cuttings and embankments were heavy. After the 10th of June progress upon the grading was very rapid. From the mouth of Milk River to Great Falls (a distance of 200 miles) grading was done at an average rate of seven miles a day. Those who saw this army of men and teams stretching over the prairie and casting up this continental highway think they beheld one of the most striking achievements of civilization.

I may mention that the track is all cast up (even where the grading is easy) to such a height as to relieve it of drifting

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snow; and to give some idea of the character of the work, it is noted that in preparing it there were moved 9,700,000 cubic yards of earth, 15,000 cubic yards of loose rock, and 17,500 cubic yards of solid rock, and that there were hauled ahead of the track and put in the work to such distance as would not obstruct the track-laying (in some instances 30 miles), 9,000,000 feet (board measure) of timber and 390,000 lineal feet of piling.

On the 5th of August the grading of the entire line to Great Falls was either finished or properly manned for its completion the first day of September, and on the 10th of August it became necessary to remove outfits to the east as they completed their work, and about 2500 teams and their quota of men were withdrawn between the 10th and 20th of August, and placed upon work elsewhere.

The record of track laid is as follows: April 2d to 30th, 30 miles; May, 82 miles; June, 79.8 miles, July, 100.8 miles; August, 115.4 miles; September, 102.4 miles; up to October 15th to Great Falls, 34.6 miles—a total to Great Falls of 545 miles. October 16th being Sunday, no track was laid. The track started from Great Falls Monday, October 17th, and reached Helena on Friday, November 18th, a distance of 98 miles, making a grand total of 643 miles, and an average rate for every working day of three and one-quarter miles. It will thus be seen that laying a good road was a much more expeditious method of reaching the Great Falls of the Missouri than that adopted by Lewis and Clarke.

Some of the details of this construction and track-laying will interest railroad men. On the 16th of July 7 miles and 1040 feet of track were laid, and on the 8th of August 8 miles and 60 feet were laid, in each instance by daylight, and by the regular gang of track-layers, without any increase of their numbers whatever. The entire work was done by handling the iron on low iron cars, and depositing it on the track from the car at the front end. The method pursued was the same as when one mile of track is laid per day in the ordinary manner. The force of track-layers was maintained at the proper number for the ordinary daily work, and was never increased to obtain any special result. The result on the 11th of August was probably decreased by a quarter to a half mile by the breaking of an axle of an iron car while going to the front with its load at about 4 P.M. From six to eight iron cars were employed in doing this day's work. The number ordinarily used was four to five.

Sidings were graded at intervals of seven to eight miles, and spur tracks, laid on the natural surface, put in at convenient points, sixteen miles apart, for storage of materials and supplies at or near the front. As the work went on, the spur tracks in the rear were taken up. The construction train contained box cars two and three stories high, in which workmen were boarded and lodged. Supplies, as a rule, were taken by wagon trains from the spur tracks near the front to their destination, an average distance of one hundred miles and an extreme one of two hundred miles. Steam-boats were employed to a limited extent on the Missouri River in supplying such remote points as Fort Benton and the Coal Banks, but not more than fifteen per cent. of the transportation was done by steamers. A single item illustrating the magnitude of the supply transportation is that there were shipped to Minot and forwarded and consumed on the work 590,000 bushels of oats.

It is believed that the work of grading 500 miles of railroad in five months, and the transportation into the country of everything consumed, grass and water excepted, and of every rail, tie, bit of timber, pile, tool, machine, man, or team employed, and laying 643 miles of track in seven and a half months, from one end, far exceeds in magnitude and rapidity of execution any similar undertaking in this or any other country. It reflects also the greatest credit on the managers of the railway transportation (it is not invidious to mention the names of Mr. A. Manvel, general manager, and Mr. J. M. Egan, general superintendent, upon whom the working details devolved) when it is stated that the delays for material or supplies on the entire work did not retard it in the aggregate one hour. And every hour counted in this masterly campaign.

The Western people apparently think no more of throwing down a railroad, if they want to go anywhere, than a conservative Easterner does of taking an unaccustomed walk across country, and the railway constructors and managers are a little amused at the Eastern slowness and want of facility in construction and management. One hears that the East is an-

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tiquated, and does not know anything about railroad building. Shovels, carts, and wheelbarrows are of a past age; the big wheel-scraper does the business. It is a common remark that a contractor accustomed to Eastern work is not desired on a Western job.

On Friday afternoon, November 18th, the news was flashed that the last rail was laid, and at 6 P.M. a special train was on the way from St. Paul with a double complement of engineers and train-men. For the first 500 miles there was more or less delay in avoiding the long and frequent freight trains, but after that not much except the necessary stops for cleaning the engine. Great Falls, about 1100 miles, was reached Sunday noon, in thirty-six hours, an average of over thirty miles an hour. A part of the time the speed was as much as fifty miles an hour. The track was solid, evenly graded, heavily tied, well aligned, and the cars ran over it with no more swing and bounce than on an old road. The only exception to this is the piece from Great Falls to Helena, which had not been surfaced all the way. It is excellent railway construction, and it is necessary to emphasize this when we consider the rapidity with which it was built.

The company has built this road without land grant or subsidy of any kind. The Montana extension, from Minot, Dakota, to Great Falls, runs mostly through Indian and military reservations, permission to pass through being given by special act of Congress, and the company buying 200 feet roadway. Little of it, therefore, is open to settlement.

These reservations, naming them in order westward, are as follows: The Fort Berthold Indian reservation, Dakota, the eastern boundary of which is 27 miles west of Minot, has an area of 4550 square miles (about as large as Connecticut), or 2,912,000 acres. The Fort Buford military reservation, lying in Dakota and Montana, has an area of 900 square miles, or 576,000 acres. The Blackfeet Indian reserve has an area of 34,000 square miles (the State of New York has 46,000), or 21,760,000 acres. The Fort Assiniboin military reserve has an area of 869.82 square miles, or 556,684 acres.

It is a liberal estimate that there are 6000 Indians on the Blackfeet and Fort Berthold reservations. As nearly as I could ascertain, there are not over 3500 Indians (some of those I saw were Crees on a long visit from Canada) on the Blackfeet reservation of about 22,000,000 acres. Some judges put the number as low as 2500 to all this territory, and estimate that there was about one Indian to ten square miles, or one Indian family to fifty square miles. We rode through 300 miles of this territory along the Milk River, nearly every acre of it good soil, with thick, abundant grass, splendid wheat land.

I have no space to take up the Indian problem. But the present condition of affairs is neither fair to white settlers nor just or humane to the Indians. These big reservations are of no use to them, nor they to the reservations. The buffalo have disappeared; they do not live by hunting; they cultivate very little ground; they use little even to pasture their ponies. They are fed and clothed by the government, and they camp about the agencies in idleness, under conditions that pauperize them, destroy their manhood, degrade them into dependent, vicious lives. The reservations ought to be sold, and the proceeds devoted to educating the Indians and setting them up in a self-sustaining existence. They should be allotted an abundance of good land, in the region to which they are acclimated, in severalty, and under such restrictions that they cannot alienate it at least for a generation or two. As the Indian is now, he will neither work, nor keep clean, nor live decently. Close to, the Indian is not a romantic object, and certainly no better now morally than Lewis and Clarke depicted him in 1804. But he is a man; he has been barbarously treated; and it is certainly not beyond honest administration and Christian effort to better his condition. And his condition will not be improved simply by keeping from settlement and civilization the magnificent agricultural territory that is reserved to him.

Of this almost unknown country, pierced by the road west from Larimore, I can only make the briefest notes. I need not say that this open, unobstructed highway of arable land and habitable country, from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, was an astonishment to me; but it is more to the purpose to say that the fertile region was a surprise to railway men who are perfectly familiar with the West.

We had passed some snow in the night, which had been very cold, but there was very little at Larimore, a considerable

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town; there was a high, raw wind during the day, and a temperature of about 10° above, which heavily frosted the car windows. At Devil's Lake (a body of brackish water twenty-eight miles long) is a settlement three years old, and from this and two insignificant stations beyond were shipped, in 1887, 1,500,000 bushels of wheat. The country beyond is slightly rolling, fine land, has much wheat, little houses scattered about, some stock, very promising altogether. Minot, where we crossed the Mouse River the second time, is a village of 700 people, with several brick houses and plenty of saloons. Thence we ran up to a plateau some three hundred feet higher than the Mouse River Valley, and found a land more broken, and interspersed with rocky land and bowlders—the only touch of "bad lands" I recall on the route. We crossed several small streams, White Earth, Sandy, Little Muddy, and Muddy, and before reaching Williston descended into the valley of the Missouri, reached Fort Buford, where the Yellowstone comes in, entered what is called Paradise Valley, and continued parallel with the Missouri as far as the mouth of Milk River. Before reaching this we crossed the Big Muddy and the Poplar rivers, both rising in Canada. At Poplar Station is a large Indian agency, and hundreds of Teton Sioux Indians (I was told 1800) camped there in their conical tepees. I climbed the plateau above the station where the Indians bury their dead, wrapping the bodies in blankets and buffalo-robes, and suspending them aloft on cross-bars supported by stakes, to keep them from the wolves. Beyond Assiniboin I saw a platform in a cottonwood-tree on which reposed the remains of a chief and his family. This country is all good, so far as I could see and learn.

It gave me a sense of geographical deficiency in my education to travel three hundred miles on a river I had never heard of before. But it happened on the Milk River, a considerable but not navigable stream, although some six hundred miles long. The broad Milk River Valley is in itself an empire of excellent land, ready for the plough and the wheat-sower. Judging by the grass (which cures into the most nutritious feed as it stands), there had been no lack of rain during the summer; but if there is lack of water, all the land can be irrigated by the Milk River, and it may also be said of the country beyond to Great Falls that frequent streams make irrigation easy, if there is scant rainfall. I should say that this would be the only question about water.

Leaving the Milk River Valley, we began to curve southward, passing Fort Assiniboin on our right. In this region and beyond at Fort Benton great herds of cattle are grazed by government contractors, who supply the posts with beef. At the Big Sandy Station they were shipping cattle eastward. We crossed the Marias River (originally named Maria's River), a stream that had the respectful attention of Lewis and Clarke, and the Teton, a wilfully erratic watercourse in a narrow valley, which caused the railway constructors a good deal of trouble. We looked down, in passing, on Fort Benton, nestled in a bend of the Missouri; a smart town, with a daily newspaper, an old trading station. Shortly after leaving Assiniboin we saw on our left the Bear Paw Mountains and the noble Highwood Mountains, fine peaks, snow-dusted, about thirty miles from us, and adjoining them the Belt Mountains. Between them is a shapely little pyramid called the Wolf Butte. Far to our right were the Sweet Grass Hills, on the Canada line, where gold-miners are at work. I have noted of all this country that it is agriculturally fine. After Fort Benton we had glimpses of the Rockies, off to the right (we had seen before the Little Rockies in the south, toward Yellowstone Park); then the Bird-tail Divide came in sight, and the mathematically Square Butte, sometimes called Fort Montana.

At noon, November 20th, we reached Great Falls, where the Sun River, coming in from the west, joins the Missouri. The railway crosses the Sun River, and runs on up the left bank of the Missouri. Great Falls, which lies in a bend of the Missouri on the east side, was not then, but soon will be, connected with the line by a railway bridge. I wish I could convey to the reader some idea of the beauty of the view as we came out upon the Sun River Valley, or the feeling of exhilaration and elevation we experienced. I had come to no place before that did not seem remote, far from home, lonesome. Here the aspect was friendly, livable, almost homelike. We seemed to have come out, after a long journey, to a place where one might be content to stay for some time—to a far

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but fair country, on top of the world, as it were. Not that the elevation is great—only about 3000 feet above the sea—nor the horizon illimitable, as on the great plains; its spaciousness is brought within human sympathy by guardian hills and distant mountain ranges.

A more sweet, smiling picture than the Sun River Valley the traveller may go far to see. With an average breadth of not over two and a half to five miles, level, richly grassed, flanked by elevations that swell up to plateaus, through the valley the Sun River, clear, full to the grassy banks, comes down like a ribbon of silver, perhaps 800 feet broad before its junction. Across the far end of it, seventy-five miles distant, but seemingly not more than twenty, run the silver serrated peaks of the Rocky Mountains, snow-clad and sparkling in the sun. At distances of twelve and fifty miles up the valley have been for years prosperous settlements, with school-houses and churches, hitherto cut off from the world.

The whole rolling, arable, though treeless country in view is beautiful, and the far prospects are magnificent. I suppose that something of the homelikeness of the region is due to the presence of the great Missouri River (a connection with the world we know), which is here a rapid, clear stream, in permanent rock-laid banks. At the town a dam has been thrown across it, and the width above the dam, where we crossed it, is about 1800 feet. The day was fair and not cold, but a gale of wind from the southwest blew with such violence that the ferry-boat was unmanageable, and we went over in little skiffs, much tossed about by the white-capped waves.

In June, 1886, there was not a house within twelve miles of this place. The country is now taken up and dotted with claim shanties, and Great Falls is a town of over 1000 inhabitants, regularly laid out, with streets indeed extending far on to the prairie, a handsome and commodious hotel, several brick buildings, and new houses going up in all directions. Central lots, fifty feet by two hundred and fifty, are said to sell for $5000, and I was offered a corner lot on Tenth Street, away out on the prairie, for $1500, including the corner stake.

It is difficult to write of this country without seeming exaggeration, and the habitual frontier boastfulness makes the acquisition of bottom facts difficult. It is plain to be seen that it is a good grazing country, and the experimental fields of wheat near the town show that it is equally well adapted to wheat-raising. The vegetables grown there are enormous and solid, especially potatoes and turnips; I have the outline of a turnip which measured seventeen inches across, seven inches deep, and weighed twenty-four pounds. The region is underlaid by bituminous coal, good coking quality, and extensive mines are opening in the neighborhood. I have no doubt from what I saw and heard that iron of good quality (hematite) is abundant. It goes without saying that the Montana mountains are full of other minerals. The present advantage of Great Falls is in the possession of unlimited water-power in the Missouri River.

As to rainfall and climate? The grass shows no lack of rain, and the wheat was raised in 1887 without irrigation. But irrigation from the Missouri and Sun rivers is easy, if needed. The thermometer shows a more temperate and less rigorous climate than Minnesota and north Dakota. Unless everybody fibs, the winters are less severe, and stock ranges and fattens all winter. Less snow falls here than farther east and south, and that which falls does not usually remain long. The truth seems to be that the mercury occasionally goes very low, but that every few days a warm Pacific wind from the southwest, the "Chinook," blows a gale, which instantly raises the temperature, and sweeps off the snow in twenty-four hours. I was told that ice rarely gets more than ten inches thick, and that ploughing can be done as late as the 20th of December, and recommenced from the 1st to the 15th of March. I did not stay long enough to verify these statements. There had been a slight fall of snow in October, which speedily disappeared. November 20th was pleasant, with a strong Chinook wind. November 21st there was a driving snowstorm.

The region is attractive to the sightseer. I can speak of only two things, the Springs and the Falls. There is a series of rapids and falls for twelve miles below the town; and the river drops down rapidly into a cañon which is in some places nearly 200 feet deep. The first fall is twenty-six feet high. The most beautiful is the Rainbow Fall, six miles from town. This cataract, in a wild, deep

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gorge, has a width of 1400 feet, nearly as straight across as an artificial dam, with a perpendicular plunge of fifty feet. What makes it impressive is the immense volume of water. Dashed upon the rocks below, it sends up clouds of spray, which the sun tinges with prismatic colors the whole breadth of the magnificent fall. Standing half-way down the precipice, another considerable and regular fall is seen above, while below are rapids and falls again at the bend, and beyond, great reaches of tumultuous river in the cañon. It is altogether a wild and splendid spectacle. Six miles below, the river takes a continuous though not perpendicular plunge of ninety-six feet.

One of the most exquisitely beautiful natural objects I know is the Spring, a mile above Rainbow Fall. Out of a rocky ledge, sloping up some ten feet above the river, burst several springs of absolutely crystal water, powerfully bubbling up like small geysers, and together forming instantly a splendid stream, which falls into the Missouri. So perfectly transparent is the water that the springs seem to have a depth of only fifteen inches; they are fifteen feet deep. In them grow flat-leaved plants of vivid green, shades from lightest to deepest emerald, and when the sunlight strikes into their depths the effect is exquisitely beautiful. Mingled with the emerald are maroon colors that heighten the effect. The vigor of the outburst, the volume of water, the transparency, the play of sunlight on the lovely colors, give one a positively new sensation.

I have left no room to speak of the road of ninety-eight miles through the cañon of the Missouri and the cañon of the Prickly-Pear to Helena—about 1400 feet higher than Great Falls. It is a marvellously picturesque road, following the mighty river, winding through crags and precipices of trap-rock set on end in fantastic array, and wild mountain scenery. On the route are many pleasant places, openings of fine valleys, thriving ranches, considerable stock and oats, much land ploughed and cultivated. The valley broadens out before we reach Helena and enter Last Chance Gulch, now the main street of the city, out of which millions of gold have been taken.

At Helena we reach familiar ground. The 21st was a jubilee day for the city and the whole Territory. Cannon, bells, whistles, welcomed the train and the man, and fifteen thousand people hurrahed; the town was gayly decorated; there was a long procession, speeches and music in the Opera-house in the afternoon, and fireworks, illumination, and banquet in the evening. The reason of the boundless enthusiasm of Helena was in the fact that the day gave it a new competing line to the East, and opened up the coal, iron, and wheat fields of north Montana.

Further comments, economic and social, upon the Northwest, including Wisconsin, must be deferred to the April number.

CHRISTENING.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

TO-DAY I saw a little, calm-eyed child—
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows tarried
Within the church's shelter arched and aisled—
Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried;

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a flower,
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel;
Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural dower—
Offered to God as her most precious hansel.

Then ceased the music, and the little one
Was silent; and the multitude assembled
Hearkened; and when of Father and of Son
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trembled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words,
And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,
Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

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How like in this, I thought, to older folk!
The blessing falls: we call it tribulation,
And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke
Even at the moment of our consecration.

Pure daisy-child! Whatever be the form
Of dream or doctrine—or of unbelieving—
A hand may touch our heads, amid the storm
Of grief and doubt, to bless beyond bereaving.

A voice may sound, in measured, holy rite:
The words we know not, though their solemn meaning
Be clear as dew, and sure as starry light
Scattered afar from some celestial gleaning.

Wise is the ancient sacrament that blends
This weakling cry of children, in our churches,
With strength of prayer or anthem that ascends
To Him who hearts of men and children searches.

We are like the babe who, soothed by song again,
Within her mother's cradling arm lay nested,
Bright as a new bud, now, refreshed by rain:
And on her hair, it seemed, Heaven's radiance rested.

A DITTY TO DOTTY DIMPLE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

TELL me, Miss Dimple,
Rosebud and buttercup,
Will you still be my blossom
When you grow up?
Will your hair keep its yellow,
Your lips keep their curl?
What if I should not know her—
My own little girl!

And they introduced us:
"Grandmamma Dimple"—
A dear little grandmamma,
Wearing a wimple,
Through spectacles peering
While snipping out follies—
Red ribbons and sashes
For grandmamma's dollies.

Much sunshine, some shadow—
Quite frequently showers;
But nothing has clouded
This friendship of ours,
Save one little jangle—
Just *one* little todo—
When Gwendolen's tresses
Got tangled with glue.

You recall that sad morning,
How we both were appalled,
When a sudden disaster
Left Gwendolen bald.
I ran with my glue-brush,
But, alas, 'twas too big
For a toilet so dainty,
And I dabbled the wig.

Ah, Dotty, you promise
To live with us two,
But greatly I fear me—
Yes, Dimple, I do—
Some voice you'll find sweeter
Than that of mamma,
Some one you'll love dearer
Than your own dear papa.

Do you think, Miss D. Dimple,
That any young sprig
Will love you as vastly,
Though you're ever so big?
To your side will he hasten
With comfort and glue,
When you find your doll's hollow,
And the sawdust sifts through?

Will *he* guide your footsteps
Lest you falter and fall—
Your tumbles, your troubles,
Will he share them all?
And when others don't know
Why the little girl cries,
Will *he* read the reason
Writ in your blue eyes?

Ah, the nest seems so withered,
The nestling away;
But the old have their years,
And the young have their day.
Yet I'm jealous this moment—
Of whom, do you guess?
Of that rival's arrival
In ten years—or less!

And though tamely submitting—
As some may suppose—
If I were a wizard,
And my wand were this rose,
Once, twice, I would wave it—
Yes, a third time—and say:
"Let my daughter be ever
The Dot. of to-day!"

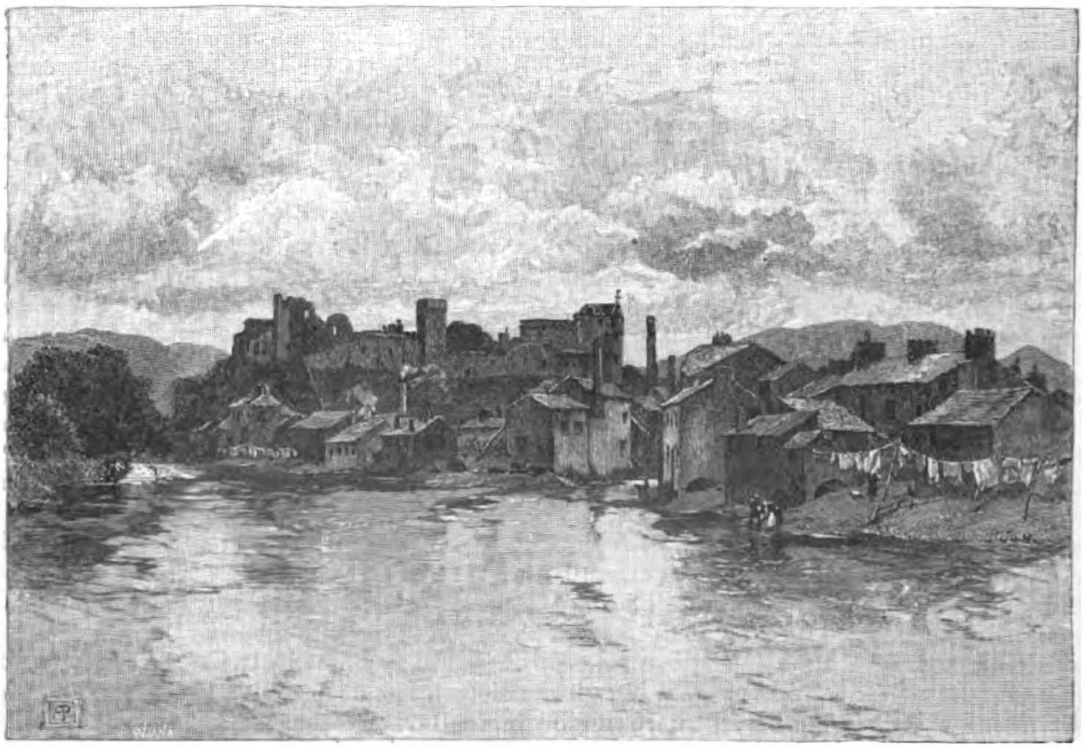
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In sight of the Town of Cockermouth.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
And to those graves looking habitually,
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent,
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And you, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



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A LITTLE SWISS SOJOURN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Second Paper.

I.

THE winter and the vintage come on together at Villeneuve, and when the snows had well covered the mountains around, the grapes in the valley were declared ripe by an act of the Commune. There had been so much rain and so little sun that their ripeness was hardly attested otherwise. Fully two-thirds of the crop had blackened with blight; the imperfect clusters, where they did not hang sodden and mildewed on the vines, were small and sour. It was sorrowful to see them; and when, about the middle of October, the people assembled in the vineyards to gather them, the spectacle had none of that gayety which the poets had taught me to expect of it. Those poor clusters did not

> "reel to earth
> Purple and gushing,"

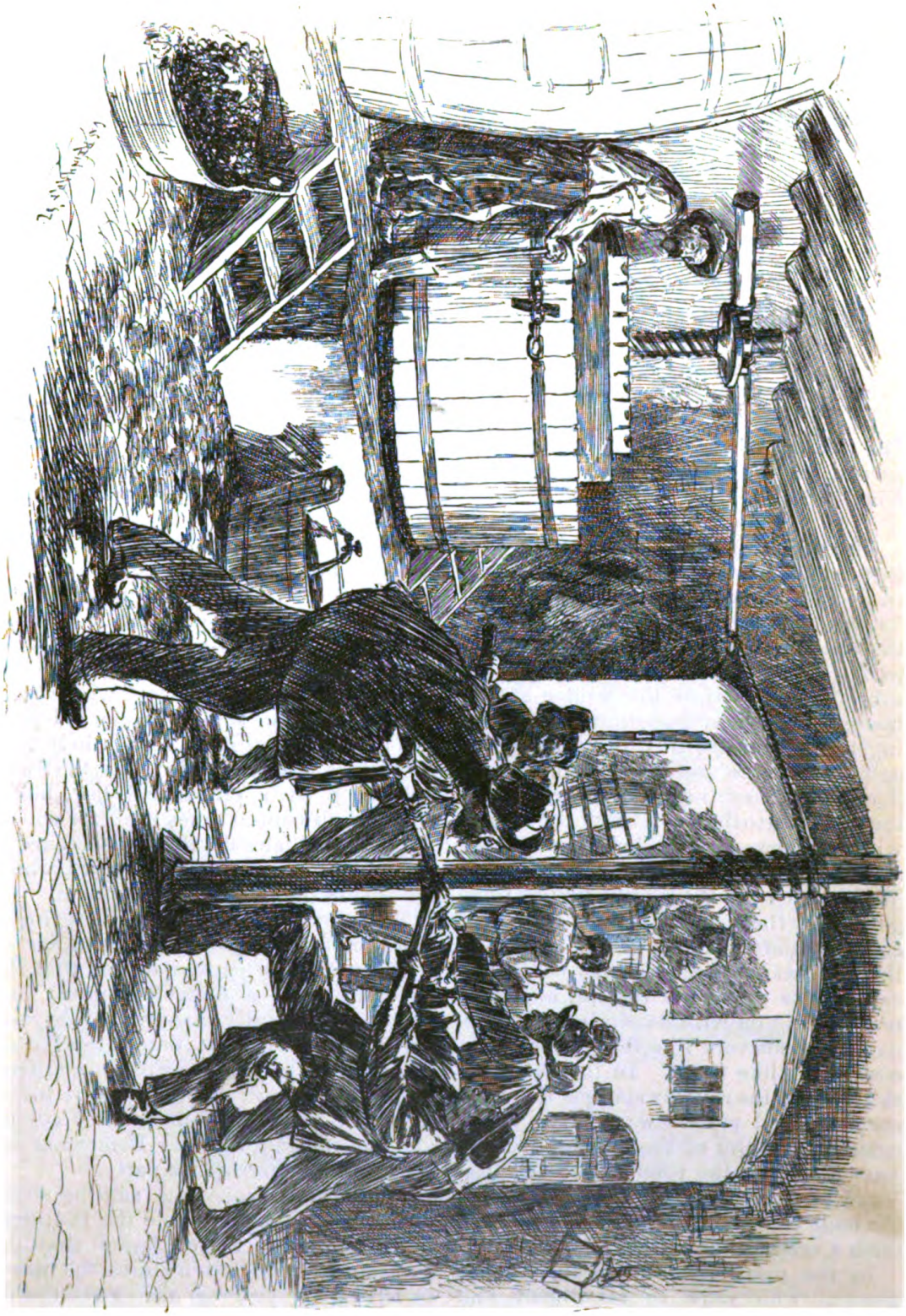
but limply waited the short hooked knife with which the peasants cut them from their stems; and the peasants, instead of advancing with jocund steps and rustic song to the sound of the lute and tabor and other convenient instruments, met in obedience to public notice duly posted about the Commune, and set to work, men, women, and children alike silent and serious. So many of the grapes are harvested and manufactured in common that it is necessary the vintage should begin on a fixed day, and no one was allowed to anticipate or postpone. Some cut the grapes, and dropped them into the flattish wooden barrels, which others, after mashing the berries with a long wooden pestle, bore off and emptied frothing and gurgling into big casks mounted on carts. These were then driven into the village, where the mess was poured into the presses, and the wine crushed out to the last bitter dregs. The vineyards were a scene of activity, but not hilarity, though a little way off they looked rather lively with the vintagers at work in them. We climbed to one of them far up the mountain-side one day, where a family were gathering the grapes on a slope almost as steep as a house roof, father, mother, daughter, son-in-law, big boy, and big girl all silently busy together. There were bees and wasps humming around the tubs of crushed grapes in the pale afternoon sun; the view of the lake and the mountains was inspiring; but there was nothing bacchanalian in the affair, unless the thick calves of the girl, as she bent over to cut the clusters, suggested a Mænad fury. These poor people were quite songless, though I am bound to say that in another vineyard I did hear some of the children singing. It had momentarily stopped raining; but it soon began again, and the vintage went sorrowfully on in the mud. All Villeneuve smelt of the harsh juice and pulp arriving from the fields in the wagons, carts, tubs, and barrels which crowded the streets and sidewalks, and in divers cavernous basements the presses were at work, and there was a slop and drip of new wine everywhere. After dark the people came in from the fields and gossiped about their doors, and the red light of flitting lanterns blotched the steady rainpour. Outside of the village rose the black mountains, white at the top with their snows.

In the cafés and other public places there were placards advertising American wine-presses, but I saw none of them in use. At a farm-house near us we looked on at the use of one of the old-fashioned Swiss presses. Under it lay a mighty cake of grapes, stems, and skins, crushed into a common mass, and bulging further beyond the press with each turn of the screw, while the juice ran in a little rivulet into a tub below. When the press was lifted, the grapes were seen only half crushed. Two peasants then mounted the cake, and trimmed it into shape with long-handled spades, piling the trimmings on top, and then bringing the press down again. They invited us with charming politeness to taste the juice, but their heavy boots bore evidence of too recent a visit to the cherished manure heap, and we thanked them with equal courtesy.

This grape cake, when it had yielded up its last drop, would be broken to pieces and scattered over the fields as a fertilizer. The juice would meanwhile have been placed to ferment in the tuns, twelve and thirteen feet deep, which lay in the adjoining cellar.

For weeks after the vintage people were

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THE WINE-PRESS.

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drinking the new wine, which looked thick and whitish in the glasses, at all the cafés. It seemed to be thought a dainty beverage, but our scruples against it remained, and I cannot say what its effect upon the drinkers might be. Perhaps it had properties as a "sweet, oblivious antidote" which rendered necessary the placard we saw in the café of the little Hôtel Chillon:

"Die Rose blüht,
Der Dorn der stickt;
Wer gleich bezahlt
Vergisst es nicht."

Or, in inadequate English:

The roses bloom,
The thorns they stick;
No one forgets
Who settles quick.

The relation of the ideas is not very apparent, but the lyric cry is distinctly audible.

II.

One morning, a week before the vintage began, we were wakened by the musical clash of cow-bells, and for days afterward the herds came streaming from the chalets on all the mountains round to feed upon the lowland pastures for a brief season before the winter should house them. There was something charming to ear and eye in this autumnal descent of the kine, and we were sorry when it ended. They thronged the village in their passage to the levels beside the Rhone, where afterward they lent their music and their picturesqueness to the meadows. With each herd there were two or three goats, and these goats thought they were cows; but, after all, the public interest of this descent of the cows was not really comparable to that of the fall elections, now coming on with handbills and newspaper appeals very like those of our own country at like times. In the cafés, the steam-boats, the railway stations, the street corners, vivid posters warned the voters against the wiles of the enemy, and the journals urged the people of the Canton Vaud to be up and doing; they declared the issue before them a vital one, and the crisis a crisis of the greatest moment.

In the mean time the people in our pension, who were so intelligent and well informed about other things, bore witness to the real security of the state, and the tranquillity of the Swiss mind generally concerning politics, by their ignorance of the name of their existing President. They believed he was a man of the name of Schultz; but it appeared that his name was not at all Schultz, when we referred the matter to our pasteur. It was from him, indeed, that I learned nearly all I knew of Swiss politics, and it was from his teaching that I became a conservative partisan in the question, then before the voters, of a national free-school law. The radicals, who, the pasteur said, wished Switzerland to attempt the rôle "*grande nation*," had brought forward this measure in the Federal legislature, and it was now, according to the sensible Swiss custom, to be submitted to a popular vote. It provided for the establishment of a national bureau of education, and the conservatives protested against it as the entering wedge of centralization in government affairs. They contended that in a country shared by three races and two religions education should be left as much as possible to the several cantons, which in the Swiss constitution are equivalent to our States. I am happy to say that the proposed law was overwhelmingly defeated; I am happy because I liked the pasteur so much, though when I remember the sympathetic bric-à-brac dealer at Vevay, who was a radical, but who sold me some old pewters at a very low price, I can't help feeling a little sorry too. However, the Swiss still keep their old school law, under which each canton taxes itself for education, as our States do, though all share in the advantages of the universities, which are part of the public-school system.

The parties in Switzerland are fortunately not divided by questions of race or religion, but the pasteur owned that the Catholics were a difficult element, and had to be carefully managed. They include the whole population of the Italian cantons and part of the French and German. In Geneva and other large towns the labor question troublesomely enters, and the radicals, like our Democrats, are sometimes the retrograde party.

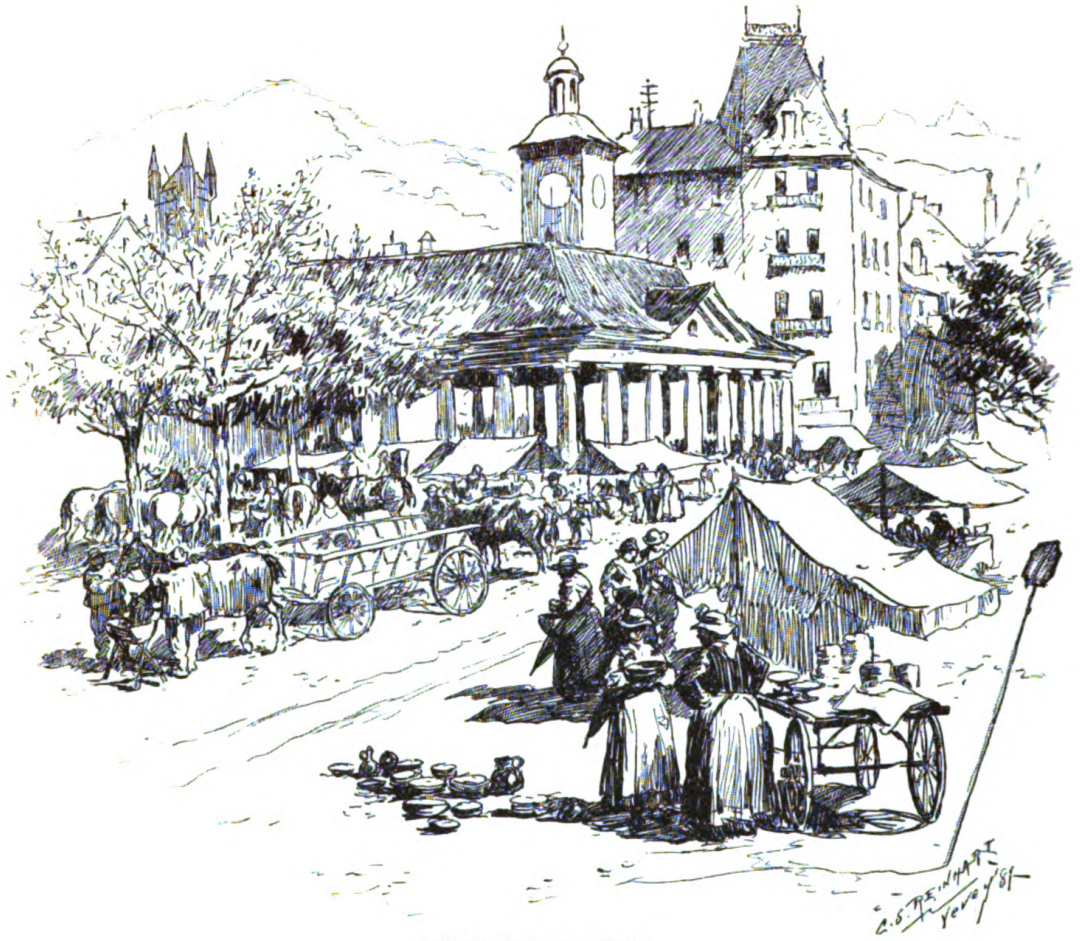
The pasteur spoke with smiling slight of the Père Hyacinthe and the Döllinger movements, and he confessed that the Protestants were cut up into too many sects to make progress among the Catholic populations. The Catholics often keep their children out of the public schools, as they do with us, but these have to undergo the state examinations, to which all the children, whether taught at home or

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CASTLE OF AIGLE.

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THE MARKET AT VEVAY.

in private schools, must submit. He deplored the want of moral instruction in the public schools, but he laughed at the attempts in France to instil non-religious moral principles: when I afterward saw this done in the Florentine ragged schools I could not feel that he was altogether right. He was a member of the communal school committee, and he told me that this body was appointed by the syndic and council of each commune, who are elected by the people. To some degree religion influences local feeling, the Protestant Church being divided into orthodox and liberal factions; there is a large Unitarian party besides, and agnosticism is a qualifying element of religious thought.

Outside of our pension I had not many sources of information concerning the political or social life at Villeneuve. I knew the village shoemaker, a German, who had fixed his dwelling there because it was so *bequem*, and who had some vague aspirations toward Chicago, whither a citizen of Villeneuve had lately gone. But he was discouraged by my representation, with his wax, his awl, and his hammer, successively arranged as New York, Cleveland, and Chicago, on his shoe-bench, of the extreme distance of the last from the seaboard. He liked his neighbors and their political system; and so did the *portier* at the Hôtel Byron, another German, with whom I sometimes talked of general topics in transacting small affairs of carriage hire and the like, and who invited me to notice how perfectly well these singular Swiss, in the midst of a Europe elsewhere overrun with royalties, got on without a king, queen, or anything of the kind. In his country, he said, those hills would be covered with fortifications, but here they seemed not to be thought necessary.

I made friends with the *instituteur* of the Villeneuve public school, who led the singing at church, and kept the village book-store; and he too talked politics with

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me, and told me that all elections were held on Sunday, when the people were at leisure, for otherwise they would not take the time to vote. He was not so clear as to why they were always held in church, but that is the fact; and sometimes the sacred character of the place is not enough to suppress boisterous party feeling, though it certainly helps to control it.

After divine service on election Sunday I went to the Croix Blanche for my coffee, to pass the time till the voting should begin. On the church door was posted a printed summons to the electors, and on the café billiard tables I found ballots of the different parties scattered. Gendarmes had also distributed them about in the church pews; they were enclosed in envelops, which were voted sealed. On a table before the pulpit the ballot-box—a glass urn—was placed; and beside it sat the judges of election, with lists of the registered voters. But in any precinct of the canton an elector who could prove that he had not voted at home might deposit his ballot in any other. The church bell rang for the people to assemble, and the voting began and ended in perfect quiet. But I could not witness an election of this ancient republic, where Freedom was so many centuries old, without strong emotion; it had from its nature and the place the consecration of a religious rite.

III.

The church itself was old—almost as old as Swiss freedom, and older than the freedom of the Vaud. The Gothic interior, which had once, no doubt, been idolatrously frescoed and furnished with statues, was now naked and coldly Protestant; one window, partly stained, let in a little colored light to mix with the wintry day that struck through the others. The pulpit was in the centre of the church, and the clerk's desk diagonally across from it. The floor was boarded over, but a chill struck through from the stones below, and the people seemed to shiver through the service that preceded the election. When the pasteur mounted the pulpit they listened faithfully, but when the clerk led the psalm they vented their suffering in the most dreadful groaning that ever passed for singing outside of one of our country churches.



THE MARKET, VEVAY—A BARGAIN BEFORE THE NOTARY.

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It was all very like home, and yet unlike it, for there is much more government in Switzerland than with us, and much less play of individuality. In small communes, for example, like Villeneuve, there are features of practical socialism, which have existed apparently from the earliest times. Certain things are held in common, as mountain pasturage and the forests, from which each family has a provision of fuel. These and other possessions of the commune are "confided to the public faith," and trespass is punished with signal severity. The trees are felled under government inspection, and the woods are never cut off wholesale. When a tree is chopped down a tree is planted, and the floods that ravage Italy from the mountains denuded of their forests are unknown to the wiser Swiss. Throughout Switzerland the state insures against fire, and inflicts penalties for neglect and carelessness from which fires may result. Education is compulsory, and there is a rigid military service, and a show of public force everywhere which is quite unknown to our unneighbored, easy-going republic. I should say, upon the whole, that the likeness was more in social than in political things, strange as that may appear. There seemed to be much the same freedom among young people, and democratic institutions had produced a kindred type of manners in both countries. But I will not be very confident about all this, for I might easily be mistaken. The Swiss make their social distinctions as we do; and in Geneva and Lausanne I understood that a more than American exclusivism prevailed in families that held themselves to be peculiarly good, and believed themselves very old.

Our excursions into society at Villeneuve were confined to a single tea at the pasteur's, where we went with mademoiselle one evening. He lived in a certain Villa Garibaldi, which had belonged to an Italian refugee, now long repatriated, and which stood at the foot of the nearest mountain. To reach the front door we passed through the vineyard to the back of the house, where a huge dog leaped the length of his chain at us, and a maid let us in. The pasteur, in a coat of unclerical cut, and his wife, in black silk, received us in the parlor, which was heated by a handsome porcelain stove, and simply furnished, much like such a room at home. Madame P——, who was musical, played a tempestuously representative composition called "L'Orage" on the upright piano, and joined from time to time in her husband's talk about Swiss affairs, which I have already allowed the reader to profit by. They offered us tea, wine, grapes, and cake, and we came away at eleven, lighted home through the vineyards by Louis, the farm boy, with his lantern.

Another day mademoiselle did us the pleasure to take us to her sister, married, and living at Aigle—a clean, many-hotelled, prosperous town, a few miles off, which had also the merit of a very fine old castle. We found our friends in an apartment of a former convent, behind which stretched a pretty lawn, with flowers and a fountain, and then vineyards to the foot of the mountains and far up their sides. We entered the court by a great stone-paved carriageway, as in Italy, and we found the drawing-room furnished with Italian simplicity, and abounding in souvenirs of the hostess's long Florentine sojourn; but it was fortified against the Swiss winter by the tall Swiss stove. The whole family received us, including the young lady daughter, the niece, the well-mannered boys and their father openly proud of them, and the pleasant young English girl who was living in the family, according to a common custom, to perfect her French. This part of Switzerland is full of English people, who come not always for the French, but often for the cheapness which they find equally there.

Mr. K—— was a business man, well to do, well educated, agreeable, and interesting; his house and his table, where we sat down to the mid-day dinner of the country, were witness to his prosperity. I hope it is no harm, in the interest of statistics, to say that this good Swiss dinner consisted of soup, cold ham put up like sausage, stuffed roast beef which had first been boiled, cauliflower, salad, corn-starch pudding, and apples stewed whole and stuck full of pine pips. There was abundance of the several kinds of excellent wine made upon the estate, both white and red, and it was freely given to the children. Mr. K—— seemed surprised when we refused it for ours; and probably he could have given as good reason for their custom as we for our own. His boys were strong, robust, handsome fellows; he had a charming pride in show-

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GERMANS AT MONTREUX.

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ing us the prizes they had taken at school; and on the lawn they were equally proud to show the gymnastic feats they had learned there. I believe we are coming to think now that the American schools are better than the Swiss; but till we have organized something like the Swiss school excursions, and have learned to mix more open air with our instruction, I doubt if the Swiss would agree with us.

After dinner we went to the *vente*, or charitable fair, which the young ladies of the town were holding in one of the public buildings. It was bewilderingly like the church fair of an American country town, socially and materially. The young ladies had made all sorts of pretty knick-knacks, and were selling them at the little tables set about the room; they also presided, more or less alluringly, at fruit, coffee, and ice-cream stands; and—I will not be sure, but I *think*—some of them seemed to be flirting with the youth of the other sex. There was an auction going on, and the place was full of tobacco smoke, which the women appeared not to mind. A booth for the sale of wine and beer was set off, and there was a good deal of amiable drinking. This was not like our fairs quite; and I am bound to say that the people of Aigle had more polished manners, if not better, than our country-town average.

To quit this scene for the castle of Aigle was to plunge from the present into my favorite Middle Ages. We were directly in the times when the Lords of Berne held the Vaud by the strong hand, and forced Protestant convictions upon its people by the same vigorous methods. The castle was far older than their occupation, but it is chiefly memorable as the residence of their bailiffs before the independence of the Vaud was established after the French Revolution. They were hard masters, but they left political and religious freedom behind them, where perhaps neither would have existed without them. The castle, though eminently picturesque and delightfully Gothic, is very rudely finished and decorated, and could never have been a luxurious seat for the bailiffs. It is now used by the local courts of law; a solitary, pale, unshaven old prisoner, who seemed very glad of our tribute-money, inhabited its tower, and there was an old woman carding wool in the baronial kitchen. Her little grandson lighted a candle and showed us the *oubliettes*, which are subterranean dungeons, one above the other, and barred by mighty doors of wood and iron. The outer one bore an inscription, which I copied:

"Doubles grilles a gros cloux,
Triples portes, fortes Verroux,
Aux âmes vraiment méchantes
Vous représentez l'Enfer;
Mais aux âmes innocentes
Vous n'êtes que du bois, de la pierre, & du fer!"

But these doors, thus branded as representing the gates of hell to guilty souls, and to the innocent being merely wood, stone, and iron, sufficed equally to shut the blameless in, and I doubt if the reflection suggested was ever of any real comfort to them. For one thing, the captives could not read the inscription; it seems to have been intended rather for the edification of the public.

We visited the castle a second time, to let the children sketch it; and even I, who could not draw a line, became with them the centre of popular interest. Half a dozen little people who had been playing "snap-the-whip" left off and crowded round, and one of the boys profited by the occasion to lock into the barn, near which we sat, a peasant who had gone in to fodder his cattle. When he got out he criticised the pictures, and insisted that one of the artists should put in a certain window which he had left out of the tower. Upon the whole, we liked him better as a prisoner.

"What would you do," I asked the children, "if I gave you a piece of twenty-five centimes?"

They reflected, and then evidently determined to pose as good children. "We would give it to our mamma."

"Now don't you think," I pursued, "that it would be better to spend it for little cakes?"

This instantly corrupted them, and they cried with one voice, "Oh, yes!"

Out of respect to me the oldest girl made a small boy pull up his stocking, which had got down round his ankle, and then they took the money and all ran off. Later they returned to show me that they had got it changed into copper and shared equally among them. They must have spent an evening of great excitement talking us over.

The October sun set early, chill, and disconsolate after a rain. A weary peasant with a heavy load on his back, which

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TOURISTS AT MONTREUX.

he looked as if he had brought from the dawn of time, approached the castle gate, and bowed to us in passing. I was not his feudal lord, but his sad, work-worn aspect gave me as keen a pang as if I had been.

IV.

The Pays de Vaud is also the land of castles, and the visitor to Vevay should not fail to see Blonay Castle, the seat of the ancient family which, with intervals of dispossession, has possessed it ever since the Crusades. It is only a little way off, on the first rise of the hills, from which it looks over the vineyards on inexpressible glories of lake and distant mountains, and it is most nobly approached through steeps of vine and grove. Apparently it is kept up in as much of the sentiment of the past as possible, and one may hire its baronial splendor fully furnished; for the keeper told it had been occupied by an English family for the last three winters. The finish, like that of the castle of Aigle, is rude, but the whole place is wonderfully picturesque and impressive. The arched gateway is alone worth a good rent; the long corridors from which the chambers open are suitable to ghosts fond of walking exercise; the superb dining-room is round, and the floor is so old that it would shake under the foot of the lightest spectre. The *répertoire* of family traditions is almost inexhaustible, and doubtless one might have the use of them for a little additional rent. One of the latest is of the seventeenth century, when the daughter of the house was "the beautiful Nicolaïde de Blonay, before whom many adorers had bent the knee in vain. One of them, a certain Tavel de Villars, vanquished the proud beauty by his constancy. But the marriage was delayed. Officer in the service of France, Tavel was detained by his military duties. In the mean time Jean-François de Blonay, of another branch of the family, the Savoyard branch, fell in love with his cousin, and twice demanded her in marriage. Twice he was refused. Then, listening only to his passion, he assembled some of his friends, and hid himself with them near the castle. They watched the comings and goings of the baron, and sud-

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denly profiting by his absence, they entered his dwelling and carried off the fair Nicolaïde, who, transported to Savoy, rewarded the boldness of her captor by becoming his wife. This history, which resembles that of the beautiful Helen, and is not less authentic, kindled the fiercest hostilities between the Tavel and Blonay families; the French and Italian ambassadors intervened; and it all ended in a sentence pronounced at Berne against the Blonays—a sentence as useless as it was severe—for the principal offenders had built a nest for their loves in domains which they possessed in Savoy. The old baron alone felt its effects. He was severely reprimanded for having so ill fulfilled his paternal duties."

The good burghers of Berne—the Lords as they called themselves—were in fact very hard with all their Vaudois subjects. "Equally merciless to the vanities and the vices, they confounded luxury and drunkenness in their rules, pleasures and bad manners. They were no less the enemies of innovations. Coffee from its introduction was stigmatized as a devilish invention; tea was no better; as to tobacco, whether snuffed or smoked, it was worse yet. Low-necked dresses and low-quartered shoes were rigorously forbidden. Games and all dances, 'except three modest dances on wedding days', were unlawful.... The Sabbath was strictly observed; silence reigned in the villages, even those remotest from the church, until the divine service of the afternoon was closed; no cart might pass in the street, and no child play there....In short, all their ordinances and regulations witness a firm design on the part of their Excellencies 'to revive among all those under their domination a life and manners truly Christian.' The Pays de Vaud under this régime acquired its moral and religious education. A more serious spirit gradually prevailed. The Bible became the book *par excellence*, the book of the fireside, and on Sunday the exercises of devotion took the place of the public amusements."

When the regicides fled from England after the Restoration they could not have sought a more congenial refuge than such a land as this. One of them, as is known, died in Vevay by the shot of an assassin sent to murder him by Charles II.; with another he is interred in the old Church of St. Martin there; and I, who am at least theoretically the friend of people who kill kings, went there to revere the tombs of Ludlow and Broughton. While I was looking about for them a familiar name on a tablet caught my eye, and I read that "William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, and Charles A. Phelps, of Massachusetts, his descendants beyond the seas," had set it there in memory of the brave John Phelps, who was so anxious to be known as clerk of the court which tried Charles Stuart that he set his name to every page of its record.

That tablet was the most interesting thing in the old church; but I found Vevay quaint and attractive in every way. It is, as all the world knows, the paradise of pensions and hotels and boarding-schools, and one may live well and study deeply there for a very little money. It was part of our mission to lunch at the most gorgeous of the hotels, and to look upon such of our fellow-countrymen as we might see there, after our long seclusion at Villeneuve; and we easily found all the splendor and compatriotism we wanted. The hotel we chose stood close upon the lake, with a superb view of the mountains, and its evergreens in tubs stood about the gravelled spaces in a manner that consoled us with a sense of being once more in the current of polite travel. The waiter wanted none of our humble French, but replied to our timorous advances in that tongue in a correct and finally expensive English. Under the stimulus of this experience we went to a bric-à-brac shop and bought a lot of fascinating old pewter platters and flagons, and then we went recklessly shopping about in all directions. We even visited an exhibition of Swiss paintings, which, from an ethical and political point of view, were admirable; and we strolled delightedly about through the market, where the peasant women sat and knitted before their baskets of butter, fruit, cheese, flowers, and grapes, and warbled their gossip and their bargains in their angelic Suissesse voices, while their husbands priced the cattle and examined the horses. It was all very picturesque, and prophesied of the greater picturesqueness of Italy, which we were soon to see.

V.

In fact, there was a great deal to make one think of Italy in that region; but the resemblance ended mostly with the Southern architecture and vegetation. Our

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CHURCH TERRACE, MONTREUX.

lake coast had its own features, one of the most striking of which was its apparent abandonment to the use and pleasure of strangers. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the water was everywhere bordered by hotels and pensions. Such large places as Vevay and Lausanne had their proper life, of course, but of smaller ones, like Montreux, the tourist seemed to be in exclusive possession. In our walks thither we met her—when the tourist was of that sex—young, gay, gathering the red leaves of the Virginia creeper from the lakeward terraces of the highway; we met him, old, sick, pale, munching the sour grapes, and trying somehow to kill the time. Large listless groups of them met every steam-boat from which we landed, and parties of them encountered us on every road. "A hash of foreigners," the Swiss call Montreux, and they scarcely contribute a native flavor to the dish. The Englishman no longer characterizes sojourn there, I should say; the Americans, who pay and speak little or no French, and the Russians, who speak beautiful French but do not pay, are there in about equal abundance; there are some French people; but if it came to my laying my hand upon my heart, I should say there seemed more Germans than any other nationality at Montreux. They are not pretty to look at, and apparently not pleasant; and it is said that the Swiss, who digest them along with the rest of us, do not like them. In fact, the Germans seem everywhere to take their new national consequence ungraciously.

Besides the foreigners, there is not much to see at Montreux, though one must not miss the ancient church which looks out from its lofty place over the lake, and offers the visitor many seats on its terrace for the enjoyment of the same view. The day we went he had pretty well covered the gravel with grape-skins; but he had left the prospect undisturbed.

What struck me principally in Montreux was its extreme suitability to the purposes of the international novelist. It was full of sites for mild incidents, for tacit tragedies, for subdued flirtations, and ar-

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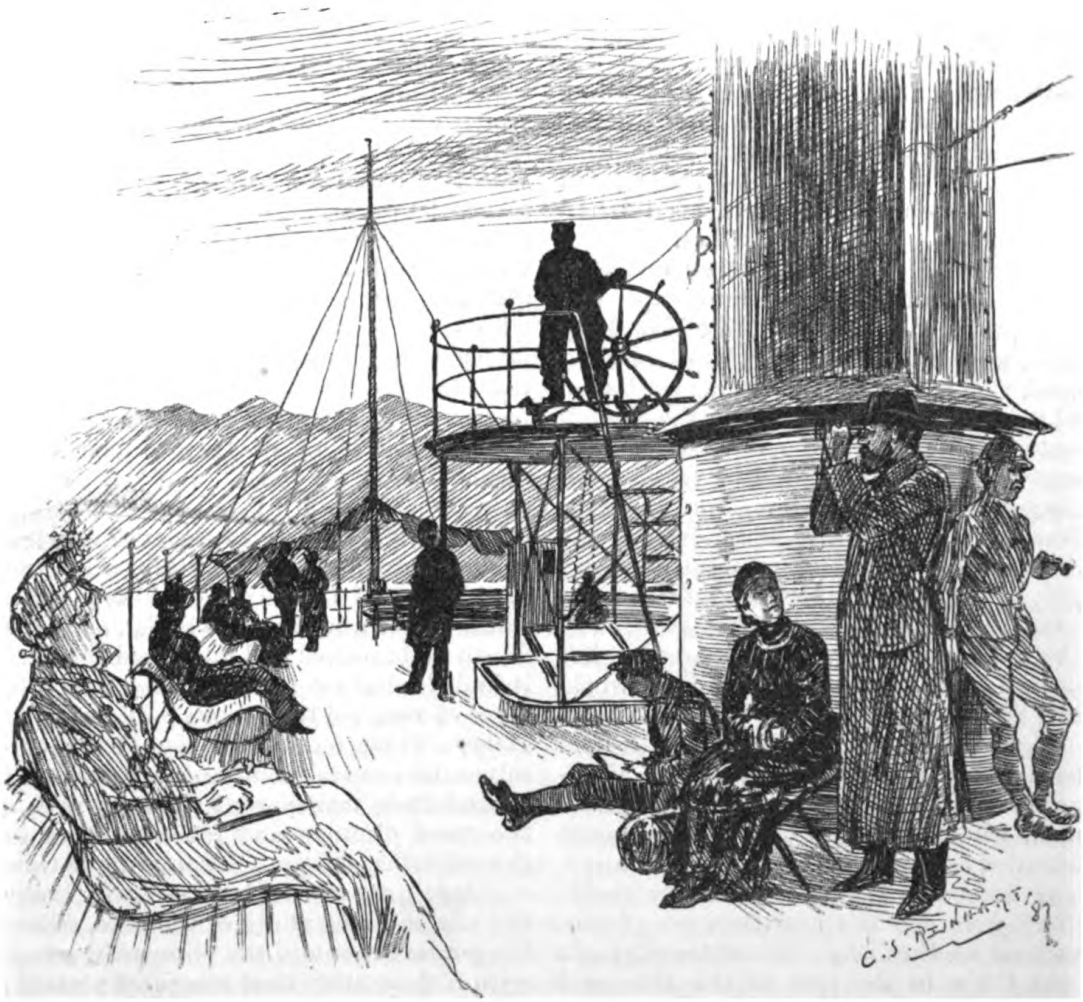
rested improprieties. I can especially recommend the Kursaal at Montreux to my brother and sister fictionists looking about for a pretty *entourage*. Its terrace is beaten by the billows of the restless lake; and in soft weather people sit at little tables there; otherwise they take their ices inside the café, and all the same look out on the Dent-du-Midi, and feel so bored with everybody that they are just in the humor to be interested in anybody. There is a very pretty theatre in the Kursaal, where they seldom give entertainments, but where, if you ever go, you see numbers of pretty girls, and in a box a pale, delicate-looking middle-aged Englishman in a brown velvet coat, with his two daughters. The concert will be very good, and a young man of cultivated sympathies and disdainful tastes could have a very pleasant time there. For the rest, Montreux offers to the novelist's hand perhaps the crude American of the station who says it is the cheapest place he has struck, and he is going to stick it out there awhile; perhaps the group of chattering American school-girls; perhaps the little Jewish water-color painter who tells of his narrow escape from the mad dog, which having broken his chain at Bouveret, has bitten six persons on the way to Clarens, and been killed by the gendarmes near Vevay; perhaps two English women who talk for half an hour about their rooms at the hotel, and are presently joined by their husbands, who pursue the subject. These are the true features of modern travel, and for a bit of pensive philosophy, or to have a high-bred, refined widow with a fading sorrow encountered by a sensitive nature of the other sex, there is no better place than the sad little English churchyard at Montreux. It is full of the graves of people who have died in the search for health far from home, and it has a pathos therefore which cannot be expressed. The stones grow stained and old under the laurels and hollies, and the rain-beaten ivy creeps and drips all over the grassy mounds. Yes, that is a beautiful, lonely, heart-breaking place. Now and again I saw black-craped figures silently standing there, and paid their grief the tribute of a stranger's pang as I passed, happy with my children by my side.

VI.

I did not find Aigle and Blonay enough to satisfy my appetite for castles, and once, after several times passing a certain *château meublé à louer* in the levels of the Rhone Valley, I made bold to go in and ask to look at it. I loved it for the certain Louis XV. grandiosity there was about it; for the great clock in the stable wall; for the balcony frescoes on the front of the garden-house, and for the arched driveway to the court. It seemed to me a wonderfully good thing of its kind, and I liked Napoleon's having lodged in it when his troops occupied Villeneuve. It had, of course, once belonged to a rich family, but it had long passed out of their hands into those of the sort of farmer-folk who now own it, and let it when they can. It had stood several years empty, for the situation is not thought wholesome, and the last tenant had been an English clergyman, who kept a school in it for baddish boys whom no one else could manage, and who were supposed to be out of harm's way there.

I followed a young man whom I saw going into the gateway, and asked him if I could see the house. He said yes, and summoned his mother, a fierce-looking little dame, in a black Vaudois cap, who came out of a farm-house near with jingling keys, and made him throw open the whole house, while she walked me through the sad, forgotten garden, past its silent fountain, and through its grove of pine to the top of an orchard wall, where the Dent-du-Midi showed all its snow-capped mass. Within, the château was very clean and dry; the dining-room was handsomely panelled, and equipped with a huge porcelain stove; the shelves of the library were stocked with soberly bound books, and it was tastefully frescoed; the pretty chambers were in the rococo taste of the fine old rococo time, with successive scenes of the same history painted over the fireplaces throughout the suite; the drawing-room was elegant with silk hangings and carved mirrors; and the noble staircase, whose landing was honored with the bust of the French king of the château's period, looked as if that prince had just mounted it. All these splendors, with the modern comfort of hot and cold water wherever needed, you may have, if you like, for five hundred dollars a year; and none of the castles I saw compared with this château in richness of finish or furnishing. I am rather particular to advertise it because a question, painfully debating itself in my

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TOUR UP THE LAKE.

mind throughout my visit, as to the sum I ought to offer the woman was awkwardly settled by her refusing to take anything, and I feel a lingering obligation. But really I do not see how the reader, if he likes solitary state, or has "daughters to educate," or baddish boys to keep out of mischief, or is wearing out a heavy disappointment, or is suffering under one of those little stains or uneasy consciences such as people can manage so much better in Europe—I say I do not see how he could suit himself more perfectly or more cheaply than in that pensively superb old château, with its aristocratic seclusion, and possibly malarious, lovely old garden.

VII.

Early in October, before the vintage began, we seized the first fine day, which the Dent-du-Midi lifted its cap of mists the night before to promise, and made an early start for the tour of the lake. Mademoiselle and her cousins came with us, and we all stood together at the steamer's prow to watch the morning sunshine break through the silvery haze that hung over Villeneuve, dimly pierced by the ghostly poplars wandering up the road beside the Rhone. As we started, the clouds drifted in ineffable beauty over the mountain-sides; one slowly dropped upon the lake, and when we had sailed through it we had come in sight of the first town on the French border, which the gendarmes of the two nations seemed to share equally between them. All these lake-side villages are wonderfully picturesque, but this first one had a fancy in chimney-tops which I think none of the

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rest equalled—some were twisted, some shaped like little chalets; and there were groups of old wood-colored roofs and gables which were luxuries of color. A half-built railroad was struggling along the shore; at times it seemed to stop hopelessly; then it began again, and then left off, to reappear beyond some point of hill which had not yet been bored through or blown quite away. I have never seen a railroad laboring under so many difficulties. The landscape was now grand and beautiful, like New England, now pretty and soft, like Old England, till we came to Evains-les-Bains, which looked like nothing but the French watering-place it was. It looked like a watering-place that would be very gay in the season; there were lots of pretty boats; there was a most official-looking gendarme in a cocked hat, and two jolly young priests joking together; and there were green, frivolous French fishes swimming about in the water, and apparently left behind when the rest of the brilliant world had flown.

Here the little English artist who had been so sociable all the way from Villeneuve was re-enforced by other Englishmen, whom we found on the much more crowded boat to which we had to change. Our company began to diversify itself: there were French and German parties as well as English. We changed boats four times in the tour of the lake, and each boat brought us a fresh accession of passengers. By-and-by there came aboard a brave Italian, with birds in cages and gold-fish in vases, with a gay Southern face, a coral neck button, a brown mustache and imperial, and a black-tasselled red fez that consoled. He was the vividest bit of color in our composition, though we were not wanting in life without him. There began to be some Americans besides ourselves, and a pretty girl of our nation, who occupied a public station at the boat's prow, seemed to know that she was pretty, but probably did not. She will recognize herself in this sketch; but who was that other pretty maiden, with brown eyes wide apart, and upper lip projecting a little, as if pulled out by the piquant nose? I must have taken her portrait so carefully because I thought she would work somewhere into fiction; but the reader is welcome to her as she is. He may also have the *spirituelle* English girl who ordered tea, and added, "I want some kätzchens with my tea." "Kätzchens! Kätzchen is a little cat." "Yes; it's a word of my own invention." These are the brilliant little passages of foreign travel that make a voyage to Europe worth while. I add to this international gallery the German girl in blue calico, who had so strong a belief that she was elegantly dressed that she came up on deck with her coffee, and drank it where we might all admire her. I intersperse also the comment that it is the Germans who seem to prevail now in any given international group, and that they have the air of coming forward to take the front seats as by right; while the English, once so confident of their superiority, seem to yield the places to them. But I dare say this is all my fancy.

I am sure, however, of the ever-varying grandeur and beauty of the Alps all round us. Those of the Savoyard shore had a softer loveliness than the Swiss, as if the South had touched and mellowed them, as it had the light-colored trousers which in Geneva recalled the joyous pantaloons of Italy. These mountains moulded themselves one upon another, and deepened behind their transparent shadows with a thousand dimmer and tenderer dyes in the autumnal foliage. From time to time a village, gray-walled, brown-roofed, broke the low shelving shore of the lake, where the poplars rose and the vineyards spread with a monotony that somehow pleased; and at Nyon a twelfth-century castle, as noble as Chillon, offered the delight of its changing lines as the boat approached and passed.

At Geneva we had barely time to think Rousseau, to think Calvin, to think Voltaire, to drive swiftly through the town and back again to the boat, fuming and fretting to be off. There is an old town, gravely picturesque and austerely fine in its fine old burgherly, Calvinistic, exclusive way; and outside the walls there is a new town, very clean, very cold, very quiet, with horse-cars like Boston, and a new Renaissance theatre like Paris. The impression remains that Geneva is outwardly a small moralized Bostonian Paris; and I suppose the reader knows that it has had its political rings and bosses like New York. It also has an exact reproduction of the Veronese tombs of the Scaligeri, which the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who died in Geneva, willed it the money to build; like most *fac-similes*, they are

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easily distinguishable from the original, and you must still go to Verona to see the tombs of the Scaligeri. But they have the real Mont Blanc at Geneva, bleak to the eye with enduring snow, and the blue Rhone, rushing smooth and swift under the overhanging balconies of quaint old houses. With its neat quays, azure lake, symmetrical hotel fronts, and white steam-boats, Geneva was like an admirable illustration printed in colors, for a holiday number, to imitate a water-color sketch.

When we started we were detained a moment by conjugal affection. A lady, who had already kept the boat waiting, stopped midway up the gang-plank to kiss her husband in parting, in spite of the captain's loud cries of "Allez! Allez!" and the angry derision of the passengers. We were in fact all furious, and it was as much as a mule team with bells, drawing a wagon loaded with bags of flour, and a tree growing out of a tower beside the lake, could do to put me in good-humor. Yet I was not really in a hurry to have the voyage end: I was enjoying every moment of it, only, when your boat starts, you do not want to stop for a woman to kiss her husband.

Again we were passing the wild Savoyard shore, where the yellow tops of the poplars jutted up like spires from the road-sides, and on the hill-sides tracts of dark evergreens blotted their space out of the vaster expanses of autumn foliage; back of all rose gray cliffs and crags. Now and then we met a boat of our line; otherwise the blue stretch of the water was broken only by the lateen-sails of the black-hulked lake craft. At that season the delicate flame of the Virginia creeper was a prominent tint on the walls all round the lake.

Lausanne, which made us think Gibbon, of course, was a stately stretch of architecture along her terraces; Vevay showed us her quaint market square, and her old church on its heights; then came Montreux with its many-hotelled slopes and levels, and chalets peeping from the brows of the mountains that crowd it upon the lake. All these places keep multitudes of swans, whose snow reddened in the sunset that stained the water more and more darkly crimson till we landed at Villeneuve.

VIII.

When December came, and the vintage and elections were over, and the winter had come down into the valley to stay, Italy called to us more and more appealingly.

Yet it was not so easy to pull up and go. I liked the row-boat on the lake, though it was getting too cold and rough for that; I liked the way the railway guards called out "Verney-Montreux!" and "Territey-Chillon!" as they ran alongside the carriages at these stations; I liked the pastel portraits of mademoiselle's grandmothers on the gray walls of our pretty chamber that overlooked the lake, and overheard the lightest lisp of that sometimes bellowing body of water; I liked the notion of the wild-ducks among the reeds by the Rhone, though I had no wish to kill them; I liked our little corner fireplace, where I covered a log of the *grand bois* every night in the coals, and found it a perfect line of bristling embers in the morning; I liked Poppi and the three generations of Boulettes; and, yes, I liked mademoiselle and all her boarders; and I hated to leave these friends. Mademoiselle made a grand Thanksgiving supper in honor of the American nation, for which we did our best to figure both at the table, where smoked a turkey driven over the Alps from his Italian home for that fête (there are no Swiss turkeys), and in the dance, for which he had well-nigh disabled us. Poppi was in uncommon tune that night, and the voice of this pensive rheumatic lent a unique interest to every change of the Virginia reel.

But these pleasures had to end; it grew colder and colder; we had long since consumed all the old grape-roots which constituted our *petit bois*, and we were ravaging our way through an expensive pile of *grand bois* without much effect upon the climate. One morning the most enterprising spirit of our party kindled such a mighty blaze on our chamber hearth that she set the chimney on fire, thus threatening the Swiss republic with the loss of the insurance, and involving mademoiselle in I know not what penalties for having a chimney that could be set on fire. By the blessing of Heaven, the vigor of mademoiselle, and the activity of Louis and Alexis the farmer, the flames were subdued and the house saved. Mademoiselle forgave us, but we knew it was time to go, and the next Sunday we were in Florence.

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MÈRE POCHETTE.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

I.

THE French-Canadian village of Bonaventure seemed to have strayed away from its companions and lost itself in the interminable wilderness that lies between the settlements of the Eastern States and the St. Lawrence country. For many years the community was self-centred, and the nearest market-town too far away to be of consequence. A visionary *seigneur*, an aerial castle-building Frenchman, who never took the trouble to leave his own château except to taste the joys of Paris, had sent out a colony to this new possession, but it dwindled away, and did not flourish. The factor was proved a cheat at last, and the old count shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and resigned himself. Some of the disappointed settlers retraced the trail to the great river, but a few remained: they had their gardens and pigs and chickens: life might be far worse elsewhere.

The lumbermen came by-and-by with their axes, the old *seigneur's* timber made rich other men than his heirs, while Bonaventure flourished for a season with new prosperity. The rough road over which the great logs were hauled to a distant stream proved a permanent thoroughfare, and now and then a stranger came and staid. The mother Church sent a pastor to teach and pray among these neglected children, and a sharp spire in glistening armor of tin rose above the later growth of spruces and maples that had hastened to conceal the great stumps of the vanished pines. The first log huts were one by one replaced by the high-roofed houses of regulation shape and size which one may see in Beauport, in Lorette, in a hundred other villages of the French *régime*. This was a small town, this Bonaventure, but it valued itself more than was necessary in later years. The hereditary owners of the petty estates were apt to look with suspicion upon any new-comers, and when it was ascertained that a man called Joseph Pochette, from the neighborhood of Quebec, had bought the Rispé house and land, with a piece of outlying forest, there was a bitter arraignment of such proceedings. Mère Poulette, who kept the village shop in her front room, was particularly angry, though one would have believed her ready to welcome a new customer. "Some crime has forced him to abandon his birthplace," she exclaimed, and glared round upon the startled company.

But Joseph himself, a good fellow enough, quickly pacified the neighborhood, especially as he died of fever within a year or two after his appearance in Bonaventure society. His funeral was a satisfactory one, but Mère Pochette had already drawn down upon herself the dislike of her associates. She was wickedly proud and independent; a black-hearted schemer who cared only to grow rich; and when she went by the houses with her fatherless baby in her arms she won no compassion, for she asked none, and all hearts were on the defensive. Even the fact that old Poulette had not succeeded in making a good bargain with Widow Manon for her woodland was not lost sight of; for had not this stranger the soul of an aristocrat under her peasant's clothes?

At last there was another change at Bonaventure. One day the surveyors came with their chains and compasses, and before anybody could take time to fairly consider such an innovation the new railroad was pushing its way northward through the swamps and forests.

Now the very piece of worthless waste which Manon would not sell to Poulette —the obstinate woman!—was sold to the company at an excellent price. It was all a piece of luck, but the indignant chorus of the little shop could not forgive such an outrage. As time went on, however, Providence seemed to repay her for her behavior. Her only child made an unfortunate match with a foreigner, though it was well known that Mère Pochette meant to buy the chit a rich husband. Then she was presently burdened with an orphan grandchild, and the chorus chattered and singsonged their satisfaction. It took a stalwart character to keep its own way with almost an aspect of serenity —there was no light task in facing the dislike and distrust of one's towns-people, though as Mère Pochette grew richer, and, if the truth must be told, prouder and more powerful year by year, her neighbors were civil enough to her face, and even obsequious, the most of them, whatever they

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might have said in winter evenings behind her back. She had devoted all her energies to securing a generous dowry for her daughter; the mistaken girl had disregarded this provision, had thwarted her mother's wishes, and had suffered enough, God knows! Now Mère Pochette's object in life was the wise ordering of the little granddaughter, and when, by-and-by, she was enviably settled in life, the sneering by-standers might say what they chose. This noble worldly ambition made Mère Pochette glad to work early and late, and to toil and save. She would put her grandchild where all the village might not touch her; a career of pride and happiness should be put into the little Manon's future.

II.

Little Manon's childhood was not a pleasant one in its surroundings. A less vigorous nature would have been stunted by the narrow life and lack of sympathy. Bonaventure was a selfish parish in spite of the influence of the old priest, Father David, who, worn out with his service to a stolid flock, at length lay down his terrestrial body to rest in the tawdry burying-ground, while his spiritual body went away to its own inheritance. The new priest had come to the parish half unwillingly; it was a poor cure, and his house and church were plain and uninviting. They could give him no pedestal of worldly pride and power. The new part of the village grew steadily; over at the other side of the railroad there were repair shops and supplies of wood for the trains, and in that quarter Bonaventure expanded itself. The new parishioners were a somewhat lawless set, and distinct from the old residents; the little priest was not man enough to control them or to lift them up in the arms of his faith. He moved about among them conscious of the dignity of the Church, bland and double, but an inoffensive creature in the main, who wished things were better, but also wished other people to take the trouble of making them so.

Manon Pochette's house was still the last one at that end of the row. She owned a good bit of land just beyond it, and if you crossed that you came to a swamp; the house itself stood a good deal higher, and overlooked the wide country that stretched away to the westward. Behind it was all the eastern country, and from the low ridge there was also a grand view of the railroad that carried idle people to and fro on the face of the earth.

To Manon Pochette's mind the railroad was quite unnecessary except for carrying her wares and her neighbors' to the market-town; as for the passengers, they always seemed the same persons who went to and fro in the hurrying trains for some foolish reason. She never went into a car herself—the saints defend it, no! She had duties in life, and a vocation, with a piece of land far too large for an old woman to till; and besides, there was the grandchild, who grew like a young fowl, with an unforeseen and impossible appetite into the bargain. The mother, Jeanne, had been no care at all. She had seemed to take care of herself entirely when one compared her with this one, who was a terrible child of desires and eagernesses. All Mère Manon's grievances against the young people had vanished long ago; it was fate that had been hard upon her, not they, and the good Lord had taken them to Himself, poor children! Old Manon had said many a prayer for them in the bleak church of a winter morning, and had appeased her conscience by the number of masses she had caused Father David and Father Pierre to say for the good of such innocent souls. Yet occasionally, as she leaned on the heavy hoe to take a minute's rest as she worked among her cabbages, the old Adam in her nature got the better of such pious views of her affliction, and she grumbled to herself about that foolish infant, that ungrateful child her daughter, or that worthless, beggarly heretic her son-in-law. But she kept their black wooden crosses in good order in the church-yard, and their memories came to her like pale ghosts, beside the actual presence and constant demands of her young granddaughter.

III.

Little Manon was made up of puzzles and contradictions; the old peasant woman was more and more distressed and gratified by them day by day. She was glad to have the neighbors see that her grandchild was better than theirs—in fact she had always maintained a social advantage in Bonaventure corresponding to her residence on the highest point of the ridge. She overlooked Julie Partout and Marie Binet and Mère Poulette disdainfully in more ways than one, but she was exasperated all the same by little Manon's

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vagaries and differences from her own standards.

The child was devoted to church-going; she cried when she was very young to go with her grandmother to mass, and her eyes grew large and her face grew grave when she sat or knelt before the altar, and looked at its poor decorations of candles and gilding and the votive offerings of faded artificial flowers and tinsel-work that were arranged upon a smaller altar at the side. Poor child! it was not because she was satisfied with this cheap splendor, but rather that she caught the hint it gave of better glories, that she liked to be in church. She gave it no thought, as a bird sings in a cage, and praises the bit of sunshine at the garret window, when it has never in all its life spread wings to the current of a great wind, or gone swiftly through the bright noonday air to a woodland nest. The grandmother, who knew the human nature of the transplanted French men and women of her limited Canadian existence; who could tell at once the value of a sheep, or even a horse, and the weight of a pig; who was shrewd at gardening and clever at house-keeping; who knew when she was lied to, or when her dearest friend cheated her at a bargain—old Manon, who was never stingy to the priest, or behind at her devotions; who thought herself entirely acquainted with things of this world, and sure of a respectably high seat in heaven besides—this same old Manon was baffled at last, and confessed herself unable to understand her granddaughter. The only thing to be said was that Manon the less was made of different stuff.

Sometimes it seemed to the priest, who knew the story of the child's parentage only through the medium of the romancing villagers, that the vigor of the young father and mother had been transferred to little Manon; that their lives had been checked and blasted to enrich this one descendant. He was given to sentimentalizing a little, was Father Pierre, the parish priest, and he felt a great lack of excitement of the best sort in Bonaventure. Sometimes he told himself that he would see to it that little Manon had some schooling; she should go to the school of the Sacred Heart; she might surely have a year or two first with the good gray nuns; she must not be left to her own devices in this hole of a place. Nobody seemed to know much of the child's father. He had told old Mère Pochette that he had neither brothers nor sisters, but Father Pierre soon discovered that the good woman did not like to be questioned about her son-in-law. She had felt a certain contempt for him because he came from the States; besides, it was indeed a monstrous cowardice that he should have died so miserably and so young, and have made neither place nor fortune for himself in the world. "They should have waited for my consent," old Manon asserted herself. "I could not properly hold out always against them if he had been a good man. He was a perfectly stupid pig not to make sure of the wardrobe and dowry he might have been certain I would give to Jeanne. What was my wealth for, if not my one daughter?" She would scold sadly, pulling hard and fast at the weeds; but now it would not be long before young Manon, the little aggravation, would be finding herself a man. But if all the powers of heaven would kindly aid, Manon at least should have a respectable wedding before the high altar, and should drive with her husband and the wedding party as far across the country as the season would allow. Old Manon was herself reared in Quebec, and her hard brown face grew rosy and tender for one moment as she thought of the train of calèches that followed her on her wedding day. The tall, ungainly vehicles, the shouts of the guests, the red-coated soldiers who stopped in the narrow streets to see them pass, the miles of houses, and the tall poplars of the Beauport road—the thought of all came back with a greater glory year by year. "He was a good man to me from that day," said the widow to herself; "he might have done better than to bring me to this rat-hole and leave me here; but it was a good bit of land and of an enormous cheapness, and he knew that well. If the Lord had pleased to let us remain together, and work in the same world, and watch each other grow old, like the rest of the neighbors! It was so best, if He must have one of us: a woman can work on the land, but a man is a simpleton in his house. Joseph and Mary aid me with these innocent cabbages, that they may hold up their heads! The Lord send us rain, for my poor bones will fail me to bring water to the crops a day longer!" And Manon stopped to carefully bless herself, as she knelt at her work. Little Manon was of

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no great use in the garden, and she was frequently berated because she had not been a grandson instead of a granddaughter. She was apt not to be very efficient in the house, but it was not for lack of power or of discretion; she was idle and straying, and liked the fresh air and the sunshine; she was fond of visiting the priest's house-keeper of an afternoon, and sometimes Father Pierre himself beckoned her into his own parlor, and gave her lumps of sugar or well-dried figs from the drawer of his writing-table. She had her mother's beauty and her father's persuasive ways; but when she was in pain, or her grandmother scolded her, little Manon grew pale and pinched, and looked as her father did that night he came back, defeated and dying, to Bonaventure. Old Manon was always particularly aggrieved when she caught this painful surprising likeness, and began to talk about her own sorrows in a wailing, petulant tone that sent the young girl from the house to seek elsewhere for comfort.

IV.

In this village, where time dragged so slowly, the years had a way of vanishing unaccountably. Old Manon had never succeeded in getting her establishment quite to rights again after the intrusion of the young engineer and his baby. She had made up her mind that certain changes and arrangements would be necessary, and she was an uncommonly executive person, as everybody knew. Suddenly one became aware that little Manon was grown up, and that there was danger of a lover. She was not old enough nor wise enough to think of such things, but elderly people always say that of girls, as if they themselves had waited for their husbands until the year before. Manon was unexpected in her choice; her grandmother was so conscious of her kinship to an unknown mass of strange, rich, wilful, clever, and vagrant foreigners who belonged to the States that she had vaguely looked forward to the appearance of a hero who should claim Manon's idle hand—a man, however, who had wealth and power, and who would be a son-in-law indeed. But one spring night the silly girl had come sauntering home later than usual, laughing softly and chattering like a swallow with young Charles Picton, of whom no one could say anything good—a terror to the school-mistress, a rebel at home and abroad, a youth who liked nothing but leading his dog through the world, or lounging about the railroad station to see the roaring engines and the gaping strangers. Charles Picton indeed! and Manon's light-heartedness was promptly quenched by a vigorous box of her pretty ears as soon as she had entered the house. "Pick these beans quickly," said the cross old woman. "Am I to die of toil? You would starve like the beasts if I were not here to earn the bread for your foolish mouth." And in that moment a fierce championship arose in little Manon's heart for the lad whose whistle could even then be heard distinctly, as if he were waiting outside, longing to defend her in her distress.

That summer the crops were bad, and all Canada was poor and complaining. The lumber-yards were deserted, the rain spoiled the grain, the fishermen were in distress, and aid was to be sent to them in the forlorn Gulf villages. Once in a while some enterprising family had gone to the States, and indefinite rumors of their splendid prosperity had journeyed back along the straight shining lines of the railroads. But soon it became a common event, and the old women knitted in their doorways and saw the younger neighbors go proudly away to seek their fortunes. The elder Manon was most contemptuous. "It is all one, here or there," she said to the priest's house-keeper; "the good-for-nothing expect to find a country where larks go to the oven and cook themselves, and apples fall sugared from the trees." She surveyed the paltry possessions of the emigrants with pity, and wished their owners good luck with compassion. "I am one who remains behind," she said, stiffly, and shook her head until her flat black hat shuddered from a sense of its insecurity.

The autumn shut down dark and rainy. Every few days some pale-faced Sisters of Mercy or of Charity, in their quaint out-of-date garb, went flitting from house to house of the Bonaventure settlement, begging alms, for the love of Mary and of Jesus, for some sufferers or for the impoverished Church. The remote villages were in danger of famine; it was the worst harvest ever known, and in spite of reports that work was hard to find in the States, the trains were fuller than ever of emigrants. Bonaventure was tided over any great distress, in common with most of

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the railway settlements, but some of its inhabitants thought they were miserable because other people were, and at best life was neither too rich nor too comfortable. In the Western country there were whole farms given away; in the East there were mills where even the children could earn great wages. The little place was in a ferment; the quiet *habitants* had never been so excited and restless. The old women croaked; they were condemning some persons for going and others for staying. Father Pierre laid down his mass-books and tried to calm his people, but those who remembered his predecessor spoke often of the benignant presence of Father David, and openly reminded each other of his value to the parish. The fiery French nature began to show itself unpleasantly, and households were divided against themselves.

The gloomy weather continued; the winter drew near. Little Manon and old Manon went their separate ways; for the young girl was disobedient, and would not listen to her grandmother's objections and commands. She and Charles Picton loved each other dearly, and were only wondering how they could manage to marry. He also was an orphan, and the aunt with whom he had lived was but a poor woman, and lately had gone away with her five thin children to the States. Of late years he had helped to support the household—for he earned a bit of money now and then—but now he was growing older, and he would work his fingers to the bones for Manon if there were anything to do. He was full of hope; he would have gone away afoot long ago if it had not been for Manon. The grandmother had talked a great deal in these last days about sending her to school at a nunnery in Quebec, and the young girl knew what it meant; she knew, too, that while everybody else was poor, there were loose bricks in the chimney that covered shining money. Sometimes she wondered if it would be wrong to steal some of it to give to Charles, so that he might go away to make a home where they could live together. Father Pierre had never liked young Picton: the lad's shrewd eyes had seen more than was necessary, and lately Charles had staid away from mass. But as for the house-keeper, she was on Manon's and her lover's side, and sometimes when the priest sat with her grandmother, Manon slipped over to the great house and took revenge in confiding her dear secrets to so kind a friend as old Josephine. Josephine's little room was like a nun's, with its bare boards and its worn crucifix and pictures of various suffering saints. The good soul had once cherished a certainty that she had a vocation, and told Father Pierre that she must join a sisterhood of great sanctity and benevolence; but the priest had persuaded himself and her that she was wrong. He could not imagine where he should supply her place. Surely this also was a vocation, and Josephine was a most careful cook. Life in Bonaventure must not become any more difficult.

But in the face of disapproval at home and distress abroad, the young people fairly flaunted their contentment and happiness. They were sure that Charles would somehow get to the States, and that he would soon become able to send for Manon or to come for her.

"The old tyrant is right," Charles said, magnanimously. "She knows I should be able to take care of you, and so I should indeed. But she might show some confidence in me," and he stamped his foot, and twirled the tassel of his ravelled red worsted belt.

V.

The sweet sad day came at length, without note or warning. Josephine herself, after scores of prayers and misgivings, had ventured to offer Charles a liberal assistance from her slender savings, and he was off like a falcon, after a few hurried kisses and promises to his sweetheart. He ran to the next station, five miles away, to catch an express train which did not stop at Bonaventure, and the girl, with tearful eyes, went down to the village to the place where the street crossed the track to catch a last glimpse of her lover. She wished that Charles had been able to say a prayer in the church, but she would do that for him. Her woman's heart shrank from the strangeness and dangers which he might meet; but she longed to go with him; she would have braved sorrow and want if she could have gone with him to the States. It seemed very lonely in the old cottage when she returned; she passed her grandmother, who sat in the doorway looking surly and dismal, without a word. The sky was covered with low-lying gray and silver-white clouds; the black spruce woods stretched away cold and thin to

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the level horizon. It was almost winter weather, and she was alone, and felt unsheltered in that great flat landscape, with its threadbare coat. She hoped she need not go down to the station again for a long time to come. She had not seen Charles on the train, there was such a roar and dustiness as the train rushed by, and a crowd of young men—one of those with the red sashes must have been Charles himself—had shouted adieu or sung noisily. She felt as if every one of them were laughing at her own secret, and hated the strange faces that stared at her for one miserable moment before they were swept out of sight. Charles was a thousand times more skilful than the other lads of Bonaventure: he could surely make his way; but to what temptations might he not yield? and only yesterday they had been together, and separation had seemed almost impossible: at that hour the States had seemed as remote as heaven.

VI.

Now that Manon's heart had gone away from Canada she seemed more a foreigner than ever; all her thoughts and hopes had gone to the States with her lover, and the short days seemed long and dreary. In the evening she tried to serve her grandmother well—she hardly cared to go out-of-doors at all, and sat near the fire, sewing or picking beans, with a far-away look in her eyes that made her companion more and more angry. They had said nothing to each other about Charles since their first fierce battles earlier in the year. The provincial life was very dull at best. One has only to look at the transplanting of the French peasants, childish, mercurial, and full of traditions and grievances, from their ancient civilization to this untamed wilderness—only to think of their being carried by a sort of social inertia over the roughness of their changed conditions, to understand the incongruities of Canadian life in the remote settlements. By the time Manon was grown there were few *fêtes*, and but little revelry and amusement of any description. The young men soon hardened into stolid farmers, who discussed the politics of the province and scrutinized the behavior of their English rulers with more or less inapprehension. They grew stupid and heavy; they drank gin and bad beer; some of their wives had a hard time of it; and one would hardly recognize their relationship to the merry wine-growers and soldiers who had been their ancestors. Old Manon Pochette preserved many of the old customs; she was more a French peasant and less a Canadian than her neighbors; but young Manon, who had been seeing life of late through a glamour and dazzle of happiness, sat listlessly in the clean bare cottage, and wished herself away. There was a colored print of a saint with a bleeding heart, which the grandmother had bought from a peddler—Manon had hated it once with its woe-begone look, but now she looked to it often for sympathy and companionship. The brass candlesticks still decorated the high shelf above the stove. The same angular chairs and tables which thrifty Joseph Pochette had made himself stood in order around the room.

The chief thing to be hoped for was a letter, but none came from young Picton—perhaps the noisy company he had joined on the train had beguiled him, and he had already forgotten Bonaventure. He had promised to send a letter to Josephine's care at the priest's house, but presently she was found one day in tears, and shook her head dismally when Manon asked the often-repeated question. The girl's sharp eyes discovered that some enemy had guessed her simple plot, and went away to pray, not for patience, but for vengeance. Later, as she entered the house, she found old Marie Binet warming herself by the stove. The drifts were deep out-of-doors, and the girl came in softly enough in her great snow-boots, but her grandmother feigned not to hear her. "He was a good-for-nothing," she was grumbling; "he will never return; and at last I have nothing to fear. I had already directed Father Pierre to advance the price of a ticket from me, when that trembling fool Josephine forestalled the plan."

Manon stood on the threshold, and the old woman quailed at the sight of her angry eyes. "Come in from the snow," growled the mistress of the house; "my old bones ache already, and you will like to see me bent double. Another year"—and she had quite regained her self-possession—"another year and I will go to the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne. It will be a pretty tour for thee too, Manon," she added in a softer tone; but Manon's ears had become deaf. "Another year," she was saying to herself; "I may be dead

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then; and if not, to go with a groaning procession of cripples! God forbid!" and tears filled Manon's eyes, and even fell down upon the well-scoured floor. "Where is my letter?" she said, suddenly, and turned fiercely upon her grandmother.

Old Manon was equal to so slight an occasion. Father Pierre himself was deep in this intrigue, which gave it a certain dignity and value. "Letter," she repeated—"you never had a letter in your life; and why should I covet it who cannot read even my mass-book? Ungrateful! listen to me. Next year you shall go to Quebec and see fine things; to Lorette church and to the chapel of the seminary, where are blessed relics. That is all the world. When one has seen Quebec, one knows everything. I have a little money saved from my poor garden," she added, amiably, by way of explanation to old Marie, who nodded sagely. "It is something to pray for—Quebec!" Marie responded, devoutly. But the foolish girl would not listen; she was pressing her forehead against the cold window-pane, and staring out into the starlit night. What fools she and Charles had been! Of course Father Pierre had taken the letter from the post and given it to her grandmother. Old Manon fairly chuckled with satisfaction, and went on chattering with her guest. After this startling episode they spoke a quaint dialect, clipping their thin words, and dwelling lightly on the objectionable letters. Such a language belonged to the lips and not the heart, one would say who listened and did not understand.

Marie did not mean to stay any longer than she could help; she was too anxious to give herself the pleasure of reporting such a bit of news elsewhere. Some persons would take the lovers' part, and there might be a fine discussion presently in the little shop across the way. Manon Pochette was in most things a shrewd woman; one cannot tell why she chose to make a confidante of the least reliable of her neighbors.

Manon the younger grew more and more angry that night, and longed more and more to find her hoped-for letter. If she could only hold it in her hand she believed she could easily wait for daylight, and read it aloud then over and over until she knew it by heart. She lay in bed beside her grandmother, with wide-open eyes, until she heard the familiar long-drawn breaths that belonged to sound sleep. Then she crept out softly and went like a mouse about the room; she felt in the capacious pocket, in a little box that was under a loose board in the floor. Her heart beat fast as she unwound the long cord that fastened it, but there was no letter anywhere. The old woman was growing deaf lately, and could not have heard such gentle movements; but it seemed a perilous enterprise, and proved to be a disappointing one. If Manon only knew where to write to her lover, if she only knew how to follow him, it would be enough, and she cried herself to sleep that night and the next night and the next. Before many weeks were spent Father Pierre went away suddenly, and a stranger came to take his place.

VII.

The winter months passed by; there was sickness in the village of Bonaventure, and everybody longed for the spring. Manon had grown thin and pale; she could not eat, she would not smile; her life was spoiled at its outset, and Josephine, who had meant to be a friend to the young people, bewailed her indiscretion, and wished that she had tried to keep young Picton at home. There was plenty of work now at the station; they had even brought some young men from elsewhere, and Charles might have been well established if only he had gained a little patience. "We that fight for ourselves make enemies of Heaven," she sighed, and tried to make amends with prayers and piteous confessions of her sins. As for the letters, they had long ago been read and laughed over and burnt in the priest's room, and Father Pierre had given old Manon a generous glass of wine. Josephine had seen it through the key-hole. She never told little Manon of that; she would not lower the child's reverence for the priest and for sacred things. Father Pierre had always hated Charles. Alas for that poor human nature that even this holy calling could not lift above the earth and its weaknesses!

When Mère Pochette looked at her young house-mate, and in spite of herself could not help pitying the dull eyes that had once been so bright, and the faded cheeks, she forgave herself her share in the sad change; for was not she thinking always that every day added something

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to her possessions, and that by-and-by she would find a suitable young man, and would go frankly to him and announce the magnitude of little Manon's dowry? All the lads gave shy glances at her, the pretty simpleton! There must be thriving grandsons of her old Quebec acquaintances by this time. She would fling her money east and west at the wedding, and then work on among her vegetables until her time for departure came. "All—yes, she shall have all," the old woman muttered once in a while, and blessed herself at the thought.

At last her plans began to take definite shape, since it was plain something must be done. The neighbors need not scowl at her; for was not she meaning to make the long-talked-of journey to Quebec as soon as the first fine weather came, and her garden was made and planted? That would pay Manon for all her fancied grievances; and as the winter waned, the glories of that expedition pictured themselves brighter and brighter. Manon should find a rich husband there for a certainty, of such a description and with such amiable qualities. She herself would indeed like to see the old city again, and those of her friends who were left. Manon would think no more of that foolish, handsome beggar lad who had forgotten her, after all; she had nothing else but him to think of in Bonaventure, but in Quebec she would quickly console herself. "For what have I slaved myself all these years?" the old woman would demand, angrily, of Marie. "I have a right to forbid her marriage with a worthless lad; and I only step in to keep her from her mother's fate—my good Jeanne, who was thrown away to a vagabond."

But when the early spring came, little Manon had lost her strength and her youthful spirit altogether. She cared nothing for the stories about Quebec which were at last paraded desperately. She sat all day in the doorway watching the long trains come across the plain and go away into the dim distance of the north. The clouds of spring hung low, and when sometimes a clear band of light was left above the western horizon she grew hopeful, and gazed at it as if some blessed vision might appear there for her reassurance. It seemed as if the child of misfortune and sorrow must have disappointment for her inheritance. Her neighbors scolded to each other about Manon Pochette's vast wealth, and repeated their conviction over and over that she would soon only have herself to hoard it for if she did not take care.

One night there came a summons to the grandmother that Father Henri, the new priest, desired her to remain at the church after early mass next morning. Mère Pochette obeyed somewhat unwillingly; she was shy of this stranger, and angry besides that indulgent Father Pierre had been superseded. He had carried more than one of her secrets out of harm's way, that was a comfort; and she did not mean to take another spiritual adviser so far into her confidence.

She left her granddaughter sleeping, and sighed a little as she stood by the bedside looking at the sad face of the young creature who was, after all, the dearest thing in the world. Once or twice lately the thought had crossed her mind that the first thing to be thought of in Quebec was a good doctor. More than one silly girl had pined away and faded out of this world like the April snowdrifts for nothing but love's sake; while if only young Picton's presence would cure little Manon, nobody knew where to find him. Perhaps Father Pierre would remember; but where was he?

Early mass was over; the sun was well above the horizon, and began to shine warmly into the bare church, and the tarnished finery of the altar glittered and looked quite splendid. It might be that the new priest meant to beg for a great sum of money for the restoration of the church—some one had said he had this much at heart—and Manon's face was black for a moment with resentment. She was truly very anxious now about the sick girl at home. As she knelt at her prayers her thoughts kept wandering homeward instead of to a vague heaven and a great throne to which the Bonaventure altar was a plaything. What would life be worth if little Manon should die? Such an event would make her own prayers and good works worse than useless, for it was her own short-sightedness that had brought this grief.

There were only a few old people left in the church, who had nothing else to do, and could take their time at their rosaries; the altar boys had scuffled in the vestry and gone away, leaving their tumbled and torn ecclesiastical raiment on the floor. Father Henri had flushed angrily when

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he caught sight of them, and quickly opened the door to call the young rascals back; but a moment afterward he gently shut it, and came out into the church, tall and slender, with a grave sweet face, stopping to kneel before the altar as he passed before it to where old Manon Pochette seemed to be diligently praying. She was watching him through a narrow crack of her eyelids, but she bowed her head as he approached, and pressed the small worn crucifix to her breast. The slender cord broke, the beads separated and fell with a patter like hail upon the floor. "Do not gather them now," said Father Henri, hurriedly; but somehow the old woman did not dare to look higher than the frayed hem of his long black gown. It was scant and made of poor material, she observed, and the thought seemed like a reprieve that she would make him a present of a new one at Easter. Easter was late that year, and there would still be time. Josephine would know the proper means to use and the cost of such a benevolence.

She rose to her feet and followed the good man. They made obeisance together side by side as they crossed to the vestry door. The old parishioners regarded this with interest, and wondered what was going to happen, taking counsel of each other in rusty whispers as the door was shut. Mère Pochette's heart was quaking; she watched the priest while he picked up the small vestments and half smiled as he heard the owners' merry voices outside. Then he turned and took a letter from his pocket. "I bring good news to you and yours," he said, courteously; and Manon the elder, who had feared some dire calamity—the loss of her savings or the death of young Picton for a certainty—found herself growing faint and dizzy. "Sit down, my child," said the priest. "You are no doubt fasting. Listen. I will read this letter."

Once to hear such news would have given Manon a fancied foretaste of heaven; now she heard it without excitement, almost with disappointment. Her poor grandchild's father had been one of a respectable family, and now a sum of money equal to the old Canadian's own fortune had fallen to the poor sick girl at home. The lawyer had been at some trouble to trace the heir. Father Henri volunteered to answer the communication, and with some surprise at the manner in which it had been received he turned away. He had much business on hand that day; there was a visit to be made to a dying person miles away down one of the long muddy roads of Bonaventure parish.

But old Manon had fallen upon her knees; she was weeping sorely, and begging for a blessing. She had sinned; she was avaricious and stony-hearted; the good God was punishing her already with the pains of hell, and taking her one treasure to himself.

Father Henri listened with dismay. "I am cursed by this wealth," she groaned, and grovelled upon the floor at his feet. He knew that the young girl was ill, but in that bleak country one learns to take such dispensations without surprise; the tender creatures are kindly gathered to the dear saints, and taken up from this blighting and evil world.

"Listen!" said Manon Pochette, at last regaining her composure, and standing before the priest determinedly—"listen! You must find for me this Charles Picton before it is too late. I cannot let my child die with hatred in her heart toward me. I am an old woman; I have had my way long enough, and it brings me only sorrow and shame. I will send him money; I will treat him as my own son; I will tell him all, for I burnt the letters that he wrote to Manon long ago. If he has taken another in her place, the punishment will be mine."

Was this the hard-faced woman who had looked scornfully in even Father Henri's face? He closed his saintly eyes and said a prayer as he stood before her, and raised his hands as if to call down mercy upon the stricken gray head. "I will talk with you this evening," he promised, and they parted silently.

Little Manon had waked and arisen, and presently she crept feebly to the window to watch for her grandmother. She wondered what kept her so long away. The big black hats of the neighbors had reappeared in the short street, and the day was begun as usual. The men were off to their work, and the children were gathering around the school-house. The sun was bright and clear, and the girl felt strengthened and cheered by it. She heard the cars presently—perhaps Charles might yet come back, though she had almost ceased to look for such a happiness. She grew hungry; she became tired with

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the exertion of crossing the room; she was so weak that the tears began to flow down her thin cheeks. "My grandmother cares nothing for me—nothing," she mourned; "she is bargaining with old Philippe, the gardener—every year she is less generous." But at that moment Mère Pochette was kneeling in passionate grief at Father Henri's feet in the chilly vestry.

At last she approached, and little Manon was filled with wonder at her look. "You must get well in this good weather," she said. "We will go soon to Quebec, and you shall have the one you love best for company. Forgive me at last, my child." But the sick girl could not comprehend the full meaning of such words, though the speaker stood there, appealing, repentant—the square sensible business woman who could be cheated by no one. And at last little Manon rose and put her arms close about the weeping grandmother's neck. Only yesterday faithless Marie Binet had announced that this neck should, in the name of justice, be encircled by a halter.

The train from the States was just out of sight that very morning; its long plume of smoke had hardly drifted away in the clear air before a handsome young man came lightly up the street. He did not stop at any of the drinking shops near the station, as most men did, but he hurried toward the older village on the ridge above, the straight uniform row of ancient French houses, and from several of these eager eyes followed him to the end of the settlement. Then the various house-keepers rushed out to confer with each other upon the astonishing event of young Charles Picton's incomprehensible return. It was like unneighborly old Mère Pochette to have sent for him without giving anybody the pleasure of knowing it; but at that moment she was thanking blessed Mary and Joseph, her patron saints, for this miracle straight from the skies. It was seldom, at any rate, that an emigrant returned so soon. Charles had a prosperous air already, and the whole village was in commotion that morning, while Father Henri was called to a noble feast the moment he returned from his errand of consolation.

The young *habitants*, who still wore red worsted belts with tassels, looked at their former neighbor's fine clothes with admiration. He was earning good wages, with prospect of advance, but he had become too miserable at the strange silence; he was not so very far away, and had taken his first chance to see little Manon again. He had sent letters to prudent Father Pierre, but that worthy had kept silence, being, at any rate, at a great distance from Bonaventure—over seas.

So Manon's strength came back again in this sunshine of happiness, and the lovers presently were married, and lived their simple lives together. The world was a comfortable place enough without going to Quebec, but the occasion of Mère Pochette's grandchild's wedding could be marked by nothing less than such a journey; and she saw her children lead their procession of calèches with immense complacency, living over her own youthful joys again in their behalf, as one returns in autumn to the meadows where one has gathered the flowers of spring.

Old Manon bore a vast bundle when she returned to Bonaventure, and took from it proudly a handsome cassock for Father Henri. The good man was at his devotions, but she gave it to Josephine, and lingered for a few moments to have a friendly talk. She had brought Josephine herself a remembrance of less value. "He is a blessed saint, this father," the stayer at home said. "He speaks no harsh word, but goes before us like a holy shepherd!" And the house-keeper blessed herself as devoutly as she could have blessed the priest himself.

The ancient holiday-maker could not linger, her shrewd eyes had detected a grievous neglect of her young cabbages on the part of their guardian, old Philippe. He had not expected her home so soon, the pig! Presently the round black hat made its appearance among the weeds, a new and imposing great black bonnet having been laid aside, and one would find it hard to believe that Mère Pochette had taken so great a journey.

The neighbors came one by one, without fear or reproach, and leaned over the railing of the garden. They were all very good-natured, for had not one of their own Bonaventure lads secured the old miser's money, after all? The high-roofed white house was lonely that night; the upper casements were wide open, and the color of little Manon's deserted red geraniums could be seen in the bright moonlight. Little Manon herself, rich and happy, had gone away to the States.

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AN UNKNOWN NATION.

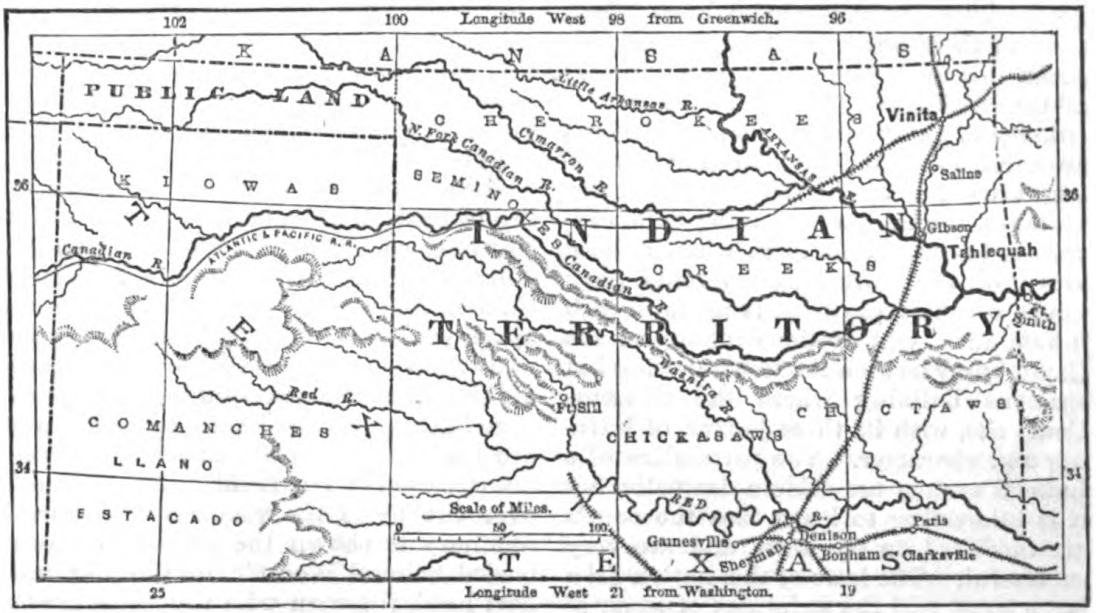
BY ANNA LAURENS DAWES.

BETWEEN the broad and fertile acres of Kansas and the broad and only less fertile acres of Texas lies a wild and beautiful region known as the Indian Territory. The imaginary lines which divide it from the neighboring States have been strengthened by national law into strong walls, which, if not actually impassable, have yet proved substantial barriers. Even the inhabitants of the contiguous States have little personal knowledge of the people or the land, beyond a strong hatred of the one, born of an undue lust for the other. The eastern part of this Territory is inhabited by what are called the "five civilized tribes" — the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. Each of them lives a life absolutely separate from the rest, with its own peculiarities, its own institutions, and its own national characteristics, for each—let it not be forgotten—each is a nation. But certain things are true of them all. Common circumstances and common needs have wrought upon common traits of race and character to produce like results. The government of each nation is republican, with frequently recurring elections, legislatures, executives, and systems of judiciary. Each nation supports common schools and high-schools, provides charitable institutions, and fosters churches. Whether Choctaw or Cherokee, these Indians carry on large business interests, and live intelligent and valuable lives.

The traveller who leaves St. Louis at night wakes to find himself in the prairie country, strewn thick with villages of the peculiar, unthrifty, huddled appearance of Southwestern hamlets. He has scarcely breakfasted before, on a sudden, he discovers the prairie roll away before him unvexed with hut or herd, and mile after mile the railway strides on through the luxuriant acres, past the fertile bottoms. The mysterious silence and space explain themselves. This is Indian land, and the Cherokee people have as yet found no better use for this northern country than to keep an unoccupied strip between themselves and their white neighbors. When at last a town appears, it is still a Southwestern town, but it is a brick and mortar city, with shops and newspapers and a busy life of its own. It is a considerable tax on credulity to discover that this town of Vinita is also Indian, and altogether Indian; that its business life is full and active and reaching out widely; that its citizens have private interests in many other regions, and affect the public affairs of two nations, moving sometimes the destinies of an alien and mightier race than their own. Its men and women have their life in books and thought and music; brave men marry fair women, and children play about the streets, whose future holds happiness and prosperity.

This is the most commercial town of this nation, but not its most representative settlement. "Have you seen Tahlequah?" is the instant question asked of him who professes a knowledge of the Indian Territory, and not without reason. Located in the interior of the country, among the mountains, the approach by the all-day ride among the wooded hills, over the grassy uplands, and through the forest glades threaded everywhere with rushing creeks, serves to heighten the effect. Beginning the journey with many miles of illimitable prairie stretching out to vast horizons, and reaching the first definite point at the ford of the Arkansas, where that lordly river is joined by two others only less large, an impression of space and distance and bigness is at once produced, upon which the imagination builds the future of a fairy tale. This effect is increased by hour after hour through great trees in beautiful virgin forests, and from frequent heights by far-reaching prospect of river and wooded hill. Eastern readers will find similar effects of distance in Pennsylvania, but the nearer view, the woods and fields and little creeks, are those of the middle South, of Alabama, or the more fertile portions of eastern North Carolina. To that State also must be compared the wilder scenery of the Chickasaw territory, and to the South belong the lupins and the lilies and the veil of fairy daisies, pink and white, that broider over the whole scene, mingling in a thousand forms the flora of the woods and the prairie, the South and the West. Tahlequah first discovers itself afar off, across one of the most beautiful of these prospects, in a large and somewhat imposing brick building, standing out

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MAP OF INDIAN TERRITORY.

alone upon a swelling height. Unneighbored, and yet requiring a considerable population to fill it, it seems something of a mystery; and when the winding road comes face to face with its simplicity and its size, it proves no less mysterious, although in a different way, since it is a public college for Indian boys and young men. Three miles' further ride, still in the open country, though no longer through an altogether uncultivated region, brings the traveller suddenly into the long main street of a large town. Here sits in serene and self-centred isolation the capital of a nation, containing in itself every element of such a capital except those metropolitan products which belong to crowded centres of the world's life.

In the very middle of Tahlequah is its Capitol, a large brick structure surrounded by an open square filled with locust-trees. The size and relative importance of this building mark the feeling that this is a nation. Here meets a Legislature composed of two Houses, retaining traces of the common Indian and white influence over their origin, in their titles of Council and Senate. The Council is presided over by a Speaker, and the Senate by the Assistant Chief. Bills must pass both Houses, and require the signature of the Executive. This officer possesses much power, and is a man of many titles, since he is actually President, and is better known as Principal Chief, while in common conversation he is usually addressed as Governor. Under him is an Assistant-Chief answering to our Vice-President, a Secretary of State, a Treasurer, a Superintendent of Public Instruction, and several other officers. All are elected directly by the people, and for terms of four years. These hotly contested elections occur every two years, when half of the Council are chosen, and in August, a month of agricultural vacation, thus marking the chief occupation of the people. All the affairs of the nation—very nearly literally all of them—are debated and settled by this Legislature. The establishment and support of schools, questions of finance, permissions or licenses to railways or telegraphs, the admission of religious teachers to the privileges of the nation—all these matters are decided as of old in council; but neither the hereditary right of Indian custom on the one hand, nor the Anglo-Saxon condition of age on the other, admits to this body. Every lad among the Cherokees may vote and be voted for. In the Capitol are the various offices of the President, the Treasurer, and the other officers of state, and here they spend busy days, for it is no trifling matter to administer the affairs of this little nation of 25,000 souls. If it be little, it is also rich: $95,000 come every year into the hands of its Treasurer in good drafts of the United States, interest on the funds held by us in trust for these Indians, and as much more from the

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great cattle companies who have leased some of their unoccupied northern land. From this money are paid the salaries of all the officials and the expenses of the machinery of government, the public works are carried on, the school and convict systems are maintained. The Cherokees pay no taxes, the nation is so rich; quite otherwise, for now and then, when a need arises, or the United States rents fresh lands, a money payment is made to each inhabitant. Out of the windows of the Capitol may be seen the less imposing but spacious building where the Supreme Court sits, with its three judges, of learning and character. The particulars of a judicial system are seldom dramatic, but it is interesting to learn that the courts are modelled on our own, and are very successful. The laws of this nation fill a large book, and the strictness of some of its provisions—notably those relating to intoxication—would make a Puritan envious. The code in general would do credit to any community, and its laws are well enforced by mounted police—a body of men so much honored that positions in its ranks are greatly coveted; and if crime is somewhat too frequent in this region, it must not be forgotten that the nation is burdened with a class of most disreputable white men, entirely exempt from its own law, and difficult to reach by any other. If its convict system is not as elaborate as that of Crofton or Elmira, it seems to be effectual in its results, since its convicts may be seen making its roads, under a slight guard, or, wholly unguarded, doing the janitor's work in its Capitol. A well-appointed asylum holds the indigent blind and other unfortunates of various kinds. The notable fact is remarked in Tahlequah that a crazy man may actually be seen there by the curious.

It has been already mentioned that the state maintains a school system. This includes small local schools all over the nation, and the two highest institutions at the capital, known to its inhabitants as the male and female seminaries. It is not a part of this survey to describe the various and flourishing missions which are to be found all over the Territory, with large and important schools and churches, varying in size and favor according to the denomination caring for them, but any candid historian cannot leave them out of account in determining either causes or results of this civilization. Our present purpose, however, is with the national life, and that pays much attention to education. These two seminaries were originally counterparts of each other, but in March, 1887, the building used for the girls was destroyed by fire. It is already nearly if not quite restored, according to modern ideas of convenience, at a cost to the nation of many thousands of dollars. These two schools are located three miles from the town and three miles apart, yet it is said that hollow trees grow midway here as well as elsewhere, and that divided lads and lassies find ways to meet even in this far-away land. Indian hearts are the hearts of men, and Indian eyes are the eyes of fair maids. Looking off over the fields, the visitor to the girls' seminary is shown the spot where was buried Samuel Wooster, its founder and first head, the man who suggested much which other men wise in state-craft worked out. It is not often given to a nation to rise up complete in fifty years, and this school, educating and training mothers, has had much to do with what we see. Here Indian girls learn Latin, literature, mathematics, the sciences, mental and moral philosophy, rhetoric, and the various lesser branches usually supposed to lead up to these scholastic heights. The catalogue gives curious evidence that this is a strange land. We find pupils from "Seguoyah," and "Cooweescoowee," and "Going Snake," but the girls who answer to the least civilized names are very likely to bear no other resemblance to their red forefathers.

The teachers are largely of Indian descent, many of them alumnæ of this very school, but one who listens to recitations on the familiar problems in ethics, or reads the familiar regulation, "Pupils must bring their own bedding and towels," finds it hard to realize that this is an establishment of an Indian tribe. The first class graduated more than forty years ago, and to-day nearly two hundred Indian girls gather here for instruction. In the Male Seminary nearly as many boys are drilled daily in practice at arms, and study a somewhat more elaborate curriculum. Greek as well as Latin is taught here, and a wider range of science, while trigonometry and surveying are made much of. "Discipline can add nothing to the mental or moral capacities," says the catalogue of this Cherokee school, "but can bring them under such

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a process of training as to develop the latent energies of mind and body, and direct them to a course of right action, so that the future citizen and lawgiver may be fitted for his great work." To this end, doubtless, the national legislature has passed a statute law forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors and gambling. A law of the commonwealth as an enforcer of the faculty is a suggestion that some Eastern colleges might like to borrow! In one sort of school or another, three-quarters of the children are taught, some of the district schools containing more than seventy-five scholars. In these the young Cherokees learn geography, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and history, and their teachers frequently meet in institutes and conventions to compare methods. All are free schools, except the two seminaries, which charge a moderate tuition. When any pupil is unable to pay this, however, he is taught, and even clothed, out of the national treasury. A student proving himself more than usually apt at letters, after going through their own schools, if anxious for further education, is often sent to some college at the East, and that at the expense of the nation, for this little people has the strange idea that a good citizen is of value to the state, and that it can well afford to produce such a result at some public cost. Other students go on with their education at their own cost, and the aristocracy among this people knows much of cities and schools in the United States—*of foreign ways*, in their patriotic colloquialism.

Up and down the streets of Tahlequah walks a population industrious and well-to-do, busy about the daily affairs of shop and farm and school and state. Its outward aspect and many of its habits are those of the Southwest, to which it belongs by choice as well as by situation, while even its deficiencies are to a great extent those of the surrounding States. Its women, dressed in the fashions and perhaps the goods of the metropolitan market, sit down in their elaborately decorated parlors, or in their more humble homes, to discuss the food and clothes of the nursery, or the last magazine, or the gossip of the town, according to their tastes and habits, much as do their sisters across the border. Their fathers and husbands are occupied as are their kind in any centre of a farming district which is also the legal and legislative centre. According to the testimony given in 1885 to a committee of the United States Senate, the 5000 men of this nation were 3500 of them farmers, not 200 of them professional men, 133 were mechanics, and—in an Indian tribe it must be remembered—only 23 were hunters and fishermen. Their flocks and herds numbered 67,000 cattle, 123,000 hogs and sheep, and 136,000 horses;* 89,000 acres were under cultivation, and 100,000 enclosed. The 6000 families lived in 5000 dwellings, and the 3600 farmers owned more than 4000 farms. They had no taxes to pay—except, indeed, the few merchants—there was no currency to depreciate, for there was no scrip, and all payments were in cash. There was no public debt, but, on the other hand, a public revenue; and from that fairy purse came all the public expenses, divided 50 per cent. for the expenses of government itself, 35 per cent. for the national schools, and 15 per cent. for the support of the asylums.

All this elaborate life goes on among a people only half of whom speak English, and presenting the problem of a nation divided into two sharply opposed classes—the highly civilized class of the towns; and the peasant farmers of the open country, or "natives," as it is the fashion to call them, in amusing disregard of a common origin. The dweller in the town, whose life has been described, has usually, but not always, a large admixture of white blood in his ancestry; the other is likely to be a "full-blood" Indian. He lives in a cabin on his farm, in entire comfort, though certainly not in luxury. He cultivates his ground himself, or rents it, sends his children—since he must—to the nearest school, eats, drinks, sleeps, and wakes to live the same round. He knows no ambitions and no progress. He retains many of the Indian habits, is usually dirty, and often ignorant. The laws of his nation furnish him a home, a little work furnishes him clothes and food, such learning as he has he receives for nothing, his land is at his disposal forever, and he knows no further wants. Law is the only uncertain fact in his life, and his chief interest in that is to see that it does not change. To prevent any such untoward happening he arouses

* These figures were based on the census of 1880, and it was stated that the number of cattle had trebled since that time.

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himself to take part, and an active part, in the elections, and it is not improbable that he tries his hand at law-making for himself; for another curious fact about this curious population is that no distinction of governing class and governed can be made between the Cherokee of the town and the Cherokee of the field. The full-blood is always present in the national Legislature, the Council being usually almost entirely of that complexion, and it is invariably an obstructive element in all effort for closer contact with the white man's civilization. It may be objected that this is too sweeping a condemnation of the full-bloods, and indeed there are notable exceptions—individuals full of the strength and power and character of the best of the race, though living remote from the towns and speaking no English; but unhappily they do not represent the mass of their fellows.

To the student of land problems the Cherokee land title is a most interesting feature of their life, and the inferences to be drawn from its workings are many and valuable. The Cherokee is usually known as a communist, and in some sense of the word this is true; in some prominent particulars it is not true; but the peculiar situation is such that what he lacks in legal communism he makes up through other circumstances. In so far as the ideal of the communist will be realized when every man lives on his own land, and finds his wants as a member of the community supplied by the central government—in so far as this is the communistic ideal, the Cherokee presents to-day an illustration of national land-holding.

On the first day of August, 1838, the Cherokee tribe, assembled in camp at Oquohee, Indian Territory, began their proceedings with this somewhat grandiloquent claim:

"Whereas the title of the Cherokee people to their lands is the most ancient and absolute known to man, its date is beyond the recall of human record, its validity confirmed and illustrated by possession and enjoyment antecedent to all pretence of claim by any other portion of the human race."

On this basis the remarkable men assembled in this Council proceeded to form the wonderful constitution under which the tribe has lived and prospered so signally, and from which were copied in a measure the constitutions of the other nations. Probably influenced by the Indian idea of property in land—the idea of socialism—they held that the land belonged to the Cherokee tribe, and not to the individuals thereof. Land, says the Indian, like his communistic brother, is as air and water, the property of all; it cannot be given away to the few. Pursuing this theory, the Cherokee constitution secured the nationalization of land in the Cherokee state in these words:

"The land of the Cherokee nation shall remain the common property, but the improvements made thereon and in the possession of the citizens of the nation are the exclusive and indefeasible property of the citizens respectively who made and may be rightfully in possession thereof."

These improvements therefore descend to the heirs of the citizen, or they may be sold by him, but the land, occupy it as long as he will, can never be his. He may occupy as much land as he can cultivate, provided he does not come within one-quarter of a mile of his neighbor. This prohibition does not, of course, refer to the towns. He must establish a claim to this land by proving it to be unoccupied, and at the proper distance from his neighbor, and when he shall have fenced it, or put upon it fifty dollars' worth of improvements, he has the right to occupy as long as he chooses; but if he fails to so occupy it for two years, it reverts to the nation again. There is absolutely no limit to the amount he may thus use if he can cultivate it; but if he wishes to possess himself of two different farms, they must be the required quarter of a mile apart. To be sure that speculation does not interfere with the common right of all to her land, the Cherokee nation through her Legislature has laid certain restrictions upon her people. The valuable black-walnut and pecan timber belongs to the nation; the individual may neither cut it nor sell it. The possible mines of her rocky hills may not be opened, for an old statute makes the discovery of a mine punishable with death. The remembrance of their cruel ejectment from their rich mineral lands in Georgia is thus curiously embalmed in the law. And while there is no limit to the amount which a citizen may cultivate, he can take up for pasturage but fifty acres, thus effectually preventing the absorption of the land by great grazing firms. Thus the Cherokee has his land held for him for-

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ever by his state. He may sell his improvements, and he and his family may practically reside in the same place permanently, since the right of occupancy may be devised. This right may also be sold. But the individualizing of the land that would seem to be thus brought about is neutralized by the vast tracts of rich unoccupied territory waiting the industrious hand. How thoroughly this plan has worked as its sanguine modern advocates would have us believe it always will work, is shown by the exact correspondence between the number of male inhabitants and the number of dwellings (5000 each), and the nearly similar number of farmers and farms—3500 farmers on 4000 farms. Moreover, the right of a woman to the land is the same as that of a man; and her husband, although not a Cherokee nor even an Indian, may acquire her rights by marriage, and be adopted into the tribe. This is the only door for alien proprietorship, and "Cherokee rights," joined to the pretty faces gained from a mixed Indian and white ancestry, have proved a strong attraction to many a wanderer, and a heritage of joy or sorrow, as it might be, to many an Indian woman.

What has been said in detail of the Cherokees is true to some extent of the other four nations. There is the same mixed population of town and country dweller, with the same characteristics of enterprise and obstruction. The northernmost of these tribes, a small fragment of the Creeks, who have come most into contact with the white men of the border, have suffered rather than gained in the encounter. The *morale* of the people is lower, although their civilization is more complex. The body of this tribe, however, is in the interior. Their government has many features like that of the Cherokees, with some difference in the number of judges, the length of terms of office, and such minor points. The Indian glamour seems to still cover a people ruled by a House of Warriors and a House of Kings; but the more prosaic virtues are added thereunto in the boast under oath that they have no paupers, no insane, that every family in the nation has a home, that $40,000 is spent each year for schools, of which there are four hundred common schools, with five of a higher grade. Corn, cotton, and oats are raised, and the Creeks have some manufactures. The little tribe of Seminoles is perhaps the most nearly pure democracy we have on the continent. Its Council, composed of three members from each town, votes directly on the ratification of all its laws by a standing vote. A democratic Assembly drafts these laws and submits them to this hardly less democratic Council. Here the commune has but one restriction, and that a right of occupancy, and the little population has no less care taken of it than its larger neighbors, for here also are day schools and boarding-schools, and here the *blacksmiths* are paid by the government. The laws of this nation are Spartan in their character. The murderer is "killed," as they succinctly put it, and the thief is whipped three times for as many offences, but the fourth time he is "killed" also.

The Chickasaws live in the magnificent hill country on the borders of Texas, and have been retarded rather than helped by contact with their border neighbors. Their government is much like the others, and here is again the curious division of feeling and action between the full-bloods and the half-breeds. Their capabilities are great, and there is the intense pride in their nation and its privileges and successes found in the others. This pride of race is no small element of character in all the five tribes. It is most extreme, and it suits well the handsome Spanish-looking men. It was a Chickasaw governor who refused to meet a committee of the United States Senate outside his own nation. Other governors had been visited among their people, and with a certain fine sense of what was due his position, he would not sacrifice national dignity to convenience. The Choctaws also live on the borders of Texas, but in this case to the advantage rather than the detriment of the people. The student of aboriginal races will find it an interesting problem why the close contact in blood and life with white civilization has told for good among the Cherokees and Choctaws, and, except in isolated instances, far otherwise among the Creeks and Chickasaws. The constitution of the Choctaw nation is somewhat more elaborate than the others. We have here a veto power, requiring a two-thirds vote to override it; one of the requirements for office is a belief in a future state; third-term difficulties are effectually prevented by a provision that no Principal Chief shall hold his office more than four years out of six, the term being two years. The judicial sys-

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tem works so smoothly that thirty-eight cases out of forty are convicted; and it is the custom to release a murderer after his conviction until the time of his execution arrives, when he always returns of his own accord to suffer the extreme penalty. Land tenure is the same as with the Cherokees, except that it must yield an *annual* income; and the school system, with its appendix of Eastern colleges, is equally elaborate. With an income from government bonds of $62,000, and of $50,000 from the leases of mines already opened in its incalculable deposits of coal, copper, iron, and lead, it is little wonder that the Choctaws can see nothing better for them in the civilization and government of the States around them.

The tremendous pressure for the unoccupied lands possessed by all these nations has led the border States to a hope of forcible possession by the government at Washington; or, failing of this, of a federation of these nations into a single Indian State, thus opening up the agricultural and mineral treasures of this almost unknown region. The first hope is not altogether without warrant even in high places, unjust and legally impossible as it would be. Much local jealousy among the different tribes somewhat hinders the latter plan, but a greater obstacle is the natural fear of white influence and action. What security have these favored and perfectly satisfied commonwealths that any of their possessions and privileges would remain to them in the face of the white man's greed? At present they are held by patents as definite and distinct as legal phrasing can make them, and protected by carefully kept up barriers of bad roads and unoccupied country. But once make this land a possible home of possible Oklahoma associations, and what would become of land title or Indian law? Perhaps the Mission Indians of California could answer. Already the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway, which runs through the eastern part of the Territory from north to south, has a grant of a tract of land ten miles wide on each side of its track (60,000,000 acres in all), all the way from Kansas to Texas. This grant becomes operative the day that "the Indian title is extinguished." Is it any wonder that the dwellers along its route are not eager to have the land thrown open?

What may be in the future for these remarkable peoples it is not quite easy to say, but meanwhile what they have already accomplished has a direct bearing upon two different questions. We see in their history and achievement the key to the Indian problem. Education, religion, a good system of law and government, self-help and self-responsibility, an understanding of their relations to the world at large — these things have made the Cherokees and their sister nations what we find them. And in passing it may be remarked that the men who taught them these things lived among them and made themselves of them. To be thrown out among white men is *not* absolutely necessary to the Indian: witness the difference between the border nations and those of the interior. It may be better that the red man should work out his problem by himself. His ability to do it, and the progress he will make under favorable circumstances, are proved by the five civilized tribes. The large unprogressive element, with its laziness and dirt, is no argument against this conclusion. Nor is the admixture of white blood the only enterprising quality in these nations, as is sometimes somewhat superficially charged. Where education and religion and responsibility have joined hands, their pupil has been raised to the extent of his possibility, be he white or red; and when these have been wanting, the white blood has only added crime to stupidity. It is in this last element—the presence or absence of responsibility—that much of the secret lies. The Indian who finds all his wants supplied through no act of his own, regards neither education nor progress as any factor in his scheme of existence. But in him who finds himself pressed with multiplied necessities constant effort is required, and development is forced upon him.

And here we have the other answer that the Indian Territory gives to the student—the answer to certain questions of land tenure. You have here the national ownership of land in favorable conditions. A young nation, under most fortunately strong and able leadership, isolated from contaminating influence, in a country neither too warm nor too cold for productive labor, with a fine system of laws and government, and a good measure of civilization already achieved at the beginning and since developed. The land is held by the nation from the first, and there is more than enough. If it is

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true that it can be in a sense transferred, this is not absolutely true, and the fact that there is such an abundance of it prevents any disturbance of the scheme by this fact. And on the other hand a national revenue, sufficient and inalienable, does away with the usual necessity of taxing the land by providing for all the requirements of popular need. The most ardent communist could hardly want more than this: land held perpetually for him, as much as he desires, and every public want supplied. What is the result? Half the nation sits down content to eat and drink, a great unprogressive animal class, a weight upon the community, failing of every end of civilization or any comprehension of its advantages. Those others who have discovered for themselves individual wants, and who have learned to supply them each man for himself, have found the meaning of progress and civilization. They have done away with the much-talked-of equality, and practically, if not ostensibly, achieved the destruction of the communistic scheme. They, and they alone, have developed anything further than the brute beast. And if as a people they have lost in the process something of simplicity and strength, a glance at the two halves of the nation will answer the question of the value of the experiment. Land, and the wisest provisions of law, and elaborate schemes of ready-made well-being furnished by the government, will not bring real welfare. The proletariat might eat and drink and sleep, perhaps, if they could realize their present dream, but life would hardly be what they imagine. No better than the beasts that perish, they might well question if it were worth the living. Not because its people are Indians, but because of their communism, is civilization but a partial success—a sort of half-baked loaf—in the Indian Territory.

A NEW ENGLAND VAGABOND.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THERE may usually be found in the best-regulated minds some concealed liking for a vagabond, the relic of days when we thought it would be a very pleasant thing to run away with a circus or to sleep under a hay-stack. And even apart from this, it is certain that the lives of vagabonds often afford the very best historical materials. We have in copious profusion the letters and public documents of the able and upright men who organized and carried through the great revolt of the American colonies against the crown; but many events of that epoch are still imperfectly understood for want of adequate memorials of the scoundrels. Points of the greatest historical importance, such as the difficulties encountered by Washington in organizing the army at Cambridge, the frequent depletion of that army through desertion, the depreciation of the Continental currency, the startling outbreak of Shays's rebellion, can never be understood except by studying the revelations of the reprobates. Such confessions are very rare: there is, so far as I know, but one book which fully and frankly proclaims them; of that book I know but one copy, now in my possession, and this condition of things furnishes ample reason for bringing to light once more the wholly disreputable and therefore most instructive career of Henry Tufts.

He was a man whose virtues might doubtless have been very useful to us, had he possessed any, but whose great historical value lies, strange as it may seem, in his vices. His dingy little book derives its worth from the very badness of the society into which it brings us; it reveals the existence, behind all that was decent and moral in that period, of a desperate and lawless minority.

Henry Tufts was born at Newmarket, New Hampshire, June 24, 1748, and he not only belonged to the true race of vagabonds, but was indeed the first thorough and unimpeachable member of that fraternity recorded amid our staid New England society. Previous examples, such as Morton of Merry Mount, and Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight, were mere exotics, the consummate flower of an elder civilization. Our interest in them is to see how they bore the transplantation, and indeed how the transplantation bore them. But Henry Tufts was indigenous; purely a home product. Indeed, he belonged distinctly to what Dr. Holmes once

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called the Brahmin blood of New England, for his grandfather was a clergyman, and graduated at Harvard College in 1701. But if of clerical blood, the grandson came also of the breed of Autolycus, and his autobiography belongs essentially to what has been called the "picaresque" literature—that which includes Gil Blas, Guzman d'Alfarache, and Meriton Latroon. It is indeed unsurpassed in that department, for it contains a smaller proportion of anything but vagabondism than any similar work known to me in any language. His whole book records hardly a trace of honest industry, unless we include his service in the Revolutionary army, and even there his labors seem to have been strictly in the line of those afterward performed by Sherman's bummers. All else is unmitigated but not unvaried rascality. In some lives theft is an incident; with him it was the stated means of support. Whatever he had he stole. He can hardly be said to have invariably stolen his lodgings, for he often slept in haymows, and one night in a family tomb; but for all else—food, drink, and clothing—he relied upon what he graphically calls the rule of thumb. He would have fulfilled Falstaff's longing, "O for a fine young thief!" It was needless to inquire of him, as Charles Lamb asked of his Australian correspondents, what he did when he was not stealing. He was thieving all the time, unless we separate the periods when he was running away with his booty, or being taken to prison, or breaking out of it, which he did again and again.

He began his career in the usual manner of country boys who take to bad courses, by robbing orchards and hen-roosts. At fourteen he planned with two companions to steal bread, cheese, and cucumbers, and hide them in the woods. The others provided the bread and cheese, and he the cucumbers, stripping a whole patch. Being dissatisfied with the provision the others had made, he resolved to frighten them out of their share, so he raised an alarm so that they all took fright, after which he came back and carried off all the supplies. Not content with this, he informed his companions that the farmer they had robbed had captured him, and had exacted of him three days' labor, so that each of the other boys gave him a day's work on his father's farm as their share of the imaginary penalty. This early incident gives the key to his whole life, which was spent in first defrauding others and then his accomplices. When he was twenty-one he began the more public practice of his profession by stealing his father's horse and selling it for thirty dollars.

In the active practice of his profession he travelled habitually between Canada and Virginia, having a line of confederates, like a trapper's line of traps, through the whole route. His system of living reached a singular perfection. When he needed food he took it, wherever he found it, not confining himself to the necessaries of the table, but adding the luxuries, as when he stole a beehive and carried it some distance, on which occasion he must have discounted, so to speak, the stings of remorse. When he needed a pair of boots, he looked out for a shoemaker's shop, and contrived to be near it at nightfall. In respect to linen, for him the land seemed as covered with clothes-lines as now with telegraphic wires, and once when he needed smallclothes he spied through the window of a church a suitable pulpit cushion, stole it, sold the feathers, and made a pair of breeches of the green plush.

It is needless to say that in him horse-stealing—which has been in all ages, as Scott says of treason, "the crime of a gentleman"—rose to the dignity of a fine art. Some fifty separate thefts of this kind are recorded in his book. He asserts that he could go into a stable at night and select a particular horse by his way of eating his hay. He could so disguise a horse by paint that his former owner, riding by his side, did not know him. He would steal a horse, ride him twenty miles, and exchange him for another, and make two more exchanges before reaching one of his homes again; for he had almost as many homes as horses. In one case he took a neighbor's horse, sold it for fifty-one dollars, and on being detected, guided the neighbor to the place where it was sold, hoping to find it and steal it back again. Not finding it, they each stole another horse, were caught, and were punished with thirty-five lashes each from a cat-o'-nine-tails. In another case a man boasted that his horse had a special guard every night, and could not be stolen. Tufts accepted the challenge, gave the guards rum and opium, and rode the horse away. Nor was this talent limited to

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horses. While travelling up the Merrimac River he stole a valuable dog, sold it at Newbury for ten shillings, and then crossed the ferry. The dog swam the river and rejoined him. Aided by this happy suggestion, Tufts sold him twice more, at Newburyport for six shillings and at Bradford for a dollar, the dog each time swimming the river and rejoining his unwearied salesman.

His whole life was spent either in eluding pursuers or giving them reason to pursue him anew. He was so constantly suspected that he was often arrested when he had done nothing. The shop of Mr. Jacob Sheafe, in Portsmouth, had been robbed, and Tufts was stated to have been seen carrying a bundle through the streets in the evening. That was enough, and he was confined in Exeter jail some days, and then released. The same winter he was arrested under a similar suspicion in Newmarket, went to Exeter jail again for a week, and was again discharged. For the first of these detentions he was paid by Mr. Sheafe at the rate of a dollar per day. The jail thus became not only his lodging, his restaurant, his shelter from the cold, but the source of a moderate income, the most innocent perhaps that he ever enjoyed. The dollar a day was a sort of retaining fee for not thieving. It is observable that these unjust detentions happened always in the winter, and that he never complained of them; it was only when he deserved to be in jail that he repined under it.

It is said that hypocrisy is the homage that vice renders to virtue, and that counterfeit money vindicates the true. It therefore throws no discredit on two learned professions when I point out the obvious fact that medicine and theology always prove attractive to vagabonds. Tufts tried both. He says of himself, in his usual Micawber strain, "Destitute of a single shilling in the world, it was requisite to levy contributions on the public [*Il faut vivre, monsieur!*], so that I might elude 'haggard poverty's cruel grasp.' In some places, therefore, I practised physic, in others told fortunes, and in others again I discharged the sacerdotal office. I could turn my hand with equal facility to either of these scientific branches, and acquired some celebrity in them all." Accordingly, like another New England vagabond, Stephen Burroughs, Tufts combined preaching with his other pursuits. "Having a mind to view the country and try my skill as a preacher, I purchased me a new suit of black, a large Scotch plaid gown, and cocked-up beaver." This was therefore the clerical costume in 1777, and the sect to which he proposed to minister was known as New Lights. It is a good instance of what is called feminine intuition that the only person who ever found him out in this character was a young girl. He being at Little Falls, Maine, was invited because of this clerical dress to speak at a week-day meeting, and the officiating clergyman declared that he had preached such a sermon as to prove him "an incarnate saint, if ever there was one upon the footstool." Upon this, Tufts says, a young woman named Peggy Cotton, a church-member, rose and said: "He a saint? So is the devil incarnate. For my own part, I have no belief in his pretended sanctity, let him profess what he will." Being severely taken to task, the plain-spoken young woman proceeded to explain that on his first entrance into the meeting this gentleman of clerical appearance had surveyed her from head to foot in such a carnal manner that she "perceived that he had the devil in his heart." Great was the confusion; the speaker was severely rebuked by the officiating clergyman, followed by Tufts himself, who says, "As two against one are odds at tennis, so poor Peggy, finding her ground untenable against both, presently withdrew." Tufts, triumphant against her, became the clergyman's guest, and preached daily through his whole tour, undisturbed by the fear of man or woman.

His medical practice was really impaired by the same drawback with his preaching, for in one case a young girl whom he had brought back almost from the grave fell in love with him, and insisted on his eloping with her, which indeed required no great persuasion. He had a little more preparation, however, for medicine than for theology, taking the latter only by what is now called "heredity" from his grandfather, while to the former he devoted three years of exceedingly irregular study among the Indians. He was fond of all athletic feats, and having injured himself severely when about twenty-four, was advised by Captain Josiah Miles, "the great Indian fighter," to visit the aborigines at Sudbury, in Canada, who would cure him if any one could. Thither he

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went, therefore, by way of Pigwacket, in Maine, a region famous in the Indian wars, this being about fifty miles from the place of his stay among the savages. For three years (1772–5) he remained with them, and at first was visited daily by Molly Orcut, whose name is still preserved in memory as the most noted of Indian doctresses. He observed her methods, took her medicines, and received her bounty, for patients came to her from far and near, and she always had a considerable sum of money in her house. Besides her there were other renowned doctors, such as "Sabattus" and "old Philips"; and Tufts took great pains to study what he calls "Indian botany and physic," and thus gained a knowledge of simples, on which he frequently traded for the rest of his life. He added an Indian wife to the two or three others whom he had already accumulated, and he has left in his autobiography a very clear and compact account of the whole way of living among these people in Canada a hundred years ago—their mode of hunting, their habits in winter, their sleeping on the snow before a fire, their annual church pilgrimages to Montreal, their torturing punishment of their own criminals by putting thongs through the tendons of their arms and legs and stringing them up between two saplings to die.

On his return from Canada he found the country plunged in a war, and now begins what is historically the most valuable part of his record. In him we have the reverse side of the Revolutionary soldier; he shows vividly the worst part of that material out of which Washington had to make an army—the two months' men. Tufts enlisted, he tells us, because he thought it an easy life and more honorable than thieving; "though," as he justly remarked, and proceeded to exemplify, "a soldier may be a thief." He enlisted first under a Captain Clark, marched to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, worked at building barracks, serving, as he tells us with admiration, "through the whole term of his enlistment without desertion." Here he met General Sullivan and Colonel Cilley. Later he enlisted with one Captain Benbo for two months, and was marched to Winter Hill, near Boston. "Here," he says, "our troops fared at times so slenderly that we had to atone for the dearth of allowance by stealing pigs, poultry, and such articles." Then follows a series of descriptions of thefts and cajoleries, all aided and abetted by the captain, who, if any one came to him with a complaint, allowed his troops to drive the complainant out of camp with snowballs. Then Tufts went home, staid awhile, and re-enlisted for a third term of two months, being first quartered at Winter Hill, then at Harvard College, and helping to build forts at Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge. The troops had half allowance of food, and had to spend their pay to eke it out, while Tufts's peculiar genius took the form of cheating the commissary and getting a double share of pork. "As our wants had been pressing, the officers of the company were by no means offended at my successful stratagem. Justly concluding that we should want a moderate quantity of rum while devouring this acquisition, I told them I would undertake to provide this desideratum likewise." He accordingly found an ignorant man, took an old summons for debt—of which he doubtless had many about him—and gave it to this man as a four-dollar bill, telling him to go to the sutler, buy rum, and bring back the change. He sent somebody else to fetch the rum before the cheat was discovered, and says that they "regaled themselves like lords," soldiers, officers, and all, apparently, while he "received the applause of every guest as well for my [his] zeal as ingenious contrivance." It was, no doubt, after dealing with some such company as this that Washington wrote those expressions of despair which have been so often quoted about his troops at Cambridge.

At a later time Tufts was arrested by mistake for a namesake who had enlisted "for the Ohio" as a soldier, but he was discharged. Then he went on a stolen horse to visit his brother, near West Point, at a place called "Soldier's Fortune." He carried to his brother, who was apparently a soldier, two shirts, doubtless from somebody's clothes-line; the brother accepted one only, having already a supply, and probably asking, like the little boy who had but one, "Do you suppose a man needs a thousand shirts?" But the other shirt brought Tufts into trouble, as he sold it to Sergeant Hodgdon for seventeen cartridges and a quarter-pound of powder. Buying or selling soldier's powder was then a capital offence, and he was presently brought before one Colonel Reid, who had the long-roll beaten and four com-

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panies of foot paraded under arms. Luckily every man proved to have his allowance of ammunition; so Tufts was dismissed. Then he made his way homeward among such a variety of French deserters, and other men who were hunting deserters and murderous Tory tavern-keepers, that it seems like a chapter out of Cooper's *Spy*. Later he enlisted for three years, under Captain True, for the regiment of Colonel Crane, at West Point, and was four weeks with three hundred others at the Castle in Boston Harbor, now Fort Independence. Then they went to Watertown, where he deserted; then he was captured and sent to Exeter jail, his old retreat. He escaped, was again captured, again escaped, and though closely followed, showing, as he says, the great need of soldiers in those days, he never again rejoined the army. In 1781, to be sure, he was taken as a deserter and carried nearly to West Point, but the whole party contrived to escape, and he made his way home on stolen horses, as usual.

It was while he was a deserter from the army, in the year 1780, that an event occurred which throws much light from below, as I may say, on the whole history of the Continental currency. He had rambled from West Point to Vermont, when the whim took him, he says, to visit "in rotation"—a good name for his mode of life—the town of Charlemont, in order to gain sight of Sally Judd, whom he had married when he had another wife living. He there put up at Spencer's tavern. A stranger rode to the door, a genteel, well-looking man, who dismounted to refresh himself, but declined to stay longer. On being pressed by Tufts, who liked his company, he said that his money was almost out, and he must be getting home. Tufts, who describes himself as being always generous when flush of money, offered to pay his bill. So he staid all night, and they shared the same room. In the darkness of the night the stranger made a confession. His name was Whiting, "and he had long been an agent for the British, who had engaged him for an emissary to explore the country and circulate counterfeit money." "As Congress had issued a paper medium to raise armies and pay off their troops, it imported their adversaries to discredit the currency as much as possible. And as such large quantities of paper had been issued already, the speediest way to effect the entire dissolution of the system was to inundate the country with counterfeit bills." It accordingly proved that this genteel stranger, who had not enough good money to pay his landlord, had fifty thousand dollars of counterfeit Continental money in his pocket, and one thousand of this he gladly transferred to Tufts in exchange for "a little silver to discharge bills in particular places." Mr. Whiting rode away after breakfast, having had a distinction which belonged to few men, of teaching to Henry Tufts a wholly new line of roguery.

It is of historical interest to know how this fresh branch of industry succeeded. To all appearance, admirably. He says: "On the same day of my receiving the spurious bills, curiosity prompted me to make experiment of their currency. On trial, I found not the slightest difficulty in passing them. Indeed, my bills were such an exact imitation of the genuine ones that a man must have had more penetration than ordinary to have discerned the slightest difference." Accordingly, as the currency daily depreciated, he made haste to invest his hoard in something permanent; "bought a good horse, a new outfit of clothes, and materials for a complete suit of female apparel," which last he sent as a present to the yet unseen Sally Judd, intending it as a kind of atonement for the damage her character had suffered through his acquaintance. It is interesting to know that it brought Sally to an immediate interview, though a stormy one, which closed with a farther atonement in the shape of fifty counterfeit dollars, which she accepted, though without yielding her wrath. He then departed, and says: "I had not travelled many miles before I had the address to traffic away my horse for money and goods, which articles I transported, like an honest man, to my own family." Even Henry Tufts, it seems, had his standard of what constituted an honest man.

In the spring of 1793 Tufts got into serious difficulty. He bought, as he says, a silver table-spoon and five teaspoons, which turned out to have been stolen; for this he was tried for burglary, then a capital offence. The trial took place in 1793, James Sullivan being the prosecuting attorney. Tufts applied to the celebrated Theophilus Parsons to defend him; but he declining, Messrs. Sewall and Dana undertook the case—probably James Sewall, then of Marblehead, afterward a member of Congress, and

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Francis Dana, afterward Chief-Justice, and father of the poet. Twice the jury disagreed and were sent out again; but they finally brought a verdict of guilty, and Tufts was sentenced to death. After several attempts to escape, he resigned himself to his fate, and his cell at Ipswich was cheered by visits from a man who offered him seventy dollars for authority to write his life, and from another who bid two guineas for his skeleton. He was to be hanged August 13, 1795. Great efforts were made for his reprieve, and the Harvard students signed a petition for it; but it was not till the very hour of execution had arrived that the order came from Governor Samuel Adams. Tufts says: "The people, who had collected to the number (it was said) of 3000, dispersed in the same manner as they came; but seeing their gathering had been but little gratifying to my feelings, I was far from regretting their departure."

Governor Adams afterward, at the petition of his nominal wife, Nabby, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, and he was sent to the Castle in Boston Harbor. I do not know that we have any other inside view of the Castle when used as a jail. There were then thirty pieces of artillery, and what he calls a company of soldiers. There were fifty prisoners—French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Irish, and American—giving an impression of greater variety than we would have supposed.

He was five years in this imprisonment, and when in 1798 (June 23d) the Castle was turned over to the United States government, he was transferred to Salem jail, where the jailer apparently had no wish to be troubled with him, and remarked, he says, that "the room was in a slender predicament, wherefore I must behave peaceably if I intended to stay long." He took the hint, got out within half an hour, and walked away, "musing upon the versatility of human affairs." Resolving to turn over a new leaf, "forswear sack and live cleanly," he debated for some time with which of his wives—the old Lydia or the new Abigail—he should carry out these virtuous purposes. Deciding on the old one, he followed her to the State of Maine, whither she had removed, first writing a high-sounding letter to Abigail, whose years of fidelity he thus repaid. Thenceforward he lived in Maine, "marching to and fro in the quality of an Indian doctor," and thenceforward never, as he declares, although tradition does not confirm this, "taking clandestinely from man, woman, or child to the value of a single pin." This did not, however, prevent his stealing from a farmer his daughter—who was not worth "a row of pins," at any rate, by his account—and wandering into the wilderness in his old way; but they were captured. He himself returned to the long-suffering Lydia, and seems to have passed his declining years as decently as his nature and habits permitted. He died, it is said, at Limerick, Maine, January 31, 1831, in the eighty-third year of an uncommonly misspent life.

"At length," he says, in the preface to his book—"at length have my crimes and misdemeanors become antiquated, and the effects of them by lapse of time been done away. I no longer dread the scourge of future punishment, for on me has been exhausted its almost every species." "The major part of the following account was digested from the storehouse of memory, where long it lay quiescent in dormancy." This preface was dated at Limington, Maine, which he calls Lemington, in 1807, but the book was published at Dover, New Hampshire. The title-page reads: "A Narrative of the Life, Adventures, Travels, and Sufferings of Henry Tufts, now residing at Lemington, in the District of Maine. In substance as compiled from his own lips. *Ab ovo usque ad mala.*—Ovid. *Meliora video, proboque, deteriora sequor.*—Idem."

As has been already made obvious, the style of the book, whoever wrote it, is to the last degree high-flown and amusing. "Now had the more vertical rays of propitious Phœbus subdued the rigors of the inclement year, and transformed the truly hiemal blasts into pleasing zephyrous gales. Already had he renewed the beauties of the vernal bloom, and restored to the animate world the festive joys of a mild atmosphere." As my friend Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., would no doubt remark, he who wrote this had studied Latin. He accordingly speaks of Virgil and Cicero, also of Milton and Dr. Cullen and Corporal Trim. He has peculiar names for places—names which have a geographical interest. "Number Four" for Charlestown, New Hampshire, and the "Lily Mountains" for the White Mountains. He has slang phrases now

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vanished: "hot-foot," "tanquam," "troynovant," "the rule of thumb" for thieving, and "to dance Sallinger's round" for immoral indulgences. He gives a very interesting catalogue of some seventy words in the thieves' jargon, or "flash language," which is thus shown to have come to this country in the last century. About half these words reappear in the similar catalogue of Captain Matsell, of the New York police, printed in 1859; the rest I have not yet identified. One phrase, "You're spotted," which he defines "You are likely to be found out," is now familiar, but is wrongly stated by Bartlett, in his *Dictionary of Americanisms*, to be of very recent origin. If this singular book were not interesting as the record of reprehensible actions, it would have a certain philological value as fixing the date of many reprehensible words.

I hope to have made it plain that it is not solely for the love of bad company that I have rescued from oblivion this irreclaimable old sinner. The historical value of the book is manifest. His whole picture exhibits to us at a most interesting period a wholly distinct and almost undescribed phase of New England society. If by a transformation scene the Continental Congress, with all its members sitting in tie-wigs, were to vanish from view and to disclose a scene from the *Black Crook*, the change would hardly be greater than to turn, let us say, from Washington's correspondence to Henry Tufts's autobiography. The latter discloses to us the underworld of the Revolutionary period—a world of sharpers and whipping-posts, of drunken tavern-keepers and loose women. Tufts found an old acquaintance, always a scoundrel, in every piece of woods, and obtained without the least difficulty a mistress in every town. Drunken Barnaby's ride to London hardly brought him into more objectionable companionship. The whole book is like a Kirmesse of Rubens or Teniers, and many passages will not bear quotation. Tufts seems rarely to have been given to liquor—perhaps he found, like Bret Harte's gamblers, that it interfered with business—but his taste for all loose company was inexhaustible; and after he was fifty or more, and had, by his own account, utterly given up stealing, he was still at the mercy of every disreputable female that came along; and they often came, and sometimes in the form of respectable farmers' daughters and women on their way to prayer-meeting. Of course it is easy to say that he lied; that probability must steadily be kept in view at every page. The general atmosphere of a book is unmistakable, and here the coarse verisimilitude is very great. No one can read these pages and not recognize that there must have been throughout a large part of rural New England a stratum of society like that still found in some isolated and degraded settlements among the mountains—hamlets whose wandering inhabitants are habitually called gypsies, although without gypsy blood.

IN THE RED ROOM.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

ON a certain brilliant January morning a young man was approaching the White House, and reading a letter as well as the hansom in which he was being hastened along would permit. His smile as he read was shrewd and reflective. The character of his face, on the whole, was thoughtful, with just a tinge of good-humored cynicism in certain curves about the mouth and eyes. But he was a handsome fellow in a manly way, which even the faultless precision of his attire could not make foppish. Years of foreign life and habits had not destroyed his native American humor or alertness, but had given to both an air of being the result of a large-minded sort of civilization, which the young ladies of Colonel Hale's acquaintance found fascinatingly Saxon, and which made him among men regarded as a "good fellow all around." Without many prejudices, the young man had very decided predilections, and his friends were generally aware that some six years before, he had been crossed in love. Miss Marion Van Buren had unexpectedly jilted him, marrying a man from California, whose death, however, had made her a rich widow just eighteen months ago. Colonel Hale had made no particular effort to meet her; indeed, had not for some months cared to inquire her whereabouts; but now he told himself that he was sure his folly would be quick-

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ly revived, since he had experienced such pleasure when the letter he was now reading reached him.

"Marion is in Washington," the letter ran; "she is going to be at the White House to-day at the reception; and so am I. Pray come there and find me as speedily as you can. I shall be in the Red Room, and so glad to see you! I wonder if you can imagine half how glad. I have only been in Washington a day or two, or I would have notified you sooner. Dear me! I believe we will talk of nothing but Richmond days. Weren't they happy, though? Be sure to be at the Executive Mansion by twelve. I hope you'll know me after these two years."

Hale smiled again as he read these words, for a very vivid remembrance of the Richmond days arose, dominated by the picture of the charmingly pretty girl who had written this letter; a girl holding as it were the secret of her happy, joyous youth on her lips and in her frank gray eyes; a girl who could read and care for Austin Dobson, and look like one of his delicious Dollys or Susans; who could sit in the saddle for a twenty-mile ride and dance the deux-temps half the night afterward; who had on one occasion played Parthenia in private theatricals so that she turned the heads of half her male acquaintance; and yet whose presiding charm was purely domestic, for never had she seemed so bewitching as when she was pouring tea at her father's Richmond villa, and exercising the most unaffected of hospitality. If he had not been in love so long and so bitterly with Marion —well!

"Talk of *woman's* constancy!" Hale said to himself as he sprang out of the hansom: "nothing but *man's* constancy ever prevented me from falling madly in love with Portia Day."

And he went into the vestibule of the White House declaring to himself that things in this world were decidedly awry.

A small company of people were being admitted within the sacred precincts beyond the vestibule, and Hale followed in their wake, ushered across the hall by a polite attendant, into the Blue Room, through the doorway of which he beheld the fair young mistress of the Mansion, to whom he was glad enough to pay his respects as she stood there dispensing pretty bows and smiles, shaking hands with every one, and saying something bright or good-humored, it would appear, to most of her guests. Many of them withdrew, after a moment, with the air of people who had assembled either to appraise the furnishing of the Executive Mansion, or exchange opinions on the personal appearance or manner of the President's bride, and if Hale had not been engrossed by the idea of meeting Miss Day in the Red Room, it would have amused him to linger among these careful analysts, whose opinions were audible and decidedly pronounced, and who stood for the most part in little detached groups at distances whence they could make a shrewd and critical observation of their hostess.

Hale escaped presently through the Green Room, and thence around to the lower door of the charming parlor where he might expect to find Miss Portia Day.

That she was waiting for him eagerly was evident, for he had not more than crossed the threshold of the Red Room before he was conscious of her presence; saw that she moved a little; that her eyes were fixed upon the door with something very gentle in their greeting. She was standing against a tall vase of ferns, whose green width and luxuriance formed a fitting background for her charming figure, in its simple costume of soft gray, with ornaments at her throat and in the clasp of her belt which Hale was sure he remembered choosing with her—queer Oriental stones in dull silver setting. Her face was framed daintily in a little velvet bonnet. She had, as always, thought Hale, the look of fine finish which he admired in a woman, and he permitted himself for an instant to care for the girl's fairness, even though it "be not for him."

"I am so glad you sent for me!" was Hale's greeting as he took Miss Day's hand in his. And "How well you are looking!" he added.

"Yes," said Portia, frankly, and without a trace of embarrassment, "I suppose I am, since I *am* perfectly well. I have been home from Europe nearly six months, and have had neither nervous prostration nor malaria, and as yet no one has thought it necessary to recommend Florida to me." She laughed gayly, looking up at him with her old sunny manner. "Now let us sit down over here," she continued, "for I want to hear all that you have been doing."

Hale seated himself on a divan next to her, feeling as though the months of ab-

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sence were suddenly bridged over by his pleasure in this meeting.

"And so Marion is coming here?" he said, presently, feeling it best to plunge at once into the subject.

"Yes. And now you know, perhaps, why I sent for you."

"Let us hope you wanted to see me alone," he declared.

"I don't think I ever wanted to see any one more. But we must talk about Marion at once. Tell me—what is your last recollection of her?"

Hale looked ahead of him absently for a moment, and then brought his eyes back to the girlish face near him.

"My last remembrance," he said, slowly, "is at the Barnetts' ball; she was looking very beautiful, and—it was just a week after she had broken our engagement. Yes, she was very lovely."

"No doubt. And you were very much in love, I suppose?"

"Yes. It seemed to me as if things in life were particularly hollow. Do you remember all the nonsense I talked to you that evening?"

The girl smiled beautifully, for there came across her a happy consciousness that he had made that evening one of her radiant memories.

"You told me, I remember," she said, "confidentially, that it was very foolish to start out in life with much belief in human nature. But, do you know, I have never lost my faith, and, curiously enough, I have always believed in you."

"I ought to believe in myself, then," the young man said, eagerly, "because I have always admired your penetration. I have so often wondered just what it was intended you should be. I should hate to think of your making any mistakes."

"Like yours, for instance," she said, critically.

He seemed a trifle annoyed. "Are you engaged, then?" he exclaimed.

She shook her head. "No; and yet I am *considering* some one. It is some one who has been a good friend to me for years, and whom I admire immensely."

"I admired Marion," he said, quickly, "but let me assure you that it was not with very much foundation. Do you remember my telling you that evening how mistaken I was in fancying that a clever woman was all that one needed in a wife?"

"Yes. We were sitting up in the studio."

"They were playing the 'Sweethearts' Waltz,' if you remember."

"You had just been dancing with Lady Alice Hopeton. I think you admired her very much. And that was the first evening I ever thought of what there was really to care about in life. You seemed, with all the cynicism you prided yourself upon, to understand what was really vitally worth anything. That was just a week before papa hired the villa at Richmond."

"And two years before I saw you again."

"Ah, but, my friend," exclaimed Portia, lowering her voice slightly, as a large, elderly woman, who seemed to have lost her party, drifted near them, "what days those were! Will you ever forget the mornings on the river, or the old inn where we took tea when the thundershower came up?"

"And the landlady mistook us for bride and groom," he said, joyously.

"I remember it all," she went on, "and I am glad to talk to you about it, because you remind me of the man I am thinking of—accepting; and I want you to tell me whether everything you used to say and do in those days was sincere."

Hale did not exactly relish being compared to the man Miss Day was contemplating marrying, but he said, promptly enough: "Whatever I seemed to be to you, you may be sure I was. I always felt happy enough with you to be natural and true to the best that was in me. As well as I remember, I said everything to you that crossed my mind. No woman ever had a better opportunity of judging of a man."

She nodded her head brightly. "So I supposed," she said, softly; "and I judged you to be more in love than you were aware of."

"I believe," he said, decidedly, "that I never really cared for Marion Van Buren at all. If she had not jilted me and married old Skelton, I would no doubt have married her, and been profoundly miserable."

Portia was thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "I am sure that you were in love, but you did not understand yourself. This man whom I am, as I told you, considering, has been really in love with me a long time, but he is clinging to an absurd fancy of loyalty to another woman, and therefore has never had exact-

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ly the courage to speak. Now I have thought a great deal about him lately, and made up my mind to put him to the test. Give me your advice. Would you consider it unwomanly on my part if I were to take some means of showing him —that I care for him?"

"You are making things very difficult for me," said Hale, almost angrily. "How am I to advise you to show another man that you love him?"

There was dead silence for an instant between the two. Miss Day averted her face, and the objects in the Red Room—the artistic furniture, the ferns and roses, the window with its view beyond—all seemed to define themselves with sudden clearness to her gaze, and a long time afterward it came over her just how in that moment Hale's face, full of intense repressed feeling, had appealed to her, as every line of his face, the fine brow, dark eyes, and strongly curved lips, were as well known to her as though she had been seeing them daily for the past six months; but she viewed them at this moment by the light of something different than she had known before.

"We have just ten minutes more to remain, I believe," the girl said, in a low voice, and laying one of her hands gently on Hale's arm. "Remember you must find Marion. She promised me to be here by quarter of one."

"I shall not look for her," said Hale.

"Remember," said Portia, quickly, "what you told me once—that if she were a widow you could trust yourself to meet her. Wait: let us go into the Blue Room, and if she is there, look at her from a distance before you speak."

They rose, and almost at the entrance of the room paused suddenly, for the lady they had come to seek was standing a few paces beyond—a tall, fair woman, with something queenly in her manner that made her distinguished in any place, and gave her now an air of importance even in this notable spot. Hale experienced a shock which seemed almost physical. What ghostly thing had he been cherishing all these years and calling it disappointed love? He turned to Portia, and almost laughed aloud.

"She is what she always was," he said, joyously. "Portia, I thank you for bringing about this meeting: but listen to me. Do not ask me to counsel you in regard to this—other man. Let me tell you what I have had it in my heart and on my lips a dozen times to say."

But Portia's self-confidence had vanished. The girl was trembling and unnerved. Hale drew her back into the Red Room.

"Never mind where we are," he said, hurriedly; "no one will hear us; and whatever you do or feel, you shall hear from my lips now that I love you. I would rather have you for my wife than any woman on God's earth, and—"

Portia's eyes were shining through a suspicious moisture. "Go," she said, hastily, "speak to Marion, and then come back to me."

"I will not go until I can tell her you will be my wife," he said, almost roughly.

"If I let you tell her that," said Portia, shyly, and lifting her sweet eyes to the young man's face, "will you forgive me for what I have done?—no, wait a minute. I will confess my sins. Yesterday I heard that Marion was to be here, and I wanted you to meet her, but I determined to give you the chance first of finding out not only your own mind, but *mine*. I wanted it to be settled before you spoke to her."

The young man threw back his head and laughed joyously. "And so you invented the story of the young man whom you were considering?"

"Not at all. I assure you he was no invention; he was—"

"My stupid self? Is not that the case, my dearest?" He had her hands in his, and held them firmly.

She nodded her head at him. "That is precisely it. I am so glad you saw through it! But you must never, never remind me of it in a disagreeable way. Perhaps you think it was not a womanly thing to do."

"My dear," he said, looking down at the girl's face, "do you know that I think the most womanly thing Juliet ever did was to let Romeo know that she loved him?"

Portia laughed. "You have forgotten, perhaps, that you told me this at Richmond. And that was what suggested my doing such a forward sort of thing. But you must be very certain you do not think me bold. And now you positively must go and speak to Marion. Only one thing: be sure not to call her Mrs. Skelton, because she—was married again last week. Her name is Davis."

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THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

BY ANNA L. BICKNELL.

WHEN the news of the Emperor Louis Napoleon's intended marriage with Eugénie broke upon the world it seemed like the last page of a fairy tale. Stranger than fiction was the story of the Emperor's love for the beautiful Spanish girl who was to share his throne, and who, although not of royal lineage, was destined to fill the place of so many daughters of sovereign houses, born in the purple, who had smiled, and, alas! wept also, in that fated palace of the Tuileries.

The imperial romance awoke a strong feeling of interest in the world at large, but in France the announcement of the Emperor's marriage was far from welcome.

The bride was of noble birth; she was a Guzman, and undeniably of the bluest blood of Spain (*sangre azul*); but she was not a princess, and the pride of the French nation was wounded by the supreme rank which was to be given to one whom they knew only as "Mademoiselle de Montijo," who had led a wandering life with a very—well, we will say liberal-minded mother, and who was considered to be what the English call "fast"; a young lady seen at all watering-places, riding about on horseback with gay parties, good-natured, talkative, and by no means strict as regards conventional propriety. No one who really knew the Empress Eugénie could admit the existence of anything beyond this; but she was certainly very different from the conventional French type of the pattern young lady of the period. Party spirit also had its share in the unkind feeling shown, and the most absurd, the most unfounded, stories were spread to the injury of the Emperor's bride.

It was felt in the court circle that if the marriage was to take place at all it must be hastened; but there is no denying that the Emperor's most devoted adherents were opposed to it, and that they accepted the Emperor's choice with more resignation than pleasure. The antagonistic feeling was still more marked in the Emperor's own family: the Prince Napoleon never concealed his dislike to the Empress Eugénie, who heartily returned it; and his sister, the Princess Mathilde, after warm remonstrances, yielded only to necessity, though with a better grace.

Meanwhile everything was prepared for the bride. A trousseau of unparalleled magnificence was exhibited, diamonds were reset, and the city of Paris rather sulkily offered a splendid necklace, gracefully declined by the future Empress, with the request that the money should be applied to the foundation of an institution for orphan children, which afterward bore the name of "Maison de Sainte-Eugénie." The household was appointed, in an incredibly short time all was ready, and the awe-struck, shrinking bride, terrified at the approach of that responsible greatness which from afar had seemed so desirable, was led pale, trembling, half-fainting, to the altar of Notre Dame.

On returning thence she was presented to the people on the balcony of the Tuileries, where so many ill-fated princesses had preceded her—Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, the Duchess of Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, Marie Amélie, Queen of the French, there they had all stood! Surely Eugénie de Guzman was overpowered by these memories, for she shrank back with more timidity than was suitable to royal bearing, and the spectators said that she was very pretty, but not like a princess.

Her beauty was undeniable, and all those who saw the Empress Eugénie at that time, especially with the advantages of full dress, must remember her as an exquisite vision, so lovely as to be beyond description, particularly when the face was lighted up with smiles and animated with all the Southern vivacity of her impulsive nature. Those who have had the honor of seeing the Empress Eugénie in private life could scarcely recognize Mrs. Stowe's description—"pale, beautiful, *and sad.*" No one was less sad. Her characteristics were rather quick excitability and restlessness; her manner was too animated, her laugh too frequent.

None of her portraits, beautiful as they were, ever did her complete justice. Her complexion was marvellously delicate; the finely cut features seemed almost translucent, as if sculptured in alabaster. The eyes, bright, soft, sweet, were of an exquisite blue; the hair a wonderful color

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that seemed all bright gold when lighted up with the sun's rays, and a rich dark chestnut in the shade. Her teeth were perfect, her figure remarkably graceful, and the turn of her beautiful neck and the carriage of her head were truly royal.

When the Empress, on state occasions, moved slowly through the gilded salons of the Tuileries, where her somewhat excessive vivacity was subdued by the slight shyness which she never entirely conquered, it would have been difficult to find a more majestic representative of royalty than she appeared, and according to the remark of a spectator, "*Elle avait le physique de l'emploi*"—she had a face made for the part she was expected to play.

At first all seemed delightful. She was surrounded with splendor; all her wishes were gratified, even to her not always reasonable whims. Everything seemed possible that was desired by the beautiful Empress of the French. She drove out in imperial state, with her outriders, her equerries, her chamberlains, her ladies in waiting, and as she passed the soldiers presented arms and the drums beat the imperial salute. Crowds rushed to see and admire her; flattery poured in on all sides.

But soon the young Empress began to discover that she was really in a gilded cage. The roving Spanish girl, brought up *à la manière anglaise*, as it was called, impatient of restriction, and as fond of liberty as a spoiled child, was shackled on all sides by the manifold claims of etiquette, which, though much lighter than in former days, were yet very irksome to one "not to the manner born."

She met old friends, and with the warmth of her nature, and the complete absence of *hauteur*, which was one of her most charming characteristics, she would spring forward to greet them as in former days; but she was told by the Emperor, and still more by the dignitaries of the court, that this must not be. She could no longer even take a walk freely; she must drive out in state, with a bevy of attendants, and must bow incessantly right and left to the people, instead of quietly enjoying the fresh air. Contrary to what has been asserted, she was not at that time devout, but still she had a Spaniard's faith and a Spaniard's small devotional practices. She could not attend mass on Sundays without a crowd of visitors staring at her, even through opera-glasses, to her intense annoyance, watching every movement, counting all the signs of the cross which she made with Spanish frequency and rapidity. "If those people cannot see, and want to look at me, why cannot they wear spectacles?" she would say, impatiently.

She liked, however, at times to play the Empress in earnest, and established receptions like Queen Victoria's Drawing-rooms, where court dress was required. But it is not every one who knows how to walk in a court train. The great Legitimist ladies did not condescend to attend the imperial receptions; and the *parvenue* ladies were awkward and perplexed, catching their feet in the long drapery, stumbling over it—fairly ridiculous, and thoroughly ridiculed by the nobility of the haughty Faubourg Saint-Germain, who could have done it all so well if they had chosen to try. The Empress soon discovered that there was little delight in standing motionless for hours whilst a number of unfortunately inexperienced visitors made awkward obeisances, without knowing how to bend, how to rise, and how to walk off, with the formidable train to be dragged after them. The dress was an expensive one, and it was useless anywhere but at court; it was necessary to wait for hours before being admitted into the imperial presence, and then there was an ordeal to be gone through, very trying, but over in a moment. People began to think it was not worth while. What is a sort of duty in the eyes of a real aristocracy, paying homage to a recognized representative of monarchy, seemed quite unnecessary when it all ended in a deep courtesy made to one who, after all, was "not a princess," and the receptions every year were less and less fully attended.

The life of the Empress soon became utterly monotonous and wearisome. She rose at about half past nine, and took the late breakfast replacing lunch in France, with the Emperor alone, at half past eleven. At two her ladies came. In Paris they slept at their own homes, but in the country residences they had their stated turns of waiting, and during that time lived at the palaces. Amongst her ladies, of course some were more agreeable to her than others; but she must accept the inexorable turn of precedence, and could

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not choose her companions. Day after day she drove out with the lady whose privilege entitled her to a seat in the imperial carriage; day after day she went to the Bois de Boulogne, and bowed incessantly to the crowd; day after day she returned just in time to dress for dinner; and then came the weary evening, where nobody had anything to say, or, if they had, dared to say it. No one could sit down till she gave the gracious permission; but this she did invariably in the case of ladies. Her ready good-nature would have willingly extended the privilege to the gentlemen in waiting, but this was contrary to rule, and must not be. So the ladies sat in a circle and the gentlemen "stood at ease," tired out before the close of the evening. When her Majesty retired, scarcely had the last fold of her skirt passed the door before all the weary attendants threw themselves on the sofas. The presence of Majesty necessarily prevented all animated conversation; every one awaited the pleasure of the sovereigns. The Emperor spoke very little, and in a soft, languid voice; the Empress, feeling that the general chill would be unbearable if she did not take the lead, chatted incessantly with a sort of feverish vivacity. Her voice did not seem to belong to that sweet face; it was the Spanish voice, guttural and harsh. She spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a decided foreign accent.

The weariness of those evenings became so unendurable that all kinds of experiments were tried to vary their monotony. One night the Empress suddenly took a fancy to make artificial flowers, and a chamberlain was immediately despatched, at nine o'clock in the evening, to procure the necessary materials. Another time she, who possessed the most beautiful specimens of ceramic art that France could afford, was seized with a violent desire for "potichomanie," and this again must be satisfied immediately. Reading aloud was proposed. But what book could be chosen for such an assembly? Some one proposed *Jane Eyre*, the well-known novel; the Empress was amused, but the Emperor utterly wearied. Then they tried Josephus and the *Wars of the Jews*. Here the Emperor was intensely interested, but the Empress yawned, and the attempt was given up.

The Emperor was in general more popular in the imperial household than the Empress; his languid gentleness was in nobody's way, but the Empress was often irritable and capricious. She was certainly intelligent, but her education had been neglected, and she cared for no intellectual employment or artistic occupation. She hated music; she had no taste for the fine arts; even a well-written play at the Théâtre Français did not amuse her. She would have liked the small theatres—anything, in short, that could make her laugh; but this undignified kind of pleasure could not often be enjoyed. Her life had been one of constant amusement, the empty existence of watering-places, and now she was in fact a prisoner. She gave state balls, but they were filled with such a motley crowd that she could only dance the opening quadrille and walk through the rooms. Then she gave select private balls, but the absence of the French aristocracy obliged her to invite a large proportion of wealthy foreigners—Russians, Wallachians, and also Americans. These were unknown in French society, and splendor of dress seemed the only means of being remarked. To attain this end no extravagance seemed too excessive, and the Empress was blamed as having originated the love of dress, which spread in all classes and became a complete mania.

So far as she herself was concerned, the accusation has been greatly exaggerated. She certainly liked dress, and preferred fragile clouds of tulle and gauze to the heavy but durable magnificence of valuable lace and brocaded stuffs worn by the Bourbon princesses. But the light clouds in which the fair Empress appeared like an Undine or sylph were very expensive, and could only be worn once. Every one wished to be like the Empress, and at every ball filmy dresses costing fabulous prices were torn to pieces, and had to be replaced. Husbands grumbled, and the Empress was accused of ruining families by setting the example of extravagance.

And yet in her private apartments her dress was remarkably simple. But her easy good-nature was a prey to the rapacity of her attendants. She had three maids, or "dressers," as they are called at the English court; the principal one was the Spanish maid who attended on her before her magnificent change of position, and who was known by the name of *Pepa*. She had married an officer, and was treated as a lady. Pepa had a

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brougham at her disposal, which was supposed to be for her use when making purchases for her mistress, but which was in reality her carriage, and as assistants she had two young ladies, pupils of the imperial school of St. Denis. Every three months the dresses of the Empress were renewed, and those discarded were divided between Pepa and her two acolytes, the former having one-half. This necessarily entailed great and, in reality, very unnecessary expense.

The Empress was thoroughly kind-hearted, and ready to sympathize with those in affliction; but the multitude of petitions laid before her, and often their absurd nature, exasperated her somewhat irritable temper, and under such circumstances she did not possess the princely art of giving with the grace which doubles the value of a gift.

Although an anxious and really affectionate mother, she never took the young Prince with her in her drives, according to the well-known custom of the Queen of England, and she had not the little caressing ways of most mothers with her child, who greatly preferred the gentle father, by whom he was worshipped and spoiled to excess. It was necessary to resist this weakness; the Empress felt it was her duty to do so, and in this she was right; but it would have been well to temper her judicious opposition to the Emperor's over-indulgence by showing more affection to the intelligent, reflective child, who soon learned that "mamma always said no, but then papa always said yes."

Much has been stated with regard to the supposed excessive devotion of the Empress. Certainly during her years of prosperity this assertion was not justified. She could not be called a fervent Catholic, such as her predecessors on the French throne had been, and in all probability the French nation would have liked her all the better had the reverse been the case. They were accustomed to royal ladies who were simple in their dress, and who lived principally in their private apartments, dividing their time between their devotions, their charities, and their needlework. Such had been the Duchess of Angoulême, Queen Marie Amélie, and the princesses of the house of Orleans; such was not the Empress Eugénie, whose whole life seemed spent in the incessant pursuit of amusements. At rare intervals, utterly weary of her cage, she would by persevering entreaty obtain leave from the Emperor to go out like a private individual. This usually took place late in the evening. On these occasions the Empress disguised herself in a black wig, blue spectacles, and a plain dark silk skirt borrowed from one of her ladies, and, with a sufficiently numerous suite to insure impunity, she would go on the boulevards and look at the shops with the delight of a child. But years elapsed between each attempt of this kind, and only a few such instances can be recorded during the whole of the Second Empire.

Her private life, meanwhile, became less and less happy. The Emperor's marriage had been a caprice, to which others succeeded. The Empress was not likely to suffer in silence. She was jealous, and painful scenes ensued, which had only their usual effect, that of utterly wearying the Emperor. Then came the death of the Duchess of Alva, her only sister—a great and crushing blow, which she was ill prepared to endure. Her health suffered, and her agitation was so great that the Emperor was forced to allow a journey to Scotland, on the pretext of consulting a physician, who could easily have been summoned to France, but in reality to escape from the imperial home, now so full of bitterness.

On her return, as a means of pacifying her and procuring occupation for her mind, she was more and more initiated into political questions, for which her ardent, impulsive nature was ill fitted, and where her influence was often injurious. High-spirited and enthusiastic, the Empress was always accessible to adventurous inspirations, and when she had taken up a hobby she teased the Emperor till for very weariness he yielded to her wishes.

And still she must be amused, still she had to struggle with devouring *ennui*. The invitations to Compiègne and Fontainebleau became much extended, and here again the mania for dress exceeded all bounds. The invitations were usually for a week, and fifteen dresses were considered necessary for this time, all of the most expensive kind. Prudent people feigned illness to avoid Compiègne and Fontainebleau, but the young and thoughtless were led into ruinous expense, of which the Empress bore the blame. Then the insatiable thirst for amusement led to the introduction of

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EUGÉNIE MARIE DE MONTIJO, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

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childish, romping games, such as blind-man's-buff, follow-my-leader, and others of the same kind. Strange infractions of decorum ensued; fair ladies boasted of having seized the Emperor by his mustache at blind-man's-buff, and ambassadors' daughters "followed my leader" into the Emperor's private apartment, ready prepared for the night.

These stories and others were repeated and grossly exaggerated, especially in the salons of the antagonistic parties, where the imperial circle was represented as tolerating and encouraging the grossest licentiousness. This assertion was an absolute calumny; whatever might have been the lives of the Emperor and his courtiers — on which, unhappily, much could be said—nothing worse than the undignified childishness we have mentioned could be traced to the Empress as being tolerated in her presence.

Meanwhile the Prince Napoleon had married a king's daughter, whose extreme youth, innocence, and royal bearing had interested all parties. Here was a true princess, a victim to political considerations, married to one who was universally disliked and despised. Right or wrong, hardly a redeeming point was granted to Prince Napoleon, and the royal maiden of seventeen who had been sacrificed was heartily pitied; so much so that she herself perceived the general feeling. "Why does every one seem to pity me?" she said, innocently. "I am only seventeen, and I am married, and I can follow my little fancies." Poor young princess! Too soon she learned why she was pitied.

But the Princess Clotilde was at once popular with the French nation. She was a royal lady such as they had seen before—very devout, very charitable, very quiet and retired. When the Prince passed on the boulevards with degraded women in his carriage, the very street boys, the *gamins de Paris*, ran after him, shouting, "*Vive la Princesse Clotilde!*"

And on the day when the imperial bubble burst, and all vanished—when the Empress Eugénie fled in disguise, saved by her American dentist, who proved faithful and devoted—the Princess Clotilde drove slowly from the Palais Royal in her accustomed state, and every hat was raised as she passed.

All had wondered how the young bride would like the style of the imperial court. With graceful dignity she went through all the state rejoicings at the time of her marriage, and when the Empress Eugénie, wearied with ceremony, asked her if she did not find it all very tiresome, she answered, innocently, and certainly without intending the sting which her words seem to convey, "*Mais non; j'y suis habituée.*" ("No, indeed; I am accustomed to it.")

When she came to Compiègne she gazed wonderingly at all she saw, gravely joined in the childish romps, because she could not draw back, and jumped about like others, but without ceasing to be "every inch" a princess. But she gradually withdrew from the imperial circle, and soon she disappeared from public notice in the apartments of the Palais Royal, leading the dullest of lives; but she "was accustomed to it"; and she was oftener seen in churches than in *fêtes* or theatres. Without any of the brilliant qualities that graced the Empress, she was far more popular, and the "holy princess"—"*la sainte princesse*"—never found an enemy even amongst the most ardent revolutionists.

Years went by; the Emperor grew older, and weaker both morally and physically; but still he sought baneful pleasures; and the Empress, more and more embittered, struggled vainly against the net of difficulties which was gradually closing round the imperial home. To the last she showed the same determined spirit; she passed through personal dangers of every kind without ever shrinking or trembling; she had a brave heart; but she was no politician; and as, one by one, their most devoted friends, Morny, Walewski, Persigny, and others, dropped off, the stupefied, bewildered Emperor became more and more under the influence of his impulsive and often imprudent wife.

We will not follow the empire to its fall, nor raise the mourner's veil that envelops the present life of the bereaved widow and mother. She stands alone, a royal Niobe, the solitary guardian of tombs where lie all the memories of her eventful life.

Her errors were, after all, but trifles in themselves; but they were magnified by that unnatural eminence to which she was raised, and for which she was unfitted. And here again must be recalled the popular saying which followed her from her rise to her fall, and which explains everything: she was not born a princess.

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CHESS IN AMERICA.

BY HENRY SEDLEY.

ON May 25, 1859, there was seen in the chapel of the New York University a very brilliant and numerous company. There were great lawyers and merchant princes, there were women of fashion, there were learned professors and sportsmen, there were "divines, heroes, and poets." These persons had assembled for a singular if not an unprecedented purpose. It was that of binding a chaplet of victory on the youthful brow of Mr. Paul Morphy, and of laying at his feet a costly and magnificent token of admiration for his exploits in Europe as a chess-player.

Nor was this enthusiasm unshared on the other side of the sea. The press of London and the Continent teemed with Morphy's praise. Public banquets had just been given in his honor by London and Paris clubs. His bust had been crowned with laurel at the Cercle des Échecs. The great chess-players whom he had vanquished were foremost in proclaiming his supremacy. "He can give odds to any living player," cried St. Amant, the old opponent of Staunton, and the acknowledgments of Anderssen and others are equally historical.



PAUL MORPHY.
From a painting by Elliot in 1859.

"There is something exceedingly romantic and chivalrous about this young man's coming over to Europe and throwing down the gauntlet to all our veterans. He is certainly a very Admirable Crichton of chess, and, like the accomplished Scot, he is as courteous and generous as he is brave and skilful." So said a London journal of August 29, 1858; and piquancy and interest are added to the passage by the fact that it was written by Morphy's first great European antagonist, Löwenthal, just after the wonderful American had beaten him in a set match, the first played by Morphy after his arrival in Europe.

Chess, like most things in life, has its ups and downs, and these incidents serve to illustrate the mutations. The effervescence thus noted, which actually spread throughout the world, was wrought by the appearance of a young man of genius, whose marvellous achievements suddenly turned the eyes of thousands to a pastime to which they had given little or no thought before. There were already fine chess-players in the world, but he eclipsed them all. There were strategists of profound ability, men whose skill was embalmed and is still attested in the best chess literature of the time. But this callow boy with his downless cheek eclipsed the graybeards, and bore off with an ease that was most astonishing to those who best knew the nature of the task, the wreaths and the pæans from the strongest experts of Europe.

Like the drama, chess never dies; but, equally like the drama, it has its phases of triumph and splendor, of neglect and

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decay. Now Morphy, by the same analogy, was the Garrick or Edmund Kean of chess, and his advent gave it a stimulus in America whose effect has waned at times, but has never since ceased to be strongly felt. The first American Chess Congress was held in 1857. Four have since convened, and preparations for the sixth are now in active progress. These meetings have promoted the cause of the royal game in various ways. They bring together for friendly conflict and comparison players from all parts of the country. They tend to keep alive the clubs and other local organizations that give attention to the game. They refresh and ratify the various rules and methods that pertain to it; and as it is the custom to publish a "Book of the Congress," which records its proceedings, the games played in its tournaments, and other cognate matters, a valuable addition is thus made from time to time to the body of chess literature.

Dating from the first American congress, which was nearly coincident with the first appearance of Morphy, we have witnessed, then, what may be called a renaissance of chess. In these thirty years clubs have multiplied, strong players have been developed in considerable numbers, and the journals and other periodicals that assign regular space to the game have largely increased. It is true that the measure of that attention has varied. New York newspapers, for example, for some years gave daily space to chess, and have lately omitted to do so; but several of the metropolitan dailies furnish weekly discussions of the pastime, a large number of regular weeklies do the same, there are magazines of monthly issue exclusively devoted to it, and there is one weekly published in New York of a like character.

As to chess clubs, New Orleans, in point of numbers of membership, as befits the birthplace of Morphy, leads the van. The New Orleans Chess Club has 700 members. The Manhattan Chess Club of New York follows with 200. The New York Chess Club has 150. The Brooklyn Chess Club 100; a similar number is boasted by the Boston Chess Club; while the Franklin Club of Philadelphia has but 85. The Chicago Chess Club has 97. The Providence club shows 75 members, and that of Newark 60. There are in New York city four chess clubs, the Columbia, the Jeffersonian, the Turn Verein, and La Bourdonnais, with smaller memberships than those we have enumerated. Besides those named, there are active clubs in Baltimore, Richmond, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Albany, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, Nashville, Denver, Louisville, Toledo, Atlanta, and a score of other towns where the sport is practised, and the fire before the altar of Caïssa is never suffered to grow cold.

It must be confessed, however, that in some quarters at least it had burned of late rather low, when a recent event, and one hitherto without example, has caused it to blaze up anew with all its former radiance. This consisted in the winning in the summer of 1887, by an American representative, of the first prize at the International Chess Congress at Frankfort.

Who, some readers may ask, and what manner of man is he? and this, therefore, may now to advantage be set forth. Like many others, from Paul Jones to Ulysses Grant, who have in various fields upheld the national honor and shed lustre on our republican escutcheon, the chess champion comes of a sturdy Caledonian stock.

George Henry Mackenzie was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, on March 24, 1837. He was educated mainly in Aberdeen, at the grammar-school and the Marischal College in that city; but he studied in Rouen, France, and Stettin, Prussia, during 1853, '54, and '55. During the next year he entered the British army as an ensign in the 60th Rifles. Soon after, the regiment was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to India. Mr. Mackenzie returned to England in November, 1858, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1861 he sold his commission and retired from the army.

Meanwhile he had attained considerable proficiency in chess, having begun to practise the game in 1853, and being by this time known in the London clubs as a player of no little force; and the fact was publicly demonstrated in 1862, when he won the first prize of the Handicap Tournament in London, at which many of the doughtiest European players of their day broke lances. In the following year he came to America, entered the Union army, and served therein until 1865.

The first American Chess Congress was held under the auspices of the New York Chess Club, as has been said, in 1857; but it was not until 1871 that the next congress was held; and in this, at Cleveland,

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Ohio, Captain Mackenzie carried off the first prize. The third congress came more quickly; it convened at Chicago in 1874, and here again Captain Mackenzie captured the first prize. In the International Chess Congress of 1878, held at Paris, he was less fortunate, gaining the fourth prize only; but he had to meet a most formidable array of competitors. His star blazed up afresh at the fifth American Chess Congress, at New York, in 1880, for here he again won the first prize.

The next International Congress was gathered in Vienna in 1882, and there Captain Mackenzie tied with Herr Zukertort for the fourth prize. At the ensuing congress of London, in 1883, he tied with Messrs. Englisch and Mason for the fifth prize. At Hamburg, in 1885, in a like assemblage, he won the seventh prize; and finally, at the International Chess Congress of Frankfort held this year (1887), Captain Mackenzie capped the climax of his chess achievements by winning the first prize, and with it the title of "Chess Champion of the World."



CAPTAIN GEORGE HENRY MACKENZIE.

It will be seen by this list of his more prominent deeds that the champion has not snatched his laurel by the grace of any mere freak of fortune. He has not climbed in at the cabin windows. His success has been gained, rather, as the fruit of long and patient effort. Like the famous warrior of his race we have named, he has fought it out on his chosen line with dogged perseverance, until the loftiest result, the supremest distinction, has been fairly accomplished.

Of that result or distinction Americans may be justly proud. It is a great feather in the national cap—for twenty-five years of life among us and service in our army justify the claim—the more to be cherished in that it has never been worn before. Mr. Morphy's splendid performances brought him a towering reputation. His victorious matches with Löwenthal, Harrwitz, Anderssen, and others electrified the chess world, and elated his countrymen, if never his modest self. But, as a matter of fact, Morphy never won the first prize at an international tournament. It may be said, and plausibly, that this was only because he never entered at one. But whatever the reasons, the fact remains the same; and the record shows, in fine, that George Henry Mackenzie is the first American who has yet won the first prize at an international chess tournament, and the title that precedent confers on such a winner of "Chess Champion of the World."

History repeats itself. The American Chess Congress of 1857 and that of 1887 (for if the latter does not meet this year, it will do so, we are told, early in the next), the meteoric rise of Morphy and the unique triumph of Mackenzie, offer suggestive parallels. It is foreign to the present design to enter upon a discussion of the comparative merits of these or any chess-players; but some hints as to chess culture, and notably as to the formation and conduct of chess clubs, may usefully and pertinently be drawn from experience and applied to the existing situation.

Thirty years ago, or, more strictly, in

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1859–60, chess, brought into fashion by Morphy, became almost a craze. Folk of both sexes, of all ages, and of every occupation bought boards and hand-books, and set themselves to the study of the pieces and squares. Chess clubs were formed in every direction, and some of them have continued to flourish to this day. It was, notwithstanding, early seen that something more than temporary enthusiasm in such organizations was essential to their permanent prosperity. To carry on clubs costs money, and although chess clubs are not so expensive as others, even they need the sinews of war. Now men seldom care to continue to pay money for that which no longer interests them, and after the first flush of excitement over its novelty, even the king of games, for not a few, loses its charm. It is therefore wise, when it can be done, while putting annual dues as low as possible, to get members to pledge themselves at the outset to a stated permanency.

It is likewise judicious to make club-rooms attractive apart from the chess tables. This was one great secret of the long-continued prosperity of Mr. Ries's "Grand Divan," in the Strand, London. It possessed a fair library. Good cigars, excellent tea and coffee, and other refreshments could be had instantly at any time. Some of the ablest men in London gathered there, and irrespective of the central feature the Chess Divan, which was a kind of public subscription club, became the favorite resort of a large number of persons, many of whom were in their various walks celebrities.

It is, moreover, highly desirable—some experienced experts say indispensable to a club of any size—to have in constant attendance one or more players of acknowledged force and reputation ready to meet all comers. Such persons are not only magnets, but serve at once as umpires and teachers. The presence of Mr. Morphy was chiefly instrumental in building up the exceptional proportions of the New Orleans Club. Mr. Staunton was long the star of the St. George's Club of London.

In addition to loftier allurements, the ideal chess-room should be carefully and comfortably furnished. Its chairs, tables, and, above all, pieces and boards, should be of the best. It should be cheerful in aspect, kept fastidiously neat, and as amply supplied with books of reference and current literature as circumstances will permit. All this, it may be objected, means expense. No doubt it does. But the money will be wisely spent. The interest on the difference between a well and an ill appointed chess club will be trifling, while the result in comfort, solidity, and permanence may be vital.

Those in charge of old chess clubs or who form new ones should never forget that the price of healthful life is necessarily ceaseless activity. They should aim always to get new blood, to stimulate interest in tournaments, problems, correspondence, and chess literature. Chess clubs cannot afford to go to sleep, drowsy as some unappreciative souls find their diversion. A signal instance in point is to be found in the fate of the old New York Chess Club. With all its fame and its hallowed memories, the organization died of dry-rot for want of the energy that might have vitalized and invigorated it. Toward the end it became the ghost of its former self, and finally passed away like an exhalation. It was practically moribund before, and when those excellent men and enthusiastic chess-players, Messrs. Mantin, Thompson, and Mead, had played their last games, the club they had so long sustained also surceased.

It is manifestly proper to remember, in considering the number and membership of chess clubs, that these constitute only a partial measurement of the practice of chess in any community. Added to the amount of play in domestic life outside of such bodies, a great deal of chess goes on in general clubs, such as the Union League in New York, where active interest is taken in the game.

As a final suggestion touching the setting up and maintaining the healthful life of clubs for chess, it may be pointed out that a combination with the practice of other games has sometimes worked well. Such an arrangement is specially adapted to small places where the number of available chess-players is few, and where, by bringing in the players of checkers and perhaps whist, the club may be increased in number without discouragement of the tastes of any persons concerned. Even in large cities this plan has been adopted with satisfactory results, the Westminster Club of London, established for the joint practice of chess and whist, having had a long and flourishing career, the friends of each game being often equally devoted to the other.

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A GYPSY FAIR IN SURREY.

BY F. ANSTEY.

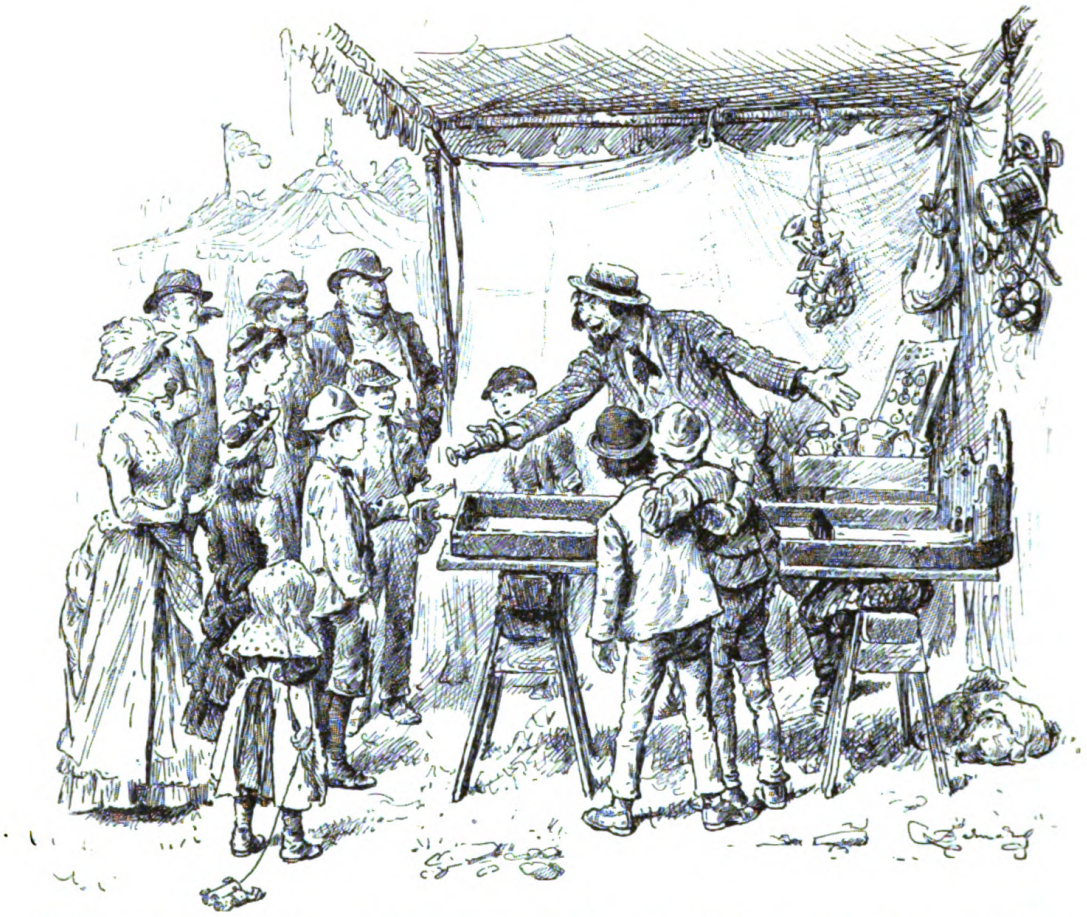


THE old-fashioned English fair is fast dying out, though it still lingers, with but a slight abatement of its natural force, in some of the midland counties. In many others those in authority have decided—no doubt on excellent grounds—that the fair is a physical and moral nuisance, and as such must either be modified or repressed. There are better institutions, perhaps, which some of us could better miss; the scrubbiest and grubbiest of genuine fairs has a certain picturesqueness about it that cannot be recreated at command. Two or three times a year some decorous, sleepy little market-town abandons itself to a temporary topsy-turviness, and purchases trifles which it would not dream of desiring at any other time, along a kind of inner travesty of its main street, where it rollicks and plays the fool in a variety of ways, and gapes and grins and wonders at sundry Aladdin's palaces that have sprung up during the night from the grass-grown cobbles of the market-place, and will vanish no less mysteriously with the morrow. Business is done, no doubt, by a hard-headed minority, but this is transacted either with an apologetic secrecy, or invested with a certain air of possibly disingenuous burlesque.

On one of the few warm days of an exceptionally wet, chilly, and blustering May (and an English May has long been a most ill-favored changeling of a month) I happened to walk into a quiet little Surrey town, and found its two principal streets in possession of what is locally known (somewhat tautologically, perhaps) as a "gypsy fair." It has occurred to me since that a record of some of its humors and incidents might find favor with readers of this magazine, though I cannot pretend that there is any particular novelty about my experiences. But this description of them will at least be found a faithful rendering of what was to be seen and heard on the occasion, and may possess some interest on that account, and as no one to whom these country festivals do not appeal to some degree is likely to read further than the title of this article, I can proceed without any apologies, and count, I hope, upon the reader's company for a few pages. Down the High Street were ranged the familiar caravans, painted yellow, chocolate, or green, and in front of which, facing the pavement, were booths for the sale of toys and sweetmeats. The sweet stalls did business chiefly by means of a rude roulette: around a revolving dial were arranged various-sized pieces of peppermint rock, closely resembling putty, but prized by youthful *gourmands*, and the idea seemed to be that the infant speculator, on paying his halfpenny and spinning the dial, had a reasonable prospect of winning a piece as long as his arm, should the index come to a stand-still over against it. Fortunately, although I heard one proprietor encourage a child by observing darkly that "she had known more onlikely things happen," Fate invariably had consideration upon small stomachs, and the index either indicated, or was construed to indicate, the smaller pieces exclusively—which I thought an admirable arrangement for both parties.

Along the middle of the street the main business was horse-dealing, and a gypsy hostler would trot out a succession of the weediest old screws that ever kept out of the kennels, with the parade and precaution due to so many mounts for Mazeppa, while a one-eyed man, with swollen, wrinkled hands, like red toads, watched their paces with critical attention, and probably bought by the pound. Higher up, ponies and cobs of better appearance were strung together by the head, as though they were fish, and ate hay and kicked one another by the curbstone, while their venders conversed in the road with a dash of mutual suspicion. Coming back to the stalls again, I was attracted by a loud hyena laugh of highly mechanical merriment, and found that it proceeded from the proprietor of a little game of chance, who was superintending its results with a great show of interest and hilarity. It was a sloping Chinese billiard-board, where a marble was propelled by a spring, and a prize was awarded of a value varying according to the compartment into which the ball rolled;

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"WELL DONE, OLD FELLER! A 'AN'SOME GOLDEN CANDLESTICK—AHAR!—THAT 'LL DO TO LIGHT THE OLD WOMAN TO BED!"

and he kept up a running comment, or rather a kind of rhythmical chant, punctuated by the hyena laugh, as follows: "*Hallo*, here, I say—*hahar!* A 'an'some gold weddin'-ring—ahar!" (This was the latest prize.)

"Some wins brooches,
Some wins rings,
Some wins pins, and all other pretty little things."

It seemed, from the gusto with which he recited this, that it was a composition of his own. "A prize every time. Wherever the marble rolls you 'ave it—a prize each time." This he made into a sort of pentameter. "Another golden ring—ahar! Wuth nineteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings. Well done, old feller!" (to a small boy who had brought down a terrible trophy of silvered glass). "A 'an'some golden candlestick—ahar!—that 'll do to light the old woman to bed."

Hard by was a red-faced and very voluble lady, who stopped every female passer to tell her, "Ancient Mariner" fashion, a tale of an attempted imposition by a recent customer, to which they would listen with a wondering eye and the smile of feeble amiability.

"I don't want to rob no one," protested the good lady, at the top of a voice not naturally low. "I'm too much the hother way, I am" (with a touch of regret). "I'm *h*onest, and I learn my children to be *h*onest. I shouldn't be 'ere three fairs a year if I wasn't *h*onest—it's not likely. I'm known wherever I go. I on'y want my hown. I don't want other people's. I can go anywhere about F—— and they'll know me. She give her boy a shilling, and her little girl thrippence.—A pocket-book? *Take* one, dear" (this to a little boy after receiving his penny). "She give her little girl thrippence.—Buy a toy to-day, sir? Take a look round, and if you don't buy nothing, there's no 'arm done, I should 'ope.—And she sez to me, 'Fourpence apny, I *think*,' she sez. And I sez, 'Ex-cuse *me*,' I sez to her, 'but I want

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ninepence apny. There was two of them you 'ad at fourpence, and one of the penny trains, and the apny whistle for that young lady; that's what you owe me, and I don't ask more than what's my hown,' I sez, 'and naturally I expect it, same as what other people do.' And she says, 'Oh, I must ha' reckoned it up wrong,' like *that*, she says. And that's where you *are*, you see."

The memory of her wrongs was an abiding one, for, passing the spot a little later, I heard her still recounting, like a burden: "She give her boy a shilling, and her little girl she give thrippence. I don't want more than my hown."

At right angles to the main street was a broader, hilly one, where the shows and shooting-galleries had been erected. Here was Tommy Atkins shooting down a tube, or instructing his young woman, as she drooped over the stock of the gun, limp from prolonged giggling, in the art of aiming. It must be regretfully confessed that Tommy Atkins himself did not uphold the reputation of his service for marksmanship, for he fired away at least fifteen pence without making the bell ring once, and excused himself to the young woman with the friz and netted hair who presided by observing that shooting was "not in his line."

The merry-go-rounds, or, as they prefer to call themselves, the "steam circusses," were of course represented. There were two of these institutions side by side, though one was completely cast into the shade by its more gorgeous rival. The former was literally a "one horse," or rather one pony, concern, for a patient little quadruped plodded round in the centre, when he was required to set his dingy and tailless wooden brothers in motion, to the strains of a wheezy hand-organ. The rival worked by steam, and all the horses had glass eyes and gilded manes, and



"SHOOTING WAS 'NOT IN HIS LINE.'"

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"BUY A CAKE FOR THE LITTLE BABY."

lordly names painted on their shoulders, while the organ to which they revolved worked by steam too, and blared through double rows of trumpets, and even had three little plaster figures in front of it, which jerked in a paralytic manner at intervals. It was good to see the gallant way in which the boys sat those steeds with the vermilion nostrils, like those of Browning's Roland,

> "like pits full of blood to the brim,
> And with arches of red for the eye-sockets' rim."

One hand these cavaliers laid jauntily on their hips, the other restrained the impetuosity of their fiery chargers, while envious and dismounted friends attempted to tickle the horsemen's legs as they swung by, and were cut at in true light cavalry fashion.

Then there was a nice old motherly lady, rather of the Peggotty build, who, just as the machine was starting, was intrusting a pasty little nephew to the care of his vacant-looking elder sister, whose eyes were as glassy and uninteresting as those of her horse, and who was obviously not to be depended upon to put out so much as a finger to save her small brother should he turn giddy and threaten to topple over. Whereupon, at the last moment, that noble woman ducked between the wooden legs, and hand-bag, umbrella, and all, climbed to the vacant saddle on the other side of the boy, where she swept round, with that uncomfortable martyr's smile which one frequently observes on a steam-boat as it gets outside the harbor. Girls of all ages were going round, some with half-closed eyes and an air of dreamy ecstasy; others rather red, and smiling in a deprecatory way at acquaintances in the crowd; others pale, and evidently beginning to make uncomfortable calculations as to the comparative powers of endurance of the engine and themselves.

On the opposite side of the street, "William Blank's Dioramic Exhibition," illustrating among other marvels the Dangers and Perils of the Sea, was being put up. The entrance, formed by two caravans placed end to end, with a platform and proscenium intended to suggest the side of a ship, was already erected, and two pretty little dirty-faced children, one of whom would dance the hornpipe at night to draw the crowd up the steps, were leaning over the shabby bulwark. Behind it men were fixing posts by bolts driven into the stones through iron sockets, hooking poles and cross-beams for the awning, and fitting together the wooden side walls like a big Chinese puzzle. I had an opportunity later of seeing this astonishing entertainment, of which I reserve a description for the present.

Passing down again through rows of caravans, gypsies entreating a penny "to buy a cake for the little baby," swinging boats, and the usual games of skill and chance, the Cheap Jacks were to be heard in full activity at the angle of the two streets. There was a firm of two partners, one of whom had burnt-corked his face, arrayed himself in a serenader's costume, and carried a fiddle. "Fourpence each, these curry-combs," cried the working partner, "eightpence a pair. Well, look 'ere—'avin' a cold" (it was a little difficult to see the precise connection of this at first) —"the two for sixpence—sixpence buys the two." "You're selling 'em too cheap," remarked the man with the fiddle, lugubriously. "I know that—what of it?" retorted his partner, spiritedly. "You're a man as ain't satisfied without you get a profit—that's what *you* are. I tell you what, we seem to be gettin' a little dull, all of us. Suppose you give us a toon. Play us—let me see—ah! play us that toon my old mother was so fond of." (Here the serenader played a short improvisation, apparently on the theme of acute colic.) "Oh dear! oh dear! it ain't that. It's funny you shouldn't know my old mother's toon—p'r'aps some gentleman in the crowd 'll recollect it? It was a pretty

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"CUT AT IN TRUE LIGHT CAVALRY FASHION."

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THE CHEAP JACK AND THE FIDDLER.

toon, that was." But we had no opportunity of forming any opinion about the quality of his parent's taste, for the fiddler executed another still more distressing scrape. "You must excuse him, gentlemen," said his companion—"*he comes from Aldershot!* There's a lady I see there as is longing to come up and buy a Jubilee bread-basket, on'y she don't like to say so. Come up, mum; don't be shy of speaking out." But the lady did not respond—perhaps because, being decidedly warm, and already overburdened with four large jugs, and a cocoa-nut under each arm, she felt dubious as to the wisdom of making any further purchases.

Another Cheap Jack was doing a less flourishing business, and seemed depressed and misanthropic. He had tried his public with knives, pocket-books, garden tools, whips, hammers, and wrenches, all to no avail, and at last informed his hearers that he had never seen such a set as they were, and that it would be a long time before he came to see them again, and that he wished now he had gone to Guildford.

Even this did not stimulate them, however, for they gradually deserted him, drawn away by the superior attractions of a strident brazen voice which was beginning to drown everything. It came from a tall man with a furrowed, impudent brown face, a big mouth, a short mustache and chin tuft, and close-cut light hair, who was standing on a little cart, the box of which was set out with various articles.

"If I can only get your perlite attention for a few minutes," he roared, "I undertake that all those who are within the h'arin' of my voice" (which might have included the entire population) "shall meet with satisfaction to their advantage. Now what I says is the truth. Take ***my*** word. I can tell the truth as well as any man." Then, after a pause, with pride:

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"And I can tell as big a *lie* as any man. I'm not goin' to tell you any lies to-day. 'Eaven forbid that I should do such a thing! I shall stand hare for thirty-five minutes, and no more, and if at the conclusion of that time any person present within the h'arin' of my voice can prove that I've told a lie, I'll undertake to forfeit a golden sovereign to any one as can prove otherwise." (There was an obvious ambiguity in this challenge which, from its constant repetition in precisely the same tones, seemed not wholly unintentional.) "I shall commence, gentlemen, by distributing a few gifts gratis amongst you, just to give you some ideers of the way I do my business." (Here he scattered a few cards of cheap gilt shirt studs amongst his audience with the air of a Roman emperor.) "If you boys fight for 'em I sha'n't throw you any more. Now I'll tell you how *I* do my business. I'm not hare to do business with boys. Nor I'm not hare to do business with gairls. Nor yet I'm not hare to do business with any disagribble old ladies. But I'm hare to do business with straightforward men of the world. Like yourselves." (Here a gratified grin spread round the crowd of rosy farmers and sunburnt laborers, like a ripple in a pond.) "Gentlemen—you're-a-lot-of-intelligent-people-I-dessay" (this very fast), "and I say to all within the h'arin' of my voice what none of you will venture to deny, and that is, Speckilation's the Footstool of Fortune!" (This rather mysterious aphorism produced a deep impression.) "Take my word. Remember this: if you've come here with on'y a shilling in your pocket to spend, and if you don't go home with that shilling made two shilling, then—and I don't care who says the contrary—you've not laid out that shilling to the best advantage. If you buy my goods, I shall be obliged to you. If you *don't* buy my goods, I shall be obliged to you all the same. Recollect, there's no compulsory. If I could compel you to buy, I'd make you all buy ten lots each. But I can't compel you to buy, and so I say again, there's no compulsory." (Here a bystander made some skeptical comment, which was overheard by the orator, who turned upon him sharply.) "Don't you insult *me*. I can be insulted as well as any other man. P'r'aps you don't know that. But it's true. If you don't like my comp'ny, leave it. I can get along without you. And you can get along without me. P'r'aps you live by thieving. *I* don't. So don't you insult me!" (Having satisfactorily crushed his interrupter, he proceeded to exhibit a shilling.)



"NOW I'M GOING TO ASK SOME ONE IN THIS CROWD TO GIVE ME A SHILLING FOR THIS HALFPENNY."

"Here I hold in my hand a shillin'. Is there any gentleman standin' 'ere willin' to give me ninepence for it?" (Several expressed a decided wish to conclude the bargain, and the shilling changed hands.) "There's nothing unlawful about that transaction; it's an ordinary sale. I never lay myself open to the law. If I can avoid it. Now I want sixpence for this

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ninepence I've just purchased from that gentleman." (And the ninepence was sold for sixpence, the sixpence for fourpence, the fourpence for threepence, the threepence for twopence, the twopence for a penny, and the penny for a halfpenny, after which he held up the latter coin.) "Now I'm going to ask some one in this crowd to give me a shilling for this halfpenny." (A long pause and many grins.) "Ah, I don't notice the same readiness to come forward amongst you as you were just now. Yet I'll undertake —and if I was to deceive you I should be worse than a common liar and fit for no sasiety whatever—I'll undertake that I'll reward any gentleman who has the confidence and courage to lay out a shilling with me, I'll reward that pusson a hundredfold far beyond his expectations." (One or two, whom I strongly suspect to have been confederates, purchased halfpence on these unusual terms, and were rewarded by having their shillings returned to them with an impossible cigar case or a sham meerschaum.) "Now you may gain some ideer of how I carry on my business," observed the Cheap Jack, "and I'm going to try you once more. I have an ordinary piece of common card-board." (Here he tore off a small strip.) "I ask you to give me a shilling for this. My word is my bond, and I hold out no promises whatever. One word's as good as a thousand, and I only say, give me the loan of your money for five minutes, and I'll enable you to larf at them as hasn't got the confidence or the kesh to trust me with." (And here the maxim about the Footstool of Fortune and the remark as to laying out a shilling to the best advantage were reproduced.) "A piece of card-board. I don't deceive you; no value whatever. If I saw it laying on the road I wouldn't pick it up. Shillin'!" (Many bought these pieces up with avidity, some being chuckling old farmers and heavy ploughmen or shop-boys, and were rewarded as before.) "There's your shilling back, sir, and a purse containing three compartments—one for gold, one for silver, and one for pawn tickets; a purse that 'll contain one hundred and fifty sovereigns in gold at one time, and that's about as much as any working-man cares to carry about him at one time. If you'd said, 'Thank you, sir,' I'd ha' give you *two* shillings!"

After a few more instances of this philanthropic eccentricity, he sold off the entire piece of card-board, entreating purchasers not to put them in their pockets, as he should want to look at them presently. "I might sell a thousand of these pieces," he declared, "but I don't want to: I haven't got 'em to sell." And he passed on to something else, for he produced a silver watch from his pocket, and with the observation that how he got it was nothing to us, he might have stolen it for all we knew, but he'd tell us no more than that it cost *him* nothing, he "orfered it up," as he termed it, for auction.

"Worn it nine months myself," he assured us; "bought it six months ago, and took it out of pawn to-day. What, you won't bid me a guinea for this watch? Then I'll keep it myself. It's not like mackerel—it won't go bad with keeping."

"It's pretty near dead now, though," observed a sardonic carter, in an undertone.

But the watch, after a very gradual decline in the bidding, according to the practice of street auctioneers, was eventually (after much hard slapping) knocked down for seven and sixpence, with a gold Albert guard and a shilling thrown in, to an old farmer, who went away shaking it, and putting it anxiously to either ear.

All this interlude had taken a considerable time, and the genuine purchasers of the last batch of card-board scraps had apparently recognized that any expectations they might have formed stood an uncommonly poor chance of being fulfilled, and one by one they filtered away, without caring to expose themselves, and brave the derision of the Cheap Jack and his audience, by any open protest.

It seems probable that they went away considerably enlightened as to that gentleman's methods of doing business, who might have been observed a little later to descend from his cart and chat intimately with the person who had purchased the first halfpenny.

After leaving the orator I found my interest deeply excited in watching the efforts of a worthy couple to squeeze a sack of live pigs under the seat of a particularly small cart. There were three pigs; they were not full grown, but appeared to be lusty in the extreme, and for some time the sack would plunge and bulge blindly out of alternate ends of the cart, the blended contours of its occupants

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being discernible beneath the sacking, until the back of the cart was shut sharply on them, and their yells became even more piercing as their new possessors mounted to the driving seat, with that sackful of rebellious piggery heaving and struggling about their ankles. And here I was much impressed by the humane consideration shown by the lady, who, upon its being suggested by the pig-dealer that she might dispose of one of her numerous parcels (a piece of thin card-board done up flat in brown paper) by putting it under the seat with the sack, refused on the ground that she did not want to inconvenience the pigs. So they went off with the ungrateful animals squeaking murder, like Alice's White Queen, several months in advance.

By this time the sole exhibition of the fair was ready for inspection; one of the little girls, now gorgeous in blue satin and tarnished silver, was dancing a hornpipe on the platform, with that perfunctory air with a spice of disdain in it which a too early appearance in public is apt to impart to child performers, while a young man with a blackened face and a diamond patch on his left eye made jokes the age of which did not save them from the laughter of the unthinking.

Inside, a rough stage, lighted by four lamps suspended in a tin box from cross-beams in front, a barrel-organ, much impaired by time, on a box at the side, and rows of rough wooden benches.

There was a period of waiting inside before the national anthem was performed on the platform and the curtains drawn; but at last the showman took his place by the organ, from which he extracted some incoherent groans by way of overture. Then he hit it violently with his wand (which was no more than it deserved), and began, in that wonderful English peculiar to showmen: "The *fust* scene that we shall illustrate *to* your notice will be to repperesent a correct view *of* the Grand Kinel *at* Venice. Set down, you boys in front there, and you'll all see." Upon this the faded little daub of an act-drop rose, revealing a Rialto in which the perspective was ultra-Oriental.

"We shall proceed to show to your notice some street scenes of the period, with all the various characters *in* motion *as* in life. In the distance, or water, may be observed the 'gondoleers,' as the natives of that country call their boats, while along the foreground will pass before you several pedustrians."

And we were accordingly treated to various familiar incidents of Venetian street life, enacted by small pasteboard figures running in grooves and worked by wires. First we had "Paddy, *as* he appears drivin' his '*Ome*-Rule pig *to* market," then a cobbler taking his wife home in a barrow, and a dispute between them, interrupted by the entry of a "copper," as it seems the Venetian *sbirro* is termed. Next, as might be expected in the Rialto, came a sportsman and his little dog in pursuit of a hare—(his three nods of extreme self-satisfaction, after he was supposed to have killed it, were a charming touch of nature)—and that part of the entertainment concluded by presentments of "Jumbo prev'us to his Departure for America," the "Double-'ump Camel, better known as the Drummer-dairy," and the "Hartic or Poler Bear." So that it was not the fault of the exhibitor if we did not all carry away a vivid impression of the Queen of the Adriatic.

After that we were shown a transparency, illuminated by red fire, to represent the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna; and then followed a performance illustrating "The Dangers and 'Ardships hin the life of the Sailor."

The entertainment concluded with its *pièce de résistance*—the "Bombardment of Khartoum by the British Fleet," an incident which was not so much due to a satiric invention as to the fact that the city of Khartoum had begun its dioramic career as Alexandria. No matter, it was a gallant and terrific bombardment, in spite of history. We were warned, with a consideration worthy of Bottom, not to allow ourselves to be alarmed by it. It ended at last, in much smoke and saltpetre, and we were dismissed with an injunction to recommend the exhibition to our friends outside—a request which I trust has been performed to some extent in the course of this article.

And here, having disposed of the entertainment which formed the climax of the delights and marvels contained in this very mild edition of Vanity Fair, I stop, merely remarking that its good-natured patrons were as easy to amuse as to impose upon, and seemed equally satisfied with either mode of treatment, although a judicious combination of the two went nearest of all, perhaps, to satisfying their requirements.

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AN UNAPPRECIATED COMPLIMENT.

—"Good-night, Miss Maud!"—"I'm *not* Miss Maud!"—"Miss *Ethel*, I mean: won't you shake hands with me? How ungrateful of you! and just after I've been taking you for your lovely sister, too!"

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AS if a bell had rung, and the venerable dormitories and halls upon the green were pouring forth a crowd of youth loitering toward the recitation-room, the Easy Chair, like a College Professor, meditating serious themes, and with a grave purpose, steps to the lecture desk. It begins by asking the young gentlemen who have loitered into the room and are now seated, what they think of bullying boys and hunting cats and tying kettles to a dog's tail, and seating a comrade upon tacks with the point upward. Undoubtedly they reply, with dignified nonchalance, that it is all child's play and contemptible. Undoubtedly, young gentlemen, answers the Professor, and, to multiply Nathan's remark to David, You are the men!

As American youth you cherish wrathful scorn for the English boy who makes another boy his fag, and you express a sneering pity for the boy who consents to fag. You have read *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, and you would like to break the head of Master Hewlett, who shies his shoe at the poor shivering craven Nightingale, and you justly remark that close observation of John Bull seems to warrant the conclusion that the nature of his bovine ancestor is still far from eliminated from his descendant. And what is the secret of your feeling? Simply that you hate bullying. Why, then, young gentlemen, do you bully?

You retort perhaps that fagging is unknown in America, and that high-spirited youth would not tolerate it. But permit the Professor to tell you what is not unknown in America: a crowd of older young gentlemen surrounding one younger fellow, forcing him to do disagreeable and disgusting things, pouring cold water down his back, making a fool of him to his personal injury, he being solitary, helpless, and abused—all this is not unknown in America, young gentlemen. But it is all very different from what we have been accustomed to consider American. If we would morally define or paraphrase the word America, I think we should say Fair Play. That is what it means. That is what the Brownist Puritans, the precursors of the Plymouth Pilgrims, left England to secure. They did not bring it, indeed, at least in all its fulness, across the sea. Let us say, young gentlemen, that its potentiality, its possibility, rather than its actuality, stepped out of the *Mayflower* upon Plymouth Rock. But from the moment of its landing it has been asserting itself. You need not say "Baptist" and "Quaker." I understand it and allow for it all. But Fair Play has prevailed over ecclesiastical hatred and over personal slavery, and what are called the new questions—corporate power, monopoly, capital, and labor—are only new forms of the old effort to secure fair play.

Now the petty bullying of hazing and the whole system of college tyranny is a most contemptible denial of fair play. It is a disgrace to the American name, and when you stop in the wretched business to sneer at English fagging you merely advertise the beam in your own eyes. It is not possible, surely, that any honorable young gentleman now attending to the lecture of the Professor really supposes that there is any fun or humor or joke in this form of college bullying. Turn to your *Evelina* and see what was accounted humorous, what passed for practical joking, in Miss Burney's time, at the end of the last century. It is not difficult to imagine Dr. Johnson, who greatly delighted in *Evelina*, supposing the intentional upsetting into the ditch of the old French lady in the carriage to be a joke. For a man who unconsciously has made so much fun for others as "the great lexicographer," Dr. Johnson seems to have been curiously devoid of a sense of humor. But he was a genuine Englishman of his time, a true John Bull, and the fun of the John Bull of that time, recorded in the novels and traditions, was entirely bovine.

The bovine or brutal quality is by no means wholly worked out of the blood even yet. The taste for pugilism, or the pummelling of the human frame into a jelly by the force of fisticuffs, as a form of enjoyment or entertainment, is a relapse into barbarism. It is the instinct of the tiger still surviving in the white cat transformed into the princess. I will not call it, young gentlemen, the fond return of Melusina to the gambols of the

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mermaid, or Undine's momentary unconsciousness of a soul, because these are poetic and pathetic suggestions. The prize-ring is disgusting and inhuman, but at least it is a voluntary encounter of two individuals. But college bullying is unredeemed brutality. It is the extinction of Dr. Jekyll in Mr. Hyde. It is not humorous, nor manly, nor generous, nor decent. It is bald and vulgar cruelty, and no class in college should feel itself worthy of the respect of others, or respect itself, until it has searched out all offenders of this kind which disgrace it, and banished them to the remotest Coventry.

The meanest and most cowardly fellows in college may shine most in hazing. The generous and manly men despise it. There are noble and inspiring ways for working off the high spirits of youth: games which are rich in poetic tradition; athletic exercises which mould the young Apollo. To drive a young fellow upon the thin ice, through which he breaks, and by the icy submersion becomes at last a cripple, helpless with inflammatory rheumatism —surely no young man in his senses thinks this to be funny, or anything but an unspeakable outrage. Or to overwhelm with terror a comrade of sensitive temperament until his mind reels—imps of Satan might delight in such a revel, but young Americans!—never, young gentlemen, never!

The hazers in college are the men who have been bred upon dime novels and the prize-ring—in spirit, at least, if not in fact —to whom the training and instincts of the gentleman are unknown. That word is one of the most precious among English words. The man who is justly entitled to it wears a diamond of the purest lustre. Tennyson, in sweeping the whole range of tender praise for his dead friend Arthur Hallam, says that he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. "Without abuse"—that is the wise qualification. The name may be foully abused. I read in the morning's paper, young gentlemen, a pitiful story of a woman trying to throw herself from the Bridge. You may recall one like it in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." The report was headed: "To hide her shame." "*Her* shame?" Why, gentlemen, at that very moment, in bright and bewildering rooms, the arms of Lothario and Lovelace were encircling your sisters' waists in the intoxicating waltz. These men go unwhipped of an epithet. They are even enticed and flattered by the mothers of the girls. But, for all that, they do not bear without abuse the name of gentleman, and Sidney and Bayard and Hallam would scorn their profanation and betrayal of the name.

The soul of the gentleman, what is it? Is it anything but kindly and thoughtful respect for others, helping the helpless, succoring the needy, befriending the friendless and forlorn, doing justice, requiring fair play, and withstanding with every honorable means the bully of the church and caucus, of the drawing-room, the street, the college? Respect, young gentlemen, like charity, begins at home. Only the man who respects himself can be a gentleman, and no gentleman will willingly annoy, torment, or injure another.

—There will be no further recitation today. The class is dismissed.

THE papers upon the tariff by Senator Edmunds and Mr. Watterson which have appeared in the Magazine have been greeted with great satisfaction by our readers, and perhaps with some surprise. They have awakened anew the question of the scope and character of the Magazine. But that question is answered largely by what is called the spirit of the time. *Harper's Monthly* is now in its thirty-eighth year, and the Magazine which it was when it began would be very unsatisfactory to its present reader. If you turn the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a century ago, you will find that it is a miscellany of curious information and entertaining literature. If you look at *Denny's Portfolio*, published in Philadelphia seventy years ago, you will find that it is constructed upon the same model. It is a kind of *olla podrida*. There is no luminous or definite purpose beyond that of rational and decent pleasure.

The epoch of popular magazines in this country began with the same general purpose, but it was combined with a vast system of business facilities for distributing the monthly numbers, and with payment to foreign authors for advance sheets of their new works. As railroads made travel, so the popular magazine made its public, and simultaneously stimulated literary activity. For some years the general purpose was to combine from a great mass of pleasant material the most attractive

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popular miscellany. The miscellany had two unvarying characteristics: every word in it could be read in every household without apprehension that any canon of morals or of social propriety would be shocked, and religious and partisan political discussions were avoided. The magazine was a great literary neutral ground. It was a pleasaunce, a garden realm of delight, and no resort of the kind was ever more popular.

But gradually, without losing any of its characteristic charm, the entertainment in the pleasaunce has ceased to be a mere desultory, drifting concert of fugitive music, and has acquired a coherent and harmonious character. A popular magazine to-day is made by the unconscious popular demand of to-day. Entertainment is still the indispensable quality, but the form and method of the entertainment change. The magazine, like the actor, must hold the mirror up to nature. In a sense, it must be a mirror of the time; not indeed like the newspaper which gives the news, but the very form and pressure of the time must be felt upon its pages. Its indefatigable exploration and research; its fresh aspects of advancing life in older lands as well as at home; contemporaneous movements and men—there must be hints and sketches and accounts of all these, with the story and song of the living author and poet, and all made vividly real by the profusion of exquisite and incomparable illustration.

The magazine is not a stage of mere light comedy or farce. It is not a burlesque that it offers which aims only at a laugh. We like to laugh, but too much clown is tiresome. It is pleasanter to take laughter as a spice, as a flavor; but a feast of clove and cinnamon would not be very satisfactory. If the Easy Chair may speak in Johnsonese, laughter is a condiment, not a comestible. It is true that those who are not humorous may easily decry wit, but it is still true also that a story may enforce a moral more impressively than a sermon. A public question of great and universal private interest, of which the discussion involves details and considerations that must be pondered and compared, but which every man desires to ponder, not in a few pungent editorial paragraphs, as in a morning paper, but in an ample and adequate statement, is now discussed in the magazines. But it is not debated as at a party club, nor to effect a party purpose. Mr. Watterson speaks his mind freely, chatting as by the fire, and from the other side the Senator liberates his mind in friendly reply. It is a worthy and timely service, even were there no other, to show that such questions may be discussed with easy good-nature as well as with dignity and ability.

Indeed, the tone of these papers might well be adopted in the general discussion of the question during the year that has just begun. Fine words butter no parsnips, is old truth as well as an old saw, and it is as true that hard words do not bruise them. Vituperation is as old as the oldest orator, but it is only like the light darts of the picador, which sting, but do not wound. The present English Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Balfour, seems to be aware of this truth, and since the darts cannot be evaded, he gayly disregards the sting. The London *Times* says of a recent speech of Mr. Balfour's, in which he commented upon some of the savage gibes of his opponents as an illustration of their spirit in the controversy: "We should think worse of Englishmen if we did not believe that Mr. Balfour's pleasant and careless contempt for hard words that break no bones must raise him higher even than he now stands in the opinion of his countrymen." And Mr. Lowell, in a late speech in Boston upon the very question which Senator Edmunds and Mr. Watterson debate in our pages, said, amid general applause: "A moderated and controlled enthusiasm is like stored electricity, the most powerful of motive forces; and .... the reformer of practical abuses, springing from economic ignorance or mistakes, then first begins to be wise when he allows for the obstinate vitality of human error and human folly, and is willing to believe that those who cannot see as he does are not themselves necessarily bad men."

This is probably too much to expect of mere human nature during the fury of a Presidential election. But the Magazine has at least shown that it is possible, and in showing it has illustrated once more the constantly changing and enlarging scope of the popular magazine.

WE divide brute animals into two groups, the wild and the domesticated, and with natural self-esteem we are apt to regard the domesticated as of a higher nature. The proof we hold to be that

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they are subdued to our service, and are cherished as family pets. The Arab holds his horse as a member of his family, and there are dogs and cats which are the real masters of human households. The Easy Chair, indeed, knows one little dog which it regards as a model of the Christian virtues, so forbearing and patient and thoughtful and forgiving and even cheerful is she. But is it quite clear that the wilder beasts are so unwise in cherishing a distrust which keeps them the enemies of man? Old Æsop tells a familiar story of the lion. Now would the domestic animals probably give such favorable reports of life with men and women as to persuade their untamed kindred that they had fallen into grievous error in avoiding human society?

The domestic animals are very silent about it. They make little complaint. The shaved horse which is left standing uncovered in the icy blast until he quakes with bitter cold, but still stands unflinching, or the same hapless animal whose tail is bobbed so that every summer insect can sting him at will unharmed, but which neither kicks nor runs; the dog whose ears and tail are cut and clipped to please the fancy or further the plans of his human owner, and which is teased and whipped and outraged under the plea of training—would they necessarily dilate seductively to their comrades, still doubting and delaying in the forest, upon the charms and the advantage of human intercourse? Do they not, indeed, appeal mutely to intelligent human beings to consider carefully whether civilized man is yet civilized enough to be intrusted with the happiness and training and fate of animals? Mr. Bergh evidently thinks not, and he is a wise observer, and one of the truest of modern benefactors and reformers.

May not this question be extended to what we call loftily inanimate nature? Are we yet quite fit to have unrestricted control of trees and plants and the landscape? Is not this self-sufficient civilized man still the assassin of noble trees, sylvan benefactors, airy choirs of heavenly music? Is he not the vandal who ruthlessly destroys the lofty domes of cheering shade, and obliterates these living pageants of the infinite beauty and varying splendor of the year? Has not the massacre of hoary forests—forests primeval—which have nursed from immemorial ages the springs and rills, and with boundless beneficence have poured them out in ample rivers for the benefit of man—has not their massacre been effected by his parricidal hand? If he is not wise enough to know the vast and indispensable service of trees in the economy of nature, is he fit to be intrusted with their care, and to hold their continuance upon his mere whim and pleasure or dull conceit of his own interest?

Emerson asks:

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

as if only the sympathetic and tender soul could make friends with them. And again, with that fond and pure love of nature which gives a reverent air to all his allusions and illustrations, he speaks of our essential strangeness to the natural world of which we claim the sovereignty:

"Our eyes
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
And strangers to the plant and to the pine."

But this ignorance is not a mere poetic complaint. It is, upon reflection, a very serious practical concern. The forests are so intimately related to climate, soil, water supply, health, material development, that the man or the company that ignorantly and wantonly or selfishly attacks them with axe and fire, and devastates the great sources of civilized necessities and comforts, strikes a fatal blow at the national prosperity.

A few years ago the destruction of the Adirondack forests startled and aroused the State of New York to the fact of the immense and irretrievable injury which private greed and public indifference might easily inflict upon the State. If a magician were secluded in the inmost fastnesses of the Adirondacks, and weaving there the malign spells which should gradually dry up the rivers, and strike into deathly silence the busy hum which makes a music of industry in every little valley of the commonwealth, nothing could stay the indignant march of the whole community to track the monstrous public enemy to his lair, and end at once and forever the sorcerer and his spells. But there is such a fell enchanter. Ignorance and greed and carelessness are the triune monster whose audible spells are the ring of the axe and the roar of the flame.

It is fortunate that the dangers to the

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forests are announced, and that the country is looking for more knowledge, at a time when interest in rural life and care of the landscape are rapidly increasing. There is already a generous pride among villagers in the beauty and care of their village, which has produced village improvement societies. There is a beautiful holiday known as Arbor Day, which is devoted to planting trees and caring for them—a tacit recognition that trees have been hitherto generally and ruthlessly destroyed, and that the children must gently repair the ravages of the parents. In the building of houses there is a general desire for picturesqueness and variety, and in the laying out of grounds there is the same wish for tastefulness and propriety. There is in fact a general reaction against the old indifference to beauty in building and in grounds, which happily coincides with the perception of the enormous national necessity of preservation of the forests.

This is the fortunate moment in which a new enterprise addressed to this very situation begins. It is the publication of a weekly journal of the highest character, sustained by ample resources, and directed by the most accomplished editor, to be called *The Garden and Forest*. Its object is twofold: to bring every variety of information, of research, of scientific knowledge, and of argument to the presentation of the national importance of the proper conservation of the forests, and to treat in the most practical and intelligent manner the whole subject of trees and their culture; and secondly—and this gives it a strong hold upon the great constituency of all who are interested in gardening in the largest and most comprehensive sense—to the consideration of the subject of rural life in all its aspects. The purpose, indeed, is to make under every favorable condition of this better time such a weekly journal as Downing would have gladly seen, and toward which he contributed his essays and books upon landscape gardening and rural architecture and fruit trees nearly forty years ago.

The guarantee of the character of the work is the character of the editor, Professor Sargent, of the Chair of Arboriculture at Harvard, and one of the first living authorities upon the general subject. He is also the director of the Arnold Arboretum, and has travelled widely in America and Europe in pursuit of his investigations. He was a member of the Adirondack commission of inquiry, and he prepared the Forestry volume of the last census—a work of signal ability—and with the warmth of generous enthusiasm he is profoundly impressed with the importance to the general welfare of a thorough knowledge of the subject, as well as to the constant delight of the people and the refinement of the national character.

The journal devoted to such subjects will unquestionably rank with the most comprehensive and valuable periodicals of the kind now published. It will have the hearty co-operation of the most accomplished authorities besides the labors of the editor. The assistant editors will be Professors W. C. Farlow of Harvard and Packard of Brown, and Mr. W. A. Stiles will be the managing editor. The contributors will be Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard; Francis Parkman; Professor W. H. Brewer, of Yale; Professor Rothrock, of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard; Mr. Prosper J. Berckmans; Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jun., of Central Park; Mr. Charles A. Dana; Dr. Henry P. Walcott; Mr. J. B. Walker, Forest Commissioner of New Hampshire; Mr. Sereno Watson, of Harvard; Mr. Calvert Vaux; Professor W. J. Beal; Professor G. L. Goodale, of Harvard; Professor D. C. Eaton, of Yale; Mr. Robert Douglas; Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted; Mr. George Nicholson and Mr. W. B. Hemsley, of Kew Gardens, London; Dr. G. M. Dawson, of Canada; M. Édouard André, editor of the *Revue Horticole;* Dr. Charles Bolle, Berlin; Dr. H. Mayr, University of Tokio, Japan, and others.

Here is ample promise that *The Garden and Forest* will be worthy of the beautiful art to which it is to be dedicated. As there are no more charming books than those which treat of country life in all its branches, and of the study of nature, Gilbert White and Izaak Walton and Gray's notes and Thoreau's, and every form of calendar of the year, so there is no more peaceful and humanizing subject than that with which the new journal will concern itself. This Magazine and other monthly and weekly periodicals have their special purpose. They all appeal to a diocese which they all strive to extend. But one of the pleasures of a large diocese is the wider area over which

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good tidings can be diffused, and the announcement of this new journal this Magazine welcomes as good tidings, and like a veteran of many fields who tightens the armor and poises the lance in the newly mailed hand of a junior, *Harper* says a word of good cheer to the new-comer, and wishes it—sure that it is a wish as plenteous as Amalthea's horn—all the prosperity that it shall merit.

Editor's Study.

I.

MR. H. C. LEA'S *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* is one of those books whose significance does not cease even with the suggestion of the remotest relations of its subject to the life of the period. One would read it to less than its whole purport if he failed to grasp the fact that underlying the cruelty of the Catholic Church in dealing with heresy were the primitive passions which stirred the heart of the Cave Dweller, and which still animate civilization in its social, commercial, and political rivalries and competitions. History, when it is wisely written, is both record and prophecy in its deeper implications. The aspects and forms change, but the motives remain the same, refined, indeed, and unconsciously masked, yet essentially what they were ever since one man found himself physically or mentally stronger than another, and sought to confirm his advantages by his brother's lasting subjection. He has never lacked the best reasons for this. The proofs that his self-seeking is for his brother's good are always so abundant that he is rarely driven to an open and cynical profession of an egoistic intention. In fact, when it comes to this with him, he is near to being a better man, for he then becomes intolerable to himself. But as long as he can make believe with any hopeful measure of success that he is somehow serving God, or humanity, or society, by the exploitation of his fears for his supremacy, by his lust of dominion, his state is not hopeful. We need not go far afield for exemplifications; if we cannot find them in our own hearts, we may see them in the lives of our neighbors all round us. The difference between the persecuting spirit of the past and the persecuting spirit of the present is largely a difference of ideals, of ends. A united Church was the most desirable thing on earth to the Romish clergy, and for the sake of it they seem to have been willing in former times to commit any crime, from stifling thought to burning the thinker. Whatever threatened that unity and its vested interests, temporal and spiritual, must be hunted down and exterminated. This ideal no longer inspires persecution; but persecution is not therefore extinct.

It is the fate of the Roman Catholic Church to bear forever before the world the chief burden of a sin which is no more Catholic than it is Protestant. The means of persecution were first at hand with that Church, and its hand was strongest; that is all. Every one knows that Lutheran, Calvinist, Anglican, and Puritan persecuted too, each in his turn. But these all came later; they were not only weaker in organization and numbers, but they were stayed sooner by the light of religious toleration, so tardily dawning as a principle on men's minds; yet their spirit was the same. We must keep this truth constantly before us if we would get all the good there is to be got from the story of the Inquisition as Mr. Lea tells it. We must not solace ourselves with the delusion that it is an accomplished and ended tragedy, or that it is a Catholic and Spanish or Italian crime; it flourished up from the profoundest depths of our common human nature, from the roots of greed and hate and fear that take hold on hell in every Protestant and Anglo-Saxon heart to-day as firmly as in the dark ages and the Latin races. Wherever one man hates another for his opinions, there the spirit of the Inquisition is as rife as ever.

Yet he may be a very good man in many things. The mortifying lesson of that interesting chapter of Mr. Lea's on the origin and rise of the Mendicant Orders in the Romish Church is its testimony to the fact that the men who became the most terrible instruments of persecution were men devoted to works of the most self-sacrificing mercy toward all but heretics; no form of suffering was too loathsome or dangerous for their care; they bore hunger and cold and denied

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themselves all their lives long for the poor; they established and realized an ideal of charity whose perfection has perhaps never been approached by men of more tolerant faith; yet they were the fiercest, most unrelenting foes of other men in whom one of the first signs of heresy was a life of purity, sobriety, and good works.

The reader might easily fail to do justice to the candor with which Mr. Lea deals with all the anomalies of his subject. His study of the corruptions in the Church which provoked heresy is perfectly temperate, and by its light we see how natural it was that the faithful should attack the heretics rather than the corruptions, the effects rather than the causes. This is still the way of intolerance in the world: its highest wisdom is to suppress the symptoms and to destroy the obnoxious theory in the person of the theorist.

But a notable thing is that in the very earliest ages, the Church, that afterward rioted in torture, shrank from punishing heresy with death, or with any penalty involving physical suffering. There seems to have been a time before intolerance wreaked itself, if not a time before intolerance began; and Mr. Lea is able to put his finger apparently on the instance in which the Christian Church first authorized the killing of men for their opinions. It was regarded with horror by all not immediately concerned in it, and it was reprobated by the highest authorities. But afterward, when heresy became formidable, the Church lost its sensibility, and abandoned itself to the atrocities of an inverted conscience. Mr. Lea makes a clear and impartial analysis of the different forms of heresy, and he gives an admirable chapter to the Albigensian crusades, not losing sight of the evils that were on the right side, nor the good that was on the wrong side; though he shows that the fault of the Albigenses was mainly with their rulers and allies, and the sincerity of the crusaders was as murderous as the defect of that virtue could well have been. Through this virtue was evolved the comfortable principle that the Divine wisdom would repair any mistakes of massacre made by the faithful, and that if the crusaders would kill all in sacking a heretical city, God would take care of the souls of such true Catholics as happened to perish in the promiscuous slaughter. It would not be easy to estimate the strength which the recognition of such a principle must have imparted to the nascent Inquisition, which Mr. Lea seems to regard as having its origin in the persecution of the Albigenses; together with the other great idea of relaxing heretics to the secular arm for punishment, it might well constitute an impregnable defence for the inverted consciences of the sincere and merciful men whose goodness is inextricably mixed up with the pitiless cruelties of the Holy Office.

Mr. Lea traces the rise of the Inquisition through that of the mendicant orders and their works of charity, and dispassionately studies its organization, its processes in taking evidence and admitting — or rather refusing — defence, its methods of executing sentence on quick and dead, and its confiscations. He lets us see, without denunciation or apparent prejudice, how everything base and cruel in the men armed with the awful power of the Inquisition poisonously blended itself with their unselfish zeal for the unity of the Church, which represented to them the salvation of souls, and how the evil ceased to be deadly only when it excluded the good. It is true that the Inquisition did apparently accomplish the purpose of its founders, and suppressed heresy in the countries where it had full sway. This will not seem wonderful to any one who acquaints himself with its unlimited means and its unscrupulous methods, nor will it appear contradictory to say that the Inquisition left the Church in those countries without the vitality which it still shows in lands where the Inquisition never existed. There is in the course of history something more than the suggestion that evil dies of the mortal sting which it inflicts, and that it defeats those who employ it, in accomplishing itself.

II.

It will be interesting to know how this happened with the evil known as the Inquisition, with that fulness of detail which we may expect in Mr. Lea's second and third volumes, announced to complete the work projected in his first. In the mean time some of the questions involved will present themselves to the reader of Zola's latest and perhaps awfulest book, *La Terre*. Filthy and repulsive as it is in its facts, it is a book not to be avoided by the stu-

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dent of civilization, but rather to be sought and seriously considered. It is certainly not a book for young people, and it is not a book for any one who cares merely for a story, or who finds himself by experience the worse for witnessing in literature the naked realities of lust and crime. This said, it is but fair to add that it legitimately addresses itself to scientific curiosity and humane interest. The scene passes in that France where the first stirring of a personal conscience once promised a brilliant race the spiritual good which triumphant persecution finally denied it; and it is not wholly gratuitous to suppose that we see in the peasants of *La Terre* effects of the old repressions which stifled religious thought among them, and bound all their hopes, desires, and ambitions to the fields they tilled. When the Revolution came, it came too late to undo the evil accomplished, and the immediate good that it did included another evil. It justly gave to the peasant the ownership of the land, but it implanted in him the most insatiable earth-hunger ever known in the world. This creature, this earth-fiend whom Zola paints, is superstitious, but cynically indifferent to religion, and apparently altogether unmoral; lustful and unchaste, but mostly saved from the prodigal vices by avarice that spares nothing, relents to no appeal, stops at no wrong, and aspires only to the possession of land, and more land, and ever more land. This is the prevailing type, varied and relieved by phases of simple, natural good in a few of the characters; and the Church, so potent against the ancestral heresy, struggles in vain against the modern obduracy, in the character of the excellent priest, who is the only virtuous person in the book. The story is a long riot of satyr-lewdness and satyr-violence, of infernal greed that ends in murder, of sordid jealousies and cruel hates; and since with all its literary power, its wonderful force of realization, it cannot remain valuable as literature, but must have other interest as a scientific study of a phase of French life under the Second Empire, it seems a great pity it should not have been fully documented. What are the sources, the proofs, of this tremendous charge against humanity, in those simple conditions, long fabled the most friendly to the simple virtues? This is the question which the reader, impatient if not incredulous of all this horror, asks himself when he has passed through it.

III.

He must ask it also at the end of that curious narrative drama of Tolstoï's, known to us as yet only in the French version of *La Puissance des Ténébres*. This too deals with peasant life, and with much the same hideous shames and crimes as *La Terre*. The main difference—but it is a very great one—is that the Russian peasant, wicked as he is, is not so depraved as the French peasant; he has a conscience; he is capable of remorse, of repentance, of expiation. It is true that one of the *muzhiks*, to whose amendment the drama is addressed, and to a group of whom Tolstoï read it for their criticism, declared that the principal person, after accomplishing his purposes, would not have owned his crimes or wished to suffer for them as his one hope of escape from self-torment; but we may suppose this opinion the effect of restricted observation, and may safely trust the larger and deeper knowledge of the author. We should again, however, like to have the documentary proofs in the case, and should feel more hopeful of the good to be done among the muzhiks by the play if we felt sure that they would recognize it as a true picture. In the mean time they are not likely to know much about it; the censorship has forbidden its representation in Russia, and it remains for the consideration of such people of other countries as know how to read.

Whether much is done to help those whose life is depicted in fiction is a question which no one is yet qualified to answer, fiction has only so very recently assumed to paint life faithfully, and most critics still claim that it is best for it not to do so. It is said that the stories of Erckmann-Chatrian, by their fidelity to the abominations and horrors of war, have had the effect of weakening the love of military glory in the French people; and the books of the pastor Bitzius, who wrote fifty years ago—under the pseudonym of Jeremias Gotthelf—stories as intensely realistic as any of the present day, are claimed to have wrought a great reform in the manners and morals of the Bernese peasants, whom he photographed in their own dialects. But we suspect that fiction, like the other arts, can only do good of this kind indirectly; when it becomes hortatory, it is in danger of becoming dull, that is to say, suicidal.

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IV.

The autobiography of the English painter Frith, who dealt so much with the every-day life about him, and loved above everything else to deal with it, and was so devoutly if not passionately faithful to it in his work, is not without suggestion upon some of these points. It is a delightful book, as autobiographies are apt to be, with signal merits of simplicity and honesty, and manifold attractions of gossip about art and artists and the world of London around them. All forms of æsthetic life there are more closely related and touch fashionable life at more points than with us; the relations of art to taste or to patronage are more social; the experience of the painter is richer and more varied, and his talk has a wider range. Mr. Frith's has the range of a very long period, in which he has been part of what he tells. He keeps himself modestly enough in the background when it is best to do so; but he does not forget that it is his own life which he is writing, and that he has reason to suppose that the reader will like to know all about his opinions, his ideals, his endeavors, and his achievements, even his grievances and prejudices. His more characteristic pictures are well known through the popular reproductions, and the reader has more than the usual materials for judging between the artist and his critics in a quarrel which has been nearly life-long. Simply stated, the quarrel is that Mr. Frith believed he saw the dramatic, the poetic, the beautiful, the sublime, the eternal, in the contemporary life of the London streets, the railway stations, the sea-side resorts, the race-courses, and his critics maintained that he saw only the commonplace, the vulgar, the trivial, and the transitory. He won the day, with the public at least, and we think that the criticism of the future will be kinder to him than that of his own time. We think it will not, for instance, find good reason for accepting Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," and rejecting Frith's "Road to Ruin," so conscientiously studied and so tragically realized. We have only the literary quality of the work in mind; matters of technique we do not understand, and we gladly leave them to the art critics, who do not understand them either, if we may trust the artists. Mr. Frith declares that he never got help or hurt from them; that it was wholly idle to regard their printed opinions; and that when he really felt any doubt as to what he happened to be doing, he took counsel with some brother artist, who was often severe enough, but who was always intelligent, and who had the right point of view.

V.

The question whether he was right or whether he was wrong is part of a much vaster question. Undoubtedly his opinion is qualified by the resentment which a spirited, earnest, and successful man must feel under the application of criterions recognizably narrow and antipathetic; but it is intelligible also that he may be perfectly sincere, and even perfectly right. It is interesting, at any rate, to find Mr. August St. Gaudens, who has certainly had no reason as yet to complain of critical unkindness, saying, in a recently printed interview: "Books on art are of no value. They are worse than useless, and should be left alone. The pencil, the brush, and the modelling-stick should take their place, and be the student's constant companions. I do not wish to be understood as discouraging general reading. On the contrary, the broadening of the mind obtained from a knowledge of miscellaneous literature is to be desired."

This accuses criticism upon more general and impersonal grounds than Mr. Frith's, but it is to the same purport, and it probably embodies the experience of every man who has done anything worth while in any of the arts. Criticism, apparently, is for the edification of the reader, and not for the instruction of the artist; but upon this point we should not like to speak very confidently without more documents. The Study is hospitably open to any author, sculptor, painter, or architect who wishes to contribute to the evidence from his own experience. Perhaps from a comparison of experiences something useful to criticism might be evolved. It needs help, at present, more than any of the arts, and is not much more fitted to deal with them than the Inquisition would be to deal with the problems of modern science.

VI.

How very fallible criticism is at the best, and under the most favorable conditions, may be conceived from the cruel error into which the Study itself—mirror of impartiality and balance of justice as

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it is—fell into lately concerning Octave Thanet's admirable group of sketches, *The Knitters in the Sun*. The reader will remember that we were able to convict that clever writer of lese-reality in an important point, and to deliver a very pretty lecture upon the "ways of God to man" in censuring her for romantically misrepresenting them. We were, as usual, perfectly right in our opinions, but we were wrong in our facts; we had overlooked a passage in the story reprehended which gave it a wholly different complexion, and conformed it to our own ideal. We must send the reader to the little book for the damning evidences of our peccability in full, and we can assure him that it is otherwise very well worth looking at.

We wish we could truthfully say that it gives us pleasure to make this correction. It does nothing of the kind; it is extremely distasteful, and nothing could oblige us to do it but the love of justice, and the hope of breaking down any small remnant of respect for criticism generally which might be left in the mind of our readers by the Study's past attacks upon it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of January, 1888.—Congress adjourned from December 21st to January 4th for the usual holiday recess.

Speaker Carlisle announced the House committees January 5th. The chairmen of some of the principal committees are as follows: Ways and Means, Mills, of Texas; Appropriations, Randall, Pennsylvania; Judiciary, Culberson, Texas; Banking and Currency, Wilkins, Ohio; Coinage, Weights, and Measures, Bland, Missouri; Commerce, Clardy, Missouri; Rivers and Harbors, Blanchard, Louisiana; Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Dunn, Arkansas; Agriculture, Hatch, Missouri; Foreign Affairs, Belmont, New York; Military Affairs, Townshend, Illinois; Naval Affairs, Herbert, Alabama; Post-offices and Post-roads, Blount, Georgia; Public Lands, Holman, Indiana; Indian Affairs, Peel, Arkansas; Territories, Springer, Illinois; Railways and Canals, Davidson, Florida; Manufactures, Bacon, New York; Pacific Railroads, Outhwaite, Ohio; Education, Candler, Georgia; Labor, O'Neill, Missouri; Militia, McAdoo, New Jersey; Patents, Weaver, Iowa; Invalid Pensions, Matson, Indiana; Pensions, Bliss, New York; Reform in the Civil Service, Clements, Georgia.

Secretary of the Interior Lamar resigned January 7th.

The public debt was decreased during December $14,584,650 68.

John S. Barbour was elected, December 20th, United States Senator from Virginia, and J. B. Beck re-elected, January 11th, United States Senator from Kentucky.

Lieutenant-Governor Albert P. Morehouse has succeeded the late John S. Marmaduke as Governor of Missouri; and President of the State Senate, Sebastian S. Marble, the late Joseph R. Bodwell as Governor of Maine.

The number of strikes (exclusive of lockouts) officially reported for the period of six years ending December 31, 1886, was 3903; of employés involved, 1,318,624; establishments, 22,336; loss to employés, $51,816,165; to employers, $30,732,653; successful strikes, 46.59 per cent.; partially successful, 13.45 per cent.

The number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden during 1887 was 371,619.

Official figures show 3938 majority in Dakota for division.

January 1st, Pope Leo XIII. formally celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

December 31st, judicial rents in Ireland were reduced on an average fourteen per cent.

In the French Senatorial elections, January 5th, the Republicans lost three seats.

DISASTERS.

December 13th.—News at Philadelphia of wreck of American ship *Alfred Watts*. Supposed loss of twenty-six lives.

December 21st.—Steamer *San Vincente* burned off Pigeon Point, California. Twelve men perished.

December 31st.—Advices from China report the death of fifty soldiers and several hundred civilians in the explosion of a powder-magazine at Amoy, November 21st.

January 4th.—American bark *Alfred D. Snow* wrecked near Waterford, Ireland. Thirty lives lost.—Twenty-six persons killed in a railroad collision near Meppel, Holland.

January 6th.—English steamer *Maude* foundered in Black Sea. Twelve persons drowned.

January 8th.—News at San Francisco of loss of British steamer *Vortigern* in China Sea, November 18th. About twenty persons perished.

January 10th.—Thirteen killed in an accident on Boston and Maine Railroad at the Haverhill bridge over the Merrimac River.

OBITUARY.

December 14th.—In New York, Brevet Major-General Thomas Kilby Smith, aged sixty-seven years.

December 15th.—In Hallowell, Maine, Joseph

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R. Bodwell, Governor of Maine, aged sixty-nine years.

December 17th.—Near Loch Leven, Scotland, Rev. Alexander Heriot Mackonochie.

December 22d.—In Washington, Congressman Seth C. Moffatt, of Michigan, aged forty-six years.—In Philadelphia, Dr. Ferdinand Vandeveer Hayden, aged fifty-eight years.

December 23d.—At Ann Arbor, Michigan, Dr. Alonzo B. Palmer, aged seventy-two years.

December 24th.—In Albany, New York, Daniel Manning, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, aged fifty-six years.

December 28th.—In Jefferson City, Missouri, John S. Marmaduke, Governor of Missouri, aged forty-four years.—In New York, Judge Charles A. Rapallo, aged sixty-four years.

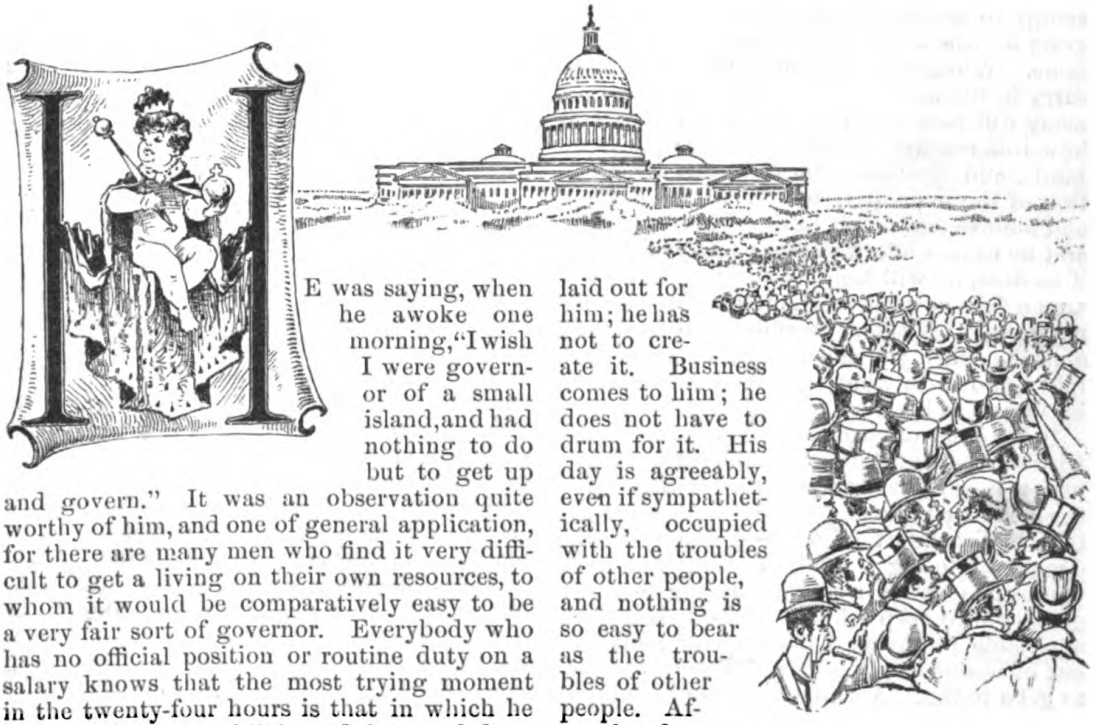
December 30th.—At his place in Peebles-shire, Scotland, Dr. Dickson, Professor of Botany in Edinburgh, aged fifty-two years.—On Madeline Island, Lake Superior, Judge John W. Bell, "King of the Apostles Islands," aged eighty-three years.

January 2d.—News of the death, on an island in the Society group, of Andrew Garrett, a celebrated conchologist, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.—In Philadelphia, Joel Parker, ex-Governor of New Jersey, aged eighty-one years.—In Baltimore, General Isaac R. Trimble, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

January 3d.—In Washington, General Edmund B. Alexander, aged seventy-five years.

January 9th.—Death announced of Professor Bonamy Price, aged eighty years.—In San Francisco, General Washington Seawell, aged eighty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.



HE was saying, when he awoke one morning, "I wish I were governor of a small island, and had nothing to do but to get up and govern." It was an observation quite worthy of him, and one of general application, for there are many men who find it very difficult to get a living on their own resources, to whom it would be comparatively easy to be a very fair sort of governor. Everybody who has no official position or routine duty on a salary knows that the most trying moment in the twenty-four hours is that in which he emerges from the oblivion of sleep and faces life. Everything perplexing tumbles in upon him, all the possible vexations of the day rise up before him, and he is little less than a hero if he gets up cheerful.

It is not to be wondered at that people crave office, some salaried position, in order to escape the anxieties, the personal responsibilities, of a single-handed struggle with the world. It must be much easier to govern an island than to carry on almost any retail business. When the governor wakes in the morning he thinks first of his salary; he has not the least anxiety about his daily bread or the support of his family. His business is all laid out for him; he has not to create it. Business comes to him; he does not have to drum for it. His day is agreeably, even if sympathetically, occupied with the troubles of other people, and nothing is so easy to bear as the troubles of other people. After he has had his breakfast, and read over the "Constitution," he has nothing to do but to "govern" for a few hours, that is, to decide about things on general principles, and with little personal application, and perhaps about large concerns which nobody knows anything about, and which are much easier to dispose of than the perplexing details of private life. He has to vote several times a day; for giving a decision is really casting a vote; but that is much easier than to scratch around in all the anxieties of a retail business. Many men who would make very respectable Presidents of the United States could not suc-

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cessfully run a retail grocery store. The anxieties of the grocery would wear them out. For consider the varied ability that the grocery requires—the foresight about the markets, to take advantage of an eighth per cent. off or on here and there; the vigilance required to keep a "full line" and not overstock, to dispose of goods before they spoil or the popular taste changes; the suavity and integrity and duplicity and fairness and adaptability needed to get customers and keep them; the power to bear the daily and hourly worry; the courage to face the ever-present spectre of "failure," which is said to come upon ninety merchants in a hundred; the tact needed to meet the whims and the complaints of patrons, and the difficulty of getting the patrons who grumble most to pay in order to satisfy the creditors. When the retail grocer wakens in the morning he feels that his business is not going to come to him spontaneously; he thinks of his rivals, of his perilous stock, of his debts and delinquent customers. He has no "Constitution" to go by, nothing but his wits and energy to set against the world that day, and every day the struggle and the anxiety are the same. What a number of details he has to carry in his head (consider, for instance, how many different kinds of cheese there are, and how different people hate and love the same kind), and how keen must be his appreciation of the popular taste! The complexities and annoyances of his business are excessive, and he cannot afford to make many mistakes; if he does, he will lose his business, and when a man fails in business (honestly), he loses his nerve, and his career is ended. It is simply amazing, when you consider it, the amount of talent shown in what are called the ordinary businesses of life.

It has been often remarked with how little wisdom the world is governed. That is the reason it is so easy to govern. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" does not refer to the discomfort of wearing it, but to the danger of losing it, and of being put back upon one's native resources, having to run a grocery or to keep school. Nobody is in such a pitiable plight as a monarch or politician out of business. It is very difficult for either to get a living. A man who has once enjoyed the blessed feeling of awaking every morning with the thought that he has a certain salary despises the idea of having to drum up a business by his own talents. It does not disturb the waking hour at all to think that a deputation is waiting in the next room about a post-office in Indiana or about the codfish in Newfoundland waters—the man can take a second nap on any such affair; but if he knows that the living of himself and family that day depends upon his activity and intelligence, uneasy lies his head. There is something so restful and easy about public business! It is so simple! Take the average Congressman. The Secretary of the Treasury sends in an elaborate report—a budget, in fact—involving a complete and harmonious scheme of revenue and expenditure. Must the Congressman read it? No; it is not necessary to do that; he only cares for practical measures. Or a financial bill is brought in. Does he study that bill? He hears it read, at least by title. Does he take pains to inform himself by reading and conversation with experts upon its probable effect? Or an international copyright law is proposed, a measure that will relieve the people of the United States from the world-wide reputation of sneaking meanness toward foreign authors. Does he examine the subject, and try to understand it? That is not necessary. Or it is a question of tariff. He is to vote "yes" or "no" on these proposals. It is not necessary for him to master these subjects, but it is necessary for him to know how to vote. And how does he find out that? In the first place, by inquiring what effect the measure will have upon the chance of election of the man he thinks will be nominated for President, and in the second place, what effect his vote will have on his own re-election. Thus the principles of legislation become very much simplified, and thus it happens that it is comparatively so much easier to govern than it is to run a grocery store.

TALL SWEARING.

THE other day, writes a correspondent, I was told the following story by one of the members of the Montreal (Canada) bar, who was actually engaged as counsel in the trial:

"The prosecution was for nuisance, and was brought nominally by her Majesty against the owners of one of the largest iron-works in that city. The residents in the neighborhood had subscribed funds and retained counsel, a true bill was found, and the case proceeded before the Court of Queen's Bench (crown side). The usual testimony was adduced. Householders told dreadful tales of the damage done to property by the immense quantity of smoke emitted from the low chimneys of the defendants' furnaces; housewives testified that their washing was constantly spoiled when hung out to dry in their yards or on their roofs; and medical men swore to the deleterious effects of the smoke on the public health. Toward the conclusion of the case we put a gentleman from the Emerald Isle on the stand. He owned a small property close to the rolling-mills, and thus proceeded: 'Yer anner and gintlemin av the jury, oi will tell me shtory in me own way. Oi live nixt door to a party be the name av Grogan—Jerry Grogan, yer anner—a dacint married man wid a woife and four shlips av bhoys. Wan day whin the chimneys av the rollin'-mills was puffin' out shmoke like the divil, oi hears a terrible row goin' an in Jerry Grogan's house, shoutin' and shcreamin' and yellin'. I goes up to the door, and sez oi, "Let me in." "Come in, for God's sake," sez Mrs. Grogan; "Jerry is killin' me," sez she. And in oi goes, and sees Jerry wallupin' the woife.

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SHE COULD RELY ON HIM.

NETTIE tells her engagement with great pride to her brother, and concludes: "Now don't tell any one."
BROTHER (*who does not think so well of it*): "Oh! you needn't be afraid. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are!"

"Jerry," sez oi, "what are ye batin' the woife for?" sez oi. Sez Jerry to me, sez he, "She's got niggers in the house," sez he. "Niggers!" sez oi. "Yes," sez he. "Where is the niggers?" sez oi. "In the room beyant," sez Jerry. And so oi goes into the room beyant, and sings out to Jerry, "Jerry, ye're a fool," sez oi. "What for?" sez he. "Beca'se," sez oi, "thim's no niggers," sez oi. "Well, what the divil are they?" sez he. "Jerry," sez oi, "ye're mad," sez oi. *And, yer anner and gintlemin av the jury, thim niggers was Jerry's own children, begrimed by the shmoke from the defindants' facthory chimneys.*'

"'Witness,' sternly said the judge, 'do you swear that this extraordinary story is true?'

"'Oi do, yer anner.'

"'That will do.'"

SOME UNCONSIDERED TRAITS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CAN you imagine George Washington calling his wife "Patsy," or beginning a letter "Dear Dickey?" Can you conceive of Alexander the Great stubbing his toe, or of Julius Cæsar howling with anger because his collar button had rolled under the bed?

It will astonish many readers to learn that George Washington at one time in his life wrote poetry—or rather tried to write poetry. It was in his early youth, however, and he must not be blamed for it, especially as the baneful habit never took deep root.

The poetry was of a poorer grade than one would expect from a boy who subsequently became the great and only original Father of his Country. This poem of Washington's—his first and last, in all probability—reads thus:

G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well;
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days may he spend.

This appalling stanza was part of a letter written when "G. W." was about nine years old. "R. H. L." was Richard Henry Lee, a boy one month older than George, who became a patriot and statesman in his mature years. He had made his friend a present of a picture-book, and in acknowledging it George said:

DEAR DICKEY: I thank you very much for the picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it, and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without

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missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

The poetry follows, and then comes the signature:

Your good friend,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

There is a postscript to the letter, which shows that the youthful George believed in abbreviating when he could:

I am going to get a whiptop soon, & you may see it & whip it.

The supposition that Washington scolded—or felt inclined to scold—when his clothes were minus their proper complement of buttons is borne out by the statement of Stuart, the celebrated artist who painted his portrait, that the President had "a tremendous temper."

One day General Henry Lee took breakfast with Washington, and casually remarked, "I saw your portrait the other day—a capital likeness; but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper."

This statement caused a slight exhibition of temper on the part of Mrs. Washington, who colored up as she replied, with some asperity, "Upon my word, Mr. Stuart takes a good deal upon himself to make such a remark."

"But stay, my dear lady," General Lee hastened to explain; "he added that the President had it under wonderful control."

This mollified Mrs. Washington, and even her husband smiled faintly as he remarked, "He is right."

It was in the only extant letter of Washington to his wife that he called her his "dear Patsy." This letter was written June 18, 1775, and is devoted to a subject which he says fills him with "inexpressible concern," because of the uneasiness it will give her. He says:

"It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it. You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from the consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I would enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years."

Washington's consciousness that this trust was too great for his capacity shows a commendable modesty, but it also shows that he underestimated his ability. The letter further illustrates his methodical habits, for it goes on to say that he has had a will drawn up, and hopes the provision he has made for his dear Patsy, in case of his death, will "be agreeable."

Another illustration of his business-like methods is seen in a ledger purchased ten years ago by the United States government, with other relics, from the Lewis family, of Clarke County, Virginia. This ledger contains all Washington's private business transactions for more than twenty-one years. Every item of receipt and expenditure is entered with scrupulous exactness, even to his gains and losses at cards—for Washington sometimes took a hand in the game, as did all the gentlemen of his time.

One of the last letters Washington wrote is now in possession of Judge Harrison, of Clarksburg, West Virginia. It has descended as a sort of heirloom, the Jolly and Harrison families being connected by marriage. Written as it was less than five months before the General's death, it is highly prized. The following is a copy:

MOUNT VERNON, *July 30th*, 1799.

SIR: I am quite ashamed of the error I committed in passing my rect. to you for fifteen instead of fifteen hundred dollars, which you had the kindness to be the bearer of from the Bank of Pennsylvania for my use.

The notes of Columbia (the greater part) being for small sums, it required some time to get at the amount of them:—this circumstance, writing to Mr. Fox:—and fear that I was detaining you, as you were under engagement to dine in Alexandria, occasioned hurry & the consequent mistake.—

—I hope I was more correct in my acknowledgement to the President of the Bank of Pennsylvania.—It was my intention to be so in both cases.

I am Sir—y^r^ most obed^t^ H^ble^ Ser
G. WASHINGTON.

CHAS. JOLLY, Esqr.

It will be seen from this letter that Washington's predilection for abbreviations continued to the end of his life. Another thing apparent is that even a hero can make a mistake when he does not take time to do things properly.

The letter is written on paper resembling Irish linen, a little smaller than foolscap, and folded so as to leave the centre of the last page, about three and a half by five inches, for the address, for this was before the day of envelops. It was sealed with a red wafer, and in addition to the address bore the postmark "Alex. Va. Jul. 31," the word "free," and the signature of Washington in the lower left-hand corner. From this it appears that although Washington refused pay for his services as commander of the American forces, asking only his expenses, he availed himself later of the franking privilege conferred upon him by Congress.

On the side of the letter is a sentence, presumably written by Mr. Jolly, which is interesting, aside from the fact it records, as showing the length of time it required ninety years ago for news to travel from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. This note says: "The melancholy news of General Washington's death arrived in Philadelphia Wednesday, the 18th of December, 1799. He departed this life Saturday, the 14th of December, at eleven o'clock, after an illness of two days."

WILLIAM H. SIVITER.

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CAPPING THE CLIMAX.

"You will have to wear caps, of course!"

"Caps! I wear no one's livery! If you're so afraid we'll be took for each other, I advise you to engage with some plainer person."

A FABLE.

"COME in and get warm," said a kind-hearted gentleman to a snow man that stood out by his door one day when you could have whittled the mercury with a jack-knife. The snow man, reassured by the earnest manner of his new-found friend, accepted his invitation with gladness, and soon found himself enjoying the grateful heat of a roaring fire. But of course he immediately began to melt, and erelong all that remained of him was a damp spot on the carpet.

Moral.—Some men can't stand prosperity.

WHERE Nebraska elbows Kansas and Colorado a smart town has sprung up, whose inhabitants have the usual frontier fondness for getting at the root of things, and dispensing with the absurd formalities of law. A prominent resident of that town was Joshua Mendenhall. Among his other talents he counted that of well-digging. Having sunk a shaft for one William Pugh and duly presented his bill, William informed him that he could not pay cash, but would settle by note of hand, with security on a "broncho." Joshua agreed to this proposition, and that he might be certain that no legal tricks or verbiage should obscure the main facts of the transaction, he drew up a note upon the "tavern" letter-head, which, when signed by Pugh, read as follows:

"BENKELMAN, ——, 188–.

"Value recd Mr. Bill Pugh promist to pay 28 dols: if he don't pay it the horse is mine.

"Mr. BILL PUGH."

A FEW years ago the Episcopal diocese of Kentucky appeared to be torn up with dissensions about High and Low Church views. The bishop unfortunately allowed his sympathies to be drawn out to one of these parties as against the other, and thereafter, becoming disheartened and discouraged, resigned the bishopric.

The present bishop, when called to the dio-

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cese, was determined to ignore these dissensions, and if possible to harmonize his people, and bring them into the broad, liberal views of the Church.

For some time neither of these parties was able to discover whether his sympathies were with one or the other party, until, an occasion presenting itself in a social circle, a lady (with the curiosity of the sex) said: "Bishop, what are your views? We cannot find out. Are you High-Church or Low-Church?"

Instantly the bishop replied, "Madam, I am High, Low, Jack, and the Game."

It is needless to add there are no dissensions now. The Game has been won; Jack is forgotten. High and Low, rich and poor, are in harmony under his ministry.

GOOD old Dr. C——, on leaving a patient one evening, gave his opinion of her case in the following words, spoken in the slow, stately manner for which he was noted: "Madam, in the morning you will be *better*, or you will be *worse*, or you *will remain as you are*."

YOUR account of the railroad accident in the November Drawer reminds me of one that occurred in Ohio several years ago. One train had side-tracked to await the train from the opposite direction; as is usual, several passengers had come out of the cars and were walking up and down the track. Among them was a man who, being hard of hearing, did not notice the approaching train, and was instantly killed. An Irish track hand who was working near by came and looked at the corpse, and said, "Faith an' it 'll tache him a lesson not to walk on the thrack agin."

JAY BEE.

AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER.

THEY were house-keeping in a summer cottage near New York, a young married couple and their several college friends. One afternoon on the piazza, before a game of tennis, the Wesleyan man discovered a joke in a city paper which he thought the young house-keeper would relish. He handed her the paper, with the remark, "That's pretty good." The Queen read the following:

"SCENE—BUTCHER SHOP.

"YOUNG MARRIED LADY. 'What have you to-day?'

"BUTCHER. 'Not much to-day, mum—a hind quarter of veal and liver.'

"YOUNG MARRIED LADY (*after a moment's deliberation*). 'Well, I will take a hind quarter of liver.'"

Having read, although evidently a little puzzled, she immediately said, with that ever ready and ever-to-be-remembered smile, "Why, any one would know better than that."

And when the Wesleyan man asked, "How is that?" she responded, "A hind quarter of liver would be too much."

THE POLITE BURGLAR.

"YOUR watch, sir, please, and your silver spoons"—
The pistol was at his head—
"And remove the gold from your pantaloons."
The burglar politely said.

"I have no gold," said the wakened man,
"And no watch or cash have I."
"Well, then," smiled the other, "as fast as you can
You had better prepare to die!

"I am in no hurry," the burglar said:
"If you'd like to fix your hair,
Or shave yourself, ere you're filled with lead
I'll wait in this easy-chair.

"You had better stick in the mirror rim
A nice little good-by note,
And mention your favorite funeral hymn,
And the cut of your burial coat.

"And then the directions, if so you please,
For your obsequies might be writ,
Together with such like pleasantries
As 'flowers kindly omit.'"

"Mr. Burglar, in spite of your call to-night,
Both refined and polite you are;
And while my final letter I write,
Won't you please to try a cigar?"

"Oh, thank you, you're very kind indeed;
But your writing don't let me stop."
And he daintily lighted the proffered weed,
While maintaining the deadly "drop."

"We're a slave if money we make a god,
Yet without it we cannot live;"
And the burglar, indulging in a nod,
Smiled in the affirmative.

With a pleasant movement the writer wrote,
When the burglar murmured, bland,
"Don't you think 'twould be better if your note
Were begirt with a mourning band?"

"Your fancy I quite appreciate,
For I love perfection's pink;
But hollow's the mourning band of fate,
When you're writing with lilac ink!"

Then over the paper his good pen sped—
He was frightened never a bit;
And when he had finished he turned and read
The burglar what he had writ.

And the burglar made a wild grimace,
Burst into a tearful roar,
Curled up like a barber, and fell on his face
All helpless upon the floor.

"I trust, Mr. Burglar, you won't fall dead
In this terrible laughing fit."
Then he poured cold water upon his head,
And fanned him a little bit.

He stretched him out on a canvas cot,
Where he laughed until he was sore;
"Oh, I never heard such a precious lot
Of beautiful jokes before!"

He rolled about on his hands and knees
Till he almost broke in half.
"With any man you can do as you please,
If you only can make him laugh!"

The burglar smiled to his silk hat brim,
And apologized then and there;
And a new umbrella was lent to him,
For a mist was in the air.

"Good-by!" said the burglar; "you shall know
Your umbrella to-morrow at four."
"Good-by! good-by!" said the other one; "go
Your way, and burgle no more!"

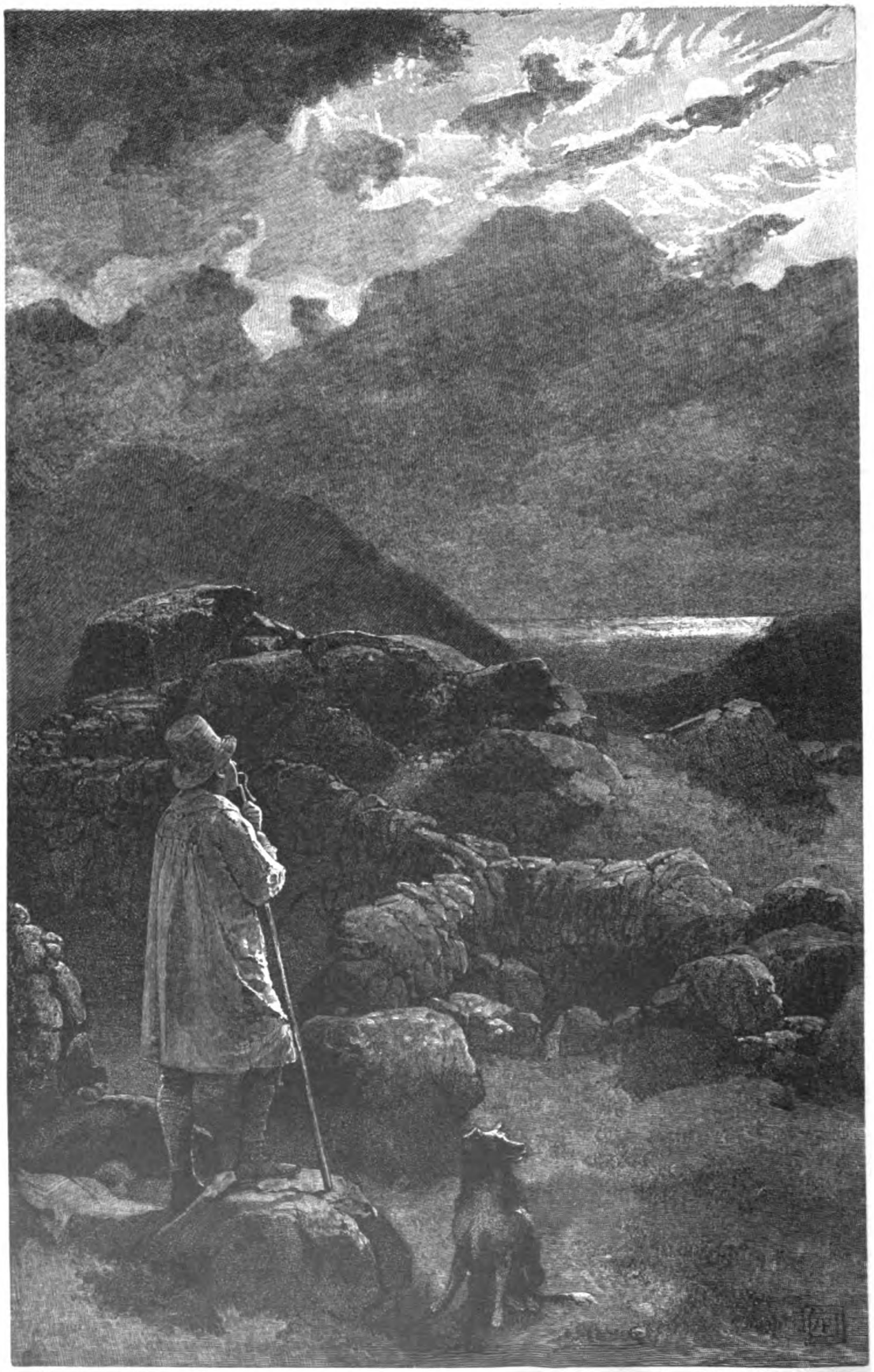
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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Drawn by Alfred Parsons. Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID."
See Wordsworth's Sonnet.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. APRIL, 1888. No. CCCCLV.

A WINTER IN ALGIERS.

First Paper.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.



ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE.

ONCE I knew a little chap who always began reading the story of Aladdin thus: "Na town in Tartary there lived a tailor whose name was Mustapha," omitting the big ornamental "I" which made an intelligible beginning. Just out of Algiers are suburbs called "Mustapha Supérieur" and "Mustapha Inférieur," and I seldom hear the name of Mustapha without being reminded of the poor tailor, and this reminiscence has always served me as a kind of connecting link between the old Arabian story of the "Wonderful Lamp" and anecdotes and legends of the people in the midst of whom I have spent a good deal of time.

At Mustapha Supérieur, then, let us pitch our tent for the winter season, in the midst of semi-tropical vegetation. The fuchsia, geranium, cactus, and many other plants which struggle for a stunted and diminutive existence in Northern climes attain here remarkable size, especially the geranium, with twisted and snake-like stems and branches growing to the height of six feet or more, and enlivening the surroundings with its vermilion flowers. On the pale green cactus grow bright yellow and red flowers, and the beautiful but treacherous prickly-pear, so well armed with its nettled down. Twisted fig-trees with pale gray trunk and branches, aged cypresses, great swaying olives, pines moaning when fretted by the lightest wind of heaven (but they are here so surrounded by sunlight and flowers that their mournful influence must be subordinate), almond-trees, large-leaved vines, malachite aloes growing out of red earth, and forming impenetrable hedges on each side of steep and stony paths—these are the most characteristic growths of this soil. The roads they border are sometimes old Roman ways, paved, and overshadowed by the luxuriant growth, and so dark toward evening that one comes from El-Biar stumbling down a long and lonely lane that seems to have no end.

At the back of our hotel, and starting at the Governor's summer palace, perhaps two miles from the town, runs the most charming of roads, "le Chemin des Aqueducs," quite level, but twisting and turning round every old landslide, and retreating again to the depths of every ravine, bringing the traveller within a stone's-

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AT THE FOUNTAIN OF BIRKADEM.

throw of his footsteps of ten minutes previous. At last, after fascinating glimpses and pictures ready-made, and framed in by olives and cacti, of the bay, the town, and harbor, he comes to the old citadel, the *Kasbah*, high above the town.

Returning to our starting-point, we find ourselves in the midst of white villas, roses, and vegetation, and on the high-road and thoroughfare leading out of Algiers, the daily drive of the winter residents, the road for omnibuses, diligences, and for miserable Arabs coming and going, urging some their laden donkeys and others their camels carrying immense loads of brushwood, straw in nets, or merchandise in well-stuffed "tellis" (enormous double bags), brushing against the garden walls and passers-by. This is the high-road to Blidah, passing through Birkadem and other villages. An important feature in the aspect of Algiers is the citadel overlooking the town. At the corner of the high fortified walls, which were built down to the sea, stands the old palace of the Deys, now used as a garrison for Zouaves. Within its wall are several interesting buildings—in fact, a small city in itself—a palace garden, a mosque constructed in an unusual way, with four marble columns united to support each arch, and immense vaults under one roof, resembling a round loaf of bread flattened on the top, and standing separate from the surrounding buildings. This was the treasury in the palmy days of piracy, when millions upon millions in money and jewels seem to have puffed out its sides, although of masonry. It now serves as a powder-magazine.

"Alger la Blanche," seen from the roof of the palace, tumbles down and down, terrace after terrace of dazzling white under the noonday sun, and almost without shadows. Evening creeps on, and the sun, setting behind the hills of the Sahel, gilds at last only here and there a house-top, and a minaret faced with glistening tiles; the long blue shadows soon merge into one, the sun still lingers on the sails of fishing-boats out in the bay, and lastly, on Cape Matifou and Djurdjura.

Many of the foreign residents on the heights are English who spend successive

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winters in the beautiful villas, in which are combined the charms of Arab construction with the modification of English detail. Here they exchange English hospitalities under Algerine conditions, and a dinner party with European friends in the Moorish court or patio is certainly a novel and charming entertainment.



BALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

An awning is stretched overhead, and in the centre of the court, paved with marble or colored tiles, stands a fountain, the water playing over roses and jasmines, and trickling down honeysuckle, lilies, and green palms, and splashing on the fish in the basin below; and all this in the winter months. The table, laden too with flowers, is placed within the columns and in a circle around the fountain.

The Governor and Admiral give two or three official balls during the winter season, one at the Admiralty, situated on the ancient harbor, others at the Governor's palaces at Mustapha Supérieur and in the town. The reception of which an illustration is given took place in March at the winter palace in town; the guests were composed of the French residents, civil and military, English, a few other foreigners, a dozen Arab chiefs, and the Mufti: the latter dignitaries, with the native military officers, scattered among the Europeans in the Moorish interior, gave the local color to the reception. The chiefs, notwithstanding the heat of the ballrooms, wore their ample cloth pantaloons, red leather boots in black leather outer shoes, several burnooses one over the other, scarlet, black, fawn-color, pale blue. They promenaded and a few of them danced with ladies, to whom they offered a striking contrast.

The English afternoon tea and tennis receptions are delightful, in gardens crowded with trees and bushes bearing fruit of all sorts. Besides oranges, bananas, grapes, lime, lemon, are fruits less familiar to us: the Japanese medlar, of a bright yellow, acid and very refreshing,

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WALLS OF THE KASBAH.

with four big brown seeds, resembling the kaki of Japan; another (the name of which I do not recall) is very much like the mango of India, in consistence more like a thick mass of very hard cream than anything else I can think of, and with very delicate flavor, the exterior symmetrically ornamented with fish-scale design like the pineapple.

The papyrus grows in these patios in the basins of the fountains. The long straight stem is three-sided like a bayonet, and can be split into fine fibres and woven.

There are a few comparatively wealthy Arab families who live in this quarter, and the women are pleased to receive European ladies, and occasionally make appointments to return their calls, but with the understanding that the gentlemen of the house must keep themselves well out of the way, so that they may unveil themselves and take tea comfortably with the hostess.

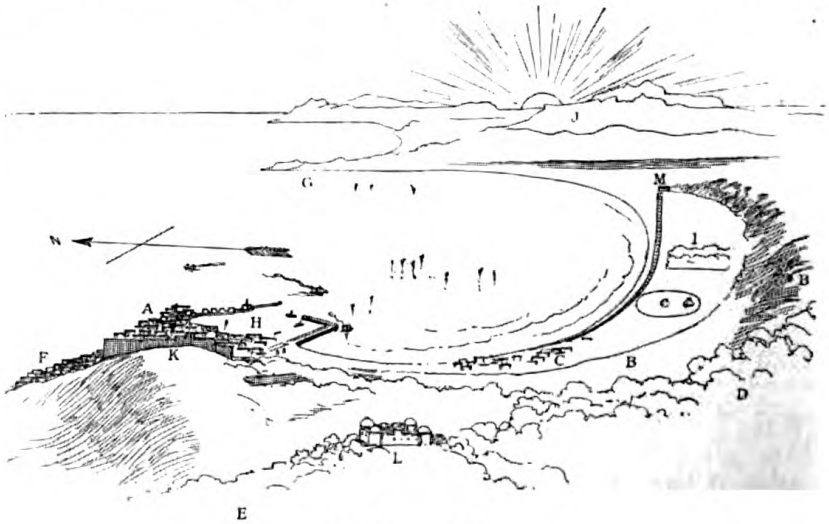
Mustapha Supérieur is well named, as it is indeed superior in every sense of the word to the lower part of the hill, which flattens out toward the bay. The houses are almost entirely of modern construction, and form quite a separate village; close by is a very large open space, the drilling-ground and race-course, where every morning, from my bed even, I could see the manœuvrings of the French cavalry. The horses at that distance looked like mosquitoes, as no form could be distinctly seen except the hundred tails through which the rising sun shot his rays.

Djurdjura, covered with snow, and rising above and beyond the long dark blue mountains of the Atlas range, hung in space with an unbroken band of mist dividing land and water.

Now came the early morning train on its way to Blidah, leaving a trail of white smoke low and motionless along its track, which first rounds the bay, then makes a straight dash to Maison-Carrée. The sky grew warmer and of a greenish tinge, then red and more golden over the sweep of the bay hemmed in by an outstretched promontory, Cape Matifou, away to the left, and to the right by the beautiful hills of Mustapha, black with olive-trees and dotted with white Arab villas.

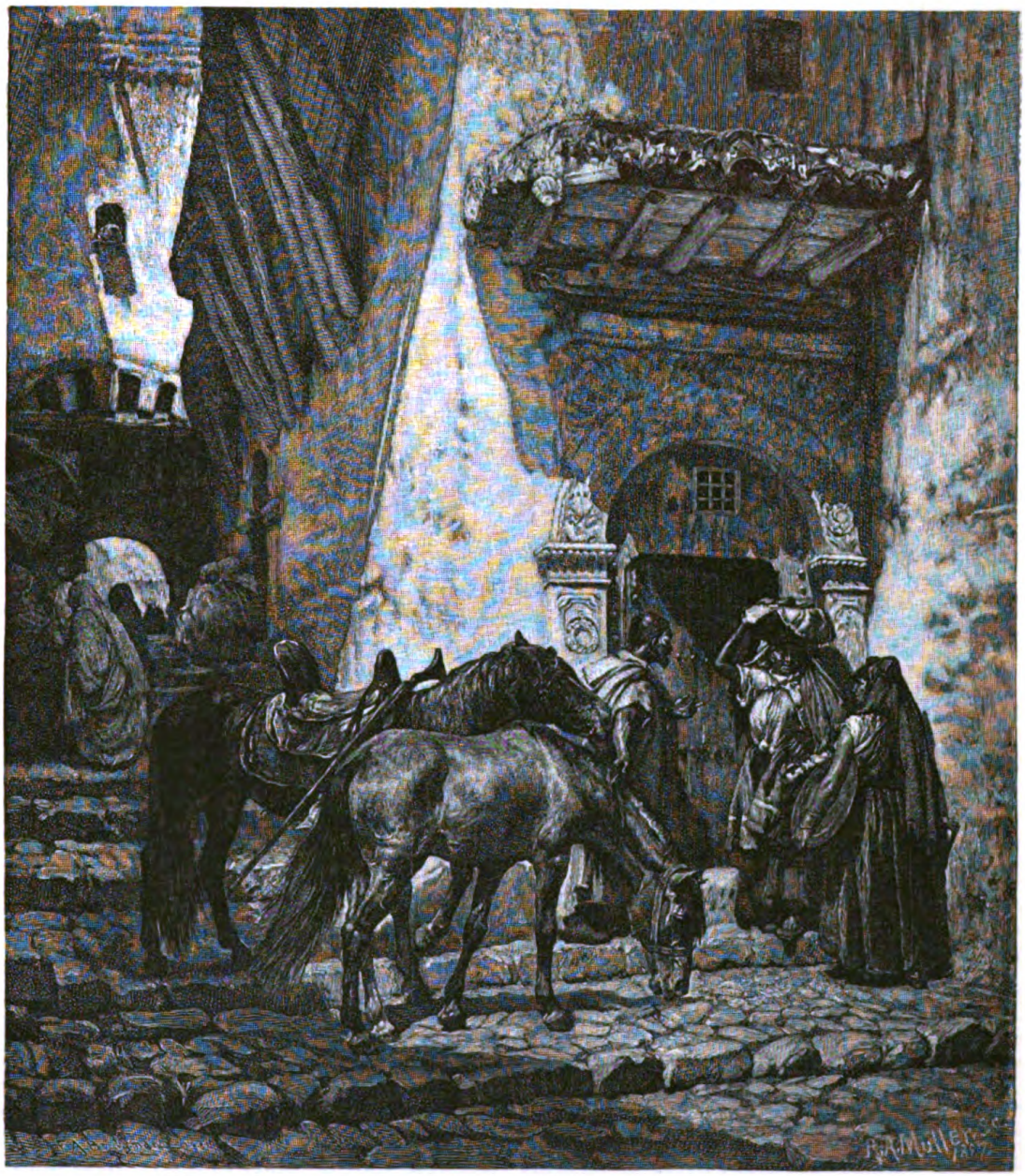
Back of our elevated position Mustapha continues to rise to El-Biar (the Well), culminating at Bouzareah, which is about 1250 feet above the sea.

From this point one enjoys a glorious view of the Mediterranean and surrounding country. A sketch is given to show the relative positions of the environs. A



BAY OF ALGIERS.

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NEAR THE KASBAH.

stands for Algiers, which slopes down away from us over the nose of the promontory to the harbor, H. Mustapha Supérieur is shown by two B's, and Mustapha Inférieur by C, also the Champ de Manœuvres and race-course; D, El-Biar; E, Bouzareah; F, an unattractive suburb, St. Eugène, cold and damp in winter, for it faces north, hot and dusty and without shade in summer; G, Cape Matifou; I, Jardin d'Essai; J, Djurdjura; K, the Kasbah, or citadel, which overlooks the town (an immense wall built of brick and stone, running down to the sea on either side of the ridge, protected the Algerines from inland incursions); L, Fort l'Empéreur, named after the Emperor Charles V., whose camp was pitched there.

The great walls of the fort and Kasbah are half hidden in some places by tall eucalyptus-trees, which feed and thrive on miasma that is death to man.

Belkassem marked me as a "saouarr" on my first return to the town from Mustapha with the necessary paraphernalia for sketching, familiar nowadays to the

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FATMA.

natives of many an out-of-the-way place. He offered his services as model or guide, and as I was seeking what I might devour in the way of a bit of useful background, and was particularly anxious to see interior life, and gain access to houses and their terraces, I took advantage of the offer of the Arab in his character of guide, and followed him up narrow streets and through whitewashed tunnels, to ramshackle doors, hung in the most primitive manner, with big round-headed and ornamented nails in various designs, and furnished with elaborate brass knockers. This last-named invention of pretended usefulness must have been intended for foreign callers. The Arab's way of knocking at the door is in accordance with the primitive hinges: he pounds away with the fist until some one of the inmates answers. A man or boy may come to the door; but a woman either emits a decidedly audible scream from the inner court, or she pokes her head through a window just big enough, or peeps over a terrace wall (concealing her features, of course) to question the caller as to his name and object. The outer door is very frequently left wide open, but the houses, with few exceptions, are constructed with sufficient ingenuity to prevent passers-by from seeing anything but a blank wall and a little vestibule turning at a right angle. Occasionally, however, one's curiosity is rewarded by a glimpse of the inner court, neatly paved with little six-sided red tiles, with here and there a valuable square of ancient marble faience let into the door-sill or the "dado"; slender oleander boughs or the tortuous branches of a fig-tree throw shadows in delicate patterns across the pavement, and a thread of sunlight finds its way into an inner chamber. In no case is an outsider expected to enter without knocking. Should an Arab walk into a respectable neighbor's house he would run the greatest risk of being stabbed, but he would no more think of doing so than we would recognize the propriety of a gentleman walking deliberately into a lady's bedroom.

"Baïa! Baïa!"

"Eh! who's there?"

"Belkassem, with a sidi saouarr [gentleman artist]. Will you open the door to us?"

Baïa had ingenuity enough, as I afterward learned, to conceal by the mattress of her divan a hole in the floor through which she could see visitors who knocked at the street door. The house was of the smallest possible dimensions, and had been whitewashed and bluewashed so often that the original forms of the columns and masonry had become round, and all the details filled up. Beautiful tiles are often thus found completely concealed, as well as marble columns with well-finished capitals and of good design. The bucket of lime and enormous brush on the end of a long pole go blindly to work once a year at least, about the 1st of May, and smear every surface alike, brick, plaster, tile, or wood. Ample proof of this much-to-be-regretted custom is found in most of the charming Arab villas which have been bought and restored by foreign residents. There may be no two houses alike, but there is so much resemblance in the general character of the buildings huddled together in the old town that a description of Baïa's will suffice to show the accommodations for families of the middle and poorer classes. And by these classes is really meant all Algiers within

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the fortified walls; for the best ancient houses of the wealthy Algerines, beginning with the Dey's, have been converted into public museums, libraries, palaces for the Governor and Archbishop, dwellings for officers, and barracks for the soldiers. In fact, all the residences worth having were confiscated, both in the town and suburbs, by the French on their taking possession of the country, and given to officials of the government, most of whom sold them, not being able to keep of every conceivable shape, to suit the convenience of the owner and to make the best of every inch of the lot, are built around the court, the doors and windows, with iron gratings, opening into it; the outer wall forming a kind of fortress, with few and very small windows. The Arabs as well as the English can say that "a man's house is his castle." In the large country houses the same rule is observed on a larger scale, and with more columns, with a very extensive outer court en-



ON THE TERRACES.

up such expensive establishments and grounds. A few fine villas have again fallen into the hands of wealthy natives in the environs here and there. The "regulation" Arab house is always commenced in the same way: whatever the shape of the lot of ground is, there must be a square court, sometimes with a fountain in the centre, and a colonnade surrounding the court; in the smallest, a column, with ornamented balustrade between, at each corner supports on horse-shoe arches the upper story, with a repetition of the same number of columns and arches supporting the roof; then rooms, closed by a long colonnade and wall. Baïa's house was of the most modest order, a mere nutshell: a court seven feet by four was converted once a week into an extensive laundry, where Fatma, a jovial and good-natured negress, was in her element. Under the stairway, just wide enough for one, was a well, next to which was a tiny room, which received light only from the court. The lame and lonely woman who occupied it did all her cooking at the door, and when she was fortunate enough to afford to fry anything like a mutton-chop, I was obliged to leave my easel for the time being.

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LITTLE ZOHR.

Baïa's nutshell became my working head-quarters for the winter. I was always so well received after my first visit that I made a pecuniary arrangement which allowed me to reserve a corner for my canvases, box, etc.

While working on the terrace one afternoon (my favorite place, being unmolested in the shadow of the high house of a neighbor, completely surrounded and enveloped in whites—yellow, gray, blue, green, and pink whites, delicious whites in shadow, of those refined tones so difficult to do justice to on canvas, and with which one must wrestle), I was attracted to the parapet of the terrace to see the cause of the crush and noise of a crowd in our little street, which was a *cul-de-sac*. A number of people, some angry, some roaring with laughter, were following an Arab who was carrying his wife home in his arms, very much against her will; she was so energetic in her resistance, and he so determined, that his turban and burnoose, and her veil and long black hair, were flying to the winds. He was calm of countenance, and said nothing, but walked along firmly; she did all the gesticulating, struggling, and protesting, until they came to a door with a large knocker, to which, seeing a chance of escape, she clung, and he could not, with all his efforts, make her let go. The women of the house to which the door was the entrance were friends of hers, and hearing the unusual mode of tapping, rushed quickly to open; they took in the situation at a glance, and it now became the husband's turn to let go his hold. Her friends received the wife, and shut the door and locked it in the husband's face. They all then repaired to their terrace opposite me, and after lengthy explanations they had a good laugh, drank coffee, and threw the dregs into the street in the direction of the husband.

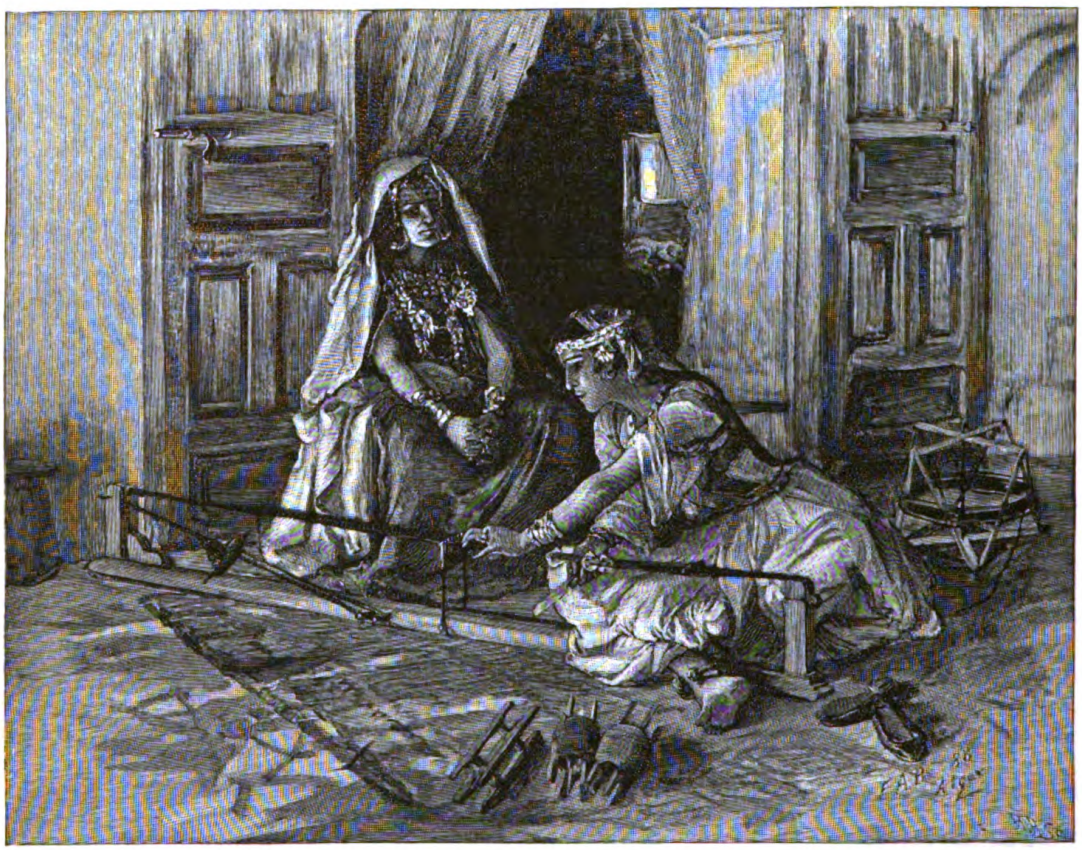
Baïa was a widow of about thirty years of age, and she had a daughter, Zohr, seven years old, who was as agile as a cat and as restless as a hyena in a cage. At one moment Zohr was hanging over the balustrade of the court, now on the terrace of a neighbor throwing water on the boys in the street, then again putting her dolls with "Joli Coco," the parrot, to bed; the sluggish blood of a warm climate had not yet taken possession of her veins. Baïa's mother was a kind soul who passed her time in cooking for a French family, and in embroidering, between meals, either long strips for curtains or square covers for cushions and tables. Baïa had posed for artists a good deal, but as that lucrative occupation had become more rare as her youth was on the wane, she gave her attention to weaving silk and woollen braid at three sous a yard. Women friends were continually "dropping in," and seeing me there at work so often, they considered me as one of the family, and raised the veils from their faces and made themselves at home generally. A certain tall and savage-looking beauty, laden with jewelry—Queen of Sheba, we will call her—was a frequent visitor; but through a tremendous mistake on her part, which raised my ire to a high pitch, she "dropped out" for several weeks. At any rate she did not show herself during my working hours for that length of time, owing to a scolding which I gave vent to in the presence of the whole family, for I was not sure of the guilty one, though I had my suspicions. I had brought back a large and finished study, painted in the interior of a mosque, of a saint's tomb profusely ornamented and hung with flags and banners. I had protected the fresh canvas in the usual way by another one (the length of which was the same as the breadth of the study), with draw-

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RUE PORTE NEUVE.

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BAÏA AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

ing-pins between, so that the two surfaces should not touch, and a strap to hold them together. During my absence at mid-day breakfast the Queen of Sheba had gazed upon the picture of the tomb of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman, and had strapped the canvases together again without the necessary space left between them. Oh, agonizing moment! When shall I recover from the pang of finding my sketch "retouched" in this manner? But the little storm in the nutshell subsided, I repaired the tomb, and the experience was not to be so much regretted, after all, as it insured my peace of mind ever after, for my traps were never touched again.

"Badroulboudour" was a charming and timid girl, known to me by that name as one who might, through my imagination, impersonate Aladdin's Princess.

Baïa was extremely neat, and once a week everything was turned out, on the acknowledged system, for a thorough house-cleaning: buckets of water deluged the tiled floors of the court and under the little colonnade, while a mop was used for the bedrooms, which were also tiled. Wood is seldom employed in the construction of floors, as tiles are cooler in summer, do not warp, are more ornamental, and cheaper. Her old mother abominated shoes, and to see her assist in the general washing up on cold and rainy days, going barefooted about the house on the cheerless tiles, sent a chill to my very marrow. To acknowledge and return my sympathy, she expressed her discomfort at seeing me at work in a big overcoat and thick-soled boots. When I went to see our friend Belkassem at home with his family the rain was pouring into the open court of his dwelling, and his five children were standing about on their bare feet like forlorn wet chickens; the mother, with a babe in her arms, was afflicted, like all her little brood, with sore eyes.

It is a strange fact that many of the natives of hot countries wear almost the same clothing winter and summer, and do not seem to suffer from cold when the thermometer stands at a few degrees, in

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the severest weather, above freezing-point. Arab women are always curious to see how European ladies are dressed, and examine attentively their clothes and jewelry. If the Europeans show the same interest, and inquire into the dressing of the natives, they often find to their surprise, on cold days, on lifting the haïk of a Moorish woman, nothing but a gauze chemise and a thin cotton bodice covering the breasts and a very small part of the back, and from the waist to the feet cotton pantaloons, ample, it is true, but not warm. The haïks are often made of hand-woven wool, very thick and warm, others of silk, while the poorer classes wear a few yards of thin white cotton stuff. The large haïks are about eighteen feet long by five feet wide. With one of these, with their veil to the eyes and falling about fourteen inches, and with pantaloons made up of seventeen yards of white cotton tied at the waist and ankles, the reader will have but little difficulty in understanding how they can conceal their figures and keep themselves warm. But such ample drapery is comparative luxury, and enjoyed by the wealthy only. On the other hand,



BADROULBOUDOUR.

one pities them in hot weather for being obliged to wear the veil and follow the fashion among the ladies of their standing of burdening their frames with such a weight of apparel.

With all this drapery the women's husbands and acquaintances readily recognize them by their bearing and gait; but one can form no idea, or a very inaccurate one, of a woman from what the exterior forms suggest. And what a damper to

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one's conjectures to discover that a lustrous pair of the deepest brown eyes, softened and enhanced by kohl-blackened lashes, belong to a coarse and vulgar face twenty years older than it ought to be! Happily the reverse is sometimes the case. An outward indication of age with the women is the breadth of their pantaloons, which are much diminished as they grow older.

The street costume of the women is always white, varying considerably in tone according to the material; small stripes of blue or pink silk are occasionally seen in the haïk. The ample pantaloons are put on over others of colored prints or silk brocades, which are worn at home, and are much narrower. Large anklets filled with shot (khankhal) jingle as they move about. Their slippers are of pale yellow, white, brown, or black patent-leather, and the height of fashion is to wear everything of the same color; for instance, yellow head kerchief bordered with gold and silk fringe, yellow ribbons to ornament the thin chemise, yellow silk bodice, pantaloons of the same color, and yellow leather slippers. The rest of the costume is white. But these gala dresses were not those which we found most picturesque. The more ordinary kind worn every day, hanging in loose folds, and showing the lithe and lazy forms beneath, were more suited to an artist's brush.

The same can be said of the Jewesses' costumes. Stretching their clothes-lines on the house-tops or lounging about the shops they are handsome and charming (except when uncleanliness predominates too strongly), but when they walk on Saturdays with their shapeless India shawls, thin black head kerchief worn as if glued to the forehead—in fact gum is used to keep it in place—and a white veil tied under the chin and in a knot on the top of the head, they are *not* fine, for all their finery. The colors they wear are sometimes lovely, and the material is good—black velvet gowns, jackets of stamped velvet, or brocade with gold or silver design. But then, again, they will destroy your faith in their good taste by putting on kerchiefs and braid of the crudest and most vivid colors, and consequently out of harmony with everything—intermediate blues and greens that set one's teeth on edge.

The houses of the lower classes of Jews are generally filthy; even the glazed tile floors and walls which are so easily washed disappear entirely under accumulated dirt, and the disorder in their living-rooms is impossible to describe. The compensation for this repulsive element is that strangers are politely received, and artists are allowed to make sketches in any part of their dwellings, which differ but little from Arab constructions. All their doors are left wide open, and several families live in different rooms looking into one common court. In many other towns—Oran, Constantine, Tlemçen—there are streets and quarters entirely occupied by the Jews. In Algiers they seem to be more scattered.

Friday is the Arab's Sunday, but it does not put much stop to his worldly business unless he so chooses. Then Saturday is the Jews' Sabbath, and then comes our Sunday, on which day the French workman continues to work, in order to take at least a half-holiday on Monday. There are four days out of the seven when the visitor to Algiers runs the risk of finding a shop closed or a workman not at his post.

Algiers, as I have said, looks a great irregular stairway of terraces, blind and blank under the sunshine. Years ago, under Turkish government, the terraces were frequented by the Moorish women alone, who visited each other by climbing over the parapets dividing the houses, and during the day no Christian male, except the consuls, was allowed to go even on his own terrace.

There is difficulty now in gaining access to the roofs, and Baïa used to caution me against looking over the walls into other courts, but one might as well leave a boy with a caution under a fine apple-tree. Not that I disobeyed on purpose, but it was impossible to move about without seeing the neighbors, and that without any effort or prying.

Baïa's bedroom looked on to the colonnade, and the high doors were always open, but when a curtain was dropped it meant the same as shutting the doors and bolting them, for the Arabs are very strict about their customs, and a flimsy curtain can be trusted for privacy as well as a strong wooden barrier.

Here a "weeny" divan was made with three mattresses, four feet by two, forming three sides of a square, with cushions at the back. Visitors were received here, and it was astonishing to see the number her "parlor" would accommodate, as well

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NEIGHBORS ON THE TERRACE.

as the quantity of coffee the frugal hostess could squeeze out of her copper coffee-pot, a Brobdingnagian thimble. The bed was modern, and an exception to the old Arab custom; but in the room opposite, which was occupied by her old mother, father, and Zohr, the mattresses were spread on the floor. At Biskra I have seen blankets seven yards in length by two and a half wide, in which a whole family, babies and all, find comfort for the night. I have one of these (only for studio requirements), made by hand, and woven with all sorts of lozenge and square designs in all colors.

Baïa's father was a good-looking and gentlemanly old man, grave and dignified,

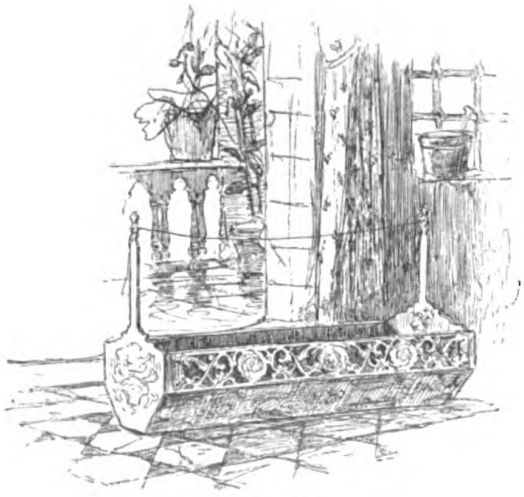
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as Arabs always are; he spent the day in his little shop, for it is not beneath the dignity of this people to gain their livelihood by occupying a little pen four feet square and not high enough to stand erect in. Descendants of the best blood, in fact, are often found among merchants in a small way, who sell a few yards of calico, eggs and butter, orange-flower water, and strings of orange blossoms, with an occasional red geranium attached, for one sou a string. These latter are worn by the women round their head like a turban, for adornment as well as for the pleasant perfume.

Next to a commercial grandee of this description you will find a patriarch versed in the Koran, and possessing the power of writing extracts from the book of the Prophet, and through them and his own venerated mediation of insuring the individual—made happy possessor of the valuable document by paying a few sous—against disease, bad luck, the evil-eye, and innumerable misfortunes.

A charming old acquaintance of mine, near whose sanctified abode I made several studies and took refuge when it rained, seemed to have an extensive practice in writing these charms on eggs, perhaps three times a week, at one sou each.

These charms are more frequently written on paper to be folded and enclosed in amulets, which are generally square or triangular in shape, and made of silk, leather, and tin. As they believe in the efficacy of these scraps of paper, so are they superstitious about paper generally; they object, for instance, to going before French authorities to settle their grievances against each other, preferring verbal discussions of their case in presence of their cadi, for they fear that all sorts of harmful words may be written—besides the name of God—and subsequently used to their condemnation. Children wear them round the neck or tied to their cap; men and women wear them on their person, sometimes above the elbow, and in their garments; horses have them attached to the band passing across their chest, to protect them from the evil-eye. Those worn by the women of the higher and wealthy classes are enclosed in richly engraved cases of gold and silver and suspended to chains slung over the shoulder and passing round the waist: they add greatly to the richness of their costume and form part of their wealth.



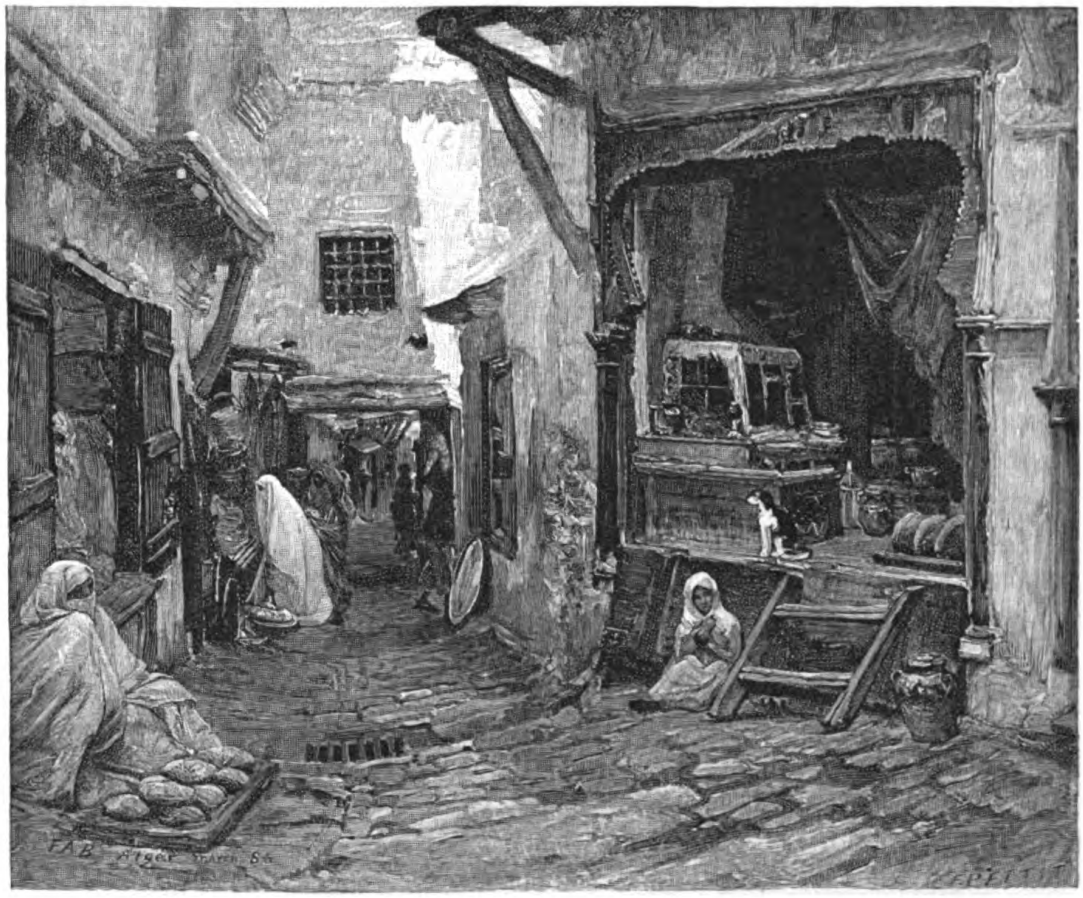
ZOHR'S CRADLE.

"Tell me, Baïa, what you do when you fall ill. I suppose you call in a doctor?"

"Oh no; the men may do so when they are sick, for our Arab doctors are far superior to the French, but we women go to the marabout; he writes a few words from certain chapters in the Koran, such as these: 'God is the best protector. He is the most merciful of those who show mercy;' or, 'A guard against every rebellious devil,' etc. This paper we chew and swallow, and with a little water which he gives us from the sacred well of the Mosque Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman, we need no more, and in a few days we recover."

Rue Porte Neuve is one of the busiest streets, and is enlivened by the sound of hundreds of shoemakers' hammers; but the energetic workmen are mostly French, Maltese, Italian, and Spanish. The shoes they make are almost entirely for the Arab market; broad, and without heels, they scarcely cover the toes, and if the heel and toes touch at each end, the purchaser considers himself satisfied as to fit; corns and in-growing nails are of no consequence; he shuffles his feet out and in on entering and leaving the mosques; ditto in cafés and at home. The café has been so often described and painted that I will confine myself to one of its specialties, that is, the game of draughts. With a great deal of practice and study the Arab plays the game well; he scarcely makes a move without rubbing two fingers on the square where he intends placing his man, and when he breaks through the ranks of his adversary and arrives at the

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THE GREASY FRITTER SHOP.

back row, thereby converting his "man" into a "queen," she is never crowned, but is remembered by both players. Whether her form be that of an old cork, button, or chip, she is sent tottering about on the worn and uneven surface of the board, the squares of which are rudely cut in relief.

Leaving the noise of the shoemakers' hammers below us as we go higher and higher up toward the Kasbah, rising a step in every two yards, we come upon a crowd of burnooses huddled together, closely packed on a long bench in front of a café, others choking up the entrance to little shops; they form a hedge on either side of the street.

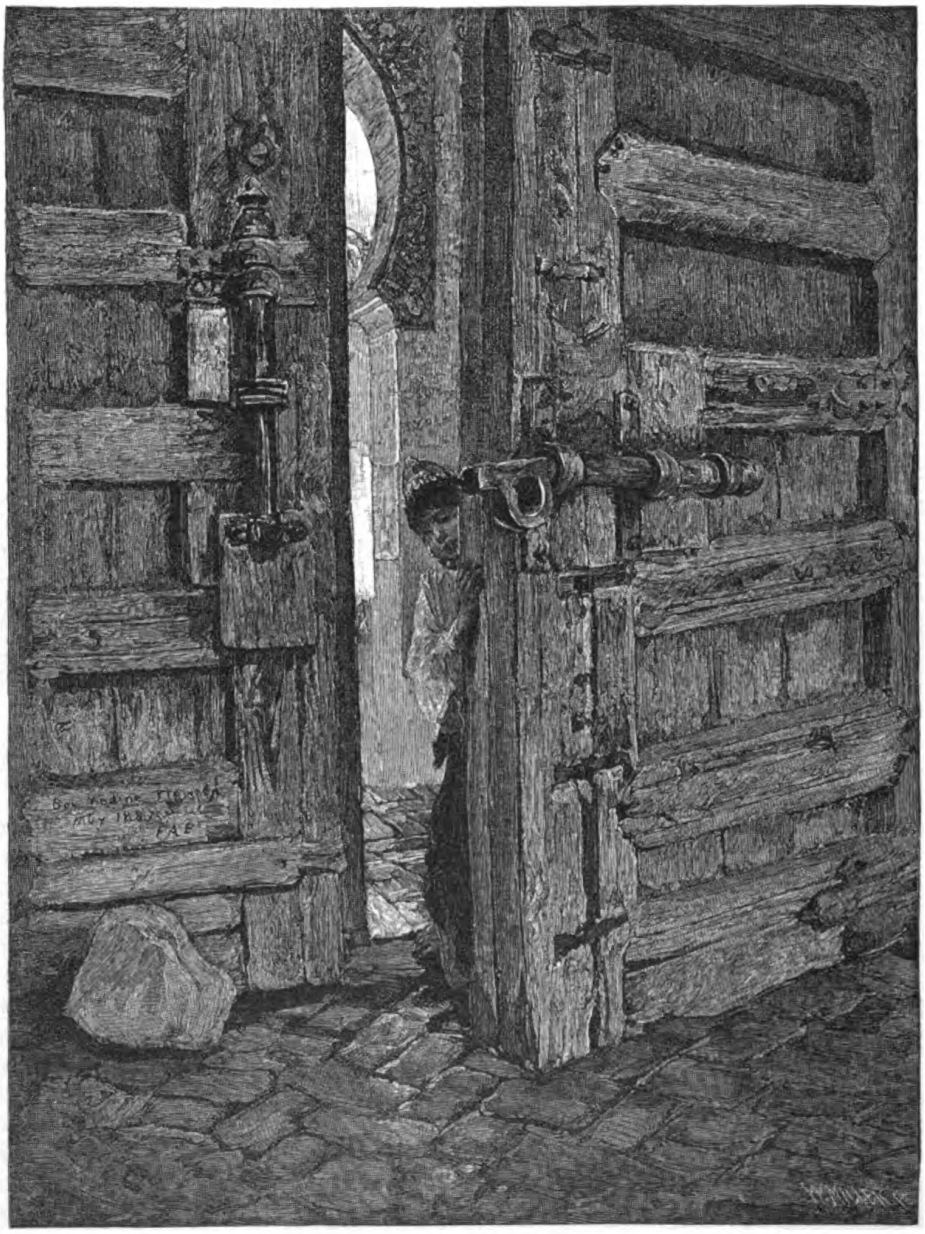
A stalwart auctioneer, half smothered in haïks, gandouras, and other second-hand wearing apparel, rushes boisterously back and forth crying out his last bid, the veins swollen in his neck and temples, and the perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

Four o'clock was always a convenient time for me to stop work, as the sun was low, the light in the narrow streets had fled, and the chilliness of the approaching evening was sometimes keenly felt. The old-clothes market was then an unceasing attraction. This tiny shop was at a convenient angle of the street, within winking range of the energetic crier, and in case of a sudden shower of rain, the divan covered with a gazelle's skin was a refuge, and coffee and cigarettes were a pastime, aside from the interest which the street afforded. An old woman who had stationed herself at the same corner for forty years, and had sold bread all that time, was still there, sheltered from the storm by an enormous umbrella; only two small loaves sometimes remained, and yet she would not go till driven away by rain or darkness. Her dwelling may have been a miserable abode, and the street her real home. She was always veiled and covered to the eyebrows with her heavy woollen haïk. The mere fact of her retaining her position at that very corner for forty

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years may serve as an indication to the reader, and give him some idea as to where to find the most animated part of the town. Four streets meet at this point, and a door six feet wide might be placed under the archway which connects them. In all probability there was a door in olden times, closed at night to shut off one quarter of the town from another, as was the custom in many Oriental cities.

Opposite the old bread woman was a greasy fritter bakery, or "fryery," which was a centre of attraction, not only for small boys and old negresses, but for the lover of the dilapidated picturesque. Before attempting to make a study of the bakery I thought it important to ascertain whether sitting room could be found, for every inch was nicely calculated and occupied along the walls of this busy thoroughfare.



DOORS OF THE MOSQUE.

I had learned one characteristic trait in the prejudices and religious training of the Moor, and that is, he will seldom

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make objection to your sitting at his door for the purpose of "making images" of things around you, or to your painting his shop, and even the semblance of himself sitting in it, for so long as you do this of your own accord and without consulting him, you accept all the responsibility of your own actions, and his conscience is clear, inasmuch as he has not sanctioned what he considers sin against his Koran, which upholds to the letter the commandment "Thou shalt not make any graven image." But if you ask his permission to sit on his threshold in order to work such a black deed as making a study from nature, he will close his eyes and sway his head in such a way that anything like pushing the demand is out of the question. This was the case with a devout and dignified Moor who occupied a stall next to the bread woman. He had already shaken his head at my proposition to lean my back against the shutters of his house of business in order to paint the "frittery," but I confess to the perfidy of squeezing myself and paraphernalia between his shutters, his baskets of egg-plant, bags of potatpes, and boxes of mandarines, and the bench of the old woman, who complaisantly moved as far into the street as prudence would allow. I did this at mid-day while he was at prayers in the mosque. When he returned and found that my human frame hid only half of his shop he seemed very pleased; but when he saw the sketch growing, and the portraits of some of the street folks, he was greatly delighted, for is it not in accordance with the wickedness of human nature to laugh at the expense of fellow-beings? The Mohammedans' reason for not approving portraiture of any kind is that at the resurrection the author of an imitation of one of God's creatures will be confronted with his work, and will be asked to put life into it and make it move; being unable to do this, he will be sent to perdition.

Everybody and everything passed through the arch like a fluffy skein of silk drawn through the eye of a darning-needle; let me be imagined in the eye of the needle, and some idea will be formed of how small I had to make myself. Fishmongers with great baskets of sardines, and huge, slimy, slippery catfish trailing on the ground, left finger-marks and traces of their fins on my side pockets. Young girls with boards on their heads laden with dough ready for the oven rushed along at full speed, but managed to steer clear of everything; donkeys with big panniers filled with garbage from the street were driven by a member of the ash-barrel fraternity, carrying a bell at his waist; other donkeys laden with fresh roses for sale offered a sweet contrast to their ambling brethren with bell accompaniment; blear-eyed Israelites shouldering huge packages of muslin and calico passed with doleful and nasal cry from house to house, and the haggling that went on through a crack in the door and from the court and from the terrace about a half-yard of cotton stuff was often irritating to listen to.

The stream of passers-by was continuous until the lull at mid-day for luncheon and prayers at the mosques.

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID."

SONNET BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered; dazzling the beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

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IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.

AT OYRE HOUSE.

ALAS! the time was now fast approaching when Alison would have to leave this enchanted land (for it was an enchanted land to her, at all events); and Captain Ludovick, who meanwhile had carried home his plans and estimates, and come back to Fort William, was quite distressed that nothing had been settled about the long-projected visit to Oyre. Eventually he went to Flora, and besought her, as a great kindness to himself, to get Aunt Gilchrist definitely to fix a day; and Flora undertook the task with a light heart.

But this was a most luckless morning; for no sooner had the young lady broached the subject than she found herself suddenly and furiously attacked, without rhyme or reason, and overwhelmed with bitter and angry reproaches. Flora, who instantly perceived that the demon Neuritis was wandering around, was for beating an immediate retreat; but she was not allowed to go before she had received some information regarding herself. She was a thoughtless, inconsiderate, ungrateful minx; she had no care or concern for any one but herself; her elders and their sufferings and afflictions were of no account with her; only her own idle amusements and follies were uppermost in her empty head. Nay, more—she was accused of being involved in a base and vile conspiracy.

"Oh ay," said the fierce little dame, "ye may think, because I'm old, I'm blind. I'm not blind, I tell ye; I can see as well as any of ye. And I know these Highland lairds; they've not a penny to bless themselves with; but of course if ye get that lad Macdonell to marry Alison, then it's me that will have to pay the piper. That's your pretty scheme, is it? —and everybody's comfort to be sacrificed to it, ay, even if your very life should be put in danger by the shaking and travelling! I know fine what he's after; and I'll be bound she's willing enough too: havena I seen the blood jump to her face when she heard his foot outside on the gravel? A pretty pact it is amongst ye all!—and ye think I'm blind—"

"You may say what you like about me, Aunt Gilchrist," Flora remarked, with perfect good-nature, "but you need not say such things about Alison, for you don't believe them, to begin with. I am pretty certain that no such idea has ever entered into her head. No, nor into Ludovick's head either; but if it had, what could be more natural? He has birth, and she will have money—"

"She will have money?" Aunt Gilchrist repeated, with a fresh explosion of wrath. "Who said she will have money?"

"Why, you yourself, Aunt Gilchrist!" said Flora.

"How dare you stand there, Flora Munro, and tell such stories!" the old lady exclaimed. "How dare you! Haven't I told every one of ye, over and over again, that she may never have a farthing? Haven't I told Macdonell too? Haven't I warned him, as plain as any woman could speak?"

"Well, if he understands that, where is the harm of his wanting to marry Alison?—that is, if he does, for I'm sure I don't know anything about it."

But this cool indifference only seemed to anger the old lady the more.

"I know what your fine arguments are worth!" she cried. "I know your hypocritical ways. Brazenness isn't always in the face, my young madam; it may be in the conscience, let me tell you that, miss. Go away and send Alison to me!"

Flora was well content to go; and very soon she found Alison.

"Aunt Gilchrist wants you," she said, cheerfully. "And you're going to catch it."

"What for?" said Alison, wondering.

"Oh, I don't know. Periphery is meandering about, I suppose; and it's too early to get her to take some port-wine negus. So off you go, Alison, my loving dear, and get your whipping."

But it was not at all as a repentant and frightened child that Miss Dimity Puritan now entered her aunt's room. For a young woman, she had acquired a quite sufficient sense of her own dignity. In her earlier days she had always been "the bit lady"; and now she was grown up, she was perhaps a little more serious-

* Begun in January number, 1888.

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minded than many of her years. When she opened the door and went in, and closed it behind her, she was perfectly calm and self-possessed. This was not at all the kind of person to fear or to brook a whipping.

"What did you send that girl Flora to me for?" was the abrupt demand. "You hadn't the courage to come yourself, I suppose. But ye're all in the same pact—all in the same pact—and not one o' ye caring for anything but your own selfish ends and enjoyments. Enjoyments? A pretty enjoyment for me to go away harling here and harling there out o'er the country when I can scarcely put my foot to the ground to cross the room! But what do you care about that, you or any one o' them?"

"Indeed, Aunt Gilchrist, I do not want you to go to Oyre if you would rather not," Alison said, quite simply. "And I'm sure I didn't send Flora to you—I believe it was Captain Macdonell who asked her. But I'm certain of this, that not one of us would wish you to go if it would cost you any trouble—"

"'One of us?'" the old dame repeated, bitterly. "Ay, there ye are! There's the cat out o' the bag. A pact among ye to deceive a poor old woman who'll soon enough be away from amongst ye. And then perhaps ye'll be sorry. Selfishness is a fine thing for the young, but it's no so fine to look back on when they that should have been treated different have been taken away."

"Aunt Gilchrist, I don't know what you mean by talking like that!" Alison said, somewhat proudly. "We thought you would be as pleased to go as any one, and no one wished you to go against your will. I don't see where there was any selfishness or deceit; and—and it isn't fair to talk like that, and about so small a thing."

"Oh yes, I'm always in the wrong!" Aunt Gilchrist exclaimed, with a toss of her head. "I'm the tyrant. You are all poor suffering victims, and I'm a selfish monster. Say it!—oh yes, say it! I know ye say it amongst yourselves: I'm just a monster of selfishness. But what brought ye here to Fort William, I want to know? Was it to go gallivanting about the country when other folk can scarcely stir from their chair? What did ye come here for? To go prancing down to the shore and back from the shore—and stravayging about the place?"

Alison had turned a little pale.

"I came here, Aunt Gilchrist," she said, "because you were my mother's sister, and because you asked me to come; and—and because you had been kind to me many a time before." For a brief second her voice was not so firm, but only for a second; and she held her head erect. "And I was going home in a day or two, as you know; but if you do not wish me here, I would rather not stay. I am ready to go at once."

"Go if you like, then!" the other said, snappishly.

Alison hesitated for a moment, but there was no recalling of the ungracious words.

"Good-by, Aunt Gilchrist!" she said.

In spite of herself tears rose to her eyes, and she stood there irresolute, not wishing to make any advance, and yet waiting for some small sign of farewell.

"Oh, go away if you like," said the irascible small dame, without looking up. "I don't want you. Your room's better than your company." And then suddenly a twinge of pain shot across her contracted forehead. "Here, Alison, come and unbutton my boots, will ye? I'd just like to ding that man o' a shoemaker—sending me home a pair o' boots like this when well he knew what state my feet were in!"

Dutifully Alison went forward, and knelt down and undid the buttons; and the next moment Aunt Gilchrist had snatched the boots from her, and hurled them, one after the other, with savage vehemence to the end of the room. Then she said, in quite an altered voice,

"Now, Ailie, my dear, ye'll find my cloth slippers over there under the sofa, and ye'll bring them and tie them on soft, soft."

Alison went and fetched the slippers, and proceeded to get them on with the most careful and assiduous gentleness. As she was thus engaged, she felt a hand placed lightly on her head.

"How like your hair is to your mother's, Ailie! every day I see it more and more."

And then both hands were placed on her shoulders, and Aunt Gilchrist was stooping down as if she would speak to her niece without being seen; and the girl knew that the old woman's cheek was wet with tears.

"Ailie, my lass—Ailie, my dear," she said, with a sob, "I declare to ye I'm not fit to live. To say such things to you—

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that are just as gentle and good and patient and unselfish as ever was seen—and not a word from ye back—and I was near turning ye out of the house. But they would not have let ye go—no, no; the rest of the family have some sense, if there's an old woman among them that has no control of herself. But I'll make it up to ye, Ailie—I'll make it up to ye, Ailie, my love—"

Alison, having finished her task by this time, rose and put her arms round the old dame's neck and kissed her.

"Why, it's nothing at all, Aunt Gilchrist," said she, lightly. "The best friends quarrel sometimes."

"But I've something in my mind," Aunt Gilchrist said, with a kind of doggedness. "I've something to see to. I'll not let ye run any risk in the future, my lass; there'll be something come of this morning's work; I'll not put ye at the mercy o' burning nerves and ignorant doctors and idiots o' shoemakers. I'll take it out o' my own power to do ye a harm—to do a harm to *you*, my lamb!" She was crying a little in a furtive kind of way. "Things have come to a pass when that was possible! But something will come out o' this morning's work, I'm thinking. There, now," she said, drying her eyes, "give me another kiss, Ailie, and go away and tell the lad John that I'll have a letter ready for him in a few minutes, and he is to take it along immediately to Captain Macdonell. Dear me!" she said, as she rose and took one or two preliminary cautious steps, "what a wonderful, wonderful nice thing it is to be able to walk!" She went more confidently, and with much obvious satisfaction, across the room to the small writing-table. "And if ye see Flora," she added, as Alison was going, "bid her come to me; for I've got to make her hold her tongue."

Thus it was that the long-talked-of visit to Oyre, that had been postponed and postponed, was all of a sudden resolved upon, as a first act of reparation to Alison for her aunt's evil treatment of her; and right glad was Captain Ludovick to be informed that the old lady and her valuable charges would start with him whenever he pleased. As usual, the Doctor pleaded professional cares; Mrs. Munro was an easy-going, placid, amiable creature, who liked nothing better than looking after her household; Hugh did not seem to see the fun of driving about the country with a parcel of women, and preferred remaining at home with his books; so at last it was arranged that the four of them should form the party—that being a convenient number, besides, for the small wagonette.

On the appointed morning, as the two girls were getting ready, Flora said, laughingly, to her cousin,

"I declare to you, Alison, I think Ludovick Macdonell is out of his mind."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, with anxiety about this wonderful visit. He is anxious that you should think a great deal of his father; he is anxious that the old gentleman should be highly pleased with you; he is anxious —about everything! And I have got my instructions, I can tell you; oh yes, he has a fine hectoring way with him when his mind is set on anything; his lordship must have everything done to suit. I've got my orders. I have to prepare you for a little disappointment with the modern look of the house; I have to see that the old gentleman doesn't bore you with his tiger-shooting stories; and I have to take great pains to let him understand that although you come from the south country, you are not a low-minded, dangerous, water-drinking Radical. What else? I don't know what else, I'm sure!"

"It's all very well for you, Flora," said Alison, though she was laughing too, "to make a joke of it, but I am getting thoroughly frightened. It is like going to see some fearful Bluebeard in a great castle. I would much rather you and Aunt Gilchrist would go, and leave me at home."

"And what would his lordship the young laird say to me if I proposed that to him? I should have my head in my hands, I warrant you! Oh, he is a terrible swashbuckler when his mind is set on anything."

"I don't see how it can be of any consequence whether I think well of his father, or his father think well of me," said Alison; for she was really beginning to regard this visit with some apprehension.

"Neither do I," said Flora, bluntly. "I don't see how you can be of any consequence to anybody. You shouldn't be, by rights. But it's just you prim ones, that are all so meek and quiet, that become of mighty consequence to everybody. There's Aunt Gilchrist, now; would she ever say she was sorry for scolding *me*? Not a bit; she would be more likely

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to give me another dose, and say it served me right. But she is all remorse when it is you she has scolded; and last night she was worrying my father's life out to tell her what should be done about her money. Could it be settled by a deed of gift, with her getting so much a year; or was it to be handed over to trustees?—and all the rest of it. I know what she was after. Why, you little cat, that money belongs to me!"

"Then you're welcome to it, Flora," said Alison, cheerfully, "for anything I care."

Captain Ludovick was favored with a fine, bright, and breezy morning for this excursion on which he had so long set his heart; and during the long drive he did his best to keep his companions entertained. Aunt Gilchrist, indeed (perhaps because she was wearing cloth shoes), was particularly merry, and Flora conducted herself with her usual happy and careless good-humor; it was Alison alone who seemed to have something on her mind. And why, she might have asked herself, did she feel a sudden sinking of the heart when the carriage arrived at a great iron gate that was slowly opened for them by the aged crone of a lodge-keeper? The grounds through which they now drove were exceedingly pretty; the sunlight shone on the sycamores and larches and firs, and put bars of gold across the winding road; there were gleams of blue between the stems, telling of the sea-loch that Oyre House overlooked.

"Miss Alison," Captain Ludovick was saying, "do you see that crag there beyond the meadows? That's where the old place used to be—there's only a bit of a ruin there now; and when they came to build the present house I suppose they thought they would give us better shelter this time, for they've gone and jammed us down into a hollow, as you'll see directly."

Just as he spoke they came in sight of a large, plain, square building, whitewashed, but also weather-stained, with an abundance of small windows, each with its prim little blind; a moderate-sized lawn in front; the house itself and its stables surrounded by a thicket of ash and sycamore and larch, through which one could catch a glimpse here and there of the sea. But in spite of the whitewash and the small, plain windows, there was an old-fashioned look about the place; and of course to any one brought up in Kirk o' Shields this large weather-stained building, surrounded by its own meadows and woods, was quite an imposing structure. Perhaps, however, it was not so much of Oyre House as of the old laird himself that Alison was thinking.

Well, in a minute or two they had pulled up at the front door, which was open, and standing there Alison beheld a very striking figure—that of an old gentleman not over middle height, but of remarkably powerful build (like his son, indeed, in that respect), and with long white hair and long and massive beard, also snow-white. From under his shaggy eyebrows there gleamed a pair of keen and scrutinizing gray eyes; but the aspect of his face was entirely gentle—grave and gentle at the same time—as he came forward to receive them. He was dressed in the Highland costume, of a plain hunting tartan, and almost without ornament.

Flora he knew well enough, so that his greeting of her was of a familiar and friendly character; but to the two strangers he was especially gracious, and Alison was convinced she had never seen any one with a manner so refined and distinguished and courteous. He spoke slowly and with a marked Highland accent (no trace of which, by-the-way, was audible in Captain Ludovick's way of speaking), and his voice was persuasive and pleasant to hear. Of course his chief attention was devoted to the old lady; but when they had got into the drawing-room he turned to Alison.

"Indeed," said he, in his slow and gently modulated fashion, "I am glad to hear that you hef been pleased with the Highlands, since it is your first feesit; and I am glad there has been good weather, too."

"I did not know there was any place half so beautiful," said she, simply.

"Do you say that, now?" he continued—but he was evidently much gratified. "Well, I hef been nearly all over the world; but if there were places that might be considered more beautiful, I was always glad to come back to the Highlands. The Highlanders hef a great many faults; but they are ferry fond of their own country, at any rate. And now that it is not likely I am going away any more, until I am called away altogether, I am well content to spend the last of my days where my forefathers lived before me. It is a quiet

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place; and when one grows old one falls into quiet and settled ways; and there are round you the people you hef known a great many years, so that you live among friends."

"And do you know, Miss Alison, how my father manages to live among friends?" Captain Ludovick broke in. "Why, by ruining an ancient property, that he ought to be keeping together for his only son—that's me. It's very easy to live among friends if you give money right and left wherever it is wanted; if you pension old servants; and reduce and reduce rents if times are bad; and pay premiums for getting boys into situations in Greenock and Glasgow; and have every old woman in the neighborhood looking to you for a subsistence. Oh yes, you may have plenty of friends that way; and besides that, you may have it become a byword in the Highlands that the Macdonells of Oyre are as poor as a church mouse."

"Well, now, that is a fine thing to say!" the old gentleman retorted (though he was clearly far from being displeased by his son's ingenuous flattery). "But what is one to do if you have for a son an idle, worthless lad, who is always going away, and not looking after his own people? Some one must look after them, surely?" He glanced toward the door. "Well, now, this is too much talking to serve for a Highland welcome, and after so long a journey, too. Ludovick, go and see if linch is not ready yet."

But before Captain Ludovick could cross the room, the booming of a gong in the hall told them that "linch" had already been served, whereupon the old laird, with much ceremony, escorted his principal guest to the dining-room, leaving his son to bring in the young ladies. It was not, in truth, a sumptuous banqueting-hall in which the visitors now found themselves. There was a certain air of picturesqueness derived from the tigers' skins and stags' horns that were the chief ornament; but the furniture was of the clumsy old-fashioned mahogany and horse-hair sort that the modern upholsterer has happily abandoned. But the hospitality that prevailed was of an almost too pressing character; and if the old laird was grieved and disappointed that neither Flora nor Alison would take any of his claret (of which he gave them an ample history), he was delighted with the promptitude with which Aunt Gilchrist declared that, doctors or no doctors, she knew what was due to a Highland house, and would be proud to taste her host's whiskey.

"And I hef seen from my own obserfation," said he, in his slow, gentle fashion, as he filled her glass from the decanter, "that it is the best drink for both the body and the mind. I neffer knew a man yet that was sound in the body and sound in the mind too—a respectable, religious, good-tempered man—that wass afrait of a little wheeskey. Oh, I know that there are some who cry out against it; and who are they? Why, they are the foolish, discontented people, whose body is altogether wrong, and their head too—ill-tempered people—that would hef no government—Radicals, and people of that kind. But I do not wish them any harm; for I take care that they do not come to Oyre; and the world is big enough to hold them and to hold me too."

After luncheon they went into the hall; and the "last of the old Highland gentlemen," as Hugh Munro was rather fond of calling him, proceeded to descant on the spoils and trophies hanging there, as one after another recalled the various adventures and expeditions of his earlier years. This was what young Macdonell had feared; but he was only successful in carrying off Flora and her aunt (coffee was awaiting them outside, at a little table round which chairs were placed); for Alison, to whom the old laird happened to be talking, made bold to remain with him, and was ready to listen as long as he pleased. For she was very grateful to him for all the kindness he had shown her, a mere stranger; and there was something peculiarly winning about his manner, and about the sound of his voice too, which was so different from the raucous and guttural dissonance of Kirk o' Shields. As for him, he seemed to be greatly pleased to have for a companion this pretty, pale-faced, smiling young lady, whose questions showed what an intelligent interest she took in these records of foreign travel and adventure. Nay, he would himself go and fetch for her inspection his famous tiger-slayer—an old-fashioned double-barrelled muzzle-loader of enormous weight; and he was immensely tickled when he found it was all she could do, with both hands, to raise this ponderous weapon from the ground. Moreover, when they all—all except Aunt Gilchrist,

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that is to say—set out to climb the bit of crag adjoining the house, in order to visit the remaining vestiges of the ancient habitation of the Macdonells, Alison was still his companion, Captain Ludovick following with Flora. What Captain Ludovick thought of the arrangement can only be surmised; though there may have been some compensation in the assurance that these two had already become excellent friends.

And there were amends in store for the young laird of Oyre. When they returned to the lawn, Mr. Macdonell would show them round the greenhouses and so forth; and as this was more within the scope of Aunt Gilchrist's pedestrian powers, she set out with them on this leisurely perambulation. Somehow or other Alison got separated from the old gentleman, who was leading the way; Aunt Gilchrist and Flora went on with him; and "the bit lady" thus naturally fell under the charge of Captain Ludovick. But what was the meaning or need of all the apologies and excuses he now proceeded to make to her? Did she not think it a desperately dull place? What would she think of any one leaving the world and coming to live in such a solitude? Alison looked up at him with a smile.

"I think," said she, "it would be no great hardship to leave the ordinary world and come and live in a far more beautiful world that is all your own. If I were you, I don't think I should ever go as far as Fort William."

"Of course," said he, hastily, "it isn't always as empty and forlorn as it looks at present. We have very often a few friends in the winter; for the winter shooting isn't at all bad. And I should think that even in the summer, if we had lady visitors staying with us, they might find amusement for themselves. Do you see that opening in the larches over there? That leads down to a small creek where there is a bathing-box; and the nymphs and naiads have the sandy little bay all to themselves. Then there's plenty of boating and sailing and sea-fishing; and there are decent-sized brown trout in the Tassley—the burn you crossed before coming to the gate—"

"And yet your father says you are hardly ever here," she interposed.

"Oh, well, one must see a bit of the world, just as he did," the young laird answered. "It's hardly time for me to settle down—nor is there any inducement, though my father and I are the best of companions when I happen to be here. But this I know very well, that I shall never be like what he is, though I were to live to thrice his age. You would have to understand how poor we are before you could judge of the amount of good he does—for it's easy enough to be charitable when you've plenty of money; but I wish you could see the tact he shows in dealing with the people; they know perfectly well that what he does for them is not done out of a sentimentalism they can impose on; they know quite well, too, that if they don't do their best to help themselves, they needn't come to him. And what is the consequence? Instead of despising him, they respect him; they do more than respect him: I wish you could hear them talk about him. And I wish you knew him well, Miss Alison; I wish you knew him thoroughly: I think you would like him—or more than like him."

"Indeed, I am sure of that," said Alison, quite frankly and cheerfully; for the old gentleman, instead of proving an ogre, had entirely charmed and captivated her by his old-world courtesy and pleasant voice.

"I suppose it sounds absurd for me to talk of my own father in that way," he continued, when he could make sure of not being overheard by those in front; "but the fact is, we have been chums since ever I can remember. He never tried to overawe me; he has rather been a kind of brother and companion all the way through; and I don't know that he isn't the younger man of the two—at least, I know that he has a lighter heart than I have at this moment."

"You?" said she, glancing up in surprise: it was a strange speech for a young man who had always seemed to her the very embodiment of high spirits and audacity and the delight of life.

"His anxieties are all over, mine are only beginning," he said, briefly, and then he changed the subject. "Of course you know, Miss Alison, that the heir to a property, however poor and insignificant it may be, is supposed to look with a jealous eye on every penny spent by the owner in possession, unless it's spent on the property itself. Well, not even on that point is there the least difference of opinion between my father and myself. What he is doing now I would do myself. If

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he were to die to-morrow—and there's not much chance of his dying to-morrow, thank God!—if he were to die to-morrow, and if I were to begin a new way of treating the place, I should deserve to be kicked out of it, neck and crop. And if I were to marry, my wife would have to be of the same opinion too."

Perhaps he spoke inadvertently, in his eager desire that she should think well of his father; but anyhow a sudden flash of pain shot through her heart. Yes, of course he would marry. He would no longer be the gay young bachelor friend of the Munros, and the possible sweetheart of Flora; Captain Macdonell and his young wife would be living here at Oyre, or perhaps away travelling on the Continent; and there would be some kind of barrier between him and his former acquaintances. Young Mrs. Macdonell would have her own companions and intimates when she came to Oyre—Alison could see her clearly, in that brief, sharp instant of forecast. Then quickly she asked him a perfectly irrelevant question about some pheasant coops they were passing.

So the straggling little group made their idle and gossiping survey of the surroundings of this half-modern mansion and its "policies," though Alison, as her companion fancied, seemed a little absent-minded now. He asked her when she was going away to the south; she said not the next day, but the day after, had been fixed for her departure. He said he hoped she would remember the friends she had made in the Highlands; she answered, with downcast eyes, that she was not likely to forget them. And when was she coming back? Well, it would depend on Aunt Gilchrist if ever she came back. Aunt Gilchrist might be coming again in the following summer to see her relatives in Fort William; perhaps she might be asked too, for a little while, but she could not say. And he also grew somewhat silent as they were returning to the house.

As they drew near the lawn again—they were all together now—they had to cross the end of a short avenue of sycamores leading down to the shore, and he said to her,

"If you will come here for a moment I will show you the old garden; it is very pretty, I think; it won't take you a second."

She followed him, or went with him, rather; and presently he had opened a door in a stone wall all covered with ivy, and allowed her to pass in. It was a quaint, old-fashioned garden, formed on terraces overlooking the sea, and surrounded by this ivy-covered wall that rose, tier on tier, as the various heights demanded. But hardly was she within this enclosure than he put his hand lightly on her arm, and said:

"Alison, you are going away, and this is the only chance I may have of speaking to you. Can't you imagine why I have been so anxious you should come and see Oyre, and get to know my father? Do you think that at some future time—as far away in the future as you like—you could bring yourself to think of living at Oyre, dull as it is? Would it be too dull and poor and wretched? Would the old laird be too terrible a father-in-law to be faced? No," he added, quickly, for she had stepped back a little, quite bewildered, and with her heart beating so wildly that it was impossible for her to speak, "I don't want you to answer me now; you don't know enough about us yet; but I know you; I have been watching all your goodness and gentleness and straightforwardness since ever you came among us; and in the end, if you say no, then there will never be a bride brought home to Oyre. Now, Alison, don't be frightened into a refusal; wait until you know me better; I am content to wait until you say yes; only—only—well, I couldn't let you go away without telling you what I was looking forward to."

What was she to say? Nay, what could she say? In her first alarm and bewilderment she would have shrunk back with a trembling refusal; but he had anticipated that; he did not want her answer now; it was only a vague dream of his—a wild and impossible dream, it seemed to her—that he had put before her. And then, ere she could speak or attempt to speak, there came a cry down the avenue—

"Alison, where are you?"

Flora appeared at the gate.

"Come along, quick!—there's the most beautiful white peacock on the lawn, the most beautiful creature you ever saw—"

Flora stopped suddenly, and a rush of blood flew to her face; some suspicion had crossed her mind; but the next instant Alison, though somewhat pale, had put her hand within her cousin's arm, and calmly said,

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"Come, then."

The two girls walked on together; Ludovick Macdonell had to stay for a moment to shut the heavy door; then he rejoined them, but without entering into any conversation. They went on toward the lawn, where the white peacock, resplendent of tail, was proudly stalking about; and they found tea waiting for them there, for they were soon to start on their homeward drive.

It was now for the first time that the old laird learned that his son proposed to return to Fort William with these visitors, and in the most gentle way he protested.

"Why, you are a ferry idle boy, Ludovick," said he. "Here are the workmen coming to-morrow, and who should be looking after them but yourself? They will be building for you, and not for me."

Young Macdonell directed one swift glance toward Alison: would she understand that obedience to his father did not mean indifference to her?

"Very well, sir," said he; "if you think I should stay, I will. But I do not know that it is a Highland fashion to let your guests go home by themselves."

"Indeed, Captain Macdonell," said Aunt Gilchrist, promptly, "if ye think we cannot look after ourselves on a bit drive back to Fort William, in the middle of the afternoon, what do ye take us for? And I'm thinking we're already responsible for having made ye waste far too much of your time of late."

"Poor Ludovick is always so extremely busy!" said Miss Flora, with much sympathy. And so that matter was settled; and Captain Ludovick attended them no farther than the lodge gate, where he stood waving a handkerchief so long as they were in sight.

Now this drive home, along the level shores of the sea-loch, was accompanied by a most remarkable phenomenon. The golden sunset light struck so fiercely on the glassy surface of the water that it was reflected upward, and threw a shadow of the carriage and horses quite distinct from that thrown by the direct rays of the sun; and this ghostly equipage, according to the formation of the ground, would sometimes appear travelling along the lower slopes of the adjacent hill, sometimes along the knolls and crags nearer the road, and sometimes almost coinciding with the much darker natural shadow. This phantasmal pale gray *Doppelgänger*, now gliding along those distant golden banks, now coming startlingly near, was altogether a singular and puzzling thing; and it kept both Flora and Aunt Gilchrist abundantly occupied. There were discussions as to the cause of it, and exclamations as it disappeared and reappeared at various distances —in the midst of all which Alison was allowed to sit quite silent and unnoticed. She was supposed to be watching too: in reality she was thinking of far other matters; her memory eagerly recalling every tone and gesture of his appeal to her in the old terraced garden; sometimes her imagination carrying her forward to all kinds of wistful possibilities, and suffusing her eyes with happy tears; and then again an indefinable presentiment convincing her that all this would prove to be a mirage, an idle dream. But this at least she knew well, that whatever else might befall her after she had gone away from those friends who had made themselves so dear to her, and from those beautiful scenes in which she had sojourned for a while—whatever else might happen in the harder and harsher world whither she was returning—this she knew, that she had left her heart behind her in Lochaber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO ISAACK WALTON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

OLD Isaack, in this angry age of ours,
This hungry, angry age, how oft of thee
We dream, and thy divine tranquillity,
And all thy pleasure in the dewy flowers,
The meads enamelled, and the singing showers,
And shelter of the silvery willow-tree,
By quiet waters of the river Lee!
Ah, happy hours! we cry—*ah, halcyon hours!*

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Yet thou, like us, hadst trouble for this realm
Of England; for thy dear Church mocked and rent,
Thy friends in beggary, thy monarch slain.
But naught could thy mild spirit overwhelm.
Ah, Father Isaack, teach us thy content,
When Time brings many a sorrow back again!

ON THE HILL-TOP.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

"By the margent of the sea
I would build myself a home."—R. H. STODDARD.

NOT by the margent of the sea,
But on the hill-top I would be,
My little house a mossy den,
Between me and the world of men.
Beside me dips a wide ravine,
Covered with a flowery screen;
Far round me rise a band of hills,
Whose voices reach me by their rills,
Or deep *susurrus* of the wood,
That stands in stately brotherhood,
Upholding one vast web of green,
Whereunder foot has never been—
The pine and elm, the birch and oak—
And thus their voices me invoke:
"If you would on the hill-top be,
We cannot share your misery;
Cease, cease this moaning for the Past:
The law of grief can never last."
When spring-time brings anemones,
Upon the sod I take my ease,
Or search for Arethusa's pink
Along the torrent's ragged brink;
Or in the tinted April hours
I watch the curtain of the showers
That fall beneath a lurking cloud,
Which for a moment throws a shroud
On the sun's arrows in the west,
Till it blaze up a golden crest.
The young moon bends her crescent horn
Against the lingering summer morn;
Then, riding down the starry sky,
She follows me till night goes by.
And when the dawn breaks on you town,
I think the sleepers lying down
Must rise to shoulder dismal care
Methinks that once was but my fare.
But I upon the hill-top yet
Am free from every tangling fret;
So ever thus, in peace of mind,
I give my pity to my kind.
For me this noble solitude!
And as I face its varying mood,
Reflected in its every show,
Some higher self I come to know.
See, autumn here, with color glad,
Not like the poets—"russet clad"—
But scarlet, umber, green, and gold;
Then in a breath I must behold
The autumn winds tear down my screen,
And leave me not a leaf to glean.
The snow will cover glen and height,
And all my hill-top glisten white;
I see the crystal atoms fly
Under the dome of this gray sky.
Like gnomes are they, these spectral gleams?
Or shall I guess them only dreams?
Whatever is the truth, I say,
If up and down the world I stray,
Still on the hill-top I would be,
Not by the margent of the sea!

A SPRING THOUGHT.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

IN the spring I have leaned me full close to the bark of a tree,
To know if its heart were athrob with spring passion and glee,
And found that its longing was like to the longing in me.

In the spring I have bent to the odorous lips of a rose,
Await for the summer her virginal heart to unclose,
And found her full fain of the spring-tide that blossoms and blows.

In the spring I have harked to the bountiful song of a bird
Outbreathing his joyance as plainly as ever man heard,
Albeit his bliss be not caught in a crystalline word.

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And so, when they tell me the bird-song, the rose, and the beat
In the turbulent heart of the tree are senseless though sweet
Revealments of nature, spring-stirred by the spirit of heat,

I laugh in my heart as one laugheth who knoweth the best;
And never I trust to such testaments cold, but I rest
In the secrets the bird and the rose and the tree have confessed.

ACTING AND AUTHORS.

BY C. COQUELIN.

[The following pages are simply notes added to the reflections published in *Harper's Magazine* of May, 1887, under the title of "Acting and Actors." I shall endeavor to clear up some points and to develop certain others; that is all. This article will therefore necessarily present some want of connection. I beg the reader to excuse me. I am not a writer, and the great art of transitions is to me an impenetrable secret.]

I.

FIRST of all, a word on the physiognomy of the actor on the stage.

It is the *eye* that resumes this physiognomy: the eye is the light, the transparency, and the life of it. It is there that the public looks for you, there that it tries to decipher and read you. Take care, therefore, to concentrate your whole being in the eye.

If you allow your look to become inexpressive, wandering, disinterested in what is being said or done, the public is put at fault, and does not know what to make of things. "Hallo! he is not listening.... What is the matter with him?.... He is looking into the auditorium....At whom is he looking?....That lady there in the third box on the left....Now he is looking at the 'flies'....By Jove! is the scenery on fire?" And while the public is making these reflections, what becomes of the piece? Suppose that you have a narrative to make: let your eye seem to see the things that you are narrating, and the public will see them in your eye as it were reflected in a glass. And this, by-the-way, is the reason why you cannot deliver a narration in profile. You may begin your narration in profile, standing face to face with your interlocutor, but little by little you must turn round until finally you are face to face with the public; your eye then fixes a point and remains fixed, because it is at this point that you see in imagination the events which you are relating. This fixed eye makes the public follow your words with breathless interest. What you are going to say is already expressed in your eye before the words are on your lips, and the words, so to speak, only drive more deeply into the spectator's mind the arrow already shot by the actor's expressive eye.

This fixity of the eye ought to be scarcely less when you are listening. If your eye does not adopt some point which it does not quit while following what your interlocutor says to you, either the public will not believe in the importance of that to which you seem to lend such a careless ear, or else it will be shocked by your indifference.

For instance, who could endure Horace turning his back to the public during the imprecations of Camille? I know all that can be said about back effects (*effets de dos*). Certain actors, whom nature has favored from the plastic point of view, have a liking for these effects. The back has its means of expression; it bends, it settles down in a heap, it straightens up, it arches; the back, if absolutely necessary, may have the air of listening; but when an exasperated lady-love flings in your face thirty verses of formidable insults, it is not your back that the public wishes to see, it is not on your back that it will follow the crescendo movement of surprise, indignation, wrath, until that paroxysm in which murder will break loose. Whatever you may do, your back will never have so many resources as your eye for the expression of these shades of feeling; and the public, if it sees only your back, will think that you are making game either of Corneille or of your audience.

However, on the stage there are no absolute rules, and there are numberless

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ways of directing, measuring, and moderating, according to the situation, that fixity of eye which I recommend to the actor who is listening. The eye ought always to be attending to the action of the play, but it may listen without seeming to be listening. You are playing, for instance, in Jules Sandeau's piece, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, the scene where the marquis receives, in presence of the lawyer Destournelles, the note which the latter has had sent to him. Destournelles must seem to know nothing about this note, but at the same time he must study on the face of the marquis the impression which it produces. Every time, then, that the marquis bends his head over the stamped paper, the lawyer's eye slips to one side, watches him searchingly and slyly, listens, or rather reads, and seems to say, "Well, what do you think of that, Monsieur le Marquis?" If, on the contrary, the marquis, furious with anger, suspends his reading and looks at the lawyer, Destournelles's eye becomes vacant, the eyelid is knitted dreamily, the look follows heavenward some fleeting idea, some passing fly, and the more irritated the marquis grows, the more innocent security and serenity the eye of his adversary expresses.

In this point there is a whole series of sure effects. But it is impossible to insist on the play of the eye, for how can we note such fugitive things as winking, screwing up the eyes, flashing, half flashing? It is obvious how many different significations may be conveyed by almost imperceptible movements of the lid or of the apple of the eye; but these movements can only be studied from nature.

If it is polite to show one's face to the public, it is also polite, and still more indispensable, to articulate clearly in order to be understood. Articulation is at once the ABC and the highest point of the art.

How can an actor hope to be understood if he stammers and sputters, if he drowns all the author's points, all his delicacies and all his strong passages, in the same lukewarm, monotonous, and colorless delivery?

But naturalness, some one will object—must not the actor speak naturally?

Ah! Do not talk to me about the naturalness of those who do not articulate; who recite in a conversational tone; who mistake the stage for a drawing-room; who chat in presence of the public as they would in presence of two or three friends, break off, resume, repeat themselves, chew their words like the stump of a cigar, and in short blunder through their part, and transform their author's style into an indescribable pap of phrases, all chopped up and reduced to pulp, just as oxen chew the cud.

The stage is not a drawing-room. You cannot address fifteen hundred spectators in a theatre as you would address a few companions at the fireside. If the tone is not raised, you will not be heard; and if you do not articulate, the public will be unable to follow you.

So-and-so, I am well aware, has won for himself the reputation of a natural actor by affecting the conversational tone. He scarcely pronounces one word louder than another; he lets the ends of his phrases sink; hesitates, abridges, pretends to be at a loss for words, repeats his words two or three times over, drawls along for ten minutes, and then hurries his delivery in order to arrive at the effect. And as the public is like Panurge's sheep, even when it happens not to understand, it exclaims: "Dear me! how very natural! He seems as if he were talking with his feet on his fender by his own fireside. What an actor! I did not hear what he said—did you?—but how very naturally he said it!"

But the actor must not trust too much to naturalness of this kind. If the piece, as may happen, interests the spectators more than the actor does, and if they wish to understand it, one day, when the attempt to follow the actor becomes too tiresome, they will cry out, crossly, "Louder! speak louder!" and the spell will be broken. If the play is in verse especially, and if, under pretext of appearing natural, our actor changes the movement of the couplet, slurs the rhyme, repeats the words, and so adds to the hemistichs several feet of his own composition, and in short treats Molière's poetry as he would treat the prose of Monsieur Scribe, oh! then look out for a catastrophe. Actors of this kind—and there are some who are very remarkable—are condemned to the ephemeral piece of the passing day; the classical repertory is forbidden them. Where style is wanting there is no art.

The duty of the actor is to respect his text. Whatever may be the manner in which he speaks that text, he must speak what the author has written—nothing less and nothing more.

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Indeed, if it is inadmissible to transform by one's bad diction a personal prose full of color and vigor into something clammy, common, insipid, and feeble, if this is a sort of treason, how much greater is the treason when the actor indulges in voluntary infidelities, and presents to the public, under the cover of an illustrious name, some fancies of his own brain?

What would have become of the repertory if during the past two centuries our actors had allowed themselves this liberty?

Tradition helping, and each one wishing at once to take advantage of the effects found by his predecessors, and to add others of his own invention, our masterpieces would now be nothing but a sort of mosaic, and we should have to scratch out the work of the comedians Baron, Préville, Fleury, Molé, Monvel, etc., before reaching the text of Molière.

It is not less impertinent for the actor to substitute himself in the place of living authors; this is equivalent to a sort of plagiarism backward, and is inexcusable even when it succeeds. I am not so sure that the authors of fairy pieces are enchanted with the puns and witticisms which their interpreters add to their parts. They must find them in very bad taste; and if the public laughs at them, and does not distinguish between the real text and the actors' additions, they must find the public stupid.

As for authors like Augier* or Feuillet,† what must they think of the very diminutive personage who dares to substitute his prose for theirs? Can you imagine me getting Dumas hissed for a phrase composed by me, Coquelin? There would never be in all Normandy enough rotten apples wherewith to pelt the actor capable of such a misdeed.

These observations, I hasten to say, would be too severe if they were to be applied to certain stage business, to certain traits sanctioned by tradition, and of which some may be traced back to the authors themselves. But still, in my opinion, those alone ought to be retained about which there is no doubt, and which enter absolutely into the character of the piece. It is no want of respect toward Molière, for instance, to add a droll commentary to "L'Impromptu" in the *Précieuses Ridicules*. Molière has placed there in his text an *etc.* which authorizes this liberty. Nor is this the only passage in his plays where he meant to leave something to the fancy of the interpreter, as in the Italian *Commedia dell' Arte*. Molière himself, as we know, improvised sometimes whole scenes; thus the prologue which preceded the representation of the first three acts of *Tartuffe*. He did not take the trouble to fix these improvisations—the more is the pity; but tradition may have preserved something of them.

In the same way for the pieces of Marivaux, which still partake of the Italian comedy, and in which Frontin was originally Harlequin.

For Beaumarchais, on the contrary, always so studied, so exact, I should not admit any embroidery, or at the most that well-known tradition which attributes to Bridoison, in the famous discussion on the *et* and the *où*, this inharmonious interrogation, "*Y a-t-il et...ou...ou...où?*"

But in Molière, any more than in Beaumarchais, we must not take these liberties with masterpieces. The probity of an actor is shown in his not wishing to have more wit than his author.

This assertion, I am afraid, will appear to some very much wanting in elevation. There are actors who are never so happy, and who think they are never better, than when, without materially altering their text, they succeed in introducing something different from what the author wished.

A few years ago a drama in verse by one of the most popular members of the French Academy was performed for the first time. The piece went along splendidly. A critic, who is a friend of mine, entered the dressing-room of the most

* For the benefit of the country cousins, as the old-fashioned formula says, it may be helpful to add a few words at least about the modern and contemporary French authors mentioned by M. Coquelin in this article. M. Émile Augier, born 1820, elected member of the French Academy in 1858, obtained his first great dramatic success with his piece *L'Aventurière*, at the Comédie Française, in 1848. His first works are *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* (written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau), *Les Lionnes pauvres*, *Le Fils de Giboyer*, *Paul Forestier*, *Jean de Thommeray*, and *Les Fourchambault*.

† Octave Feuillet, born 1822, novelist and dramatist, was elected member of the French Academy in 1862 as the successor of Monsieur Scribe. His best known pieces are *Le Village*, *Dalila*, *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre*, *Montjoye*, *Le Sphinx* (in which Mlle. Croizette obtained such great success at the Comédie Française), and *Chamillac*. Our portrait was drawn from life by M. Paul Renouard while M. Octave Feuillet sat by the fire of his study-room in his house in the Rue Gounod at Paris.—Th. C.

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prominent actor of the theatre, and complimented him warmly. "You have interpreted your rôle in an admirable manner," said the critic to the actor, whereupon some one, whom the critic had not seen at first, rose to his feet, indignant. It was the actor's brother, himself an actor. "Interpreted!" he cried—"interpreted! You should rather say, monsieur, that he has more than interpreted it."

This remark embodies a whole theory.

Much might be said in defence of this theory. We may ask if, by prerogative of genius, certain very great actors cannot make certain rôles in a way exceed their primitive compass—breathe into them something of their own soul and of the soul of their time, and consequently give to the poet's creation a signification which he could not foresee, different in any case, perhaps more lofty and more profound.

The case might be cited of Frédérick Lemaître composing his astounding Robert Macaire out of an ordinary melodrama character. I might also be reminded of what I have said about this rôle, in which in itself there was nothing, and where consequently everything was due to the actor.

My answer is that we have to deal in this case with an exceptional actor, and with dramatic authors of the third or fourth category. From these premises we cannot deduce a general rule. Therefore the theory remains, in my eyes, infinitely dangerous, inasmuch as it substitutes the more or less unbridled fancy of an actor in place of the deep and serious study of the character as conceived by the author, and the thought of the actor, which nobody asks for, in place of the thought of Corneille or of Shakespeare, which it is his business to realize in the eyes of the spectator.

To "more than interpret," to go beyond Horace, Hermione, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet? This indeed would seem to be a strange ambition. Is it, then, such an easy matter simply to attain the grandeur of these characters? Mr. Irving himself, familiar as he is with Shakespeare, is considered to have made a mistake in Macbeth. "Mr. Irving's Macbeth," it is said—and here I am copying the judgment of a critic who admires him very much—"Mr. Irving's Macbeth is not the violent and weak man, 'too full of the milk of human kindness' to enter resolutely upon crime; he is rather an out-and-out villain, but a cowardly villain. It is not honor that stops him; it is fear of the future, and the danger of the crime itself." If Mr. Irving is liable to err in the interpretation of a Shakespearian rôle, who shall trust to hit the mark? Is it not enough to devote all one's talent and all one's genius, if one has any, to establishing purely and simply the figure conceived by the poet as he conceived it?

It is by attempting to go beyond and "more than interpret" Molière that people have invented a tragic Arnolphe, a revolutionary Alceste, a Tartuffe handsome, charming, and terrible, and other eccentricities of our modern intelligences.

To produce just the result which Shakespeare dreamed, to play Arnolphe as Molière played the rôle, is not such an easy matter. Even in such of their characters as appear to be best determined, how many sides still remain in obscurity! To transpose from the printed volume to the stage—that is to say, to living reality—these personages so complex, agitated by so many contrary passions, souls like our own, obscure in so many points—what task can be grander and more glorious!

The reader does not suspect how difficult the task is. Book in hand, he soon forms in his mind a vision of the personage, such as that vision is, often very fleeting, and so vague that generally he would be much embarrassed if he were asked merely to trace the outlines of it. His vision, in any case, is not the same as his neighbor's, while a third reader will conceive a third vision. And all these phantoms waver and differ. Now suppose that our three readers go to the theatre, and that they see the character impersonated by an actor of genius; henceforward they will be sure of their conceptions. The mere phantom of the vision will have given place to a living being.

Once more, I repeat, this glorious result which associates the actor with the poet is not easy to obtain. Even in the case of minor rôles, and if one be only a modest second-class actor, one may not succeed in rendering the author's thought, or if one has succeeded in rendering the author's thought, one may have all the difficulty in the world in making the public accept this rendering if the public happens to have a different idea of the rôle from reading the text.

I remember an instance which I beg

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permission to narrate, although it concerns myself.

It was at the time when *Fantasia* was being put on the stage. This piece is about the last of Alfred de Musset's works which attracted attention. Musset was dead, and it was his brother Paul who superintended the rehearsals. I was intrusted with the character of the Prince of Mantua, and felt far from sure about my task. After all, what was this type of a fool assuredly more stupid than any natural fool? M. Paul de Musset, whom I consulted, communicated to me his brother's views on the subject. M. Édouard Thierry, at that time administrator-general of the Comédie Française, added such delicate observations as one might expect from a poet and theatrical expert such as he is. Davesnes, our old stage-manager, an infallible counsellor, whose opinion Samson and Regnier valued, said to me, "Potier was the man to have played that rôle!" And he at once mentioned numerous traits of that great comedian, the very type of the personage, imitated him in a score of different characters, and made me see Potier, or at least imagine what he might have been, in the rôle of the Prince of Mantua. Thus guided, and, besides, seeing my way clearly in the text, I composed my part, and on the day of the dress-rehearsal I had the pleasure of seeing my advisers come to congratulate me with cries of bravo, and with their eyes full of tears, so heartily had I made them laugh. Success was beyond all doubt, they said to me.

Ah! yes, beyond doubt, indeed! Only, instead of being a success, it was a hopeless failure. The critics raised a general outcry in all the newspapers; and unanimously, with the exception of Théophile Gautier and Paul de Saint-Victor, they accused and convicted me of not having understood the very first word of the rôle. At the second performance—and the men of letters also form the majority at the second performance of a new piece—I was equally unsuccessful. I was naturally in despair, and, all broken-hearted, I went to my advisers and asked them what was to be done. They were all agreed in answering, "Nothing is to be done." "You are in the right," said M. Paul de Musset. "You play the part as my brother conceived it. His idea was to compose a caricature of the Romantic school and of its truculent figures of tyrants. Continue as you have begun: success will come." And it came indeed. At the subsequent performances the ordinary public enjoyed right royally my extravagancies, and the Prince of Mantua according to Musset was very much applauded.

However, I determined to clear the matter up, and therefore called upon some of those of my critics who had been most strenuous in their opposition. Well, the key to their judgment was this: all of them, before going to the theatre, had taken the precaution of reading the piece, and so had formed their own ideas of the personage; and most of them had conceived the Prince of Mantua in the light of a majestically idiotic creature, laying down the law with pompous authority, ferocious in his stupidity, but at the same time serious, staid, real—a type observed and studied from life, *vu et vécu*, as people would say nowadays. Hence the misunderstanding. The interpretation which M. Paul de Musset had suggested to me had upset that which the critics had preconceived, and naturally it was I whom they pronounced to be in the wrong. I explained to them the secret of the puzzle. Some gave in; others tossed their heads, convinced against their will, and still holding to their old opinion. After all, perhaps they were in the right: these fantastic and extra-natural figures leave absolute attitude to the interpreter, and he who is most droll is likely to be least questioned.

This fact nevertheless shows how much resistance one may expect to find on the part of the public if the public has formed a preconceived idea of the character represented.

I return to the question of articulation, and sum up what I have to say in this axiom: The actor must not speak as people talk; he must recite.

Recite truly, recite naturally, and all will be well; but whatever you do, recite.

For to recite is, of course, a sort of speaking (it ought never to be a sort of singing); but at the same time it means the giving to essential phrases and words their proper value, passing lightly here, and in another place, on the contrary, laying stress with an inflection of the voice. To recite means to distribute the plane surfaces and the reliefs, the light and the shade. In other words, reciting is modelling.

The phrase which is quite plain and matter-of-fact when spoken in ordinary

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conversational tone becomes supple and warm when it is recited; it takes form, in short, and becomes a thing of art.

This, however—and the restriction must be made at the risk of seeming self-contradiction—this must not be carried to excess. He is a bad actor who recites too markedly, who enunciates everything with the same care, and who does not know where to be satisfied with broad surfaces, in order the better to set off afterward some important traits which he will present with minute finish and detail.

It is affectation to try to be natural at any cost, but it is not less affectation to push forward the *artist* in season and out of season. Merely to talk one's rôle is not sufficient; to recite all and everything is to recite too much: truth lies between these two extremes.

The great point is to be understood, and that is why the actor must accustom himself not to go too fast. Volubility leads the way to indistinctness and sputtering.

This, I feel, is advice which will surprise, coming from my lips, for I have the reputation of hurrying rather than of slackening the movement. It is not *andante*, but *presto*, even *prestissimo*, that I recite the narration in *L'Étourdi*. True; but I do not recite the monologue of Figaro in the same manner; and in delivering it, as I do, piece by piece and point by point, I do not believe that I weary the attention of the public any more than I believe that I disconcert the public by hurrying the narrative of Mascarille; nor do I cause the public to lose a single word. And the reason is that I have most carefully observed the counsel, do not hurry! It was the advice of my master, Regnier, who expressed it somewhat in the following manner: "When you find that you are saying to yourself, 'Good heavens! how slowly I am going! I shall never get to the end! I must be boring the public to death!'—then and then only you may be sure that you are just beginning not to go too fast."

Of course Regnier did not mean to say that an actor must never hurry and clear away parts of his rôle; he wished him simply to learn to clear away, or *déblayer*, without ceasing to be intelligible. You must remain distinct, and at the same time be rapid; and this result is obtained only by dint of reciting slowly, pronouncing each syllable, without, however, hammering upon it, placing the accent in the right place, punctuating precisely, and finally by measuring and regulating the compass of the voice according to the place where you are speaking. This last is a most important point, for evidently one must not play the trumpet in a drawing-room, nor, on the other hand, in an immense hall must one speak like the sighing of the Æolian harp.

Good reciting, good rhythmic delivery, gives even to the vulgarest prose a sort of poetic charm which at the end of a tirade rarely fails to draw applause. The movement, the measure! This is the great principle. I insist, and not without reason, I think, on the necessity of making one's self understood, but one can make one's self understood as much by the movement as by the words themselves. Provost used to relate laughingly how one night, just as he was finishing a tirade in the rôle of Hippolyte in *Phèdre*, while the public was hanging on his lips, his memory suddenly failed him, precisely at the last two verses. It was impossible to slacken the movement in order to wait for the cue from the prompter. In a moment he seized the situation, and with a magnificent transport, without stopping to take breath, he ejaculated two Alexandrines in some *volapuk* gibberish, which, of course, nobody understood; but nevertheless he was applauded uproariously, to such a degree did his gesture, his tone of voice, and, in a word, the "movement," render the improvised language clear, eloquent, and impressive.

II.

The theories enunciated in my article on "Acting and Actors" have elicited various replies. I have read them with profit; but I must confess that I was not a little amazed when I saw myself treated as a materialist, or as a partisan of Zola.

And yet I thought that I had been explicit enough on that point. However, I am glad to have the opportunity of repeating my conviction: while I do not believe in art outside of nature, on the stage I cannot admit nature without art.

Everything ought to start from *truth*; everything ought to tend toward the *ideal*.

Does not Comedy herself, that good-natured and positive Muse, make use of the ideal when she sheds the light of her gayety on our failings and vices? If she contented herself with merely reproducing them brutally in their naked ugliness,

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.—From the painting by Vieusseux.

without contrasts, without wit, without grace, she would not make us laugh; she would not be Comedy.

Terror and pity are the main-springs of the dramatic art, but not horror and disgust. The stage is a school of manners; it ought not to be a school of medicine.

Furthermore, the repetition of reality is impossible. Truth, it is said, may sometimes seem not probable. This is peculiarly exact in the special conditions of the foot-lights, where the light shines up from below instead of striking down from above, and where, as if in a sort of magnifying apparatus, the measure of men, of things, and even of time itself, is changed.

I have been guilty of naturalism only once in my life—involuntarily—and yet I shall always feel remorse. I was acting with a travelling company; I had passed the night in the train, then rehearsed in the day, and after the rehearsal I had gone on some excursion or another, so that I was very tired. In the evening I played the rôle of Annibal in Augier's *L'Aventurière*. The reader will remember that at the end of the second act, Annibal, whom Fabrice has been enticing to drink in order to make him talk, gets drunk and then goes to sleep. I played the drunken scene as usual, neither more nor less; but when it came to the sleeping part, the act that I was feigning seemed to me so sweet, and I wanted to

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sleep so thoroughly, that unconsciously I yielded to the temptation. I went to sleep on the stage, in presence of the public, and, with shame be it recorded, I even snored. This was exceeding orders, *ce n'était pas la consigne;* but the public, hearing me snore, believed that it was in my rôle, and that I was endeavoring to make a point. Some laughed, others found the "business" in doubtful taste, and there were not wanting some who said that I snored without naturalness, without grace, that I forced the note, in short, that my snoring was not like real snoring.

Alas! I was as indifferent to applause as I was to criticism. I think that even a volley of hisses would not have waked me. And when the curtain fell, my companions had some difficulty in recalling me to a sense of the reality. However, this little nap did me much good, and I played the rest of my part with alacrity.

Nevertheless, this sleeping was a mistake, and a mistake which might have turned out badly. Of course, if I had had to wake up before the end of the act, I should not have yielded to the temptation; my baseness lies in the fact that I knew I had nothing more to do until the curtain fell—except to sleep—and instead of making believe to sleep, I went to sleep really. This, I repeat to my shame, was rank naturalism. And yet, you see!—for from our mistakes it is fitting that we should draw lessons—some spectators thought that my sleep was badly acted; they found it unreal. We have here another illustration of the story, so often verified, of the peasant and the mountebank. The mountebank imitates the squealing of a sucking pig, and he is at once applauded. The peasant who has made a bet that he will squeal as well as the mountebank, and who has concealed beneath his cloak a real sucking pig, pinches the animal on the sly; the pig squeals; the peasant is hissed, and loses his wager. Why is this so? Because the trial was made on the stage; because the point of view is different according as one looks at things from the public street or from the auditorium of a theatre. *Que voulez-vous?* Of course the peasant's pig squealed very well; but he squealed without art.

And here precisely is the error of naturalism; it wants to make the pigs squeal all the time. Well, with all due respect for my distinguished contradictors, this mistake is also that of the actors who maintain that one ought to render, and that one renders well, only such emotions and sensations as one feels in reality. These are the men who should be rightly accused of naturalism. For if they must weep in earnest in order to make the spectators weep, logic demands that they should get drunk in earnest in order to play the drunkard's part; and consequently, in order to play perfectly the part of an assassin, they will get some hypnotizer to suggest to them the idea of stabbing the actor who is performing with them, or the prompter, if that happens to be more convenient. And all this with the danger of appearing to play falsely.

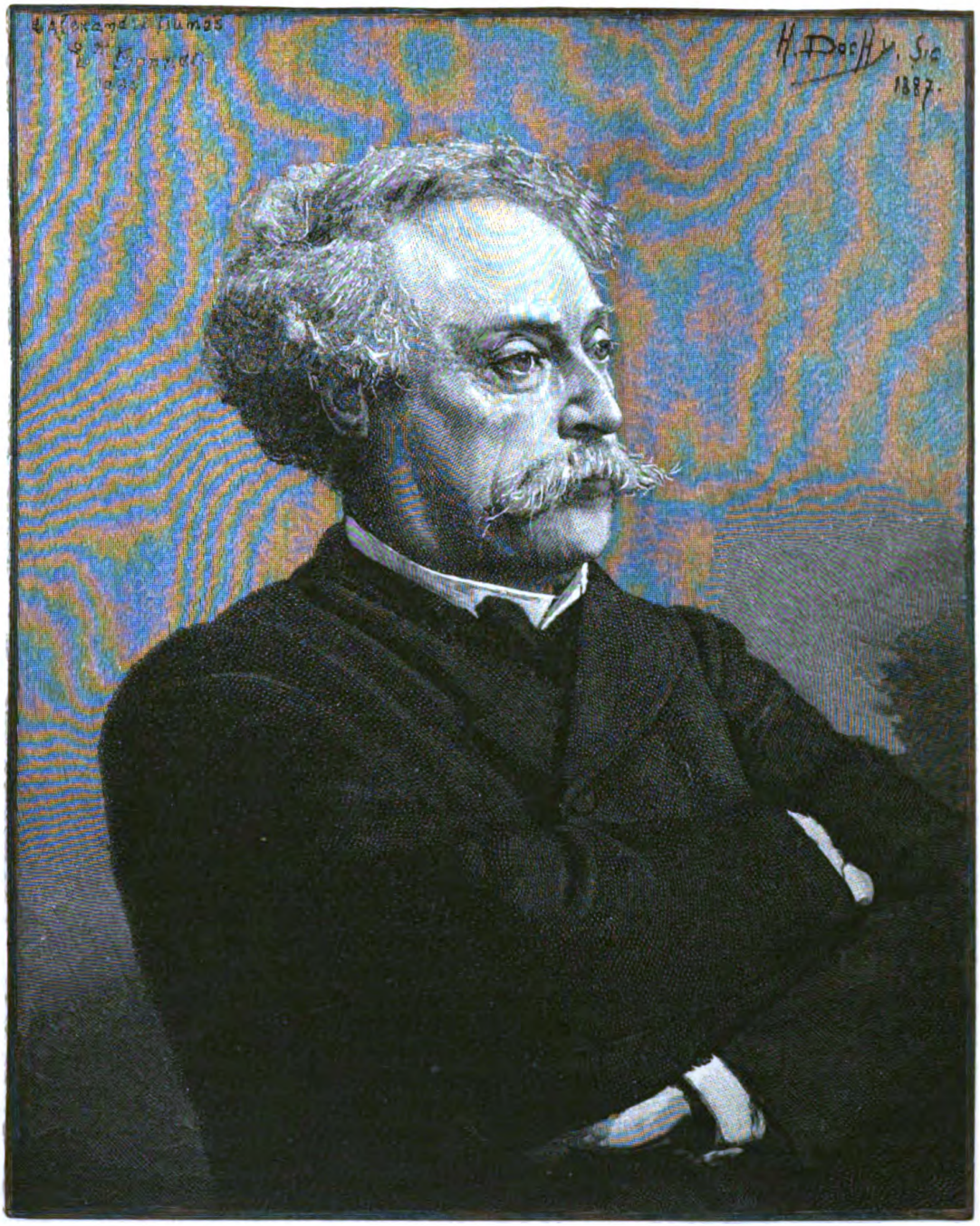
Shall I quote another anecdote? I borrow this one from Mr. Brander Matthews, and the hero of it is Edwin Booth. One day Booth was playing *Le Roi s'amuse* (*The Fool's Revenge*). The rôle was one of his good ones; he liked his part exceedingly. That day he happened to take even more pleasure than usual in his acting, and the strength of the situations and the pathos of the language worked upon him so powerfully that he identified himself completely with the character he was playing. Real tears flowed from his eyes; his voice was broken with real emotion; veritable sobbing choked his words; and it seemed to him that he had never played so well. But when the play was over, his daughter, who was his surest critic, and who had seen him act from her seat in the auditorium, hurried behind the scenes in alarm to ask him what was the matter, and why he had performed his rôle so badly that night. She had never seen him play so poorly!

This is a precious confirmation of Diderot's famous paradox, which in my opinion is the truth: that in order to move others one must not one's self be moved; and that in all circumstances the actor ought to remain absolute master of himself, and to leave nothing to hazard.

III.

In discussing questions of art one often appears to be splitting hairs, and with all my nice distinctions and differences I must have laid myself open to this accusation. But remember the magnifying power of the stage. The foot-lights exaggerate everything. They modify the laws of space and time. They concentrate many leagues into a few square yards. On the

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.—From the painting by Bonnat.

stage, minutes seem hours. That which seemed to us, book in hand, a mere thread, becomes a rope as thick as a cable.

Let us, then, not hesitate to insist upon these distinctions. I will go so far as to say that there are different kinds of naturalness. Natural does not mean uniform. Two individuals may be very dissimilar in the manifestation of their sentiments, and yet be equally sincere, and therefore equally natural. Southern naturalness and Northern naturalness are different things. It is necessary to make these shades of meaning felt. I will go further, and say that the critics ought to admit similar shades in the play of actors. According to their peculiar temperament, actors of equal merit are able to reproduce very different aspects of nature. At first glance you may even find

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in the acting of very great artistes something excessive, something strained, which seems, on the score of naturalness, to render them inferior to artistes of the second order. This is simply due to the fact that they communicate to their creations something of their own greatness. They are natural as the eagle is natural, instead of being natural after the manner of a barn-yard hen.

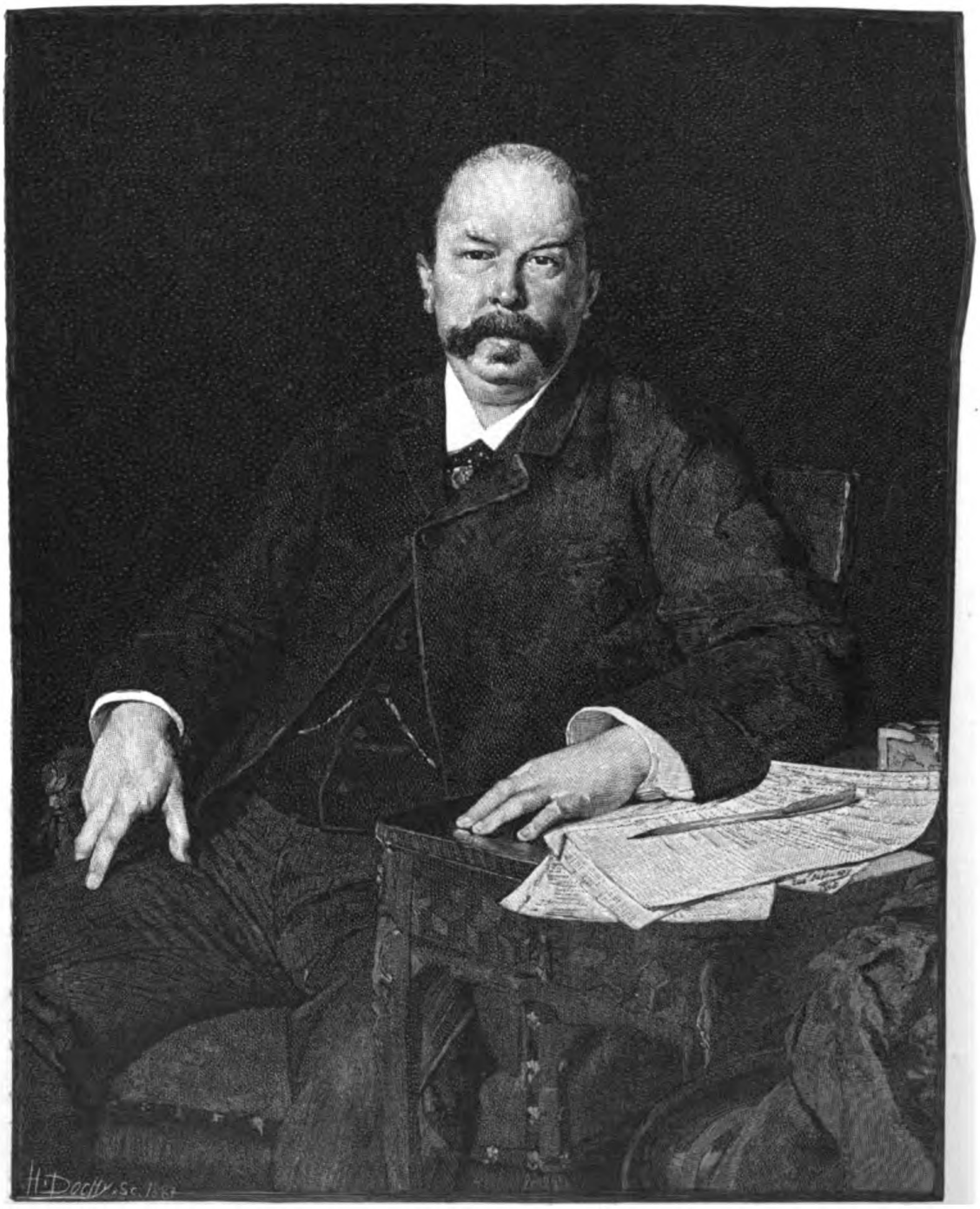
But whether an actor be eagle or hen, he is not superior to the general laws of art. Truth, proportion, harmony, exist for all alike. One more observation in conclusion, but an observation which requires some development in order to be thoroughly intelligible: as comedy needs to be played differently from drama, so Molière ought not to be played like Beaumarchais, nor Augier like Meilhac. Each author has his peculiar nature, which is revealed in his work, and which the actor ought to reflect, inasmuch as he is not only the interpreter of a character, but also the interpreter of an author. Think of the younger Dumas, and you will feel, I imagine, the truth of my assertion. Is not each one of the characters that he has created a sort of missionary charged with indoctrinating the public with the master's ideas, and bringing about a conversion? And this being the case, can you act such rôles as these as you would act those of the elder Dumas,* for instance? The characters of the elder Dumas' dramas do not seek to demonstrate anything whatever; they proceed on their broad and genial way, sprightly, generous, rapid, now riding a jog-trot, now prancing and pirouetting, always on the level of the solid earth, and with no other care but that of amusing people and giving themselves full play. The elder Dumas is a romancer even in his dramas, and makes use of history to give him subject-matter; the younger Dumas is a theorist, and seeks the basis of his theories in reality. How much wit in both father and son! But what a difference between the universal life and spirit of the one and the concentrated irony of the other, between the Gascon geniality of the former and the Parisian acerbity of the latter! The epigrams of the father are joyous squibs; the epigrams of the son are like deadly shots. These differences the actor must realize, unless he is content to play *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* like *Le Demi-Monde*, and Richelieu like Olivier de Jalin.

These are very dissimilar personages, and they bear the imprint of the brain which gave them birth in exactly the same manner as the more modest personages of Labiche and Scribe. Of this native brain they have retained the *accent*—the accent, that inexpressible something, thanks to which, whatever the age, sex, or character, the Cannebière with its sweet harmony is always to be found on the lips of the natives of Marseilles. This author's accent the actor ought to have. It is his business to penetrate his author's temperament deeply enough to discover what this accent is. This constitutes another kind of collaboration, more intimate and more profound still than that which accompanies the process of studying a particular character and breathing his own life into it.

Let us pass over the tragic characters: not because I have nothing to say about them; on the contrary, I should require them, if I had my way, to be represented like men of their times. If you are acting Corneille, do not attempt to *humanize* him, or even to *romanize* him; play him boldly, as he boldly conceived; like a Spaniard of the seventeenth century; like a Norman, that is to say, almost like a Gascon, as much a knight as he was a lawyer; like a Frenchman that he was, a Frenchman of the beginning of that *grand siècle*, which is grand only on account of that beginning; but rare times all the same were those when men conspired, like Cinna, with Montmorency or De Thou; engaged in politics, like Flaminius or Severus, with Retz or Richelieu; or in gallantry, which is a branch of politics, with the Émilies of the Fronde.

* It would be absolutely superfluous to give here any biographical summary of the elder Dumas, born 1803, died 1870, or of the younger Dumas, born 1824. The author of *The Three Musketeers* is famous all over the world; the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* and of the *Demi-Monde* is not less famous than his famous father. Our illustrations are engraved from portraits which M. Alexandre Dumas the younger most kindly placed at our disposal. The portrait of the latter is from M. Léon Bonnat's painting exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1887. The portrait of the elder Dumas is from an oil-painting made by an Italian artist named Vieusseux, who died some seven years ago. Vieusseux was not a famous master; he was simply *enlumineur*, or colorer, in the employ of the photographer Nadar. However, the modesty of his position did not prevent him having very considerable talent, and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger prizes this picture as being the most faithful and life-like image of his illustrious father.—Th. C.

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HENRI MEILHAC.—From the painting by Delaunay.

In a word, give to Corneille the accent of Corneille: he is a lyric poet: spread wide open your wings.

Fold your wings for Racine, whose genius I find equal to that of Corneille, purely and simply. I make no difficulty to express my conviction. In Racine's tragedies human stature has diminished: we are under the reign of Louis XIV.: but what has been lost in height has been gained in politeness; the characters affect the *beau ton;* but they are grave and measured; there is more dissertation than grand eloquence, more elegiac than lyric expression; there is no question of throwing dust in people's eyes; Racine aims at charming rather than at dazzling. Racine, the most feminine of French dramatic authors, needs to be played discreetly and delicately: even Roxane, even Phèdre,

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OCTAVE FEUILLET.

ought to preserve in their acting the measure which the author has put into his style. It was thus that Rachel triumphed.

Suppose, now, that you have to play Molière: take his copiousness; take his admirable precision, so little heedful of the sparkling of wit, and so mindful, on the other hand, of the grand straightforward traits of truth; take his gayety, which was so verily the natural state of his soul that it is above all in his later pieces that it is most overflowing, and neither sickness nor trouble can stop that hearty laugh, which, whatever may have been said, contains no admixture of misanthropic bitterness.

You may take more liberties with Regnard, who often substitutes fancy in the place of observation: be all life and spirits, and do not fear to give a little broadness and freedom to the author's rich but careless *verve;* light-footed in pursuit, as Rabelais would say, and hardy in the tussle—*légère au pourchas, et hardie à la rencontre.*

Beaumarchais is another matter. Here we have not to do with sap flowing spontaneously from a naturally joyous soul. Of wit, of battlesome wit, captious and provoking, the author has so much of his own that he has given some to all his characters. That prodigious ass Bridoison has wit. Assurance, boldness, "cheek": that is what the spectator must remark when you are playing Beaumarchais.

Marivaux escapes from wit by grace and charm; otherwise his lot would be too fortunate. He is, however, more realistic than people think; but the mannerism of his expression stands in the way of his observation, which is always exact. Thus the comicality of his valets, which is a lit-

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tle coarse, even in Pasquin, seems to me natural and thoroughly characteristic. You must not force this comicality, for if you do it will slip aside; you must play it very frankly; it enlivens and corrects whatever insipidity the manner of the rest might acquire in the long-run. Not that this rest is not charming; there is affectation in the verbiage, and the characters are too talkative; but it is the talk of the eighteenth century; you must act it as people talked in those days, with the same delicacy of sentiment, and also with the same vivacity. The comedies of Marivaux are little pathways all strewn with roses, but you must not allow the spectator who is following you to fall asleep in these flowery walks.



LUDOVIC HALÉVY IN HIS STUDY, WITH HIS BLACK CAT ON THE TABLE.

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EUGÈNE SCRIBE.—From the bust by David d'Angers.

Of our contemporary authors, Augier perhaps comes nearest to Molière, although his accent is thoroughly modern, and although his "Lionnes Pauvres" and his "Giboyeur" are quite of our time. In his touch there is something of the concentrated force and precision of the master. Like Molière, he affects legal turns; his language, though less rich, has robustness, vigor, and a fine sonority, especially in his prose works. Augier must be played broadly, steadily, each character being well centred and carefully balanced.

Meilhac* and Gondinet† are subtle observers who deliberately remain *fantaisistes*. They amuse themselves on the surface of things with charming creations of their imagination ballasted with a good dose of truth, but nevertheless certain traits reveal the fact that they are as well acquainted as any one with the underlying reality of things. Only in Gondinet's pieces these traits leave no gall behind them; Meilhac, on the contrary, sharpens his arrows, poisons them, and shoots them into the very quick. Their pieces, therefore, cannot be played in the same manner. Both require lightness, but for the one this lightness must be good-natured and *bon enfant*, while for the other it must be *enfant terrible*. Gondinet is gay without malevolence; he can carry a scene even to caricature and still retain a basis of good sense. Meilhac is *talon rouge*, impertinent, stinging. Do not be afraid any more than he is of nipping a piece of the flesh, but nip it with dexterity and delicacy. His more studied gayety will run over into the region of wild extravagance unless you save it by easy assurance. Meilhac has sometimes aimed a little wide of the mark when Halévy* was not there to rectify his sight, for Halévy is a keen nature, less exquisite perhaps, but still very delicate. In all that Halévy has written alone we feel the vibration of his heart, and we conclude that although he is far from belonging to the

* Henri Meilhac, born 1832, author of a great number of comedies, since 1860 until within three or four years ago always in collaboration with M. Ludovic Halévy. The libretti of Offenbach's world-renowned operettas *Barbe Bleue*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *Les Brigands*, etc., were written by Meilhac and Halévy, also the comedy-drama *Froufrou*, and those amusing Palais Royal comedies *Tricoche et Cacolet*, *Les Sonnettes*, *La Boule*, etc. Our portrait of M. Meilhac is engraved from the oil-painting by M. Élie Delaunay, member of the Institute, which figured at the Salon of 1886.

† Edmond Gondinet, born 1829, made his début as a writer with a piece in one act at the Comédie Française in 1863. Amongst his best pieces may be mentioned *Gavaud, Minard, et Cie*, *Le plus heureux des Trois*, *Le Panache*, *Un Parisien*, the last piece produced at the Comédie Française in 1886.—Th. C.

* Ludovic Halévy, born 1834, the assiduous collaborator of Henri Meilhac, and author of innumerable comedies. Since his election to the French Academy in 1884 M. Halévy seems to have given up writing for the stage altogether, and now devotes himself to writing novels like *Criquette* or the charming *Abbé Constantin*. Our portrait, drawn from life by M. Renouard, represents M. Halévy at work in his study, with in the background a bronze medallion portrait of his uncle, the celebrated composer Fromenthal Halévy, author of *La Juive*, and a bust of the composer Bizet, author of *Carmen*, and cousin of M. Halévy, by the sculptor Paul Dubois. In the foreground is M. Halévy's black cat, whose ancestors forty years ago used to sleep on the work-table of Monsieur Scribe. M. Halévy, I may add, only consented to sit for his portrait on the express condition that his cat should not be disturbed.—Th. C.

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category of dupes, he certainly does not wish to be one of those *dilettanti* who prefer to simple plain virtue some smartly bedecked vice or some rare monstrosity.

Witty, like Meilhac, Pailleron* has, like Halévy, a dash of sentiment, and by dint of art his wit and sentiment appear natural. The actor must not "officiate" Pailleron; he must act delicately, freely, and gayly, absolutely *à la Française*. He must not seek to add to the wit, otherwise there would be too much. Nobody knows better than Pailleron just the exact dose of wit that is necessary.

Feuillet demands more nerves. He is a theorizer like Dumas, but he is at the same time romantic and fatalist. In order to play Feuillet the actor requires absolutely correct bearing, perfect manners, a well-bred air, and a grain of Romanticism. In Feuillet's heroes there is still something of Lara; but his heroes are Catholics, and even in crime they respect the conventions of etiquette. For my part I confess that I am passionately fond of Feuillet. Of all contemporary dramatists it is he who puts the most ideal into his writings.

Scribe,† on the contrary, was the author who put the least ideal in his pieces. There can be no objection to acting Scribe with that familiarity which one finds in his work. He did not speak a language which one needs to handle with any particular respect. For that matter, Scribe was a skilful dramatist, a stage practitioner who would have been incomparable had not Sardou come after him—Sardou, who is infinitely superior to Scribe in wide intelligence; Sardou, the Proteus of the theatre, gliding, fertile in invention, impossible to grasp. Sardou's pieces must be played as he himself reads them, for he is a marvellous reader. Above all, they must be played according to his indications. If the reader could only see



ALFRED DE MUSSET.
From the original drawing by Eugène Lami at the Comédie Française.

Sardou at a rehearsal working with his actors, himself acting every rôle, and acting them all to perfection!*

* M. Édouard Pailleron, born 1834, is an ingenious writer of comedies. His first great success was a comedy, *Le Monde où l'on s'amuse*, produced at the Gymnase in 1868. At the Comédie Française he has had performed *Le Dernier Quartier*, *L'Autre Motif*, *La Petite Pluie*, and *L'Étincelle*, and two important comedies, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* and *La Souris*. M. Pailleron was elected member of the French Academy in 1883.—Th. C.

† Eugène Scribe, always and still known as *Monsieur* Scribe, born 1791, died 1861, wrote dramatic compositions of all kinds, single-handed and in collaboration with others. At one time Scribe had a new piece played every week in the year, and his works, which are literally numbered by hundreds, were at once found to be full of suggestion and adaptable material by dramatists in all countries of the world. Our portrait of Scribe is engraved from a bronze medallion modelled in 1843 by the famous sculptor David d'Angers.—Th. C.

* We have taken M. Coquelin at his word, and by the courtesy of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and of M. Victorien Sardou, M. Paul Renouard was able to make a few sketches from life during the rehearsal of Sardou's last new piece, *La Tosca*. Nothing would have been more interesting than to have followed the materialization of Sardou's manuscript scene by scene, and to have depicted the author in his felt slippers and loosely floating and decidedly inelegant costume, as he played on the stage each and all the rôles of his piece, styling in turn each actor and actress, inculcating gestures, intonations, and play of physiognomy, and showing himself to be in fact a

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(1) SARDOU LISTENING TO THE ACTORS.



(2) SARDOU MAKES A REMARK.



(3) SARDOU READY TO TAKE ANYBODY'S PART.

an afternoon rehearsal at the theatre. With his muffler round his neck and his quaint Holbein cap to protect him from the draughts which always abound in the daytime at the theatre, Sardou sits comparatively calmly listening to the actors (1). Next we see him making a remark (2). Then we see him standing on his feet, ready to play anybody's rôle (3), for verbal observations soon irritate the nervous author, who prefers to explain his meaning by actually acting the part himself. We need not be astonished, therefore, to see him in another illustration taking up his cue and entering upon the scene of explanations between the heroine, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and the painter-lover. "Ce n'est pas moi le bourreau, c'est vous!" says Sardou the lover to Sarah the heroine (4). And in another scene Sardou and Sarah continue their colloquy (5), each with the necessary accessories, the one with a painter's palette and brushes, the other with a bouquet of flowers and a Directory cane. In another sketch we see the two taking a rest (6), Sarah muffled up to the eyes in shawls and wraps, and Sardou continuing as he lolls in an arm-chair that prodigious flux of wit, anecdote, and ingenious reflections which makes him one of the most wonderful talkers in Paris as well as one of the most wonderful readers and actors. Then comes the Finale (7), when at last, after two or three hours' worry and hard work, the rehearsal is brought to an end on account of sheer exhaustion on the part of Sarah, who sinks into an arm-chair beside an improvised tea-table, while Sardou shuffles along in his felt slippers, and, with a smile of satisfaction on

veritable histrionic Proteus. Such a series of sketches from life would have constituted a sort of study course of graphic dramatic representation. This, however, was not the place for so complete a series, and in our illustrations M. Renouard has therefore represented the world-famous dramatist only in a few typical attitudes and gestures. First of all we see Sardou at the beginning of



(4) SARDOU TAKES UP HIS CUE: "CE N'EST PAS MOI LE BOURREAU; C'EST VOUS!"

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(5) SARDOU AND SARAH, AS HERO AND HEROINE OF THE PIECE, CONTINUE THEIR COLLOQUY.

I need not say how Musset* ought to be played; happily everybody still remembers the creations of Delaunay, who has marked all Musset's pieces with his stamp and seal to such a degree that we shall long wonder if Musset is possible without Delaunay. Nothing proves better than this the truth of what I am now endeavoring to prove, namely, that each author demands in a measure special qualities. All the qualities that are needed to play the poet of *Le Chandelier* and of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, Delaunay possessed in the ideal degree. He was

his countenance, spreads a rug over the knees of his precious heroine. Like Titus, after a rehearsal which tires out even Sarah Bernhardt, Sardou may well say that he has not lost his day.

It is scarcely necessary to summarize the career of Victorien Sardou. Born at Paris in 1831, he has been one of the most successful and fertile of French dramatists during the past thirty years. His best known pieces are *Les Pattes de Mouche* (a scrap of paper), *Nos Intimes*, *Nos bons Villageois*, *Mme. Benoiton*, *Rabagas*, *Patrie*, *Dora*, *Fedora*, and *Théodora*. M. Sardou was elected member of the French Academy in 1877.—Th. C.

* Alfred de Musset, born 1810, died 1857, has become a French classic, so that there is no need for reminding the reader of his life and writings. The portrait in our illustration is reproduced from a drawing made from life by the painter Eugène Lami, who was an intimate friend of the poet. Accident brought this charming drawing into the possession of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, who made a present of it to the Comédie Française, where it now hangs.—Th. C.

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(6) THEY TAKE A REST.

Mussetic, as others are Shakespearian. But he was not that alone; he had yet other qualities, which enabled him to play Horace in the *École des Femmes* and Dorante in *Le Menteur* in a different way from that in which he played the rôles of Fortunio or Perdican. Delaunay did not *Mussetize* Molière. Certain actors have not such breadth of reach; and just as one finds actors who can play but one rôle, so one finds others who can play but one author.

Two words on MM. Erckmann-Chatrian,* who have obtained a special and peculiar situation with their Alsacian pieces. In order to render the old manners and customs of their dear father-land, they have adopted a sort of Biblical and patriarchal simplicity, the artlessness of which might sometimes seem just a little puerile were it not relieved by a raciness which is often delicious. It would be a mistake, I think, to *Shakespearize* them. Neither studied effects nor emphasis are needed. Erckmann-Chatrian depict, as it were, the primitive sentiments of the soul, and they must therefore be played, in my opinion, very simply, but with very marked sincerity, and the most powerful effects must be sought only by the most natural and apparently the most involuntary means.

Hugo* ought to be played lyrically. Above everything he is lyrical, and the most dramatic situations which he has discovered are treated lyrically, and so lyrically that many of them seem to be

* Émile Erckmann, born 1822, and Alexandre Chatrian, born 1826, have become widely famous as patriotic novelists, under the joint name of Erckmann-Chatrian. Their most celebrated dramatic works are the *Juif Polonais*, known in English as *The Bells*, and *L'Ami Fritz*, which latter was produced at the Comédie Française in 1876 with immense success.—TH. C.

* Our portrait of the great French poet is taken from a plaster bust by Falguière, executed at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of Victor Hugo's play *Hernani*, when this bust was crowned on the stage in presence of the living hero, who occupied a stage-box. This vigorous and most truthful portrait of Hugo has taken its place amongst the art treasures of the Comédie Française provisionally, until M. Falguière has a copy cast in lasting bronze.—TH. C.

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merely pretexts for magnificent poetic developments. No author more than Hugo is present in the person of each of his characters. What is Don César in *Ruy Blas*? Is he not a lyrical *fantaisiste*? I cannot feel the character otherwise, and it is thus that I played it. In this respect Victor Hugo does not seem to me to be the equal of Molière or of Shakespeare, in whose characters one feels not the author, but humanity. But from this admission the reader must not conclude that I side with the detractors of the poet, or, because I place him as a dramatic author below Molière and Shakespeare, that I therefore rank him as a poet after Lamartine and Musset. Inferior to his two dramatic rivals as a creator of men, Hugo is superior to all as a poet. I know of no poet, ancient or modern, whom Hugo does not contain, and often surpass. In Hugo are combined Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, Lucretius, Juvenal, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Ronsard, Chénier. He has the immense inspiration of the pantheistic epopees of India, and the heroic and rude simplicity of the Romanceros of the Middle Ages. Hugo is the miraculous poet. Does Lamartine or Musset present any such incomparable universality of gifts? They are very great poets, but each one in his sphere. Victor Hugo is the greatest of the sphere.

It may be objected that I am contradicting myself, at least so far as concerns Molière and Shakespeare, when I maintain on the one hand that they are never to be found in their works, while on the other hand I recommend the actor to seek their personality in their works in order to act them in a certain manner. The contradiction is more apparent than real. The personages created by these great men have a peculiar and independent life of their own. Shakespeare and Molière do not depict or repeat themselves in these personages; they are men—men whom we know, whom we are likely to meet just now in the street. But when we do meet them, shall we confound Shakespeare's men with Molière's? No. We shall know very well how to distin-



(7) FINALE—FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION SARAH SINKS INTO A CHAIR.

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guish between them, and to attribute to one and to the other the types belonging to each.

In the survey that they make of humanity these geniuses choose their figures according to a certain impulsion which is the result of their own personal manner of being. Molière has a predilection for broad, frank, and positive types; Shakespeare affects exorbitant, passionate, and tumultuous types. Not only do they choose their figures, but in the thousand details by which man reveals his nature they select those which seem to them most characteristic, and they color the expression of them after their own manner. They dispose of the faculty of creating men, and also of the not less marvellous faculty of creating the space in which they make these men live, the atmosphere that fills this space, the light that bathes this atmosphere. This, indeed, is the quality that is peculiar to them. It is this choice of types, this choice of expressions, this diversity of color and of surroundings, the whole in conformity with the intimate turn and temperament of their genius, which constitute their style and their manner; and it is from these points of view that we discover their personality. The matter is universal, the form is their own.

In the modest circle of his action the actor ought to realize something similar.



VICTOR HUGO.—From the bust by Falguière.

He can set his seal and impress upon the rôles which he interprets, but this impress ought to so harmonize and become one with the reality of the personage that the spectator will only perceive it after reflection and comparison. When he sees him play, the spectator must forget the actor, and see only the character he impersonates. It is an excellent thing, and a proof of his superiority, if on reading over the piece, or on seeing it acted by another, the spectator remembers the actor, and thinks to himself: "Ah! So-and-so was the man for that part. *Il n'y avait que lui!*"

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ANANIAS.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

I.

MIDDLE Georgia, after Sherman passed through on his famous march to the sea, was full of the direst confusion and despair, and there were many sad sights to be seen. A wide strip of country with desolate plantations, and here and there a lonely chimney standing sentinel over a pile of blackened and smouldering ruins, bore melancholy testimony to the fact that war is a very serious matter. All this is changed now, of course. The section through which the grim commander pushed his way to the sea smiles under the application of new and fresher energies. We have discovered that war, horrible as it is, sometimes drags at its bloody tumbril wheel certain fructifying and fertilizing forces. If this were not so, the contest in which the South suffered the humiliation of defeat, and more, would have been a very desperate affair indeed. The troubles of that unhappy time—its doubts, its difficulties, and its swift calamities—will never be known to posterity, for they have never been adequately described.

It was during this awful period—that is to say, in January, 1866—that Lawyer Terrell, of Macon, made the acquaintance of his friend Ananias. In the midst of the desolation to be seen on every hand, this negro was the forlornest spectacle of all. Lawyer Terrell overtook him on the public highway between Macon and Rockville. The negro wore a ragged blue army overcoat, a pair of patched and muddy blue breeches, and had on the remnants of what was once a military cap. He was leading a lame and broken-down horse through the mud, and was making his way toward Rockville at what appeared to be a slow and painful gait. Curiosity impelled Lawyer Terrell to draw rein as he came up with the negro.

"Howdy, boss?" he said, taking off his tattered cap. Responding to his salutation, the lawyer inquired his name. "I'm name' Ananias, suh," he replied.

The name seemed to fit him exactly. A meaner-looking negro Lawyer Terrell had never seen. There was not the shadow of a smile on his face, and seriousness ill became him. He had what is called a hang-dog look. A professional overseer in the old days would have regarded him as a negro to be watched, and a speculator would have put him in chains the moment he bought him. With a good deal of experience with negroes, Lawyer Terrell had never seen one whose countenance and manner were more repulsive.

"Well," said the lawyer, still keeping along with him in the muddy road, "Ananias is a good name."

"Yasser," he replied; "dat w'at mammy say. Mammy done dead now, but she say dat dey wuz two Ananiases. Dey wuz ole Ananias en young Ananias. One un um wuz de Liar, en de udder wuz de Poffit. Dat w'at mammy say. I'm name' atter de Poffit."

Lawyer Terrell laughed, and continued his cross-examination.

"Where are you going?"

"Who? Me? I'm gwine back ter Marster, suh."

"What is your master's name?"

"Cunnel Bénjamime Flewellen, suh."

"Colonel Benjamin Flewellen; yes; I know the colonel well. What are you going back there for?"

"Who? Me? Dat my home, suh. I bin brung up right dar, suh—right 'longside er Marster en my young mistiss, suh."

"Miss Ellen Flewellen," said Lawyer Terrell, reflectively. At this remark the negro showed a slight interest in the conversation; but his interest did not improve his appearance.

"Yasser, dat her name, sho; but we-all call her Miss Nelly."

"A very pretty name, Ananias," remarked Lawyer Terrell.

"Lord! yasser."

The negro looked up at this, but Lawyer Terrell had his eyes fixed on the muddy road ahead of him. The lawyer was somewhat youngish himself, but his face had a hard, firm expression common to those who are in the habit of having their own way in the court-house and elsewhere.

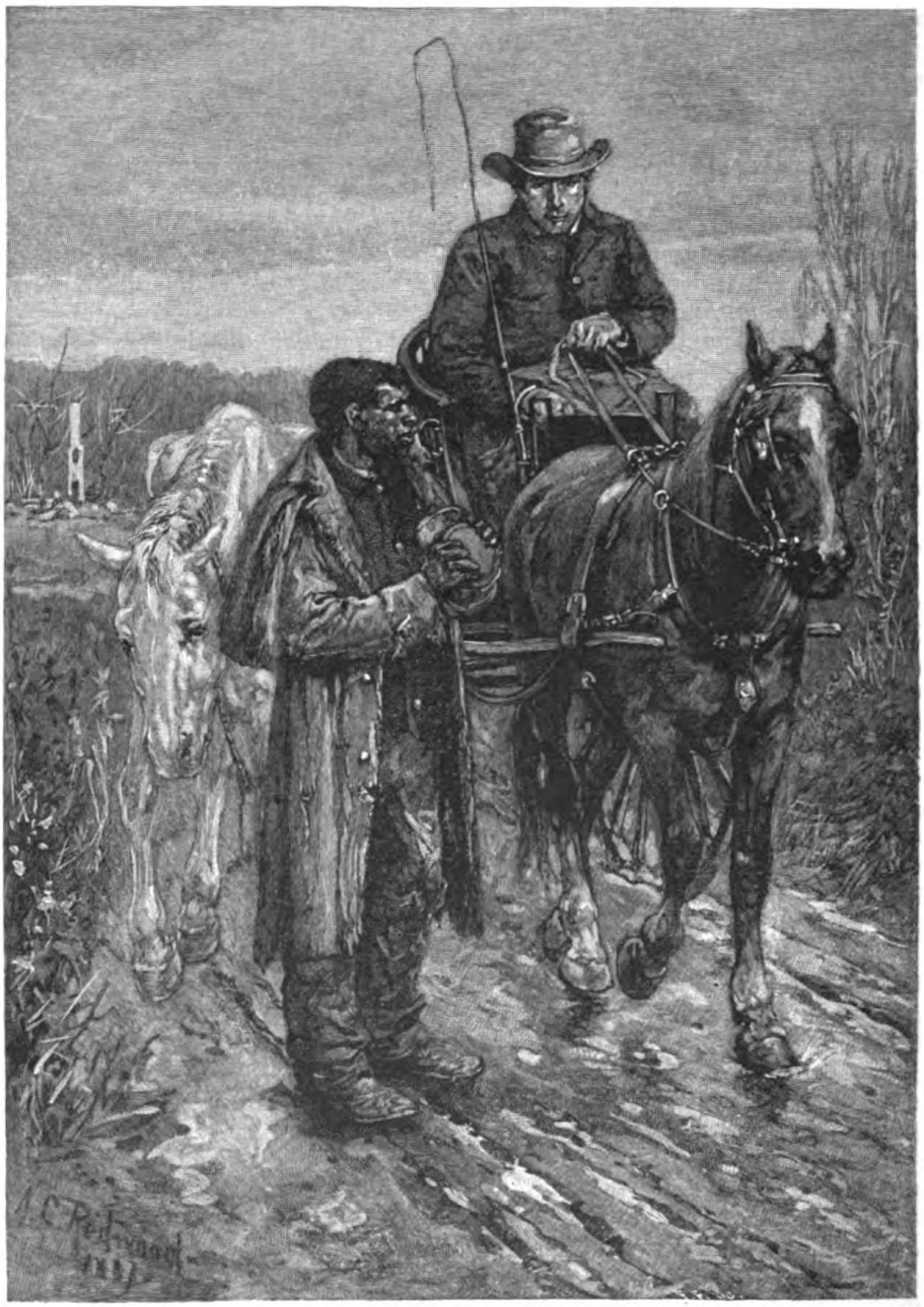
"Where have you been, Ananias?" said the lawyer presently.

"Who? Me? I bin 'long wid Sherman army, suh."

"Then you are quite a soldier by this time."

"Lord! yasser! I bin wid um fum de

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"BUT NIGGERS, SUH, NIGGERS, DEY ER DIFFUNT."

time dey come in dese parts plumb tell dey got ter Sander'ville. You ain't never is bin ter Sander'ville, is you, boss?"

"Not to say right in the town, Ananias, but I've been by there a great many times." Lawyer Terrell humored the conversation, as was his habit.

"Well, suh," said Ananias, "don't you never go dar; special don't you go dar wid no army, kaze hit's de longes' en de nasties' road fum dar ter yer w'en you er comin' back dat I ever is lay my two eyes on."

"Why did you come back, Ananias?"

"Who? Me? Well, suh, w'en de army come 'long by home dar, look like eve'y-body got der eye sot on me. Go whar I would, look alike all de folks wuz a-watchin' me. 'Bout time de army wuz a-pilin' in on us, Marse Wash Jones, w'ich I never is done 'im no harm dat I knows un, he went ter Marster, he did, en he 'low

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dat ef dey don't keep mighty close watch on Ananias dey'd all be massycreed in deir beds. I know Marse Wash tol' Marster dat, kaze Ma'y Ann, w'ich she wait on de table, she come right outer de house en tol' me so. Right den, suh, I 'gun ter feel sorter skittish. Marster had done got me ter hide all de stock out in de swamp, en I 'low ter myse'f, I did, dat I'd des go over dar en stay wid um. I ain't bin dar so mighty long, suh, w'en yer come de Yankees, en wid um wuz George, de carriage-driver, de nigger w'at Marster think mo' uv dan he do all de balance er his niggers. En now, den, dar wuz George a-fetchin' de Yankees right whar he know de stock wuz hid at."

"George was a very handy negro to have around," said Lawyer Terrell.

"Yasser. Marster thunk de worl' en all er dat nigger, en dar he wuz showin' de Yankees whar de mules en hosses wuz hid at. Well, suh, soon ez he see me, George he put out, en I staid dar wid de hosses. I try ter git dem folks not ter kyar um off, I beg um en I plead wid um, but dey des laugh at me, suh. I follered 'long atter um, en dey driv dem hosses en mules right by de house. Marster wuz stannin' out in de front porch, en w'en he see de Yankees got de stock, en me 'long wid um, suh, he des raise up his han's—so—en drap um down by his side, en den he tuck 'n tu'n roun' en go in de house. I run ter de do', I did, but Marster done fassen it, en den I run roun' de back way, but de back do' wuz done fassen too. I know'd dey didn't like me," Ananias went on, picking his way carefully through the mud, "en I wuz mos' out'n my head, kaze I ain't know w'at ter do. 'Tain't wid niggers like it is wid white folks, suh. White folks know w'at ter do, kaze dey in de habits er doin' like dey wanter, but niggers, suh—niggers, dey er diffunt. Dey dunner w'at ter do."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Lawyer Terrell.

"Who? Me? Well, suh, I des crope off ter my cabin, en I draw'd up a cheer front er de fier, en stirred up de embers, en sot dar. I ain't sot dar long 'fo' Marster come ter de do'. He open it, he did, en he come in. He 'low, 'You in dar, Ananias?' I say, 'Yasser.' Den he come in. He stood dar, he did, en look at me. I ain't raise my eyes, suh; I des look in de embers. Bime-by he say, 'Ain't I allers treat you well, Ananias?' I 'low, 'Yasser.' Den he say, 'Ain't I raise you up fum a little baby, w'en you got no daddy?' I 'low, 'Yasser.' He say, 'How come you treat me dis a-way, Ananias? W'at make you show dem Yankees whar my hosses en mules is?'"

Ananias paused as he picked his way through the mud, leading his broken-down horse.

"What did you tell him?" said Lawyer Terrell, somewhat curtly.

"Well, suh, I dunner w'at de name er God come 'cross me. I wuz dat full up dat I can't talk. I tried ter tell Marster des zactly how it wuz, but look like I wuz all choke up. White folks kin talk right straight 'long, but niggers is diffunt. Marster stood dar, he did, en look at me right hard, en I know by de way he look dat his feelin's wuz hurted, en dis make me wuss. Eve'y time I try ter talk, suh, sumpin' ne'r kotch me in de neck, en 'fo' I kin come ter myse'f, suh, Marster wuz done gone. I got up en tried ter holler at 'im, but dat ketch wuz dar in my neck, suh, en mo' special wuz it dar, suh, w'en I see dat he wuz gwine 'long wid his head down; en dey mighty few folks, suh, dat ever is see my Marster dat a-way. He kyar his head high, suh, ef I do say it myse'f."

"Why didn't you follow after him and tell him about it?" inquired Lawyer Terrell, drawing his lap robe closer about his knee.

"Dat des zactly w'at I oughter done, suh; but right den en dar I ain't know w'at ter do. I know'd dat nigger like me ain't got no business foolin' 'roun' much, en dat wuz all I did know. I sot down, I did, en I make up my min' dat ef Marster got de idee dat I had his stock run'd off, I better git out fum dar; en den I went ter work, suh, en I pack up w'at little duds I got, en I put out wid de army. I march wid um, suh, plum tell dey got ter Sander'ville, en dar I ax um w'at dey gwine pay me fer gwine wid um. Well, suh, you mayn't b'lieve me, but dem w'ite mens dey des laugh at me. All dis time I bin runnin' over in my min' 'bout Marster en Miss Nelly, en w'en I fin' out dat dey wa'n't no pay fer niggers gwine wid de army I des up en say ter myse'f dat dat kind er business ain't gwine do fer me."

"If they had paid you anything," said Lawyer Terrell, "I suppose you would have gone on with the army?"

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"Who? Me? Dat I wouldn't," replied Ananias, emphatically—"dat I wouldn't. I'd 'a got my money, en I'd 'a come back home, kaze I boun' you I wa'n't a-gwine ter let Marster drap off en die widout knowin' who run'd dem stock off. No, suh. I wuz des 'bleege ter come back."

"Ananias," said Lawyer Terrell, "you are a good man."

"Thanky, suh!—thanky, Marster!" exclaimed Ananias, taking off his weather-beaten cap. "You er de fus white man dat ever tol' me dat sence I bin born'd inter de worl'. Thanky, suh!"

"Good-by," said Lawyer Terrell, touching his horse lightly with the whip.

"Good-by, Marster!" said Ananias, with unction. "Good-by, Marster, en thanky!"

Lawyer Terrell passed out of sight in the direction of Rockville. Ananias went in the same direction, but he made his way over the road with a lighter heart.

II.

It is to be presumed that Ananias's explanation was satisfactory to Colonel Benjamin Flewellen, for he settled down on his former master's place, and proceeded to make his presence felt on the farm as it had never been felt before. Himself and his army-worn horse were decided accessions, for the horse turned out to be an excellent animal. Ananias made no contract with his former master, and asked for no wages. He simply took possession of his old quarters, and began anew the life he had led in slavery times—with this difference: in the old days he had been compelled to work, but now he was working of his own free-will and to please himself. The result was that he worked much harder.

It may be said here that though Colonel Benjamin Flewellen was a noted planter, he was not much of a farmer. Before and during the war he had intrusted his plantation and his planting interests to the care of an overseer. For three hundred dollars a year—which was not much of a sum in slavery times—he could be relieved of all the cares and anxieties incident to the management of a large plantation. His father before him had conducted the plantation by proxy, and Colonel Benjamin Flewellen was not slow to avail himself of a long-established custom that had been justified by experience. Moreover, Colonel Flewellen had a taste for literature. His father had gathered together a large collection of books, and Colonel Flewellen had added to this until he was the owner of one of the largest private libraries in a State where large private libraries were by no means rare. He wrote verse on occasion, and essays in defence of slavery. There are yet living men who believed that his "Reply" to Charles Sumner's attack on the South was so crushing in its argument and its invective—particularly its invective—that it would go far toward putting an end to the abolition movement. Colonel Flewellen's "Reply" filled a page of the New York *Day-Book*, and there is no doubt that he made the most of the limited space placed at his disposal.

With his taste and training it is not surprising that Colonel Benjamin Flewellen should leave his plantation interests to the care of Mr. Washington Jones, his overseer, and devote himself to the liberal arts. He not only wrote and published the deservedly famous "Reply" to Charles Sumner, which was afterward reprinted in pamphlet form for the benefit of his friends and admirers, but he collected his fugitive verses in a volume, which was published by an enterprising New York firm "for the author"; and in addition to this he became the proprietor and editor of the Rockville *Vade-Mecum*, a weekly paper devoted to "literature, science, politics, and the news."

When, therefore, the collapse came, the colonel found himself practically stranded. He was not only land-poor, but he had no experience in the management of his plantation. Ananias, when he returned from his jaunt with the army, was of some help, but not much. He knew how the plantation ought to be managed, but he stood in awe of the colonel, and he was somewhat backward in giving his advice. In fact, he had nothing to say unless his opinion was asked, and this was not often, for Colonel Flewellen had come to entertain the general opinion about Ananias, which was, in effect, that he was a sneaking, hypocritical rascal who was not to be depended on; a good enough worker, to be sure, but not a negro in whom one could repose confidence.

The truth is, Ananias's appearance was against him. He was ugly and mean-looking, and he had a habit of slipping around and keeping out of the way of white people—a habit which, in that day

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and time, gave everybody reason enough to distrust him. As a result of this, Ananias got the credit of every mean act that could not be traced to any responsible source. If a smoke-house was broken open in the night, Ananias was the thief. The finger of suspicion was pointed at him on every possible occasion. He was thought to be the head and front of the Union League, a political organization set in motion by the shifty carpet-baggers for the purpose of consolidating the negro vote against the whites. In this way prejudice deepened against him all the while, until he finally became something of an Ishmaelite, holding no intercourse with any white people but Colonel Flewellen and Miss Nelly.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, Colonel Flewellen was not making much of a success in managing his plantation. Beginning without money, he had as much as he could do to make "buckle and tongue meet," as the phrase goes. In fact he did not make them meet. He farmed on the old lavish plan. He borrowed money, and he bought provisions, mules, and fertilizers on credit, paying as much as two hundred per cent. interest on his debts.

Strange to say, his chief creditor was Mr. Washington Jones, his former overseer. Somehow or other Mr. Jones had thrived. He had saved money as an overseer, being a man of simple tastes and habits, and when the crash came he was comparatively a rich man. When affairs settled down somewhat, Mr. Jones blossomed out as a commission merchant, and he soon established a large and profitable business. He sold provisions and commercial fertilizers, he bought cotton, and he was not above any transaction, however small, that promised to bring him a dime where he had invested a thrip. He was a very thrifty man indeed. In addition to his other business he shaved notes and bought mortgages, and in this way the fact came to be recognized, as early as 1868, that he was what is known as "a leading citizen." He did not hesitate to grind a man when he had him in his clutches, and on this account he made enemies; but as his worldly possessions grew and assumed tangible proportions, it is not to be denied that he had more friends than enemies.

For a while Mr. Washington Jones's most prominent patron was Colonel Benjamin Flewellen. The colonel, it should be said, was not only a patron of Jones, but he patronized him. He made his purchases, chiefly on credit, in a lordly, superior way, as became a gentleman whose hireling Jones had been. When the colonel had money he was glad to pay cash for his supplies, but it happened somehow that he rarely had money. Jones, it must be confessed, was very accommodating. He was anxious to sell to the colonel on the easiest terms, so far as payment was concerned, and he often, in a sly way, flattered the colonel into making larger bills than he otherwise would have made.

There could be but one result, and though that result was inevitable, everybody about Rockville seemed to be surprised. The colonel had disposed of his newspaper long before, and one day there appeared in the columns which he had once edited with such care a legal notice to the effect that he had applied to the ordinary of the county, in proper form, to set aside a homestead and personalty. This meant that the colonel, with his old-fashioned ways and methods, had succumbed to the inevitable. He had a house and lot in town, and this was set apart as his homestead by the judge of ordinary. Mr. Washington Jones, you may be sure, lost no time in foreclosing his mortgages, and the fact soon came to be known that he was now the proprietor of the Flewellen Place.

Just at this point the colonel first began to face the real problems of life, and he found them to be very knotty ones. He must live—but how? He knew no law, and was acquainted with no business. He was a gentleman and a scholar; but these accomplishments would not serve him; indeed, they stood in his way. He had been brought up to no business, and it was a little late in life—the colonel was fifty or more—to begin to learn. He might have entered upon a political career, and this would have been greatly to his taste, but all the local offices were filled by competent men, and just at that time a Southerner to the manner born had little chance to gain admission to Congress. The Republican "reconstructionists," headed by Thaddeus Stevens, barred the way. The outlook was gloomy indeed.

Nelly Flewellen, who had grown to be a beautiful woman, and who was as accomplished as she was beautiful, gave music lessons; but in Rockville at that time there was not much to be made by teach-

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ing music. It is due to the colonel to say that he was bitterly opposed to this project, and he was glad when his daughter gave it up in despair. Then she took in sewing surreptitiously, and did other things that a girl of tact and common-sense would be likely to do when put to the test.

The colonel and his daughter managed to get along somehow, but it was a miserable existence compared to their former estate of luxury. Just how they managed, only one person in the wide world knew, and that person was Ananias. Everybody around Rockville said it was very queer how the colonel, with no money and little credit, could afford to keep a servant, and a man-servant at that. But there was nothing queer about it. Ananias received no wages of any sort; he asked for none; he expected none. A child of misfortune himself, he was glad to share the misfortunes of his former master. He washed, he ironed, he cooked, he milked, and he did more. He found time to do little odd jobs around town, and with the money thus earned he was able to supply things that would otherwise have been missing from Colonel Flewellen's table. He was as ugly and as mean-looking as ever, and as unpopular. Even the colonel mistrusted him, but he managed to tolerate him. The daughter often had words of praise for the shabby and forlorn-looking negro, and these, if anything, served to lighten his tasks.

But in spite of everything that his daughter or Ananias could do, the colonel continued to grow poorer. To all appearances—and he managed to keep up appearances to the last—he was richer than many of his neighbors, for he had a comfortable house, and he still had credit in the town. Among the shopkeepers there were few that did not respect and admire the colonel for what he had been. But the colonel, since his experience with Mr. Washington Jones, looked with suspicion on the credit business. The result was that he and his daughter and Ananias lived in the midst of the ghastliest poverty.

As for Ananias, he could stand it well enough; so, perhaps, could the colonel, he being a man, and a pretty stout one; but how about the young lady? This was the question that Ananias was continually asking himself, and circumstances finally drove him to answering it in his own way. There was this much to be said about Ananias; when he made up his mind, nothing could turn him, humble as he was; and then came a period in the career of the family to which he had attached himself when he was compelled to make up his mind or see them starve.

III.

At this late day there is no particular reason for concealing the facts. Ananias took the responsibility on his shoulders, and thereafter the colonel's larder was always comparatively full. At night Ananias would sit and nod before a fire in the kitchen, and after everybody else had gone to bed he would sneak out into the darkness, and be gone for many hours; but whether the hours of his absence were many or few, he never returned empty-handed. Sometimes he would bring a "turn" of wood, sometimes a bag of meal or potatoes, sometimes a side of meat or a ham, and sometimes he would be compelled to stop, while yet some distance from the house, to choke a chicken that betrayed a tendency to squall in the small still hours between midnight and morning. The colonel and his daughter never knew whence their supplies came. They only knew that Ananias suddenly developed into a wonderfully good cook, for it is a very good cook indeed that can go on month after month providing excellent meals without calling for new supplies.

But Ananias had always been peculiar, and if he grew a trifle more uncommunicative than usual, neither the colonel nor the colonel's daughter was expected to take notice of the fact. Ananias was a sullen negro at best, but his sullenness was not at all important, and nobody cared whether his demeanor was grave or gay, lively or severe. Indeed, except that he was an object of distrust and suspicion, nobody cared anything at all about Ananias. For his part, Ananias seemed to care nothing for people's opinions, good, bad, or indifferent. If the citizens of Rockville thought ill of him, that was their affair altogether. Ananias went sneaking around, attending to what he conceived to be his own business, and there is no doubt that, in some way, he managed to keep Colonel Flewellen's larder well supplied with provisions.

About this time Mr. Washington Jones, who had hired a clerk for his store, and

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who was mainly devoting his time to managing, as proprietor, the Flewellen Place, which he had formerly managed as overseer, began to discover that he was the victim of a series of mysterious robberies and burglaries. Nobody suffered but Mr. Jones, and everybody said that it was not only very unjust, but very provoking also, that this enterprising citizen should be systematically robbed, while all his neighbors should escape. These mysterious robberies soon became the talk of the whole county. Some people sympathized with Jones, while others laughed at him. Certainly the mystery was a very funny mystery, for when Jones watched his potato hill, his smoke-house was sure to be entered. If he watched his smoke-house, his potato hill would suffer. If he divided his time watching both of these, his storehouse would be robbed. There was no regularity about this; but it was generally conceded that the more Jones watched, the more he was robbed, and it finally came to be believed in the county that Jones, to express it in the vernacular, "hollered too loud to be hurt much."

At last one day it was announced that Jones had discovered the thief who had been robbing him. He had not caught him, but he had seen him plainly enough to identify him. The next thing that Rockville knew, a warrant had been issued for Ananias, and he was arrested. He had no commitment trial. He was lodged in jail to await trial in the Superior Court. Colonel Flewellen was sorry for the negro, as well he might be, but he was afraid to go on his bond. Faithful as Ananias had been, he was a negro, after all, the colonel argued, and if he was released on bond he would not hesitate to run away, if such an idea should occur to him.

Fortunately for Ananias he was not permitted to languish in jail. The Superior Court met the week after he was arrested, and his case was among the first called. It seemed to be a case, indeed, that needed very little trying. But a very curious incident happened in the court-room.

Among the lawyers present was Mr. Terrell, of Macon. Mr. Terrell was by all odds the greatest lawyer practising in that circuit. He was so great, indeed, that he was not called "major," or "colonel," or "judge." He ranked with Stephens and Hill, and like these distinguished men his title was plain "Mr." Mr. Terrell practised in all the judicial circuits of the State, and had important cases in all of them. He was in Rockville for the purpose of arguing a case to be tried at that term, and which he knew would be carried to the Supreme Court of the State, no matter what the verdict of the lower court might be. He was arranging and verifying his authorities anew, and he was very busy when the sheriff came into the court-house bringing Ananias. The judge on the bench thought he had never seen a more rascally-looking prisoner; but even rascally-looking prisoners have their rights, and so, when Ananias's case was called, the judge asked him in a friendly way if he had counsel—if he had engaged a lawyer to defend him.

Ananias did not understand at first, but when the matter was made plain to him he said he could get a lawyer. Whereupon he walked over to where Mr. Terrell sat immersed in his big books, and touched him on the shoulder. The lawyer looked up.

"I'm name' Ananias, suh," said the negro.

"I remember you," said Mr. Terrell. "What are you doing here?"

"Dey got me up fer my trial, suh, en I 'ain't got nobody fer ter speak de word fer me, suh, en I 'low'd maybe—"

Ananias paused. He knew not what else to say. He had no sort of claim on this man. He saw everybody around him laughing. The great lawyer himself smiled as he twirled his eye-glasses on his fingers. Ananias was embarrassed.

"You want me to speak the word?" said Mr. Terrell.

"Yes, suh, if you please, suh."

"You need not trouble yourself, Mr. Terrell," said the judge, affably. "I was about to appoint counsel."

"May it please your honor," said Mr. Terrell, rising, "I will defend this boy. I know nothing whatever of the case, but I happen to know something of the negro."

There was quite a little stir in the court-room at this announcement. The loafers outside the railings of the bar, who had seen Ananias every day for a good many years, leaned forward to take another look at him. The lawyers inside the bar also seemed to be interested in the matter. Some thought that the great lawyer had taken the negro's case by way of a joke, and they promised themselves a good deal of enjoyment, for it is not every day that a prominent man is seen at play.

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Others knew not what to think, so that between those who regarded it as a practical joke and those who thought that Mr. Terrell might be in a serious mood, the affair caused quite a sensation.

"May it please the court," said Mr. Terrell, his firm voice penetrating to every part of the large room, "I know nothing of this case; therefore I will ask half an hour's delay to look over the papers and to consult with my client."

"Certainly," said the judge, pleasantly. "Mr. Sheriff, take the prisoner to the Grand Jury room, so that he may consult with his counsel."

The sheriff locked the prisoner and the lawyer in the Grand Jury room, and left his deputy there to open the door when Mr. Terrell announced that the conference was over. In the mean time the court proceeded with other business. Cases were settled, dismissed, or postponed. A couple of young lawyers fell into a tumultuous wrangle over an immaterial point, which the judge disposed of with a wave of his hand.

In the Grand Jury room Ananias was telling his volunteer counsel a strange tale.

IV.

"And do you mean to tell me that you really stole these things from Jones?" said Mr. Terrell, after he had talked a little with his client.

"Well, suh," replied Ananias, unabashed, "I didn't zackly steal um, suh, but I tuck um; I des tuck um, suh."

"What call had you to steal from Jones? Weren't you working for Colonel Flewellen? Didn't he feed you?" inquired the lawyer. Ananias shifted about from one foot to the other, and whipped his legs with his shabby hat, which he held in his hand. Lawyer Terrell, seated in a comfortable chair, and thoroughly at his ease, regarded the negro curiously. There appeared to be a pathetic element even in Ananias's manner.

"Well, suh," he said, after a while, seeing that he could not escape from the confession, "ef I hadn't a-tuck dem things fum Marse Wash Jones, my Marster en my young mistiss would 'a sot dar en bodaciously starve deyse'f ter deff. I done seed dat, suh. Dey wuz too proud ter tell folks dey wuz dat bad off, suh, en dey'd 'a sot dar, en des bodaciously starve deyse'f ter deff, suh. All dey lifetime, suh, dey bin use ter havin' deir vittles put right on de table whar dey kin git it, en w'en de farmin' days done gone, suh, dey wa'n't nobody but Ananias fer put de vittles dar; en I des hatter scuffle 'roun' en git it de bes' way I kin. I speck, suh," Ananias went on, his countenance brightening up a little, "dat ef de wuss had a-come ter de wuss, I'd 'a stole de vittles; but I 'ain't had ter steal it, suh; I des went en tuck it fum Marse Wash Jones, kaze it come off'n Marster's lan', suh."

"Why, the land belongs to Jones," said Lawyer Terrell.

"Dat w'at dey say, suh; but eve'y foot er dat lan' b'longded ter de Flewellen fambly long 'fo' Marse Wash Jones daddy sot up a hat-shop in de neighborhoods. I dunner how Marse Wash git dat lan', suh; I know it b'longded in de Flewellen fambly sence 'way back, en dey got deir graveyard dar yit."

Lawyer Terrell's unusually stern face softened a little. He saw that Ananias was in earnest, and his sympathies were aroused. He had some further conversation with the negro, questioning him in regard to a great many things that assumed importance in the trial.

When Lawyer Terrell and his client returned to the court-room they found it filled with spectators. Somehow it became generally known that the great advocate was to defend Ananias, and a large crowd of people had assembled to watch developments. In some way the progress of Ananias and the deputy-sheriff through the crowd that filled all the aisles and doorways had been delayed; but when the negro, forlorn and wretched-looking, made his appearance in the bar for the purpose of taking a seat by his counsel, there was a general laugh. Instantly Lawyer Terrell was upon his feet.

"May it please your honor, what *is* the duty of the sheriff of this county if it is not to keep order in this court-room?"

The ponderous staff of the sheriff came down on the floor with a thump; but it was unnecessary. Silence had fallen on the spectators with the first words of the lawyer. The crowd knew that he was a game man, and they admired him for it. His whole attitude, as he gazed at the people around him, showed that he was full of fight. His heavy blond hair, swept back from his high forehead, looked like the mane of a lion, and his steel-gray eyes glittered under his shaggy and frowning brows.

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The case of the State *versus* Ananias Flewellen, *alias* Ananias Harper—a name he had taken since freedom—was called in due form. It was observed that Lawyer Terrell was very particular to strike certain names from the jury list, but this gave no cue to the line of his defence. The first witness was Mr. Washington Jones, who detailed the circumstances of the various robberies of which he had been the victim as well as he knew how. He had suspected Ananias, but had not made his suspicions known until he was sure—until he had caught him stealing sweet-potatoes.

The cross-examination of the witness by Ananias's counsel was severe. The fact was gradually developed that Mr. Jones caught the negro stealing potatoes at night; that the night was dark and cloudy; that he did not actually catch the negro, but saw him; that he did not really see the negro clearly, but knew "in reason" that it must be Ananias.

The fact was also developed that Mr. Jones was not alone when he saw Ananias, but was accompanied by Mr. Miles Cottingham, a small farmer in the neighborhood, who was well known all over the county as a man of undoubted veracity and of the strictest integrity.

At this point Lawyer Terrell, who had been facing Mr. Jones with severity painted on his countenance, seemed suddenly to recover his temper. He turned to the listening crowd, and said, in his blandest tones, "Is Mr. Miles Cottingham in the room?"

There was a pause, and then a small boy perched in one of the windows, through which the sun was streaming, cried out, "He's a-standin' out yander by the horse-rack."

Whereupon a subpœna was promptly made out by the clerk of the court, and the deputy-sheriff, putting his head out of a window, cried:

"Miles G. Cottingham! Miles G. Cottingham! Miles G. Cottingham! Come into court."

Mr. Cottingham was fat, rosy, and cheerful. He came into court with such a dubious smile on his face that his friends in the room were disposed to laugh, but they remembered that Lawyer Terrell was somewhat intolerant of these manifestations of good-humor. As for Mr. Cottingham himself, he was greatly puzzled. When the voice of the court crier reached his ears he was in the act of taking a dram, and, as he said afterward, he "come mighty nigh drappin' the tumbeler." But he was not subjected to any such mortification. He tossed off his dram in fine style, and went to the courthouse, where, as soon as he had pushed his way to the front, he was met by Lawyer Terrell, who shook him heartily by the hand, and told him his testimony was needed in order that justice might be done.

Then Mr. Cottingham was put on the stand as a witness for the defence.

"How old are you, Mr. Cottingham?" said Lawyer Terrell.

"Ef I make no mistakes, I'm a-gwine on sixty-nine," replied the witness.

"Are your eyes good?"

"Well, sir, they er about ez good ez the common run; not so good ez they mought be, en yit good enough fer me."

"Did you ever see that negro before?" The lawyer pointed to Ananias.

"Which nigger? That un over there? Why, that's thish yer God-forsakin' Ananias. Ef it had a-bin any yuther nigger but Ananias I wouldn't 'a bin so certain and shore; bekaze sence the war they er all so mighty nigh alike I can't tell one from t'other sca'cely. All eckceppin' of Ananias; I'd know Ananias ef I met 'im in kingdom come wi' his hair all swinjed off."

The jury betrayed symptoms of enjoying this testimony; seeing which, the State's attorney rose to his feet to protest.

"May it please the court—"

"One moment, your honor!" exclaimed Lawyer Terrell. Then, turning to the witness: "Mr. Cottingham, were you with Mr. Jones when he was watching to catch a thief who had been stealing from him?"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Cottingham, "I sot up wi' him one night, but I disremember in pertickler what night it wuz."

"Did you see the thief?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Cottingham, in his deliberate way, looking around over the court-room with a more judicial air than the judge on the bench, "ef you push me close I'll tell you. The' wuz a consid'able flutterment in the neighborhoods er whar we sot, an' me an' Wash done some mighty sly slippin' up en surrounderin'; but ez ter seein' anybody, we didn't see 'im. We heerd 'im a-scufflin' an' a-runnin', but we didn't ketch a glimpse un 'im, nuther har ner hide."

"Did Mr. Jones see him?"

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"No more'n I did. I wuz right at Wash's elbow. We heerd the villyun a-runnin', but we never seed 'im. Afterwards, when we got back ter the house, Wash he 'lowed it must 'a bin that nigger Ananias thar, an' I 'lowed it jess mought ez well be Ananias ez any yuther nigger, bekaze you know yourself—"

"That will do, Mr. Cottingham," said Lawyer Terrell, blandly. The State's attorney undertook to cross-examine Mr. Cottingham, but he was a blundering man, and the result of his cross-examination was simply a stronger and more impressive repetition of Mr. Cottingham's testimony.

After this the solicitor was willing to submit the case to the jury without argument, but Mr. Terrell said that if it pleased the Court he had a few words to say to the jury in behalf of his client. The speech made by the State's attorney was flat and stale. He was not interested in the case; but Lawyer Terrell's appeal to the jury is still remembered in Rockville. It was not only powerful, but inimitable; it was humorous, pathetic, and eloquent. When he concluded, the jury, which was composed mostly of middle-aged men, was in tears. The feelings of the spectators were also wrought up to a very high pitch, and when the jury found a verdict of "not guilty," without retiring, the people in the court-room made the old house ring again with applause.

And then something else occurred. Pressing forward through the crowd came Colonel Benjamin Flewellen. His clothes were a trifle shabby, but he had the air of a prince of the blood. His long white hair fell on his shoulders, and his movements were as precise as those of a grenadier. The spectators made way for him. Those nearest noticed that his eyes were moist, and that his nether lip was a-tremble, but no one made any remark. Colonel Flewellen pressed forward until he reached Ananias, who, scarcely comprehending the situation, was sitting with his hands folded and his head bent down. The colonel placed his hand on the negro's shoulder.

"Come, boy," he said, "let's go home."

"Me, Marster?" said the negro, looking up with a dazed expression. It was the tone, and not the words, that Ananias heard.

"Yes, old fellow, your Miss Nelly will be waiting for us."

"Name er God!" exclaimed Ananias, and then he arose and followed his old master out of the court-room. Those who watched him as he went saw that the tears were streaming down his face, but there was no rude laughter when he made a futile attempt to wipe them off with his coat tail. This display of feeling on the part of the negro was somewhat surprising to those who witnessed it, but nobody was surprised when Ananias appeared on the streets a few days after with head erect and happiness in his face.

IN APRIL DAYS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN first the blush of the sweet earth, because the sun has turned her way,
Suffuses light and lofty skies, and hides in veils of rosy gray;
When winds come blowing out of heaven, faint with a breath of unknown bliss,
The bloom of shores the soul has known in some far other morn than this;
When life is gushing everywhere in pulses from the primal source,
And all the answering planet thrills and trembles to the quickening force;

When silver showers are rent in twain by sunbeams in their arrowy drive,
And grassing all the woody ways, the dark mould fain would be alive;
When down the happy orchard aisles the apple-trees begin to blow,
And wrap their rugged being round with brooding wings of blushing snow;
When children wild with laughter snatch the first-born violets of the year,
And smouldering, flashing, beauty breaks a flame of blossom far and near;

When bees are humming, swallows darting, leaves are rustling, brooks foam white;
When birds to music shake the air, and just to breathe is sheer delight—
Oh, then the poet feels him part of all the lovesome stirring thing,
Thrills, as the mighty mother thrills, to the great impulse of the spring,
Wild joyous motions bubble where the pool lay dark and silent long,
The fount of singing overflows, his soul is nothing but a song!

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INTERIOR OF AN IVORY LAPIDARIUM IN TOKIO.

JAPANESE IVORY CARVINGS.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

AT first thought there seems little connection between tobacco and decorative art, yet in Japan the filthy weed has been a potent influence in art. Before tobacco was introduced by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century there were ivory cutters and ivory; but the national use of tobacco made ivory carving a branch of the fine arts. The special artistic products resulting from the national use of the weed are the *nétsuké* and the *tobacco-bon*. The tobacco-bon, or smoker's tray, is a little cabinet with silvered fire-bowl and ash-pot with perforated covers. On two hooks in front is hung an inviting pipe with brass bowl the size of a half thimble. Then there are sliding drawers full of mild Shikibu tobacco cut into threads as fine as a hair. Other equipments are tube-cleaners, matches, and a complete smoker's outfit.

The visitor at a Japanese house, after being regaled with tea and cake in tiny dishes, next sees the rosy-cheeked maid enter with the tobacco-bon. On a mimic mountain of white ashes reposes a red cone of glowing coal like a volcano peak. A pinch of fine-cut rolled into a pill is put into the brass pipe-bowl, and a light is had by touching it to the coal. Then sitting back on one's heels, elbow in palm and pipe in mouth, sociability and smoke become the order of the hour. Pendent from the girdle of the visitor one will see a long narrow, an oblong, and perhaps a small oval, bag of leather, or of fine plaited bamboo thread, or of paper, stamped so as to closely imitate leather. These three pouches contain the pipe, fine-cut tobacco, and flint and steel. The clasp of the pouch will usually be a piece of elaborate art in gold, inlaid or repoussé metal. Connecting these utensils of the smoker by a silken cord, like a ganglion its nerves, is a knob or mass of carved ivory called a nétsuké. The nétsuké as to use is a button; as to art it is a statuette, portrait, bust, figure, group, pun, or riddle, carved with exquisite skill. To the production of this one article nearly all the ivory imported into Japan during the last three centuries has been applied. On a Japanese dress of the old style neither pins, hooks and eyes, nor buttons (in our sense) were used. All the flowing garments, whose weight fell on shoulders or waist, were held in order by the wide and many-folded girdle. Fashion, the real Tycoon of Japan, decreed the use, not of the ponderous clay pipes or china bowls of the Dutchman, but of Lilliputian pellet-holders of brass the size of a chin-

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capin shell. This requires constant refilling, and fire at hand to relight. This may be done either at the glowing charcoal in the house *hibachi* (fire brazier), or with a line of smoking tow held in the hand as one walks.

The most common method, however, is to dump the spent and smoking wad, and borrow fire from that. Hence the need of a fire-holder ever ready at hand and portable. By a happy thought the button holding the pouches to the girdle was hollowed out on the upper side and made the receptacle. At first this button was cut from hard wood selected from brier and other roots, as being less likely to burn—an idea illustrated in modern American pipes of the same material. The Japanese word for root is *né*, and that meaning to fix, hold, or hang, is *tsuké*, hence the origin of the name nétsuké. Even now the Japanese *bimbo*, or poor man, uses only a wooden button and wad-holder—a true nétsuké—while the rich and well-to-do sport their ivory carvings, which range in value from a *bu* (quarter-dollar) to five hundred dollars. The button tucked up under the light girdle holds pipe and pouch snugly and gracefully.

The use of the weed, in spite of restrictive law and violent pamphleteering, became very general among all classes in the seventeenth century, until at last even the Mikado, the son of heaven, sat on the invisible throne in a halo of smoke. A demand for elegant nétsuké grew up, and ivory carving developed into a steady and lucrative trade, in which some of the nimblest fingers of the best artist-carvers won fame, riches, and, sweeter than all, social rewards. The names of famous Japanese ivorists of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century are household words among native connoisseurs and collectors.

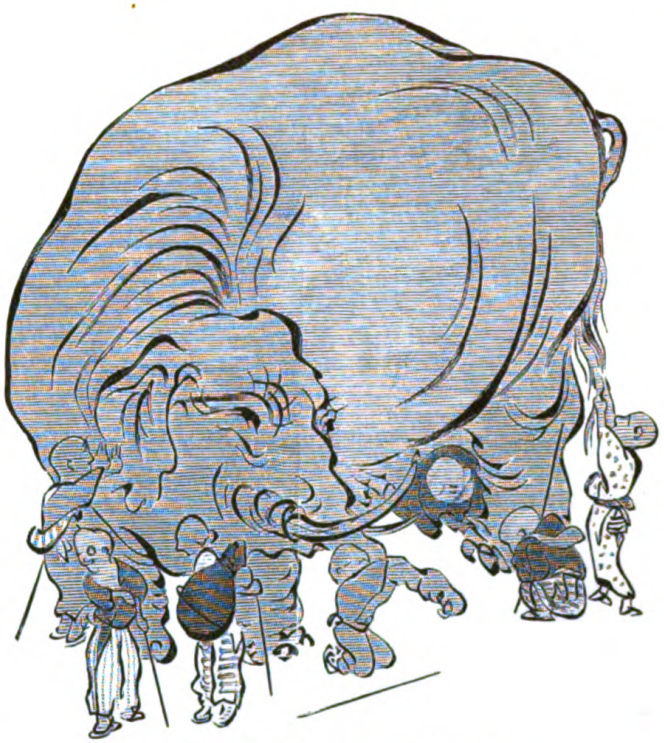
The term for ivory in Japan, as in nearly all nations, is associated with its chief producer, the elephant. It is called *zogé* (elephant tusk). The term *zo* is Chinese, and is itself perhaps a corruption of the Sanscrit *ibhas*. A common Japanese proverb, which the artist has illustrated on paper, and the ivorist in a nétsuké, is a satire on bigots and narrow-minded people, who solve all problems or discuss mighty questions in the blindness of their own limited capacity. To all such is applied the proverb, "*Bo-jin zo-wo saguru*" (A blind man finding out how an elephant is made). Seven of the shaven pates who go about staff in hand have met together to study an elephant. After singly exploring ear, tail, toe, trunk, and skin of the patient colossus, they will compare notes, and each one with a different impression, yet certain that he has exhausted the subject. The resulting Babel of dispute and chaos of ideas may be imagined.

Of late years, since Japanese sailors and seal hunters have roamed through the Northern seas, the white spoils of the walrus and narwhal have served the carver's purpose. Even the hippopotamus's teeth have been utilized, and ivory brought from the frozen remains of the Siberian mastodons, kept in ice for ages, has found its way through China and Corea to Japan. In many an ancient temple nestling away under venerable groves of tall cryptomeria, or beside glossy-leaved camphor-trees, the curio hunter who by hook of tact or crook of silver can secure entrance to crypt or reliquary, will sometimes see fine ivory statuettes of Buddha or his propagating apostles, called *Rakan*. Many of these were carved by famous men of saintly renown, monks or priests, who were incinerated centuries ago. It makes the pious grieve to think that every year many of these nearly black and very brownish-yellow masses of sacred ivory gravitate to the base uses of the nétsuké, the price of ivory continually increasing the attraction of gravitation. Already the finer and harder varieties of ivory have the value of gems. Scores and hundreds of ivory pieces, in the hands of native collectors or in museums abroad, are as worthy monuments of history as ceramic medallions or tapestry made to commemorate notable events; for Japanese art, in ivory as in ceramics, is an excellent interpreter of history. In many instances the special characteristics of Indian, Persian, and even Assyrian art in ivory have been imitated by the Japanese ivory carvers. Many of their pieces are tinted, or inlaid with jewels and precious stones. Many of their bass-relief pictures or sculptures are of wood and ivory or of ivory and gold.

The most expert carvers congregate in the three imperial cities of Tokio, Ozaka, and Kioto, the greater number being in Tokio, which has always enjoyed the greatest reputation for fine-art works in ivory.

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The sketch on page 709 of a *zoge-ya*, or ivory lapidarium, in Tokio, illustrates forcibly the extreme simplicity of the Japanese artist's methods, by which the exquisite works that adorn our homes are produced. On the left is the raw material —fragments of tusks and ivory stock in slices and sections. A fine and very thin steel saw, set in a bamboo handle, tied with rattan withes, and shaped like a small cleaver, is made use of, the tusk being laid on a heavy *kéyaki* wood bench. The great difference between an Oriental and a Western artisan is that one invariably sits, the other stands up to his work. For delicate manipulation requiring vast skill and patience, the sedentary method is perhaps the better. Beside the sawyer is his foot-rule. In Japan there is a "cloth-foot" and a "whale-foot" measure. The ivorist uses the whale-foot. The sawed slabs, or measured lengths, still in the rough, are now handed over to the "dresser," on the right, who hews or shaves the blocks into the squares, cubes, cylinders, or other desired special shapes. The amorphous or defective pieces, after being polished, are reserved for nétsukés, for out of the prolific fancy of the artist-carver any form may be selected or adapted to the odd shapes of the pieces.



BLIND MEN STUDYING AN ELEPHANT.

All the dresser's tools are contained in a little cabinet, which serves also for a work-bench. They consist of knives, choppers, rasps, files, chisels, etc. His first step is to level the outside rough surface, and then to shape the piece. In a tray on his left are a number of slabs ready for the polisher.

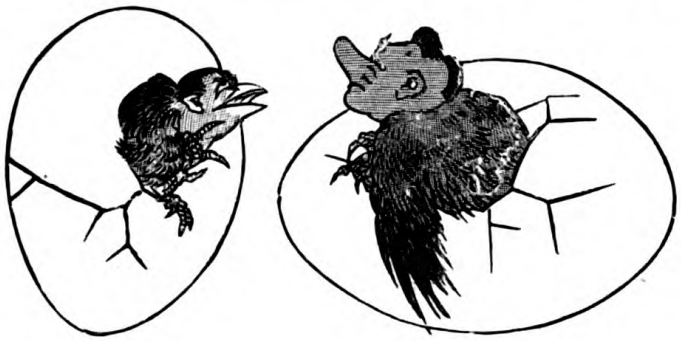
This last personage is usually a "'prentice hand," who squats on the floor without even the luxury of a mat. He binds up his wide, bothering sleeves with a string round his shoulders, and sits with a board set in a block of wood and held over a tub of water. His polishing materials are slabs of pumice-stone, scrubbers made of a peculiar silicious scouring rush, cloths, and trays full of pulverized pumice in various degrees of coarseness.

The ivory when it leaves his hands is ready for the carvers. These are the artists (*horimono*), and usually the proprietors of the shop. They indulge themselves, as the picture truthfully shows us, in cushions of fine stuff. Long use of the eye in delicate work makes them very careful of that organ, and at middle age most of the horimonos enclose their eyes with huge horn-rimmed magnifiers. As the Japanese have no bridge on the nose worth speaking of, the ponderous optical helps must be guyed in by cables of twine slung round the ears. Foreign spectacles, of which the Japanese sprigs are now so fond, must, before fitting the noses of the Mikado's subjects, be halved in depth and doubled in width.

Pencil-tracing of the design is sometimes practised, but in general the carver depends upon his head alone, and in all routine work rarely errs. Original designs and work make of course the fame and sometimes the fortune of the carvers. It is among the list of original designers that the famous names are found.

Let us glance at some of the finished articles all ready for the Japanese *tokonoma* (bric-à-brac alcove), or for the foreign market. There is a four-legged *dai*, or stand, to hold a sphere of crystal. Beside it is another, a tripod with a brush-pen holder, the decoration being bamboo leaves. A small vase, in shape like a

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FEMALE TENGU. MALE TENGU.

saké (beer made of rice) jar, is carved with grapes and leaves—a modern idea, no doubt, though the Japanese have long known of *buddho-shu* (grape-vine). Near the stand, on the floor, are a cylinder decorated with cherry blossoms, a crane flying landward over ocean waves—the emblem of rectitude—and beside it another cylinder carved to represent a bamboo reed with joints and shoot stumps complete. On the stand is a basket beautifully cut out of ivory, with flowers of the same material; and on a rock made of bronze, with silver bamboo leaves, a bird cut from ivory. Pieces which are to be gold lacquered or set in bronze are usually sent out to the specialist, but inlaying with precious stones or metal, and the fitting of the ivory to its base, are done in the ivorist's own shop.

The nétsuké carver must have an exquisite touch, good eyesight, and a lively imagination. His drills, chisels, and knives are usually the size of jewellers' tools. The man at work before us is carving a set of nétsukés representing the masks which are used in the *No* dances—a sort of classic operatic pantomime which from very ancient times has been and still is in great favor with the court nobility and cultivated classes in Japan.

With the political and social revolution which culminated in Japan in 1868—and which was in reality more remarkable than the outward tendency to adopt the externals of modern civilization—there came a radical change in dress, and hence over the spirit of the artist's dreams. The casting off of girdles and loose flowing robes, which made the Japanese look classic and manly, for the modern dress of jacket and unmentionables, which makes him resemble an embroidered clothes-pin, transformed the nétsuké, except to those who still cling to the old costume, into a curiosity of the past. The current of modern production in ivory now sets steadily toward cylindrical pieces of large size, statuettes, figures, cabinets, sleeve-buttons, and articles to meet alike the foreign and the changed native demands. Gold lacquer and metal mosaic are also more applied than formerly. Old nétsukés will become more rare, and indeed may now be said to rank with Old Satsuma, swords and their ornaments, inros, armor, saddles, and other articles made in the old style no more.

But who can forget the world of humor, pathos, horror, history, imagination, fancy, that lies embalmed in a collection of nétsukés, especially if one can see the points of the puns and jokes, and sound the full depth of thought and motive with the plummet of familiar knowledge? The legendary art of Japan is a sealed book to most of the possessors of its masterpieces. In a collection like that of Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, the finest in the world, what books of fun and fancy, not written, but carved by the Mark Twains and A. Wards of Japan! Puns and puzzles, jokes and riddles, stories and dreams, suggestions and studies, and classic lore oft told, are here in ivory carved with a touch as delicate as Cellini's. Here is a lovely virgin, radiant in the dew of life's morning. She is playing on a three-stringed instrument.



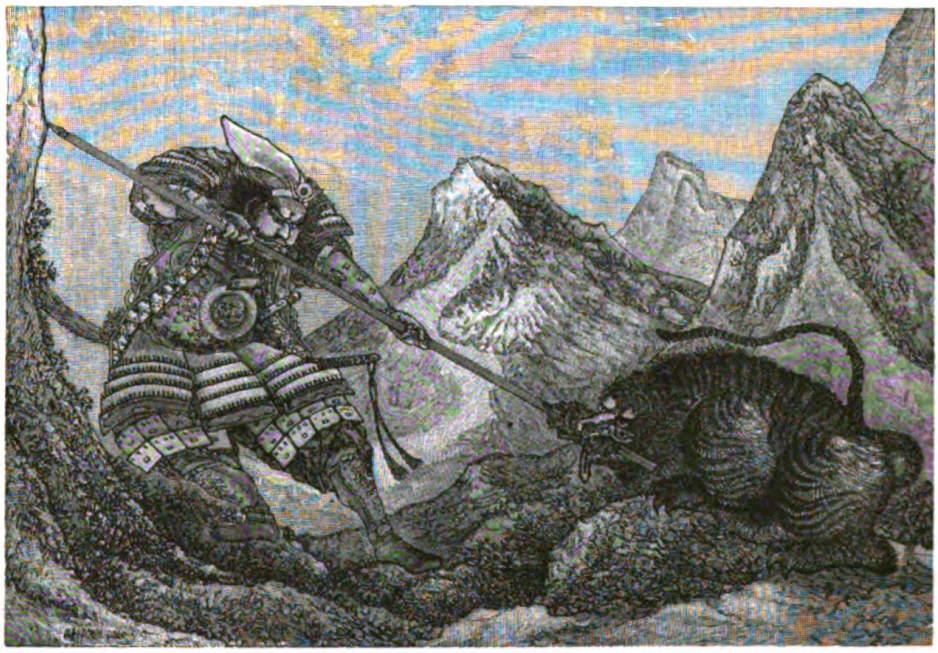
ANCIENT MASKS.

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Behind and above her stands a grim skeleton. To this she must come soon. How sad! But stay. See that even Death holds in his hand a thing of hope. It is the lotus bud—symbol of the next life. The ivory carver has told his story. He means to picture the cycle of man's destiny—to charm us with joyous life, sadden us with grief, then cheer us with joy out of mourning. Maiden, skeleton, and lotus bud symbolize life, death, resurrection.

Here is a radiant lady in flowing robes lined with the pink-tinted nacre of deep-sea shells, with tiara of rarest pearls and gems of ocean, with winged fan such as she only wears in hand. A youth kneels at her feet while she bestows on him a casket which he is never to open. One of the attendant maids at her side holds a basket of apricots, which symbolize marriage and confer immortality. It is the story of the fisher's boy, Urashima Taro, who visited the realms of the Queen of the World under the Sea. He now goes back to visit his home, to find all his friends dead for seven generations back. Instead of a few days, as he supposed, spent with the queen, he has been absent hundreds of years. Overcome with sorrow and goaded by curiosity, he opens the forbidden casket in front of the lichen-covered tomb of his fathers. In an instant he finds himself a withered old man, and speedily dies. The ivory tells the story.

Here are a few subjects noted at random from a collection. "The frog in the well knows not the great ocean," but is often frightened by the daily splash of the bucket—the only thing he fears. At last the bucket loses its bottom and is cast away. The frog ascends to see the world. He mounts the bucket, his old enemy, but revenge is so sweet that he is satisfied, and concludes not to travel. The grain of the wood, even the wooden nail heads, the expression of the frog's face, are inimitable. In another nétsuké a frog meditates with full-bellied contentment from the top of a cast-off and overturned sandal —evidently a true sketch from real life. In another, an old toper grasps his jug, but his face is invisible, for his darling cup, which he is draining, covers his features entirely. In another, a cuttle-fish grasps a tablet having on it the name of the carver—an anomalous instance of lack of artistic modesty.



KATO AND THE TIGER.

According to Japanese theories of necromancy, the snail is eaten by the frog, and the frog by the serpent; but the snail overcomes the snake, which is poisoned by the snail. Long-spun novels and fairy stories have been written illustrating this idea. One of my nétsukés shows a frog

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SPARROWS IN DEMON'S MOUTH.

on a tile, beneath which is a snail, while a serpent is coiled near by. What naturalists call a "chain of destruction" is here finely illustrated. A great favorite of the ivory cutters is Kato, the famous Japanese invader of Corea in the sixteenth century, who, among other doughty deeds, slew a tiger after the beast had bitten his hand in two.

An oval button represents an egg, from which a tengu squab is just clambering out of its shell. The male tengu has human lineaments, with exaggerated proboscis. The female tengu has a bird-like beak and head.

The impious badger is said to swell out the skin of his body like a drum, and then to beat on it, in opposition to the bonzes' drum beaten to mark intervals of prayer, and thus to annoy them. The nétsuké shows how it is done.

Mischievous small boys will catch a catfish, eel, or sucker, and run a string through the body, attaching it to a gourd. The fish cannot sink, and so swims around carrying the gourd with him. The cruel fun over—which reminds us of a cat playing with a mouse—the fish is eaten. The picture of this is in ivory.

Many of the nétsukés are real sketches direct from nature, and a good ivory carver carries around with him on his daily walks pencil and note-book, finding subjects in daily life in street or canal to be finished in ivory. One of these scenes transferred to ivory is full of beauty and poetry. On the gable ends of large storehouses a great peak or projection like a gargoyle is worthily termed the *oni-gashira*, or "devil's-tile." But the birds, ignorant of demonology, sport and flutter in the very jaws of the monster, and hop and perch on his horns. "Fighting sparrows fear not man," says the native proverb; but these fear not the devil—in baked clay. As an instance of a pun and puzzle in ivory the following is a good one. The nétsuké is cut into the shape of a Japanese rice scoop, which is itself the symbol of mercantile industry and solid pecuniary gain. On this scoop lie a mask of the laughing goddess Uzumé, the symbol of mirth and joy (*fuku*), a stag's horn (*fuku*), a roll of paper for an account-book (*roku*)—which word *roku* also means "permanent income" or "accumulated wealth"—and some disks (*jiu*)—which word also means "long life." Put them together, and we get a compound pun, or *Fuku-roku-jiu*, which means paradise and bliss. It is also the name of a saint in paradise, and hence is the sum of joys.

There is another carving which represents a fisherman's daughter who, for the sake of her lover, a nobleman, has dived into the sea depths to secure a precious jewel guarded by dragons in the shrine of the King of the Under-world. She is about to plunge the knife into her body to conceal the jewel from the sight of the guardian monsters. The dead body, abhorred by the under-world king and his dragons, floats to the surface, and from the warm corpse of his concubine the nobleman secures the precious gem. The story in Japanese is a long and beautiful one.

It may be here said, in passing, that many of their classic romances are illustrated in the bronze, porcelain, and lacquer work of the Japanese. Were Americans and Europeans more familiar with the legendary and historical background of Japanese art, it would not soon become a thing of the past, as some think it already is, but would take a new lease of life. All artists of high grade in Japan detest the cheap, unmeaning, or stereotyped figures now in vogue on degenerate and hastily made work for foreign markets, and cling to the old traditions and designs in decoration. They have to keep the rice-pot boiling, however, and they will make what will sell, and for which orders come. He who will unlock the treasures of Japanese mythology and legend will open a new avenue of beauty to the lovers of the quaint and curious art works of this far-off Orient that lies nearest to our West.

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THE CITY OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

BY DESHLER WELCH.

IF any one supposes that Amerigo Vespucci usurped all the honors belonging to Christopher Columbus, a glance at the atlas will show the mistake. That truth-teller, or even a school geography, offers abundant tribute to Columbus in teaching us that there are seventy-five towns, villages, and post-offices in the United States for which the immortal discoverer is sponsor. You will find them scattered to every point of the map; and large tracts of land in Oregon, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, New York, Ohio, and Wisconsin are known as Columbia Counties. Columbus, the capital of the third largest State in the Union, is the most important and doubtless the most enduring establishment of the name. The city was laid out in 1812, and was incorporated as a borough in 1823, when it became the capital of the State. It was not incorporated as a city until 1834. The completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 had prepared the way for its rapid development. That canal revolutionized the course of trade. As if by magic, commerce swarmed on the

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Lakes, and lifted a tide of settlers to the farthest woodland and prairie.

No striking features of natural scenery make Columbus a picturesque city. The Scioto is a muddy stream which serves the city only as a conduit for its sewage and the refuse of its factories. But though unambitious in its appearance, Columbus is built on one of the fairest spots of a rich alluvial plain, and is in itself a "solid" city, prosperous, wealthy, and conservative. Since the war it has had a development which, if slow when compared with that of many other Western cities, has been sure and substantial. It has now a population of over 80,000, an increase of 30,000 since the census of 1880. It is laid out in regular squares; the streets are broad and beautiful. In 1871 the area of the city was extended to cover nearly eleven square miles. One of the disadvantages of the city has been the disagreeable effects of the smoke from the burning of soft coal; the advent of natural gas, however, and the recent resolutions of the younger and more ambitious element, formed into a "Board of Trade," promise a change of the most agreeable character.

The manufacturing interests of Columbus are very large and constantly increasing; the banks are heavy exchanges and depositories; and there is no Western city of its size that has a larger or sounder financial responsibility, and none whose citizens have more public spirit or enthusiastic enterprise.

In 1817 President Monroe and suite passed through Franklin County, in which Columbus is situated, on his return to Detroit, after his northern tour of inspection of fortifications. They travelled on horseback, "generally escorted from one town to another by the military and distinguished citizens." They rode fast, and, as recorded, "in a canter." Mr. Monroe wore the old-fashioned three-cornered cocked hat, but otherwise in plain citizen dress, and his face was observed to be very much sunburnt from exposure.



PRESIDENT MONROE'S JOURNEY WEST, 1817.

At this time the number of people living in Columbus did not exceed 700, but the Franklin Bank had been incorporated, and the State offices had been removed from

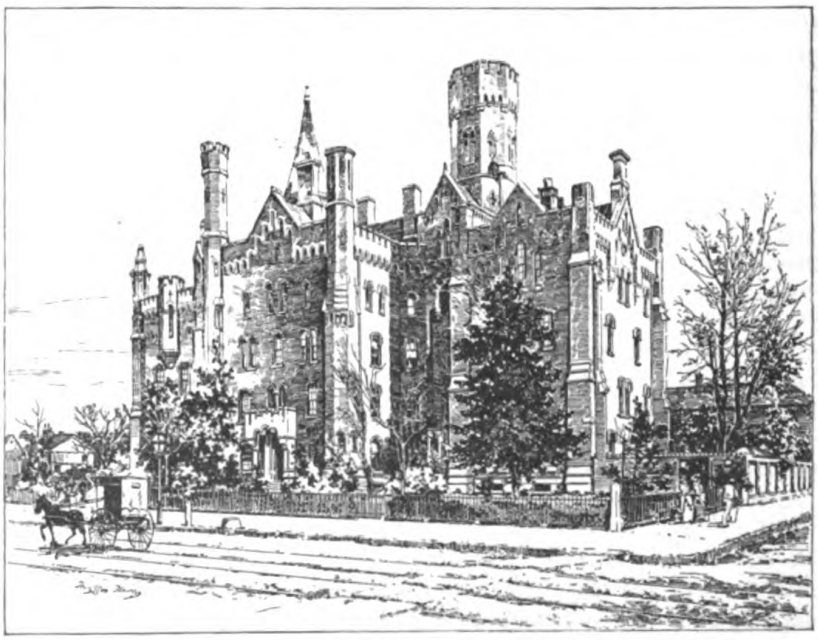
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LYNE STARLING.

Chillicothe to Columbus, and on the first Monday in December, 1816, the Legislature had held its initial session in a State-house which cost $83,000, including the necessary adjunct of a penitentiary. Columbus had much to contend with, as it was thought to be a rough spot in the woods, and not near the important public roads; but settlers came from everywhere, and it grew with a strength that was of permanent value. About 1822 there was the usual result of hasty speculation, depression, and Henry Clay, who was then practising law, had his hands full in the defence of suits. But when the National Road was located, Columbus put on a cheerful face, and contrived a big impetus by a "feeder" to the Ohio Canal. Yet the people were like the fishes in the sea, living off one another, and it was not until serious attention was given to manufacturing of lumber, spinning, etc., that the town began to show reason for existence. The men who worked then were hardy and industrious; doubtless few of them saw how great a town they were founding; for, like the diamond hunters, they subsequently scattered their accumulated wealth elsewhere. Of the four original projectors, Lyne Starling accomplished the most good; he lived a bachelor, but when he died, in the fall of 1848, at the age of sixty-five years, he left $35,000—which was considered a large sum at that time—for the erection of the Starling Medical College—a noble and well-equipped institution, which has now a large museum and a first-class chemical laboratory, and has also associated with it an excellent hospital.

July 4, 1825, the celebration of the opening of the Ohio Canal took place at "Licking Summit," and Governor Clinton, of New York, accompanied by Solomon Van Rensselaer, and Messrs. Rathbone and Lord, who made the first loan to the State for the purposes of the canal, were present. Afterward, in Columbus, Governor Clinton declared that "ten years after the consummation of this work it will produce an annual revenue of at least a million dollars"; but the results were not as he predicted they would be. The history of the city from this time up to 1846 was uneventful, but then came an increased improvement. Speculation was not so wild



MEDICAL COLLEGE.

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and foolish. Many new and substantial buildings were erected, and a great deal of capital was invested in railroads and banking concerns. The Columbus and Xenia Railway was constructed, and travel was opened to Cincinnati in 1850. In 1851 the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Railroad was finished, and in 1852 the Central road to Zanesville; and the Columbus, Piqua, and Indiana was opened to Piqua in 1853. At this period the only prominent newspaper was the *Ohio Statesman*, which was founded by Samuel Medary in 1837, and was the leading organ of Democracy in the West. S. S. Cox was for many years its associate editor.

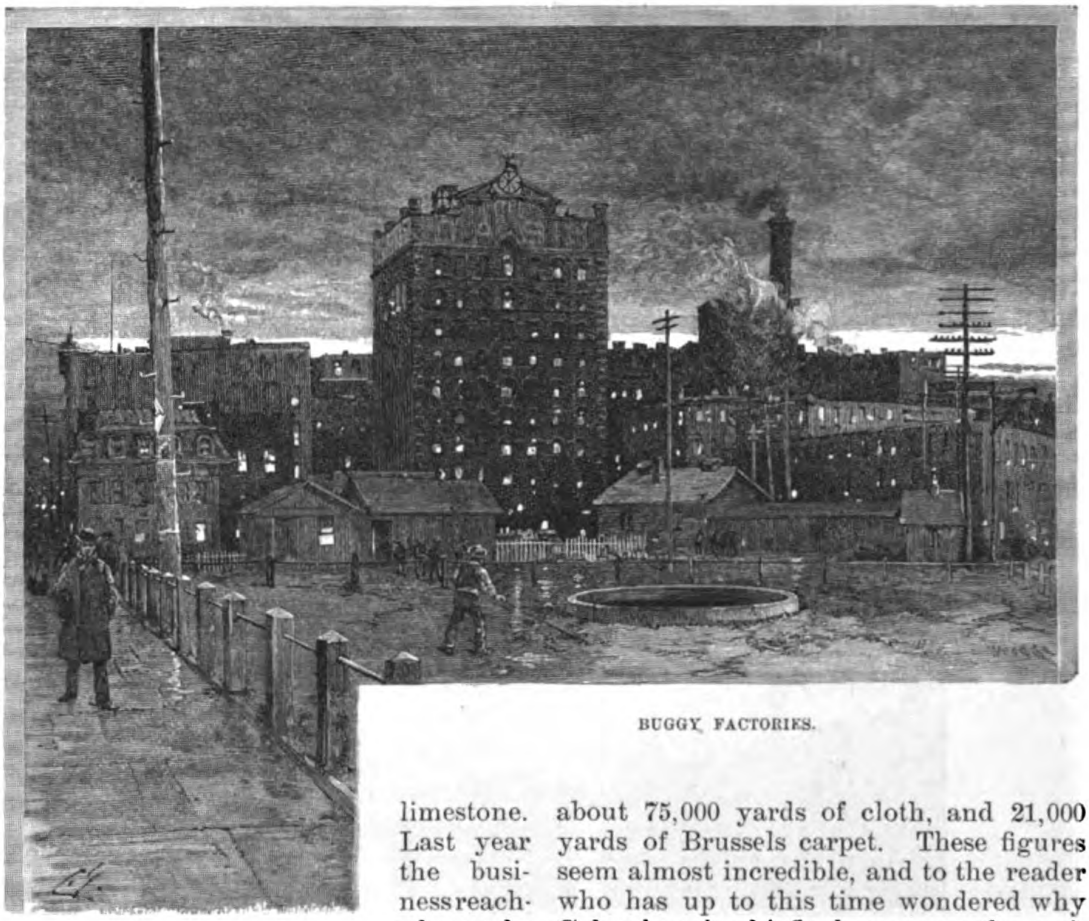
So much for the early history of a Western town. In these days the soil of progress of such cities is not turned over by any Pompeys, Ciceros, or Cæsars, and there are no remnants of early existence worth the trouble of handing down, except through the medium of the city's records on the public library shelf, and even there the dust is likely to remain undisturbed. But the pluck of the early settlers of Columbus was not especially inspired by any evidence of future greatness. In fact the location was selected in a rather hap-hazard way, without much reference to whether nature would do anything to assist; but in this particular the people builded better than they knew, for the seemingly inexhaustible coal-fields of the Hocking Valley were subsequently discovered at their very doors, and instantly made Columbus the *entrepôt* for a great distributing centre. Its position is in the midst of three great valleys, the Scioto, Muskingum, and Hocking, whose harvestings are in wonderful variance and abundance. The region of coal and iron has aroused and fed immense manufacturing interests, which have given employment and fortunes to thousands; its agricultural resources have stretched over a magnificent country of 8000 square miles, and the development, rapid as it has been, is really in its infancy. The cities, towns, and villages near it, such as Zanesville, Newark, Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Circleville, Ironton, Gallipolis, Logan, Lancaster, Athens, London, Washington C. H., Zenia, Springfield, Urbana, Piqua, Bellefontaine, Marion, Delaware, Akron, and Mount Vernon, help to sustain it by direct railroad communication, and are in a large measure dependent upon it for their supplies. Of course all this gives employment to the railroads, and a continually increasing interchange of traffic, which has excited such competition that now there are fourteen lines of railway which enter the city. It is very likely that Columbus may in time surpass both Cleveland and Cincinnati in the magnitude of its demands and supplies as a railroad centre. Fuel is cheap, freights are extremely low, and these, with many other advantages, offer unusual opportunities to merchants and manufacturers.

The records for the year 1886 show the value of real estate by tax duplicate to be nearly twenty-seven millions of dollars. The assessed value of new structures of the year is nearly a million and a half, and the rate of taxation on the $100 of valuation, $2 17. In the real estate sales the increase over the preceding year amounted to nearly two million dollars. Columbus now claims to be the wealthiest city of its size in the country, and has at least $190,000,000 of capital invested; about $18,000,000 is invested in incorporated manufacturing companies, $8,000,000 in individual manufacturing, $20,000,000 in the coal business, a like amount in the iron business, $35,000,000 in railroads, and the balance in real estate and wholesale and retail business and miscellaneous enterprises. The amount of business done last year in Columbus aggregated nearly $60,000,000, and it is stated by the local statisticians that the losses amounted to exactly $11,022 18.

Columbus has three great interests—coal, iron, and "buggies." On these three the city has shaped its ends and fashioned its hopes. The work of mining, selling, and shipping of coal gives employment to over ten thousand men. It is now the most important industry in the State. The report of the inspector indicates that 9,000,000 tons of coal were mined in Ohio last year, of which considerably over 2,000,000 tons were used by the city's own consumption. There are twenty-two firms and corporations engaged in mining and shipping coal.

The quality of the iron ore found in the Hocking Valley is said to be superior to even the Pennsylvania material. There are sixty-seven firms engaged in the business of buying the iron as it leaves the furnaces. The annual output averages 200,000 tons. This consumes about 400,000 tons of ore, and about 600,000 tons of coal, and 400,000 tons of

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BUGGY FACTORIES.

limestone. Last year the business reached nearly $4,000,000. The railroad facilities enable Columbus to place iron anywhere at such prices and with such despatch as to dispel fear of annoying competition; and this, added to the fact that the coal and limestone used in the reduction of iron ore are found in the same soil, enables the manufacturer to produce iron cheaper than it can be done elsewhere. In conjunction with this the lumber trade is a very important factor in the interests of the city, reaching over 80,000,000 feet per year, and employing about fifteen hundred people in its handling. But the third principal industry of Columbus is the manufacture of "buggies" and carriages, which find their way not only to all parts of this country, but to some of the most obscure foreign places. There are eighteen manufacturers, employing about 2500 men and 300 women. Over three million feet of lumber and three thousand tons of iron are used annually in the construction of vehicles. It is also estimated that of other material used there are nearly four million feet of leather, equal to about seven thousand hides, and about 75,000 yards of cloth, and 21,000 yards of Brussels carpet. These figures seem almost incredible, and to the reader who has up to this time wondered why Columbus is chiefly known as the residence of politicians and the seat of a very interesting State government, they will cause no little surprise. Last year the sale of over 20,000 carriages (buggies, etc.) indicates that, by counting ten hours to a day of work, one must have been made every nine minutes. One of the manufacturers made the statement that in the consumption of hides alone for this purpose, if the number of cattle killed were seen marching four abreast toward Columbus, there would be every year a procession over fifty miles long. The amount of capital employed is $2,500,000, and a yearly expenditure of $1,200,000, not including $825,000 for wages. Last year the receipts were about $3,000,000.

There are also in Columbus various other manufacturing enterprises — there are 365 in all—the most important of which is the making of machinery and agricultural implements. There are thirteen iron-founderies, two malleable-iron works, a steel-rail mill, a rolling-mill, and twelve galvanized-iron works. Almost every convenience of ordinary use to be obtained can be found of home

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make. The facilities for this are almost unequalled, and the trade has extended largely abroad. There are 212 jobbing houses in Columbus, whose business last year exceeded $50,000,000. It is claimed that there are very few cities where the maxim "pay as you go" is so rigidly adhered to. There are not many pieces of property mortgaged to outside capitalists, and speculation is chiefly confined to the legitimate changes in the value of land and buildings.

houses which are solidly built, and without pretentious architecture. The principal residence street is Broad Street, which does not belie its name, and is one of the most beautiful thoroughfares to be found in an American city. It extends for a distance of several miles, and in the summer-time the four rows of shade trees form a bower of foliage which, while it may give to the avenue a rural beauty quite different from what a city street ought to be, according to the cold and



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE RIVER.

Most of the business buildings are large and substantial, ornamenting the streets upon which they are located. In this country, at least, conservatism is generally looked upon as provincialism. Columbus is "provincial" in that it is one of the most conservative cities in the land. Its upper ten thousand follow no fashions but their own. Things that are "New-Yorkish" have no following, except where they may aid for good and direct ends. The people are cultivated by refined instincts which do not lead to extravagance or display. The richest among them live quietly in comfortable homes, and in

uninteresting style of a Fifth Avenue resident, it is nevertheless a very lovely characteristic of Columbus, to which the householders are much attached. It runs at an angle with High Street, the leading business street, and at the juncture are formed the two sides of a huge square, in the centre of which stands the Capitol building, a bold and impressive structure, built of gray limestone quarried within four miles of the city. It is Doric in its style, and the time occupied in building was nearly fifteen years, by convict labor. This, of course, includes several suspensions of work. The cost when com-

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BROAD STREET.

pleted amounted to $1,441,675. It is surrounded by immense colonnades and terraces, and the four porticoes are mounted by huge columns, 36 feet high and of 6 feet 2 inches base diameter. The height of the building to the pinnacle of the cupola is 158 feet. The interior of the building is elaborately fitted in different marbles, and the many rooms and offices open into a rotunda some 65 feet in diameter. The height from the floor to the eye of the dome is 120 feet. The first floor is devoted to State offices; the second, to the large chambers—the Senate, the State Library, the House of Representatives, and the Supreme Court Room. There are 53 rooms in the building, and 4892 pieces of American and foreign marbles were used in its construction. The rotunda floor is a mosaic of 4957 pieces of marble from Vermont and Portugal. The centre is a star of thirty-two points, formed by black, green, red, and white marbles. There are several pieces of art in the rotunda, and conspicuous among them are W. H. Powell's famous painting of "Commodore Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," owned by the State; four statues, imported from Italy, representing "A Prophetess of the Future," "The Muse of History," "The Priestess of Bacchus," and the figure of "Innocence." The Lincoln Memorial is a historical group, cut from Italian marble, in *alto-rilievo*, the surface on which the figures are carved being 5 feet 2 inches in length, the height and width each being 3 feet 2 inches. The colossal bust surmounting the monument is of Carrara marble, and an exquisite piece of workmanship. The celebration of the opening of this building occurred January 1, 1856, and was made a great social event by Ohio. It was attended by the State Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, and an old resident declares that the "house-warming" was made notable by the largest gathering of beauty and chivalry ever seen in the West.

It has always been said that if one wishes to meet a debtor or creditor, it was only necessary to take a position on the floor of the Capitol rotunda at noontime, for it would seem as if nearly everybody in Columbus made it a thoroughfare, connecting with one of the four streets. It has always been a great po-

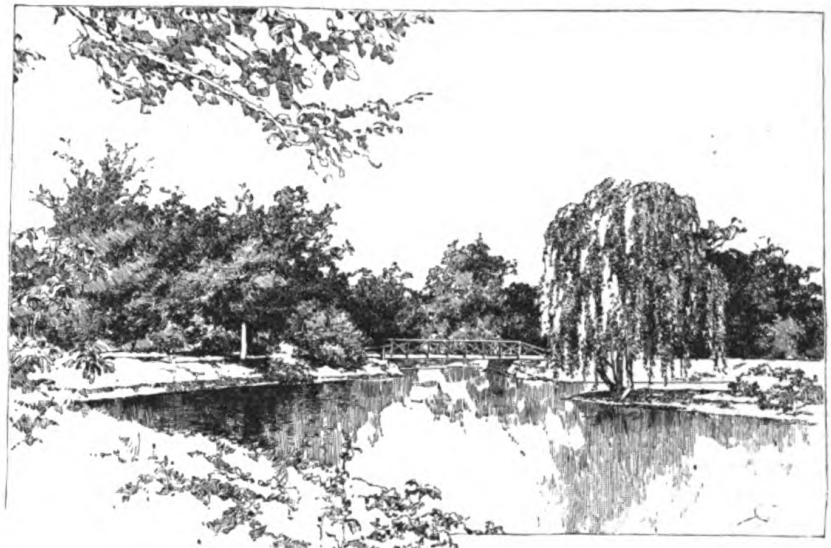
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DAVID W. DESHLER.

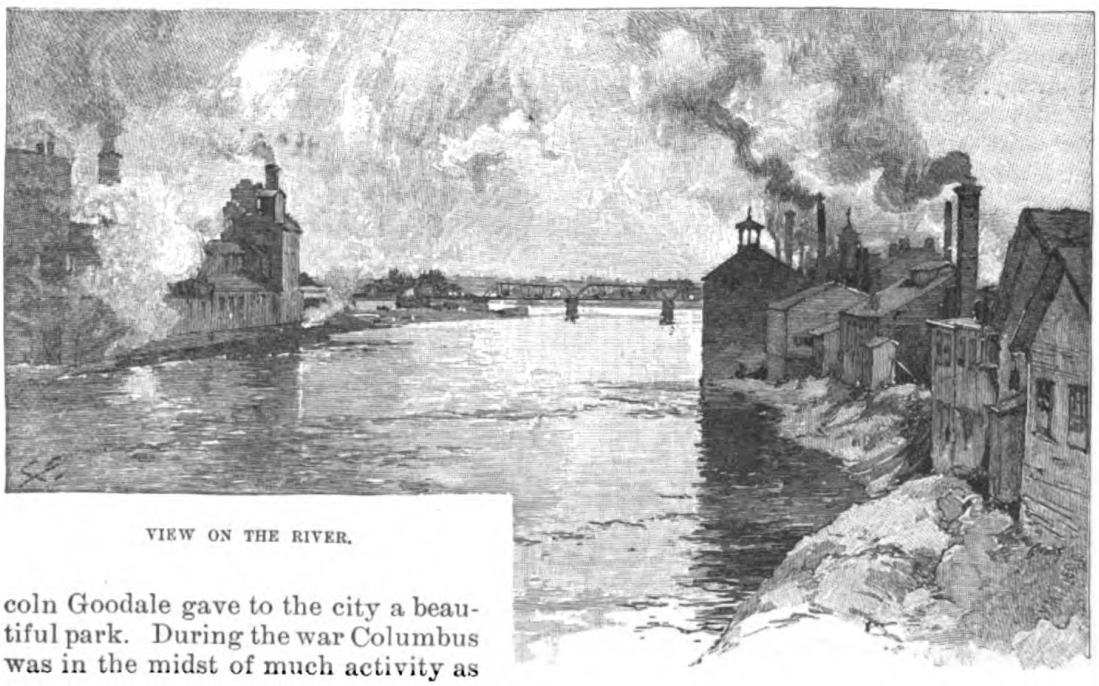
litical exchange. If the marbles of the walls and floors could speak, they would call forth the names of many whose reminiscences of early days in Columbus would interest a good-sized world. Salmon P. Chase, John Sherman, William Dennison, Allen G. Thurman, and Chief-Justice Waite have here fought their political battles. A silent listener often was Rutherford B. Hayes, who in his quiet home a few rods away never dreamed of being a future President of the United States. Perhaps no man in Ohio exhibited more of the true Northern grit and had more influence in Columbus affairs during the war than Salmon P. Chase, and his antislavery advocacy frequently brought him in contact with people who tested his bravery to no little extent. It is related that on one occasion, when he was announced to speak in a school-house somewhere between Columbus and Cincinnati, a notice was served on him that he would be mobbed if he attempted to utter a word. But he determined to fill his appointment. A crowd of his friends attended the meeting fully armed, but the enemies of the abolitionists startled the audience by a wild yell and a storm of eggs. The pistols put them to flight, but Mr. Chase, after quietly wiping a rotten egg from his shirt bosom, proceeded in the most unruffled way, amid the cheers of what was now a crowd of people. Mr. Chase was one of the leaders in organizing the Liberty Party in Columbus in December, 1841. He subsequently prepared an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, and was Governor from 1855 to 1859. His successor in this office was William Dennison, who afterward became Postmaster-General. Mr. Dennison held a sway which had a strong political effect, and some of his most earnest efforts were directed against the rebellion. The influence which such men as Chase, Dennison, and Thurman, with their families, exerted in the home affairs of Columbus had much to do, as can readily be imagined, in modelling all matters relative to social life. The constant interchange of hospitalities between the private citizens and statesmen who were drawn to the political centre fashioned its society, and made it not unmindful of its needs in education and science. This was followed by the establishment of a free public library, circulating libraries, a scientific association, and an art gallery. The Columbus Art Gallery was formed in 1879, and has now an average of about 200 scholars. It has had since its start about 1600 pupils. The studies pursued are in drawing from life, water-color, oil-painting, and decoration. The people have been slow, however, in expending any money for outward display in this direction, and doubtless it will not be until the rising generation are fully grown that there will be any elaborate architecture covering those things which mark the progress of thought. It was in Columbus that the novelist William D. Howells marked out a political career, first as an editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, and afterward as consul to Venice, where his literary abilities were developed with the strength that has since made him famous. Whitelaw Reid, now editor of the *Tribune*, although born and reared in Xenia, here first drew the encouragement which sent him to Virginia as a war correspondent. Nor has Columbus been wanting in other individuals who can lay claim to world-wide reputations outside of politics. The late William S. Sullivant made valuable contributions to botany; Professor Leo Lesquereux won considerable renown as a geologist; and Professor Dr. Theodore G. Wormley, now of the University of Penn-

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VIEW IN THE CITY PARK.

sylvania, has been placed in the front rank of special chemists through his microscopical investigations in toxicology (his work on poisons, illustrated with steel - engravings by his wife, has excited much admiration and attention); Dr. James Hoge, father of the Ohio Presbytery, preached in Columbus for more than fifty years, and was a man of great eloquence; Michael Sullivant resided in Columbus, but his Illinois farm was known as the largest in the world; David W. Deshler, at one time president of three banks, was the head of one of the oldest families in the State, and deeply interested himself in the good of the municipality and its private citizens; Dr. Samuel Mitchell Smith was Surgeon-General of Ohio during the war, for thirty years a professor in the Starling Medical College, and during the last twenty years of his life President of the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum; Dr. Lincoln Goodale gave to the city a beautiful park. During the war Columbus was in the midst of much activity as a place of enlistment and general rendezvous. In 1864 the United States barracks for that vicinity were established there, and the volunteers who went out from Columbus and the massing of State companies rendered the city's streets an active military scene which will never be forgotten. It was here also that the celebrated rebel John Morgan was confined, and from here that he made his escape. The barracks were occupied as an arsenal until November, 1875, when they were changed into a station for receiving and



VIEW ON THE RIVER.

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organizing recruits, which are sent there from Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Detroit, and remain there several months. The expenditures amount to nearly $70,000 a year, and the buildings have cost in the neighborhood of $400,000.

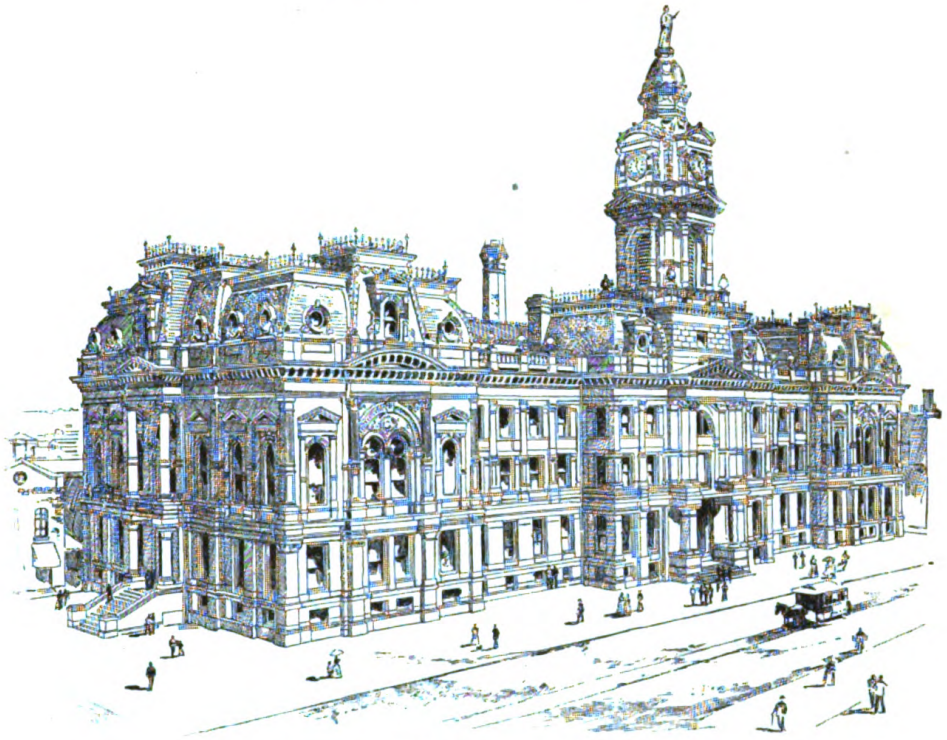
Columbus does much for charity. In its organized work there are already the Female Benevolent Association, the Industrial School, the Hannah Neil Mission, the Women's Home, the Soldiers' Home, the Hare Orphans' Home, the St. Francis Hospital, and the House of the Good Shepherd. During last year two gifts of money were made to the Women's Associations by William G. Deshler, amounting to $133,000. One of these donations consisted of $33,000 for the establishment of a Protestant lying-in hospital. The alliance of charity and religion has always been singularly strong in Columbus. The various religious denominations have for each other a praiseworthy regard. The church edifices are not extravagant, but they are substantial, and their work is carried on quietly and effectively.

The State buildings located in Columbus are all architecturally beautiful, and with the exception of Washington, no other city can boast of larger structures or so many. The State Insane Asylum cost $2,000,000, and will accommodate 1300 patients. It has in connection with it a farm of 300 acres. It is constructed of cut stone and brick, and is situated three miles west of the city, on rising ground commanding a fine view of the country. It has a complete armament for its own use in private gas-works, water-works, engine-house, etc. There is also an institution called the Idiot Asylum, which contains on the average about 800 inmates, and employs about 150 persons. The cost of this to the State is $125,000 a year. The Ohio Penitentiary was begun in 1833 and finished in 1835, entirely by convict labor, and has cost $800,000. The buildings are composed of brick and stone, and now contain over 1300 prisoners. It is a model institution of the kind, with excellent system and discipline. The prison shops are large and commodious, and the convicts are employed by manufacturers. The annual expense of the prison maintenance reaches on an average now to $250,000. The Blind Asylum is of old English character in design, built of cut stone and brick, and cost in the neighborhood of $600,000. It will accommodate about 1000 people. The grounds surrounding the asylum are beautiful, and tended with jealous care. There are on an average about 300 pupils being educated by the State, employing about seventy persons as instructors and help. The annual expenditures amount to about $50,000. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum was erected at a cost of $800,000. It is built of brick, and elaborately trimmed with limestone and sandstone. It is one of the finest structures in the State, and is surrounded by extensive grounds. It has an average of about 400 pupils, and the expenses reach nearly $80,000 a year. A most important and valuable adjunct to the business purposes of the city—because its ramifications tend so largely to develop the resources of the State—is the Ohio State University, which was founded by an act of Congress in 1862. The United States made a grant of 630,000 acres of public land for the establishing of a college "where the leading objects shall be to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts"; this without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics. The total income of the University has been over $60,000 a year for some time past, and the value of the endowment and property is estimated to be about $1,200,000; this has been brought



THE INSANE ASYLUM.

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THE CITY HALL.

about by the sale of land held in trust by the State, and the receipt of $300,000 from Franklin County, and $28,000 from the Columbus citizens. The University is located within the limits of the city, about three miles north of the "State-house," which seems to be the starting-point for local measurement. It is now surrounded by some 325 acres of land for agricultural uses, and a "campus" of forty acres is under constant improvement. There are four buildings; one containing the geological museum, art hall, laboratories, library, President's room, and chapel, and the office of the State meteorological bureau. Another contains the department of botany and horticulture, in conjunction with greenhouses and experimenting rooms. There are also in the other buildings the mechanical, chemical, and mining engineering; two dormitories for students, and the various rooms for class purposes. In the library are about 8000 books, which, with the convenience of the State library of over 60,000 volumes, gives the scholar all possible opportunity. Certain it is that Ohio is pursuing a most thorough and magnificent system, not only for the development of its natural resources, but for the education of its people. Opposite the southeast corner of the State-house is the government building for the uses of the Post-office, United States courts, Signal Service Office, Internal Revenue Division, and the Pension Office. This building, recently completed, is one of the handsomest in Columbus; of modern style of architecture, and built of cut stone. Its cost was half a million dollars. It is perhaps worth saying that the Pension Office is the largest in the United States, paying out $1,675,000 a month. This provides for all the Ohio pensioners excepting those known as Navy pensioners, who draw from the Chicago agency. There are also nearly three thousand pensioners who reside in other States and Territories. The citizens of Columbus point with much pride to this new government building, because it was erected without any "jobbing" or corruption. The City Hall is an imposing building in Amherst stone. It is situated directly opposite the south side of the Capitol, and contains, besides the city offices, a public library, and at present the rooms of the Board of Trade. This organization has, however, arranged for an elaborate new building, a plan which was consummated by the more active young business men of the city as soon as the Columbus Club was formed. The Board of Trade

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now consists of about 500 active members. One of its aims is to offer and provide entertainment for strangers, especially for members of the Legislature, who are for a time residents in the city. It has already accomplished much good by its strong co-operation of influential citizens in the improvement of streets and lighting the city. Building operations in Columbus recently have been so numerous as to prevent a detailed mention here. It is said no city of less than twice its size can show such a building record.

In regard to its municipal matters, Columbus is fully abreast with the times. Its police and fire departments are thoroughly adequate, and its public-school system, numbering twenty-two buildings, and providing for the education of 10,000 children, is in the hands of thoughtful and progressive people. The sanitary condition of the city is excellent. It is supplied with water from living springs through the "Holly" engine-works. The sewerage is particularly good, as Columbus is built on high rolling ground, that makes desirable surface drainage. There are two very handsome parks. Goodale Park was presented to the city in 1851 by Lincoln Goodale, and contains about forty acres of undulating ground, filled with a natural growth of forest trees, a pretty lake, and gravelled walks. The City Park, lying in the southern part of the city, is a place of frequent resort, handsomely laid out, and ornamented by fountains and garden shrubbery. Franklin Park is another convenient breathing-place.

Green Lawn Cemetery contains nearly eighty-five acres of land, and lies about a mile and a half southwesterly from the State-house. The greater portion of the grounds is covered by native forest trees, and is laid out in many graceful avenues, which are lined by handsome monuments and well-kept burial lots. The street railroad facilities of Columbus are extensive and in excellent order. There is also a large Union Depot, very commodious and substantial, in which over one hundred passenger trains daily arrive and depart.

There are four daily papers published in the city, and several weeklies and monthlies. The *Ohio State Journal* and *Daily Times* are morning papers, and the *Dispatch* is published in the evening. There is also a German daily, the *Westbote*. The *Ohio State Journal* was published before the city of Columbus was laid out, and its early history justifies the figure of speech that "it rocked the cradle of the infant capital." Its history is really older than its present name, it being a direct descendant of the *Western Intelligencer*, which was established by Colonel James Kilbourne in 1811, in the village of Worthington, nine miles from the "high bank on the Scioto." It was removed to Columbus in 1814. In 1825 its present name was adopted. Governor John Greiner, famous the country over in the singing campaigns of the '40's, was one of its editors. General William Schouler was identified with it from 1856 to 1858, and Dr. Isaac J. Allen was the editor during the early part of the war. Later editors were William D. Howells and General James M. Comly. The present editor is S. J. Flickenger.

Rustic reminders of early days are the old Scioto River bridge and the turnpike-road to Cincinnati, travelled by the Ohio Stage Company, and owned by Neil Sullivant, Tallmadge, and Deshler—men who afterward looked upon the enterprise as a most gratifying foundation to their success in life.

Among the memories of early Columbus is "the old Eagle Tavern," where, if there were such things in those days—and there must have been since the time of Cæsar — many political rings were formed. At any rate, it was a famous resort in the '20's, and was situated on High Street, opposite the public offices. Among those who frequented the place were Henry Stanbery, Thomas Ewing, James M. Bell, Lyne Starling, and scores of others who became prominent in the political history of Ohio. The proprietor of the place was a John Young, who was noted for the excellence of his mint-juleps, the elegance of his wardrobe, and his being the greatest gambler in Ohio. Perhaps it was to this latter fact that Bell, who was at one time Speaker of the House, owed his passion for gambling, which afterward proved his ruin. Ewing was considered the epicure of the clique, caring little for drink, and Stanbery never forgot the delights of many cozy hours at the old Eagle, even after he became a member of Johnson's cabinet, from which, it will be remembered, he resigned to defend the impeachment. Nothing now remains of this old "Eagle Coffee-House."

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THE HUMORS OF A MINOR THEATRE.

BY F. ANSTEY.



NOW that the value of the drama as an educational factor is becoming so widely recognized, a paper which merely professes to treat of it in one of its humbler phases may yet be held entitled to some moderate amount of consideration.

And however this may be, there are readers, it is hoped, who take a sufficient interest in humanity to render them not unwilling to read an account of the kind of entertainment which finds favor with the inhabitants of a neighborhood more populous than select.

Such entertainment is provided by an establishment which is probably unknown to most London theatre-goers beyond its immediate vicinity, a squalid region of dingy streets abounding in fried-fish shops, small coffee-houses, pawnbrokers, and second-hand dealers of every description—an unlovely region, where there is little to delight any one of the senses.

Still it is not quite so destitute as certain districts in the far East; it has a theatre of its own, a large and simply decorated house, where the prices are by no means prohibitive—a stall costs but one shilling, and evening dress is not insisted on. It is true that, in deference to aristocratic tastes, lemonade and jam puffs only are handed round there during the *entr'actes*, but this is a mere form, the local preference being in favor of shrimps, which the occupant brings with him in a paper box.

The audience, except in the boxes, is a tolerably numerous one; in the stalls are a sprinkling of local shopkeepers, old ladies not unconnected with the charring and mangling interests, a pair or so of sheepish lovers, and one or two middle-aged men, who sit and gaze with a stolid contentment. In the pit, dress circle, and gallery there are a good many youths, boys and girls, and homely family parties carrying their refreshments in baskets. Enthusiasm is expressed by shrill and sustained whistles, and applause is constant throughout the performance. It is not exactly a distinguished audience, but it would be impossible to find a more indulgent one. To West End managers, on first nights, it would be simply invaluable.

In the matter of villains, indeed, the auditors are almost too easily satisfied; for a feebler order of malefactor, when the time for action arrives, could hardly be found than the miscreants who curdle their blood. Stout are they and hoarse, but amazingly indiscreet: they will set out on lawless enterprises and leave their weapons at home, though on the rare occasions when they bring a fire-arm they

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prove themselves the kind of marksmen that would enrich a shooting-gallery beyond the dream of avarice.

Neither the hero nor the heroine, as a rule, engages the warmest sympathies of the house, possibly because, while the latter is seldom comely or audible, the former delivers his spirited and unimpeachable sentiments with a somewhat bleating, not to say broken-winded, utterance. He will say that he has no desire to shed human blood, but rather than see his wife and child torn from his side he would even plunge into homicide, with an air of trying to recollect a remark that has struck him, which is fatal to the full effect of his words. And the heroine declares that she will stab herself to the heart sooner than listen to the wicked baronet's base proposals, in the tone of a lady who admits that, on the whole, she likes a quadrille better than a waltz.



"A PAIR OR SO OF SHEEPISH LOVERS."

The real hero is the comic cool friend who turns up in the nick of time, and baffles all evil designs by some simple expedient, when the whole audience shout themselves hoarse with delight, and roar at the readiness of his extremely primitive repartee. Next to him in popularity come the male and female low comedian servants, the former in an impossible livery and a cockaded hat, who make fun—such dreary fun!—before a front scene while an elaborate "set" is being hammered together behind.

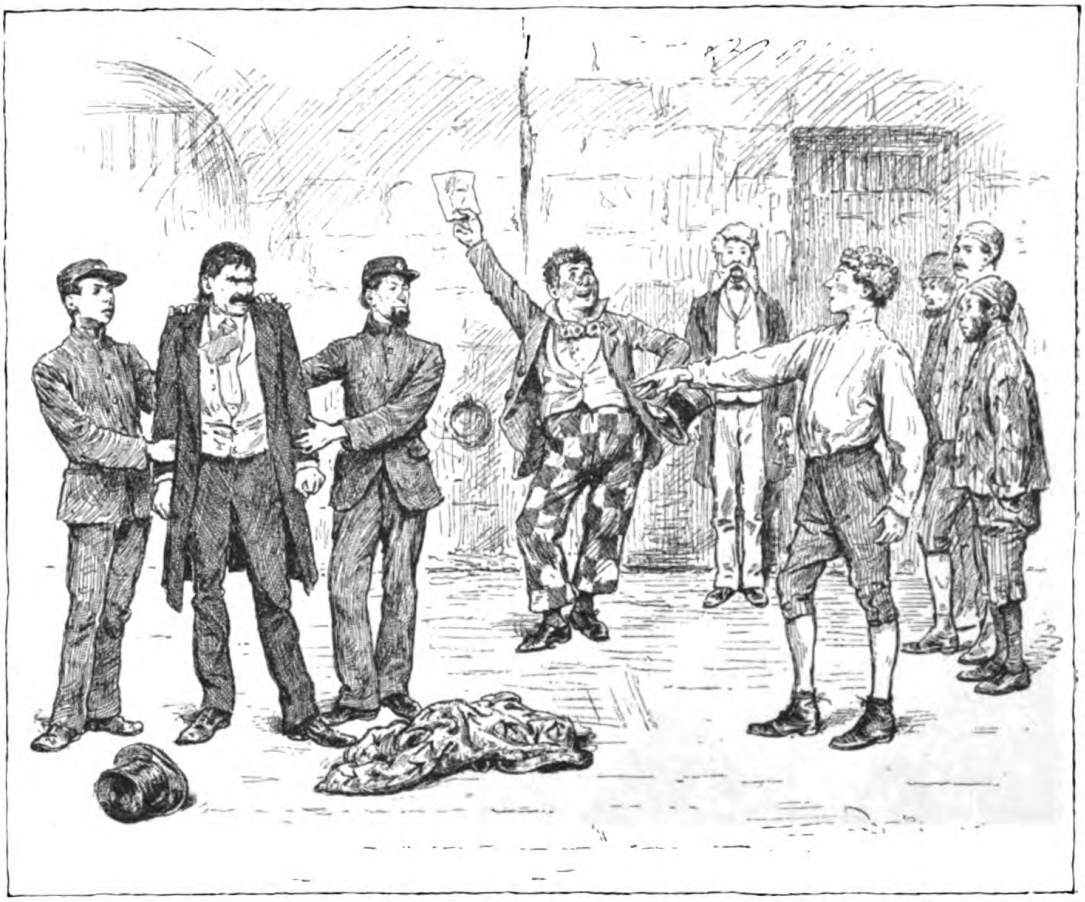
As for the set scenes, to which all this is a preparation, they cannot be accused of over-realism. I have seen a market-place in Lisbon which was compounded of a scene in Cairo and a view of Covent Garden; pillars and curtains have an unaccountable habit of appearing in lonely woods; and it seems difficult to keep the sky out of luxurious interiors which are sumptuously furnished by a single kitchen chair.

The stage management too leaves something to be desired; at least it cannot be natural that, when the fugitives are required to escape by a rustic bridge across a foaming torrent, they should calmly step over the water and then cross the bridge to the side of their baffled pursuers; but they always do. And I have seen light-hearted revelry more vividly represented than by the merrymakers forming in two lines on either side of the stage and with an air of absent melancholy extending one arm to indicate the abandonment of their gayety, as is the practice here.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the audience is its insensibility to pathos; they do not scoff at it, but it clearly fails to affect them in the least.

For instance, in a version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which I was fortunate enough to see, the house adored Topsy, a very stout person simply attired in a sack labelled "this side up," and shouted when she playfully butted her master, St. Clair, in the ribs, and sang a ditty—not, I think, included in the original text—called "I am so offly shy"; but it only bore with Uncle Tom himself, and took but a mild interest in his flogging, perhaps because it was performed off the stage, and obviously had not been sufficiently severe to disarrange his neat toilet.

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"THE HERO STRIPS OFF HIS BROAD-ARROWED COAT."

And as for little Eva, very nicely represented by a precocious and squeaky young gentleman in a palpable flaxen wig, when that "angel child," as the characters called her, expired, with a band of real Jubilee negroes and negresses on chairs by the door singing, no doubt a little superfluously, "Tell me where my Eva's gone," nobody, so to speak, turned a hair.

Yet little Eva "at her sports" with Uncle Tom was something to remember, and I never beheld a more moving spectacle in my life than the good old black gentleman presented with a wreath of paper flowers on his burnt-corked head.

It would be ungrateful in the highest degree if I did not record that I have witnessed scenes on this stage which it would be impossible to equal on any other—scenes which will never fade from my memory.

There was that great situation, in a play called *The Orange Girl*, where the virtuous and wrongfully accused hero was discovered as a convict working with his gang at Portland. To him enters the wicked baronet, who wears, as the insignia of his rank, a frock-coat, a low waistcoat, and a tie which an errand-boy would disdain; he has come, partly to visit the governor, whom he describes (one trusts untruthfully) as an old college chum of his, partly to taunt the hero, whose conviction he has procured by villany.

But at the moment when the hero is almost stung to a mitigated annoyance, the inevitable comic friend turns up with the proof of his innocence. "See here," he says to the governor, the warders, and some mildly interested convicts—"the prisoner was accused, on the evidence of this man, of forging a bank-note, on the back of which his name was found engraved. Well, I hold here a letter, discovered in an old coat, *refusing* to commit the very crime of which he was afterward found guilty!"

No one can resist such evidence as this: the hero strips off his broad-arrowed coat, and flings it to the baffled baronet, with

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the remark that he may wear that now; whereupon, with the full approbation of the governor, two warders seize the detested villain, and march him into the jail without further ado, and the curtain falls amidst frantic enthusiasm.

Then there was a drama with spectral effects, where the heroine possessed a guitar which, as one of the comic servants informed us, was an uncanny instrument. "I 'ave 'eard it," he said, in an awe-struck voice, "a-playin' that toon she was so fond of, all of itself, whenever our missis was poorly." The heroine has departed to implore the villanous step-brother to procure her an interview with her father, who has cast her off for marrying the hero. The husband is awaiting her return in great anxiety. As he sits in a lowly cottage interior, with his wife's guitar hanging on the door, the stage grows darker and darker, a thunder-storm is raging on the prompt side, and all at once he hears that favorite tune. "She 'as returned!" he cries, but the next moment staggers back. And with good reason, for that ghostly guitar, illumined with the unearthly light of spirits of wine, is seen slowly working its way up a wire toward the roof, as it performs the air his wife had loved in happier moments. As he sees it he falls lifeless, with a scream, for after such a portent he can no longer doubt that his wife has been foully murdered; and, as it happens, his presentiment is but too fatally verified. At that same moment the wicked step-brother has thrust his rapier under the heroine's left arm.



"THE WICKED STEP-BROTHER HAS THRUST HIS RAPIER UNDER THE HEROINE'S LEFT ARM."

When I last visited this theatre a wonderful drama by the title of *Minnigrey* was produced there, for the first time, with distinguished success, and though I cannot say that it surpassed some of its predecessors in vigor and effectiveness, it was a striking piece of work in its way. It was founded on "the most popular novel ever written"—so said the bills—and a detailed account of its plot may be an insult to the well-read. But it may be mentioned that Minnigrey is the name of the heroine; she is supposed to be a foundling, but in reality is the daughter of an earl's eldest son, and her noble grandfather had executed, "by permission of the king," what was aptly described as a "peculiar will," devising his title and estates to "the child of his eldest son, whether male or female."

The earl's second son is an abandoned villain, who is in the secret of Minnigrey's birth, and wishes to secure the title for his own boy, the "Hon. Capt'in 'Oward," of the British army, now with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, where the Peninsular War is supposed to be raging.

Capt'in 'Oward's father cannot claim the estates and title himself, being under a cloud, which is visible in his complexion. So he lays a plot to abduct Minnigrey, carry her to Portugal, and marry her to the captain, thereby, as he explains, securing for him a coronet.

He lures her from her guardian (whose countenance is not much less dingy than his own, being covered with charcoal wrinkles till it resembles a railway map), and carries her to Wapping. But Minnigrey has a lover, a young gypsy known

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as Gus Lee, and it is necessary to entrap him too—at least in the villain's opinion. "For," he observes, "the serpent has its sting, the wolf his fangs, and the gypsy his *suspicions!*"—a remark which—I cannot imagine why—was received with positive rapture by the gallery.

So he lures him to Wapping too, and hires another villain to kidnap him on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, which is bound for a yellow-fever coast.

Gus Lee is rapped on the head, and the wicked captain orders his minions to drag him on the vessel, when the comic friend in need turns up opportunely. "You shall *not* take him there!" he says. "I say yes, yes!" roars the captain; "see, here is an order from the commander!" "And I say no, no!" shouts the friend; "for *here* is an order—from the *doctor!*" Tableau, with the friend making a rude and ancient gesture of defiance at the captain across the hero's prostrate body as the curtain falls, leaving the audience lashed to a frenzy of excitement.



THE BRITISH ARMY.

In the next act we were in Portugal with the British army, represented by Colonel Talbot (a stern but kind-hearted officer, with an expression as if he thought he perceived drains), Capt'in 'Oward, and seven vague privates in very tall shakos, and the uniform of a German band in narrow circumstances.

Gus Lee and his friend are in the regiment—they began in the navy, but that is a detail—and Minnigrey and the cloudy-faced uncle are there too. The capt'in, who is fully worthy of his parent, insults Minnigrey, and Gus cuts him down, which brings us to a second tableau—the heroine clinging to her deliverer's arm, and the army behind raising their shakos solemnly as they form a semicircle round their vanquished captain.

Then we find Gus imprisoned in a kind of rabbit-hutch for striking his superior officer, and kind Colonel Talbot giving him an "hour's leave of absence" from prison; the uncle hires the navy captain (now disguised, for purposes of his own, as a stout Spaniard) to shoot him through the prison bars; the comic friend (he might have spared himself the trouble) strikes up his gun at the critical moment, and the report brings the French army upon the encampment. Gus is released indefinitely, as the colonel, with some reason, says that every man is of value in the reduced state of his forces; there is a terrific combat off the stage with heavy firing, and Gus comes on triumphant, having saved the British standard, which the colonel mounts a real horse to wave as the curtain descends.

After this we return to England, to the earl's seat in Epping Forest, and Capt'in 'Oward, who has somehow succeeded to the title, is denied admittance to his ancestors' gates by the charcoaled guardian of Minnigrey, and four uninterested haymakers in fancy costume. An old gypsy appears, and reveals that Gus Lee, who has gained a captain's commission, is the rightful heir and the true Earl of Enswick.

All is not over yet, however, for Gus has naturally to go by night and claim his title-deeds from the family solicitor, who happens to be a creature of the chief villain's. This persevering scoundrel gets the solicitor out of the way, and repairs to the office, provided with a dagger and a bottle of chloroform, to await the hero's arrival. A step is heard, a young man shrouded in a military cloak enters, and is

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instantly stabbed to the heart; the navy captain appears next, on general felonious principles, and the superior villain seizes the opportunity to denounce him as Gus Lee's, or rather the new earl's, murderer.

Other characters come in at this, and amongst them, to both villains' horror, is Gus Lee. "*Whom*, then, have I murdered!" gasps the unlucky uncle. "Wretch!" he is informed, "you have slain *your own son!*"—a piece of news which apparently settles him, and delights and surprises this most guileless of audiences.

So the play ends, and it is not an unfair sample of its class, which does not, as will have abundantly appeared, furnish a highly intellectual form of entertainment. From beginning to end—and it lasts over three hours—there has been little humor, except of the unconscious order, no wit, and no truth to nature, while such stagecraft as there has been is of the most rudimentary description.

Yet I cannot help thinking that I have seen some performances on far more pretentious stages which have delighted their patrons with even less reason, and many whose influence was very far from being as innocent or as healthy.

For though in this minor theatre, if there has been no refinement, there has been absolutely no taint of coarseness, the audience has been led to sympathize with right and hate the wrong, in those walls at least; they have been interested, amused, taken out of themselves, and while it is quite probable that they might appreciate better fare if they had the chance, they could not possibly appreciate it more. And meanwhile those who are not too cultivated to find a certain pleasure in seeing the utterly ridiculous presented with a *naïveté* and unconsciousness that are almost touching, might employ an evening to worse purpose than in paying a visit to a minor theatre.



A REHEARSAL.

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CHITA: A MEMORY OF LAST ISLAND.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I.—THE LEGEND OF L'ÎLE DERNIÈRE.

I.

TRAVELLING south from New Orleans to the Islands, you pass through a strange land into a strange sea, by various winding waterways. You can journey to the Gulf by lugger if you please; but the trip may be made much more rapidly and agreeably on some one of those light narrow steamers, built especially for bayou-travel, which usually receive passengers at a point not far from the foot of old Saint-Louis Street, hard by the sugar-landing, where there is ever a pushing and flocking of steam-craft—all striving for place to rest their white breasts against the levée, side by side,—like great weary swans. But the miniature steam-boat on which you engage passage to the Gulf never lingers long in the Mississippi: she crosses the river, slips into some canal-mouth, labors along the artificial channel awhile, and then leaves it with a scream of joy, to puff her free way down many a league of heavily shadowed bayou. Perhaps thereafter she may bear you through the immense silence of drenched rice-fields, where the yellow-green level is broken at long intervals by the black silhouette of some irrigating machine;—but, whichever of the five different routes be pursued, you will find yourself more than once floating through sombre mazes of swamp-forest,—past assemblages of cypresses all hoary with the parasitic tillandsia, and grotesque as gatherings of fetich-gods. Ever from river or from lakelet the steamer glides again into canal or bayou,—from bayou or canal once more into lake or bay; and sometimes the swamp-forest visibly thins away from these shores into wastes of reedy morass where, even of breathless nights, the quaggy soil trembles to a sound like thunder of breakers on a coast: the storm-roar of billions of reptile voices chanting in cadence,—rhythmically surging in stupendous *crescendo* and *diminuendo*,—a monstrous and appalling chorus of frogs!....

Panting, screaming, scraping her bottom over the sand-bars,—all day the little steamer strives to reach the grand blaze of blue open water below the marsh-lands; and perhaps she may be fortunate enough to enter the Gulf about the time of sunset. For the sake of passengers, she travels by day only; but there are other vessels which make the journey also by night—threading the bayou-labyrinths winter and summer: sometimes steering by the North Star,—sometimes feeling the way with poles in the white season of fogs,—sometimes, again, steering by that Star of Evening which in our sky glows like another moon, and drops over the silent lakes as she passes a splendid trail of quivering white fire.

Shadows lengthen; and at last the woods dwindle away behind you into thin bluish lines;—land and water alike take more luminous color;—bayous open into broad passes;—lakes link themselves with sea-bays;—and the ocean-wind bursts upon you,—keen, cool, and full of light. For the first time the vessel begins to swing,—rocking to the great living pulse of the tides. And gazing from the deck around you, with no forest walls to break the view, it will seem to you that the low land must have once been rent asunder by the sea, and strewn about the Gulf in fantastic tatters....

Sometimes above a waste of wind-blown prairie-cane you see an oasis emerging,—a ridge or hillock heavily umbraged with the rounded foliage of evergreen oaks:—a *chénière*. And from the shining flood also kindred green knolls arise,—pretty islets, each with its beach-girdle of dazzling sand and shells, yellow-white,—and all radiant with semi-tropical foliage,—myrtle and palmetto, orange and magnolia. Under their emerald shadows curious little villages of palmetto huts are drowsing, where dwell a swarthy population of Orientals,—Malay fishermen, who speak the Spanish-Creole of the Philippines as well as their own Tagal, and perpetuate in Louisiana the Catholic traditions of the Indies. There are girls in those unfamiliar villages worthy to inspire any statuary,—beautiful with the beauty of ruddy bronze,—gracile as the palmettoes that sway above them.... Further seaward you may also pass a Chinese settlement: some queer camp of wooden dwellings clustering around a vast platform that stands above the water upon a thousand piles;—over the minia-

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ture wharf you can scarcely fail to observe a white sign-board painted with crimson ideographs. The great platform is used for drying fish in the sun; and the fantastic characters of the sign, literally translated, mean: "*Heap—Shrimp—Plenty.*".... And finally all the land melts down into desolations of sea-marsh, whose stillness is seldom broken, except by the melancholy cry of long-legged birds, and in wild seasons by that deep sound which shakes all shores when the weird Musician of the Sea touches the bass keys of his mighty organ....

II.

Beyond the sea-marshes a curious archipelago lies. If you travel by steamer to the sea-islands to-day, you are tolerably certain to enter the Gulf by Grande Pass —skirting Grande Terre, the most familiar island of all, not so much because of its proximity as because of its great crumbling fort and its graceful pharos: the stationary White-Light of Barataria. Otherwise the place is bleakly uninteresting: a wilderness of wind-swept grasses and sinewy weeds waving away from a thin beach ever speckled with drift and decaying things,—worm-riddled timbers, dead porpoises. Eastward the russet level is broken by the columnar silhouette of the light-house, and again, beyond it, by some puny scrub-timber, above which rises the angular ruddy mass of the old brick fort, whose ditches swarm with crabs, and whose sluiceways are half choked by obsolete cannon-shot, now thickly covered with incrustation of oyster shells.... Around all the gray circling of a shark-haunted sea....

Sometimes of autumn evenings there, when the hollow of heaven flames like the interior of a chalice, and waves and clouds are flying in one wild rout of broken gold,—you may see the tawny grasses all covered with something like husks,—wheat-colored husks,—large, flat, and disposed evenly along the lee-side of each swaying stalk, so as to present only their edges to the wind. But, if you approach, those pale husks all break open to display strange splendors of scarlet and seal-brown, with arabesque mottlings in white and black: they change into wondrous living blossoms, which detach themselves before your eyes and rise in air, and flutter away by thousands to settle down further off, and turn into wheat-colored husks once more....a whirling flower-drift of sleepy butterflies!

Southwest, across the pass, gleams beautiful Grande Isle: primitively a wilderness of palmetto (*latanier*);—then drained, diked, and cultivated by Spanish sugar-planters;—and now familiar chiefly as a bathing-resort. Since the war the ocean reclaimed its own;—the cane-fields have degenerated into sandy plains, over which tramways wind to the smooth beach;—the plantation-residences have been converted into rustic hotels; and the negro-quarters remodelled into villages of cozy cottages for the reception of guests. But with its imposing groves of oak, its golden wealth of orange-trees, its odorous lanes of oleander, its broad grazing-meadows yellow-starred with wild camomile, Grande Isle remains the prettiest island of the Gulf; and its loveliness is exceptional. For the bleakness of Grand Terre is reiterated by most of the other islands,—Caillou, Cassetête, Calumet, Wine Island, the twin Timbaliers, Gull Island, and the many islets haunted by the gray pelican,—all of which are little more than sand-bars covered with wiry grasses, prairie-cane, and scrub-timber. Last Island (*L'Île Dernière*),—well worthy a long visit in other years, in spite of its remoteness, is now a ghastly desolation twenty-five miles long. Lying nearly forty miles west of Grande Isle, it was nevertheless far more populated a generation ago: it was not only the most celebrated island of the group, but also the most fashionable watering-place of the aristocratic South;—to-day it is visited by fishermen only, at long intervals. Its admirable beach in many respects resembled that of Grande Isle to-day; the accommodations also were much similar, although finer: a charming village of cottages facing the Gulf near the western end. The hotel itself was a massive two-story construction of timber, containing many apartments, together with a large dining-room and dancing hall. In rear of the hotel was a bayou, where passengers landed—"Village Bayou" it is still called by seamen;—but the deep channel which now cuts the island in two a little eastwardly did not exist while the village remained. The sea tore it out in one night—the same night when trees, fields, dwellings, all vanished into the Gulf, leaving no vestige of former human habitation except a few of

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those strong brick props and foundations upon which the frame houses and cisterns had been raised. One living creature was found there after the cataclysm—a cow! But how that solitary cow survived the fury of a storm-flood that actually rent the island in twain has ever remained a mystery....

III.

On the Gulf side of these islands you may observe that the trees—when there are any trees—all bend away from the sea; and even of bright hot days when the wind sleeps, there is something grotesquely pathetic in their look of agonized terror. A group of oaks at Grande Isle I remember as especially suggestive: five stooping silhouettes in line against the horizon, like fleeing women with streaming garments and wind-blown hair,—bowing grievously and thrusting out arms desperately northward as to save themselves from falling. And they are being pursued indeed;—for the sea is devouring the land. Many and many a mile of ground has yielded to the tireless charging of Ocean's cavalry: far out you can see, through a good glass, the porpoises at play where of old the sugar-cane shook out its million bannerets; and shark-fins now seam deep water above a site where pigeons used to coo. Men build dikes; but the besieging tides bring up their battering-rams—whole forests of drift—huge trunks of water-oak and weighty cypress. Forever the yellow Mississippi strives to build; forever the sea struggles to destroy;—and amid their eternal strife all the islands and the promontories change shape, more slowly, but not less fantastically, than the clouds of heaven.

And worthy of study are those wan battle-grounds where the woods made their last brave stand against the irresistible invasion,—usually at some long point of sea-marsh, widely fringed with billowing sand. Just where the waves curl beyond such a point you may discern a multitude of blackened snaggy shapes protruding above the water,—some high enough to resemble ruined chimneys, others bearing a startling likeness to enormous skeleton-feet and skeleton-hands,—with crustaceous white growths clinging to them here and there, like remnants of integument. These are bodies and limbs of drowned oaks,—so long drowned that the shell-scurf is inch-thick upon parts of them. Further in upon the beach immense trunks lie overthrown. Some look like vast broken columns; some suggest colossal torsos imbedded, and seem to reach out mutilated stumps in despair from their deepening graves;—and beside these are others which have kept their feet with astounding obstinacy, although the barbarian tides have been charging them for twenty years, and gradually torn away the soil above and beneath their roots. The sand around,—soft beneath and thinly crusted upon the surface,—is everywhere pierced with holes made by a beautifully mottled and semi-diaphanous crab, with hairy legs, big staring eyes, and milk-white claws;—while in the green sedges beyond there is a perpetual rustling as of some strong wind beating among reeds: a marvellous creeping of "fiddlers," which the inexperienced visitor might at first mistake for so many peculiar beetles, as they run about sideways, each with his huge single claw folded upon his body like a wing-case. Year by year that rustling strip of green land grows narrower; the sand spreads and sinks, shuddering and wrinkling like a living brown skin; and the last standing corpses of the oaks, ever clinging with naked dead feet to the sliding beach, lean more and more out of the perpendicular. As the sands subside, the stumps appear to creep; their intertwisted masses of snakish roots seem to crawl, to writhe,—like the reaching arms of cephalopods....

....Grande Terre is going: the sea mines her fort, and will before many years carry the ramparts by storm. Grande Isle is going,—slowly but surely: the Gulf has eaten three miles into her meadowed land. Last Island has gone! How it went I first heard from the lips of a veteran pilot, while we sat one evening together on the trunk of a drifted cypress which some high tide had pressed deeply into the Grande Isle beach. The day had been tropically warm; we had sought the shore for a breath of living air. Sunset came, and with it the ponderous heat lifted,—a sudden breeze blew,—lightnings flickered in the darkening horizon,—wind and water began to strive together,—and soon all the low coast boomed. Then my companion began his story;—perhaps the coming of the storm inspired him to speak! And as I listened to him, listening also to the clamoring of the coast, there flashed back to me recollection of a singular Breton fancy: that

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the Voice of the Sea is never one voice, but a tumult of many voices—voices of drowned men,—the muttering of multitudinous dead,—the moaning of innumerable ghosts, all rising, to rage against the living, at the great Witch-call of storms....

IV.

The charm of a single summer day on these island shores is something impossible to express, never to be forgotten. Rarely, in the paler zones, do earth and heaven take such luminosity: those will best understand me who have seen the splendor of a West Indian sky. And yet there is a tenderness of tint, a caress of color, in these Gulf-days which is not of the Antilles,—a spirituality, as of eternal tropical spring. It must have been to even such a sky that Xenophanes lifted up his eyes of old when he vowed the Infinite Blue was God;—it was indeed under such a sky that De Soto named the vastest and grandest of Southern havens Espiritu Santo,—the Bay of the Holy Ghost. There is a something unutterable in this bright Gulf-air that compels awe,—something vital, something holy, something pantheistic: and reverentially the mind asks itself if what the eye beholds is not the Πνεύμα indeed, the Infinite Breath, the Divine Ghost, the great Blue Soul of The Unknown. All, all is blue in the calm,—save the low land under your feet, which you almost forget, since it seems only as a tiny green flake afloat in the liquid eternity of day. Then slowly, caressingly, irresistibly, the witchery of the Infinite grows upon you: out of Time and Space you begin to dream with open eyes,—to drift into delicious oblivion of facts,—to forget the past, the present, the substantial,—to comprehend nothing but the existence of that infinite Blue Ghost as something into which you would wish to melt utterly away forever....

And this day-magic of azure endures sometimes for months together. Cloudlessly the dawn reddens up through a violet east: there is no speck upon the blossoming of its Mystical Rose,—unless it be the silhouette of some passing gull, whirling his sickle-wings against the crimsoning. Ever, as the sun floats higher, the flood shifts its color. Sometimes smooth and gray, yet flickering with the morning gold, it is the vision of John,—the apocalyptic Sea of Glass mingled with fire;—again, with the growing breeze, it takes that incredible purple tint familiar mostly to painters of West Indian scenery;—once more, under the blaze of noon, it changes to a waste of broken emerald. With evening, the horizon assumes tints of inexpressible sweetness: pearl-lights, opaline colors of milk and fire, and in the west are topaz-glowings and wondrous flushings as of nacre. Then, if the sea sleeps, it dreams of all these,—faintly, weirdly,—shadowing them even to the verge of heaven.

Beautiful, too, are those white phantasmagoria which, at the approach of equinoctial days, mark the coming of the winds. Over the rim of the sea a bright cloud gently pushes up its head. It rises; and others rise with it, to right and left—slowly at first; then more swiftly. All are brilliantly white and flocculent, like loose new cotton. Gradually they mount in enormous line high above the Gulf, rolling and wreathing into an arch that expands and advances, — monstrously bending from horizon to horizon. A clear cold breath accompanies its coming. Reaching the zenith, it seems there to hang poised awhile,—a vast and ghostly bridge arching the empyrean,—upreaching its measureless span from either underside of the world. Then the colossal phantom begins to turn, as on a pivot of air,—always preserving its curvilinear symmetry, but moving its unseen ends beyond and below the sky-circle. And at last it floats away unbroken beyond the blue sweep of the world, with a wind following after. Day after day, almost at the same hour, the white arc rises, wheels, and passes....

....Never a glimpse of rock on these low shores;—only long sloping beaches and bars of smooth tawny sand. Sand and sea teem with vitality;—over all the dunes there is a constant susurration, a blattering and swarming of crustacea;—through all the sea there is a ceaseless play of silver lightning,—a flashing of myriad fish. Sometimes the shallows are thickened with minute, transparent crab-like organisms,—all colorless as gelatine. There are days also when countless medusæ drift in—beautiful veined creatures that throb like hearts, with perpetual systole and diastole of their diaphanous envelops: some, of translucent azure or rose, seem in the flood the shadows or ghosts of huge campanulate flowers;—others have the semblance of strange living

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vegetables,—great milky tubers, just beginning to sprout. But woe to the human skin grazed by those shadowy sproutings and spectral stamens!—the touch of glowing iron is not more painful.... Within an hour or two after their appearance all these tremulous jellies vanish mysteriously as they came.

Perhaps, if a bold swimmer, you may venture out alone a long way—once! Not twice!—even in company. As the water deepens beneath you, and you feel those ascending wave-currents of coldness arising which bespeak profundity, you will also begin to feel innumerable touches, as of groping fingers—touches of the bodies of fish, innumerable fish, fleeing toward shore. The further you advance, the more thickly you will feel them come; and above you and around you, to right and left, others will leap and fall so swiftly as to daze the sight, like ever-intercrossing fountain-jets of fluid silver. The gulls fly lower about you, circling with sinister squeaking cries;—perhaps for an instant your feet touch in the deep something heavy, swift, lithe, that rushes by with a swirling shock. Then the fear of the Abyss, the vast and voiceless Nightmare of the Sea, will come upon you: the silent panic of all those opaline millions that flee glimmering by, will enter into you also....

From what do they flee thus perpetually? Is it from the giant sawfish or the ravening shark?—from the herds of the porpoises, or from the *grande-écaille*,—that splendid monster whom no net may hold,—all helmed and armored in argent plate-mail?—or from the hideous devil-fish of the Gulf,—gigantic, flat-bodied, satanically black, with immense side-fins ever outspread like the pinions of a bat,—the terror of luggermen, the uprooter of anchors? From all these, perhaps, and from other monsters likewise—goblin shapes evolved by Nature as destroyers, as equilibrists, as counterchecks to that prodigious fecundity, which, unhindered, would thicken the deep into one measureless and waveless ferment of being....But when there are many bathers these perils are forgotten,—numbers give courage,—one can abandon one's self, without fear of the invisible, to the long, quivering, electrical caresses of the sea....

V.

Thirty years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of even such magical days. July was dying;—for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity;—winds held their breath;—slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices,—the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature,—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage, ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty....

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days,—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population;—the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests;—the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all,—hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand....

....Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached,—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high;—it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feebler fourth: then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced—one, two, three, four....seven long swells this time;—and the Gulf smoothed itself once

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more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet,—until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green;—the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights: there was no wind!—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath....

And indeed the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep,—a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil-wells, the volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf-Stream....

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale,—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf,—as if the rhythm of the sea moulded itself after the rhythm of the air,—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind,—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky;—the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore: they began to carry fleeces,—an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale....

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous: colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan-backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers: the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, appallingly magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished; and the moonless night came.

Then the Wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a Voice moaning across the world,—hooting,—uttering nightmare sounds,—*Whoo!—whoo!—whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines;—the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood.... So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning,—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it,—no

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one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason....

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail-packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world,—bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Barataria Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men, —totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain-heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed: its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side;—the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides;—the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention, then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appalls....Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the *Star*, and to strain their eyes toward far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down upon," said my friend the pilot.

...."Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm,—"*she is coming!*"....It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore;—and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging,—with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving,—a tempest-whirl of spray;—ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke;—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild;—men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marvelled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart: he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Morgan City he felt that the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of Hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men staid by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar, —lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered;—"she'll stand it....Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. ....But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged —dragged in with the flood,—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell;—the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts

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came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another!.... Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins,—and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas,—hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam,—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors.... a sound of music!

VI.

....Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall;—there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter: there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual,—that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers,—representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes,—whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multi-colored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the Têche,—mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin—whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned,—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself,—"*Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!*" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields,—to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms;—wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy-foam of lace, the ivorine loveliness of glossy shoulders and jewelled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet,—than to watch the foaming of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack....

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves—those elegant guests;—they jested and sipped rich wines;—they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest;—mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training;—mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed, young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance;—young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious,—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

....Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the piano-forte pealed, and still the violins sang,—and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the *Star*.

—"Christ!" he muttered,—"a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance!....But I guess the *Star* will stay."....

Half an hour might have passed; still

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the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. ....And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights,—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano,—even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz: *l'Invitation à la Valse*,—with its marvellous musical swing!

—"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them!—God help us all now!.... *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!*"....

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south: then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms....

....Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels;—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking,—curling about the feet of the dancers....What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps;—all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?....

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising with awful mutterings.

—"*Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien.* Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you.... *Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite!* The water will go down in a few hours, ladies;—it never rises higher than this; *il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a*— My God! what is that?"....

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came,—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest main-land,—across mad Caillou Bay to the sea-marshes,—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes!—but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now!....

Then rose a frightful cry,—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear,—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite....*Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables:—during one terrible instant,—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities,—raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom!....One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in: the immense hall rises,—oscillates,—twirls as upon a pivot,—crepitates,—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

....So the hurricane passed,—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air,—heaping up the ocean against the land,—upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables,—shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard; pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass,—

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over the agony of Caillou Bay,—the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf,—tearing and swallowing the land in its course,—ploughing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before,—rending islands in twain,—and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses....

But the *Star* remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death,—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas,—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But wellnigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

VII.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn: a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses—abandoning its plunder,—scattering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango-swamps, over the long low reaches of sand-grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell-reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift;—from their cypress groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the vast white-gleaming retreat: a storm of billowing wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the Wreckers come, the Spoilers of the dead,—savage skimmers of the sea,—hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas-pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manila-men from the marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities,—fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity,—wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar chénières, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the licensed pilot....

There is plunder for all—birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and legions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard-tables overturned upon the sand;—there are sofas, pianos, footstools, and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet-tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvellous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great *Nautilus* went down. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets: plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned,—and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings, and fine chains, brooches, and trinkets.... "*Chi bidizza!—Oh! chi bedda mughieri! Eccu, la bidizza!*" That ball-dress was made in Paris by— But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu.... *Che bella sposina!* Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe; but the delicate bone snaps easily: your oyster-knife can sever the tendon.... "*Guardate! chi bedda picciota!*" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino—the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven hair—"*Caya manan!*" And it is not your quadroon bondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly; those Malay hands are less deft than hers,—but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. *Na quita mo! dalaga!—na quita maganda!*....Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers: tear them out!—*Dispense, chulita!*....

....Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all: there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one af-

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ter another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell-reefs, where the huge white flashes are,—sheet-lightning of breakers,—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief-boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

II.—OUT OF THE SEA'S STRENGTH.

I.

THERE are regions of Louisiana coast whose aspect seems not of the present, but of the immemorial past—of that epoch when low flat reaches of primordial continent first rose into form above a Silurian sea. To indulge this geologic dream, any fervid and breezeless day there, it is only necessary to ignore the evolutional protests of a few blue asters or a few composite flowers of the *coryopsis* sort, which contrive to display their rare flashes of color through the general waving of cat-heads, blood-weeds, wild cane, and marsh grasses. For at a hasty glance the general appearance of this marsh verdure is vague enough, as it ranges away toward the sand, to convey the idea of amphibious vegetation,—a primitive flora as yet undecided whether to retain marine habits and forms, or to assume terrestrial ones;—and the occasional inspection of surprising shapes might strengthen this fancy. Queer flat-lying and many-branching things, which resemble sea-weeds in juiciness and color and consistency, crackle under your feet from time to time; the moist and weighty air seems heated rather from below than from above,—less by the sun than by the radiation of a cooling world; and the mists of morning or evening appear to simulate the vapory exhalation of volcanic forces,—latent, but only dozing, and uncomfortably close to the surface. And indeed geologists have actually averred that those rare elevations of the soil,—which, with their heavy coronets of evergreen foliage, not only look like islands, but are so called in the French nomenclature of the coast,—have been prominences created by ancient mud volcanoes.

The family of a Spanish fisherman, Feliu Viosca, once occupied and gave its name to such an islet, quite close to the Gulf-shore,—the loftiest bit of land along fourteen miles of just such marshy coast as I have spoken of. Landward, it dominated a desolation that wearied the eye to look at, a wilderness of reedy sloughs, patched at intervals with ranges of bitter-weed, tufts of elbow-bushes, and broad reaches of saw-grass, stretching away to a bluish-green line of woods that closed the horizon, and imperfectly drained in the driest seasons by a slimy little bayou that continually vomited foul water into the sea. The point had been much discussed by geologists; it proved a godsend to United States surveyors weary of attempting to take observations among quagmires, moccasins, and arborescent weeds from fifteen to twenty feet high. Savage fishermen, at some unrecorded time, had heaped upon the eminence a hill of clam-shells,—refuse of a million feasts; earth again had been formed over these, perhaps by the blind agency of worms working through centuries unnumbered; and the new soil had given birth to a luxuriant vegetation. Millennial oaks interknotted their python roots below its surface, and vouchsafed protection to many a frailer growth of shrub or tree,—wild orange, water-willow, palmetto, locust, pomegranate, and many trailing tendrilled things, both green and gray. Then—perhaps about half a century ago,—a few white fishermen cleared a place for themselves in this grove, and built a few palmetto cottages, with boat-houses and a wharf, facing the bayou. Later on this temporary fishing station became a permanent settlement: homes constructed of heavy timber and plaster mixed with the trailing moss of the oaks and cypresses took the places of the frail and fragrant huts of palmetto. Still the population itself retained a floating character: it ebbed and came, according to season and circumstances, according to luck or loss in the tilling of the sea. Viosca, the founder of the settlement, always remained; he always managed to do well. He owned several luggers and sloops, which were hired out upon excellent terms; he could make large and profitable contracts with New Orleans fish-dealers; and he was vaguely suspected of possessing more occult resources. There were some confused stories current about his having once been a daring smuggler, and having only been reformed by the

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pleadings of his wife Carmen,—a little brown woman who had followed him from Barcelona to share his fortunes in the western world.

On hot days, when the shade was full of thin sweet scents, the place had a tropical charm, a drowsy peace. Nothing except the peculiar appearance of the line of oaks facing the Gulf could have conveyed to the visitor any suggestion of days in which the trilling of crickets and the fluting of birds had ceased, of nights when the voices of the marsh had been hushed for fear. In one enormous rank the veteran trees stood shoulder to shoulder, but in the attitude of giants overmastered,—forced backward toward the marsh,—made to recoil by the might of the ghostly enemy with whom they had striven for a thousand years—the Shrieker, the Sky-Sweeper, the awful Sea-Wind!

Never had he given them so terrible a wrestle as on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. All the waves of the excited Gulf thronged in as if to see, and lifted up their voices, and pushed, and roared, until the *chênière* was islanded by such a billowing as no white man's eyes had ever looked upon before. Grandly the oaks bore themselves, but every fibre of their knotted thews was strained in the unequal contest, and two of the giants were overthrown, upturning, as they fell, roots coiled and huge as the serpent-limbs of Titans. Moved to its innermost, all the islet trembled, while the sea magnified its menace, and reached out whitely to the prostrate trees; but the rest of the oaks stood on, and strove in line, and saved the habitations defended by them. . . .

II.

Before a little waxen image of the Mother and Child,—an odd little Virgin with an Indian face, brought home by Feliu as a gift after one of his Mexican voyages,—Carmen Viosca had burned candles and prayed; sometimes telling her beads; sometimes murmuring the litanies she knew by heart; sometimes also reading from a prayer-book worn and greasy as a long-used pack of cards. It was particularly stained at one page, a page on which her tears had fallen many a lonely night—a page with a clumsy wood-cut representing a celestial lamp, a symbolic radiance, shining through darkness, and on either side a kneeling angel with folded wings. And beneath this rudely wrought symbol of the Perpetual Calm appeared in big coarse type the title of a prayer that has been offered up through many a century, doubtless, by wives of Spanish mariners,—*Contra las Tempestades.*

Once she became very much frightened. After a partial lull the storm had suddenly redoubled its force: the ground shook; the house quivered and creaked; the wind brayed and screamed and pushed and scuffled at the door; and the water, which had been whipping in through every crevice, all at once rose over the threshold and flooded the dwelling. Carmen dipped her finger in the water and tasted it. It was salt!

And none of Feliu's boats had yet come in;—doubtless they had been driven into some far-away bayous by the storm. The only boat at the settlement, the *Carmencita*, had been almost wrecked by running upon a snag three days before;—there was at least a fortnight's work for the ship-carpenter of Dead Cypress Point. And Feliu was sleeping as if nothing unusual had happened—the heavy sleep of a sailor, heedless of commotions and voices. And his men, Miguel and Mateo, were at the other end of the chénière.

With a scream Carmen aroused Feliu. He raised himself upon his elbow, rubbed his eyes, and asked her, with exasperating calmness, "*Que tienes? que tienes?*" (What ails thee?)

—"Oh, Feliu! the sea is coming upon us!" she answered, in the same tongue. But she screamed out a word inspired by her fear: she did not cry, "*Se nos viene el mar encima!*" but "*Se nos viene* LA ALTURA!"—the name that conveys the terrible thought of depth swallowed up in height,—the height of the *high sea.*

"*No lo creo!*" muttered Feliu, looking at the floor; then in a quiet deep voice he said, pointing to an oar in the corner of the room, "*Echame ese remo.*"

She gave it to him. Still reclining upon one elbow, Feliu measured the depth of the water with his thumb-nail upon the blade of the oar, and then bade Carmen light his pipe for him. His calmness reassured her. For half an hour more, undismayed by the clamoring of the wind or the calling of the sea, Feliu silently smoked his pipe and watched his oar. The water rose a little higher, and he made another mark;—then it climbed a little more, but not so rapidly; and he

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smiled at Carmen as he made a third mark. "*Como creia!*" he exclaimed, "*no hay porque asustarse: el agua baja!*" And as Carmen would have continued to pray, he rebuked her fears, and bade her try to obtain some rest: "*Basta ya de plegarios, querida!—vete y duerme.*" His tone, though kindly, was imperative; and Carmen, accustomed to obey him, laid herself down by his side, and soon, for very weariness, slept.

It was a feverish sleep, nevertheless, shattered at brief intervals by terrible sounds,—sounds magnified by her nervous condition—a sleep visited by dreams that mingled in a strange way with the impressions of the storm, and more than once made her heart stop, and start again at its own stopping. One of these fancies she never could forget—a dream about little Concha,—Conchita, her first-born, who now slept far away in the old churchyard at Barceloneta. She had tried to become resigned,—not to think. But the child would come back night after night, though the earth lay heavy upon her—night after night, through long distances of Time and Space. Oh! the fancied clinging of infant-lips!—the thrilling touch of little ghostly hands!—those phantom-caresses that torture mothers' hearts! ....Night after night, through many a month of pain. Then for a time the gentle presence ceased to haunt her,—seemed to have lain down to sleep forever under the high bright grass and yellow flowers. Why did it return, that night of all nights, to kiss her, to cling to her, to nestle in her arms?....

For in her dream she thought herself still kneeling before the waxen Image, while the terrors of the tempest were ever deepening about her,—raving of winds and booming of waters and a shaking of the land. And before her, even as she prayed her dream-prayer, the waxen Virgin became tall as a woman, and taller,—rising to the roof and smiling as she grew. Then Carmen would have cried out for fear, but that something smothered her voice,—paralyzed her tongue. And the Virgin silently stooped above her, and placed in her arms the Child,—the brown Child with the Indian face. And the Child whitened in her hands and changed,—seeming as it changed to send a sharp pain through her heart: an old pain linked somehow with memories of bright windy Spanish hills and summer-scent of olive groves and all the luminous Past;—it looked into her face with the soft dark gaze, with the unforgotten smile of.... dead Conchita!

And Carmen wished to thank the smiling Virgin for that priceless bliss, and lifted up her eyes; but the sickness of ghostly fear returned upon her when she looked; for now the Mother seemed as a woman long dead, and the smile was the smile of fleshlessness, and the places of the eyes were voids and darknesses.... And the sea sent up so vast a roar that the dwelling rocked.

Carmen started from sleep to find her heart throbbing so that the couch shook with it. Night was growing gray; the door had just been opened and slammed again. Through the rain-whipped panes she discerned the passing shape of Feliu, making for the beach—a broad and bearded silhouette, bending against the wind. Still the waxen Virgin smiled her Mexican smile,—but now she was only seven inches high; and her bead-glass eyes seemed to twinkle with kindliness while the flame of the last expiring taper struggled wildly for life in the earthen socket at her feet.

III.

Rain and a blind sky and a bursting sea. Feliu and his men, Miguel and Mateo, looked out upon the thundering and flashing of the monstrous tide. The wind had fallen, and the gray air was full of gulls. Behind the chénière, back to the cloudy line of low woods many miles away, stretched a wash of lead-colored water, with a green point piercing it here and there—elbow-bushes or wild cane tall enough to keep their heads above the flood. But the inundation was visibly decreasing;—with the passing of each hour more and more green patches and points had been showing themselves: by degrees the course of the bayou had become defined—two parallel winding lines of dwarf-timber and bushy shrubs traversing the water toward the distant cypress-swamps. Before the chénière all the shell-beach slope was piled with wreck—uptorn trees with the foliage still fresh upon them, splintered timbers of mysterious origin, and logs in multitude, scarred with gashes of the axe. Feliu and his comrades had saved wood enough to build a little town,—working up to their waists in the surf, with ropes, poles, and boat-hooks. The whole sea was full of flotsam. *Voto á Cristo!*—what a wrecking there must have

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been! And to think the *Carmencita* could not be taken out!

They had seen other luggers making eastward during the morning—could recognize some by their sails, others by their gait,—exaggerated in their struggle with the pitching of the sea: the *San Pablo*, the *Gasparina*, the *Enriqueta*, the *Agueda*, the *Constanza*. Ugly water, yes!—but what a chance for wreckers!....Some great ship must have gone to pieces;—scores of casks were rolling in the trough,—casks of wine. Perhaps it was the *Manila*,—perhaps the *Nautilus!*

A dead cow floated near enough for Mateo to throw his rope over one horn; and they all helped to get it out. It was a milch cow of some expensive breed; and the owner's brand had been burned upon the horns:—a monographic combination of the letters A and P. Feliu said he knew that brand: Old-man Preaulx, of Belle-Isle, who kept a sort of dairy at Last Island during the summer season, used to mark all his cows that way. Strange!

But as they worked on, they began to see stranger things,—white dead faces and dead hands, which did not look like the hands or the faces of drowned sailors: the ebb was beginning to run strongly, and these were passing out with it on the other side of the mouth of the bayou;—perhaps they had been washed into the marsh during the night, when the great rush of the sea came. Then the three men left the water, and retired to higher ground to scan the furrowed Gulf;—their practised eyes began to search the courses of the sea-currents,—keen as the gaze of birds that watch the wake of the plough. And soon the casks and the drift were forgotten; for it seemed to them that the tide was heavy with human dead—passing out, processionally, to the great open. Very far, where the huge pitching of the swells was diminished by distance into a mere fluttering of ripples, the water appeared as if sprinkled with them;—they vanished and became visible again at irregular intervals, here and there—floating most thickly eastward,—tossing, swaying patches of white or pink or blue or black, each with its tiny speck of flesh-color showing as the sea lifted or lowered the body. Nearer to shore there were few; but of these two were close enough to be almost recognizable: Miguel first discerned them. They were rising and falling where the water was deepest—well out in front of the mouth of the bayou, beyond the flooded sand-bars, and moving toward the shell-reef westward. Two corpses were especially noticeable. They were drifting almost side by side. One was that of a negro, apparently well attired, and wearing a white apron;—the other seemed to be a young colored girl, clad in a blue dress; she was floating upon her face; they could observe that she had nearly straight hair, braided and tied with a red ribbon. These were evidently house-servants,—slaves. But from whence? Nothing could be learned until the luggers should return; and none of them was yet in sight. Still Feliu was not anxious as to the fate of his boats, manned by the best sailors of the coast. Rarely are these Louisiana fishermen lost in sudden storms; even when to other eyes the appearances are most pacific and the skies most splendidly blue, they divine some far-off danger, like the gulls; and like the gulls also, you see their light vessels fleeing landward. These men seem living barometers, exquisitely sensitive to all the invisible changes of atmospheric expansion and compression; they are not easily caught in those awful dead calms which suddenly paralyze the wings of a bark, and hold her helpless in their charmed circle, as in a nightmare, until the blackness overtakes her, and the long-sleeping sea leaps up foaming to devour her.

—"*Carajo!*"

The word all at once bursts from Feliu's mouth, with that peculiar guttural snarl of the "r" betokening strong excitement,—while he points to something rocking in the ebb, beyond the foaming of the shell-reef, under a circling of gulls. More dead? Yes—but something too that lives and moves, like a quivering speck of gold; and Mateo also perceives it, a gleam of bright hair,—and Miguel likewise, after a moment's gazing. A living child;—a lifeless mother. *Pobrecita!* No boat within reach, and only a mighty surf-wrestler could hope to swim thither and return!

But already, without a word, brown Feliu has stripped for the struggle;—another second, and he is shooting through the surf, head and hands tunnelling the foam-hills....One—two—three lines passed!—four!—that is where they first begin to crumble white from the summit,—five!—

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that he can ride fearlessly!.... Then swiftly, easily, he advances, with a long, powerful breast-stroke,—keeping his bearded head well up to watch for drift,—seeming to slide with a swing from swell to swell,—ascending, sinking,—alternately presenting breast or shoulder to the wave; always diminishing more and more to the eyes of Mateo and Miguel,—till he becomes a moving speck, occasionally hard to follow through the confusion of heaping waters.... You are not afraid of the sharks, Feliu!—no: they are afraid of you; right and left they slunk away from your coming that morning you swam for life in West-Indian waters, with your knife in your teeth, while the balls of the Cuban coast-guard were purring all around you. That day the swarming sea was warm,—warm like soup—and clear, with an emerald flash in every ripple,—not opaque and clamorous like the Gulf to-day.... Miguel and his comrade are anxious. Ropes are unrolled and interknotted into a line. Miguel remains on the beach; but Mateo, bearing the end of the line, fights his way out,—swimming and wading by turns, to the further sand-bar, where the water is shallow enough to stand in,—if you know how to jump when the breaker comes.

But Feliu, nearing the flooded shell-bank, watches the white flashings,—knows when the time comes to keep flat and take a long, long breath. One heavy volleying of foam,—darkness and hissing as of a steam-burst; a vibrant lifting up; a rush into light,—and again the volleying and the seething darkness. Once more,—and the fight is won! He feels the upcoming chill of deeper water,—sees before him the green quaking of unbroken swells,—and far beyond him Mateo leaping on the bar,—and beside him, almost within arm's-reach, a great billiard-table swaying, and a dead woman clinging there, and.... the child.

A moment more, and Feliu has lifted himself beside the waifs.... How fast the dead woman clings, as if with the one power which is strong as death,—the desperate force of love! Not in vain; for the frail creature bound to the mother's corpse with a silken scarf has still the strength to cry out:—"*Maman! maman!*" But time is life now; and the tiny hands must be pulled away from the fair dead neck, and the scarf taken to bind the infant firmly to Feliu's broad shoulders,—quickly, roughly; for the ebb will not wait....

And now Feliu has a burden; but his style of swimming has totally changed;—he rises from the water like a Triton, and his powerful arms seem to spin in circles, like the spokes of a flying wheel. For now is the wrestle indeed!—after each passing swell comes a prodigious pulling from beneath,—the sea clutching for its prey. But the reef is gained, is passed;—the wild horses of the deep seem to know the swimmer that has learned to ride them so well. And still the brown arms spin in an ever-nearing mist of spray; and the outer sand-bar is not far off—and there is shouting Mateo, leaping in the surf, swinging something about his head, as a vaquero swings his noose!.... Sough! splash!—it struggles in the trough beside Feliu, and the sinewy hand descends upon it. *Tiene!—tira, Miguel!* And their feet touch land again!....

She is very cold, the child, and very still, with eyes closed.

—"*Esta muerta, Feliu?*" asks Mateo.

—"*No!*" the panting swimmer makes answer, emerging, while the waves reach whitely up the sand as in pursuit,—"*no; vive!—respira todavia!*"

Behind him the deep lifts up its million hands, and thunders as in acclaim.

IV.

—"*Madre de Dios!—mi sueno!*" screamed Carmen, abandoning her preparations for the morning meal, as Feliu, nude, like a marine god, rushed in and held out to her a dripping and gasping baby-girl,—"Mother of God! my dream!" But there was no time then to tell of dreams; the child might die. In one instant Carmen's quick deft hands had stripped the slender little body; and while Mateo and Feliu were finding dry clothing and stimulants, and Miguel telling how it all happened—quickly, passionately, with furious gesture,—the kind and vigorous woman exerted all her skill to revive the flickering life. Soon Feliu came to aid her, while his men set to work completing the interrupted preparation of the breakfast. Flannels were heated for the friction of the frail limbs; and brandy-and-water warmed, which Carmen administered by the spoonful, skilfully as any physician,—until, at last, the little creature opened her eyes and began to sob. Sobbing still,

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she was laid in Carmen's warm feather-bed, well swathed in woollen wrappings. The immediate danger, at least, was over; and Feliu smiled with pride and pleasure.

Then Carmen first ventured to relate her dream; and his face became grave again. Husband and wife gazed a moment into each other's eyes, feeling together the same strange thrill—that mysterious faint creeping, as of a wind passing, which is the awe of the Unknowable. Then they looked at the child, lying there, pink-cheeked with the flush of the blood returning; and such a sudden tenderness touched them as they had known long years before, while together bending above the slumbering loveliness of lost Conchita.

—"*Que ojos!*" murmured Feliu, as he turned away,—feigning hunger.... (He was not hungry; but his sight had grown a little dim, as with a mist.) *Que ojos!* They were singular eyes, large, dark, and wonderfully fringed. The child's hair was yellow—it was the flash of it that had saved her; yet her eyes and brows were beautifully black. She was comely, but with such a curious delicate comeliness—totally unlike the robust beauty of Concha....At intervals she would moan a little between her sobs; and at last cried out with a thin shrill cry: "Maman!—oh! maman!" Then Carmen lifted her from the bed to her lap, and caressed her, and rocked her gently to and fro, as she had done many a night for Concha,—murmuring,—"*Yo seré tu madre, angel mio, dulzura mia;—seré tu madrecita, palomita mia!*" (I will be thy mother, my angel, my sweet;—I will be thy little mother, my doveling.) And the long silk fringes of the child's eyes overlapped, shadowed her little cheeks; and she slept—just as Conchita had slept long ago,—with her head on Carmen's bosom.

Feliu appeared at the inner door: at a sign, he approached cautiously, without noise, and looked.

—"She can talk," whispered Carmen in Spanish: "she called her mother"—*ha llamado su madre.*

—"*Y Dios tambien la ha llamado,*" responded Feliu, with rude pathos;—"And *God also called her.*"

—"But the Virgin sent us the child, Feliu,—sent us the child for Concha's sake."

He did not answer at once; he seemed to be thinking very deeply;—Carmen anxiously scanned his impassive face.

—"Who knows?" he answered at last; —"who knows? Perhaps she has ceased to belong to any one else."....

One after another, Feliu's luggers fluttered in,—bearing with them news of the immense calamity. And all the fishermen, in turn, looked at the child. Not one had ever seen her before.

V.

Ten days later, a lugger full of armed men entered the bayou, and moored at Viosca's wharf. The visitors were, for the most part, country gentlemen,—residents of Franklin and neighboring towns, or planters from the Têche country,—forming one of the numerous expeditions organized for the purpose of finding the bodies of relatives or friends lost in the great hurricane, and of punishing the robbers of the dead. They had searched numberless nooks of the coast, had given sepulture to many corpses, had recovered a large amount of jewelry, and—as Feliu afterward learned,—had summarily tried and executed several of the most abandoned class of wreckers found with ill-gotten valuables in their possession, and convicted of having mutilated the drowned. But they came to Viosca's landing only to obtain information;—he was too well known and liked to be a subject for suspicion; and, moreover, he had one good friend in the crowd,—Captain Harris of New Orleans, a veteran steamboat man, and a market-contractor, to whom he had disposed of many a cargo of fresh *pompano*, sheep's-head, and Spanish-mackerel....Harris was the first to step to land;—some ten of the party followed him. Nearly all had lost some relative or friend in the great catastrophe; —the gathering was serious, silent,—almost grim,—which formed about Feliu.

Mateo, who had come to the country while a boy, spoke English better than the rest of the chénière people;—he acted as interpreter whenever Feliu found any difficulty in comprehending or answering questions; and he told them of the child rescued that wild morning, and of Feliu's swim. His recital evoked a murmur of interest and excitement, followed by a confusion of questions. Well, they could see for themselves, Feliu said; but he

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hoped they would have a little patience;—the child was still weak;—it might be dangerous to startle her. "We'll arrange it just as you like," responded the captain;—"go ahead, Feliu!"....

All proceeded to the house, under the great trees; Feliu and Captain Harris leading the way. It was sultry and bright;—even the sea-breeze was warm; there were pleasant odors in the shade, and a soporific murmur made of leaf-speech and the hum of gnats. Only the captain entered the house with Feliu; the rest remained without—some taking seats on a rude plank bench under the oaks—others flinging themselves down upon the weeds—a few stood still, leaning upon their rifles. Then Carmen came out to them with gourds and a bucket of fresh water, which all were glad to drink of.

They waited many minutes. Perhaps it was the cool peace of the place that made them all feel how hot and tired they were: conversation flagged; and the general languor finally betrayed itself in a silence so absolute that every leaf-whisper seemed to become separately audible.

It was broken at last by the guttural voice of the old captain emerging from the cottage, leading the child by the hand, and followed by Carmen and Feliu. All who had been resting rose up and looked at the child.

Standing in a lighted space, with one tiny hand enveloped by the captain's great brown fist, she looked so lovely that a general exclamation of surprise went up. Her bright hair, loose and steeped in the sun-flame, illuminated her like a halo; and her large dark eyes, gentle and melancholy as a deer's, watched the strange faces before her with shy curiosity. She wore the same dress in which Feliu had found her—a soft white fabric of muslin, with trimmings of ribbon that had once been blue; and the now discolored silken scarf, which had twice done her such brave service, was thrown over her shoulders. Carmen had washed and repaired the dress very creditably; but the tiny slim feet were bare; the brine-soaked shoes she wore that fearful night had fallen into shreds at the first attempt to remove them.

—"Gentlemen," said Captain Harris,—"we can find no clew to the identity of this child. There is no mark upon her clothing; and she wore nothing in the shape of jewelry—except this string of coral beads. We are nearly all Americans here; and she does not speak any English. .... Does any one here know anything about her?"

Carmen felt a great sinking at her heart: was her new-found darling to be taken so soon from her? But no answer came to the captain's query. No one of the expedition had ever seen that child before. The coral beads were passed from hand to hand; the scarf was minutely scrutinized without avail. Somebody asked if the child could not talk German, or Italian.

—"*Italiano? No!*" said Feliu, shaking his head.... One of his luggermen, Gioachino Sparicio, who, though a Sicilian, could speak several Italian idioms besides his own, had already essayed.

—"She speaks something or other," answered the captain—"but no English. I couldn't make her understand me; and Feliu, who talks nearly all the infernal languages spoken down this way, says he can't make her understand him. Suppose some of you who know French talk to her a bit.... Laroussel, why don't you try?"

The young man addressed did not at first seem to notice the captain's suggestion. He was a tall lithe fellow, with a dark positive face: he had never removed his black gaze from the child since the moment of her appearance. Her eyes, too, seemed to be all for him—to return his scrutiny with a sort of vague pleasure, a half-savage confidence.... Was it the first embryonic feeling of race-affinity quickening in the little brain?—some intuitive, inexplicable sense of kindred? She shrank from Doctor Hecker, who addressed her in German, shook her head at Lawyer Solari, who tried to make her answer in Italian; and her look always went back plaintively to the dark sinister face of Laroussel,—Laroussel who had calmly taken a human life, a wicked human life, only the evening before.

—"Laroussel, you're the only Creole in this crowd," said the captain; "talk to her! Talk *gumbo* to her!.... I've no doubt this child knows German very well, and Italian too,"—he added, maliciously—"but not in the way you gentlemen pronounce it!"

Laroussel handed his rifle to a friend, crouched down before the little girl, and looked into her face, and smiled. Her great sweet orbs shone into his one moment, seriously, as if searching; and then

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.... she returned his smile. It seemed to touch something latent within the man, something rare; for his whole expression changed; and there was a caress in his look and voice none of the men could have believed possible—as he exclaimed:—

—"*Fais moin bo, piti.*"

She pouted up her pretty lips and kissed his black mustache.

He spoke to her again:—

—"*Dis moin to nom, piti;—dis moin to nom, chère.*"

Then, for the first time, she spoke, answering in her argent treble:

—"Zouzoune."

All held their breath. Captain Harris lifted his finger to his lips to command silence.

—"Zouzoune? Zouzoune qui, chère?"

—"Zouzoune, ça c'est moin, Lili!"

—"C'est pas tout to nom, Lili;—dis moin, chère, to laut nom?"

—"Mo pas connin laut nom."

—"Comment yé té pélè to maman, piti?"

—"Maman,—Maman 'Dèle."

—"Et comment yé té pélè to papa, chère?"

—"Papa Zulien."

—"Bon! Et comment to maman té pélè to papa?—dis ça à moin, chère?"

The child looked down, put a finger in her mouth, thought a moment, and replied:—

—"Li pélè li, 'Chéri'; li pélè li, 'Papoute.'"

—"Aïe, aïe!—c'est tout, ça?—to maman té jamain pélè li daut' chose?"

—"Mo pas connin, moin."

She began to play with some trinkets attached to his watch chain;—a very small gold compass especially impressed her fancy by the trembling and flashing of its tiny needle, and she murmured, coaxingly:—

—"Mo oulé ça! Donnin ça à moin."

He took all possible advantage of the situation, and replied at once:—

—"Oui! mo va donnin toi ça si to di moin to laut nom."

The splendid bribe evidently impressed her greatly; for tears rose to the brown eyes as she answered:

—"Mo pas capab di' ça;—mo pas capab di' laut nom.... Mo oulé; mo pas capab!"

Laroussel explained. The child's name was Lili,—perhaps a contraction of Eulalie; and her pet Creole name Zouzoune. He thought she must be the daughter of wealthy people; but she could not, for some reason or other, tell her family name. Perhaps she could not pronounce it well, and was afraid of being laughed at; some of the old French names were very hard for Creole children to pronounce, so long as the little ones were indulged in the habit of talking the patois; and after a certain age their mispronunciations would be made fun of in order to accustom them to abandon the idiom of the slave-nurses, and to speak only French. Perhaps, again, she was really unable to recall the name: certain memories might have been blurred in the delicate brain by the shock of that terrible night. She said her mother's name was Adèle, and her father's Julien; but these were very common names in Louisiana,—and could afford scarcely any better clew than the innocent statement that her mother used to address her father as "dear" (*Chéri*),—or with the Creole diminutive "little papa" (*Papoute*). Then Laroussel tried to reach a clew in other ways, without success. He asked her about where she lived,—what the place was like; and she told him about fig-trees in a court, and galleries, and *banquettes*, and spoke of a *faubou'*,—without being able to name any street. He asked her what her father used to do, and was assured that he did everything—that there was nothing he could not do. Divine absurdity of childish faith!—infinite artlessness of childish love!.... Probably the little girl's parents had been residents of New Orleans—dwellers of the old colonial quarter,—the faubourg, the *faubou'*.

—"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Harris, as Laroussel abandoned his cross-examination in despair,—"all we can do now is to make inquiries. I suppose we'd better leave the child here. She is very weak yet, and in no condition to be taken to the city, right in the middle of the hot season; and nobody could care for her any better than she's being cared for here. Then, again, seems to me that as Feliu saved her life,—and that at the risk of his own,—he's got the prior claim, anyhow; and his wife is just crazy about the child—wants to adopt her. If we can find her relatives, so much the better; but I say, gentlemen, let them come right here to Feliu, themselves, and thank him as he ought to be thanked, by God! That's just what I think about it."

Carmen understood the little speech;—all the Spanish charm of her youth had

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faded out years before; but in the one swift look of gratitude she turned upon the captain, it seemed to blossom again;—for that quick moment, she was beautiful.

"The captain is quite right," observed Dr. Hecker: "it would be very dangerous to take the child away just now." There was no dissent.

—"All correct, boys?" asked the captain.... "Well, we've got to be going. By-by, Zouzoune!"

But Zouzoune burst into tears. Laroussel was going too!

—"Give her the thing, Laroussel: she gave you a kiss, anyhow—more than she'd do for me," cried the captain.

Laroussel turned, detached the little compass from his watch chain, and gave it to her. She held up her pretty face for his farewell kiss....

VI.

But it seemed fated that Feliu's waif should never be identified;—diligent inquiry and printed announcements alike proved fruitless. Sea and sand had either hidden or effaced all the records of the little world they had engulfed: the annihilation of whole families, the extinction of races, had, in more than one instance, rendered vain all efforts to recognize the dead. It required the subtle perception of long intimacy to name remains tumefied and discolored by corruption and exposure, mangled and gnawed by fishes, by reptiles, and by birds;—it demanded the great courage of love to look upon the eyeless faces found sweltering in the blackness of cypress-shadows, under the low palmettoes of the swamps,—where gorged buzzards started from sleep, or cotton-mouths uncoiled, hissing, at the coming of the searchers. And sometimes all who had loved the lost were themselves among the missing. The full roll-call of names could never be made out;—extraordinary mistakes were committed. Men whom the world deemed dead and buried came back, like ghosts,—to read their own epitaphs.

.... Almost at the same hour that Laroussel was questioning the child in Creole patois, another expedition, searching for bodies along the coast, discovered on the beach of a low islet famed as a haunt of pelicans, the corpse of a child. Some locks of bright hair still adhering to the skull, a string of red beads, a white muslin dress, a handkerchief broidered with the initials "A. B.,"—were secured as clews; and the little body was interred where it had been found.

And, several days before, Captain Hotard, of the relief-boat *Estelle Brousseaux*, had found, drifting in the open Gulf (latitude 26° 43′; longitude 88° 17′),—the corpse of a fair-haired woman, clinging to a table. The body was disfigured beyond recognition: even the slender bones of the hands had been stripped by the nibs of the sea-birds—except one finger, the third of the left, which seemed to have been protected by a ring of gold, as by a charm. Graven within the plain yellow circlet was a date,—"JUILLET—1851"; and the names,—"ADÈLE + JULIEN,"—separated by a cross. The *Estelle* carried coffins that day: most of them were already full; but there was one for Adèle.

Who was she?—who was her Julien?.... When the *Estelle* and many other vessels had discharged their ghastly cargoes;—when the bereaved of the land had assembled as hastily as they might for the duty of identification;—when memories were strained almost to madness in research of names, dates, incidents—for the evocation of dead words, resurrection of vanished days, recollection of dear promises,—then, in the confusion, it was believed and declared that the little corpse found on the pelican island was the daughter of the wearer of the wedding-ring: Adèle La Brierre, *née* Florane, wife of Dr. Julien La Brierre, of New Orleans, who was numbered with the missing.

And they brought dead Adèle back,—up shadowy river windings, over linked brightnesses of lake and lakelet, through many a green-glimmering bayou,—to the Creole city, and laid her to rest somewhere in the old Saint-Louis Cemetery. And upon the tablet recording her name were also graven the words:—

.....
Aussi à la mémoire de
son mari,
JULIEN RAYMOND LA BRIERRE,
né à la paroisse St. Landry,
le 29 Mai, MDCCCXXVIII;
et de leur fille,
EULALIE,
agée de 4 ans et 5 mois,—
Qui tous périrent
dans la grande tempête qui
balaya L'Ile Dernière, le
10 Août, MDCCCLVI.

...+...

Priez pour eux!

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VII.

Yet six months afterward the face of Julien La Brierre was seen again upon the streets of New Orleans. Men started wildly at the sight of him, as at a spectre standing in the sun. And nevertheless the apparition cast a shadow. People paused, approached, half extended a hand through old habit, suddenly checked themselves and passed on,—wondering they should have forgotten, asking themselves why they had so nearly made an absurd mistake.

It was a February day,—one of those crystalline days of our snowless Southern winter, when the air is clear and cool, and outlines sharpen in the light as if viewed through the focus of a diamond glass;—and in that brightness Julien La Brierre perused his own brief epitaph, and gazed upon the sculptured name of drowned Adèle. Only half a year had passed since she was laid away in the high wall of tombs,—in that strange colonial columbarium where the dead slept in rows, behind squared marbles lettered in black or bronze. Yet her resting-place,—in the highest range,—already seemed old. Under our Southern sun, the vegetation of cemeteries seems to spring into being spontaneously—to leap all suddenly into luxuriant life! Microscopic mossy growths had begun to mottle the bevelled slab that closed her in;—over its square some singular creeper was crawling, planting its tiny reptile-feet into the chiselled letters of the inscription; and from the moist soil below speckled euphorbias were growing up to her,—and morning-glories,—and beautiful green tangled things of which he did not know the name.

And the sight of the pretty lizards, puffing their crimson pouches in the sun, or undulating athwart epitaphs, and shifting their color when approached, from emerald to ashen-gray;—the caravans of the ants, journeying to and from tiny chinks in the masonry;—the bees gathering honey from the crimson blossoms of the *crête-de-coq*, whose radicles sought sustenance, perhaps from human dust, in the decay of generations:—all that rich life of graves summoned up fancies of Resurrection, Nature's resurrection-work—wondrous transformations of flesh, marvellous transmigration of souls!.... From some forgotten crevice of that tomb roof, which alone intervened between her and the vast light, a sturdy weed was growing. He knew that plant, as it quivered against the blue,—the *chou-gras*, as Creole children call it: its dark berries form the mocking-bird's favorite food.... Might not its roots, exploring darkness, have found some unfamiliar nutriment within?—might it not be that something of the dead heart had risen to purple and emerald life—in the sap of translucent leaves, in the wine of the savage berries,—to blend with the blood of the Wizard Singer,—to lend a strange sweetness to the melody of his wooing?....

.... Seldom indeed does it happen that a man in the prime of youth, in the possession of wealth, habituated to comforts and the elegances of life, discovers in one brief week how minute his true relation to the human aggregate,—how insignificant his part as one living atom of the social organism. Seldom, at the age of twenty-eight, has one been made able to comprehend, through experience alone, that in the vast and complex Stream of Being he counts for less than a drop; and that, even as the blood loses and replaces its corpuscles, without a variance in the volume and vigor of its current, so are individual existences eliminated and replaced in the pulsing of a people's life, with never a pause in its mighty murmur. But all this, and much more, Julien had learned in seven merciless days—seven successive and terrible shocks of experience. The enormous world had not missed him; and his place therein was not void—society had simply forgotten him. So long as he had moved among them, all he knew for friends had performed their petty altruistic *rôles*,—had discharged their small human obligations,—had kept turned toward him the least selfish side of their natures,—had made with him a tolerably equitable exchange of ideas and of favors; and after his disappearance from their midst, they had duly mourned for his loss—to themselves! They had played out the final act in the unimportant drama of his life: it was really asking too much to demand a repetition.... Impossible to deceive himself as to the feeling his unanticipated return had aroused:—feigned pity where he had looked for sympathetic welcome; dismay where he had expected surprised delight; and, oftener, airs of resignation, or disappointment ill disguised,—always insincerity, politely masked or coldly bare. He had come back to find

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strangers in his home, relatives at law concerning his estate, and himself regarded as an intruder among the living,—an unlucky guest, a *revenant*.... How hollow and selfish a world it seemed! And yet there was love in it; he had been loved in it, unselfishly, passionately, with the love of father and of mother, of wife and child.... All buried!—all lost forever!.... Oh! would to God the story of that stone were not a lie!—would to kind God he also were dead!....

Evening shadowed; the violet deepened and prickled itself with stars;—the sun passed below the west, leaving in his wake a momentary splendor of lemon light—our Southern day is not prolonged by gloaming. And Julien's thoughts darkened with the darkening, and as swiftly. For while there was yet light to see, he read another name that he used to know —the name of RAMIREZ....*Nació en Cienfuegos, isla de Cuba*.... Wherefore born?—for what eternal purpose, Ramirez, —in the City of a Hundred Fires? He had blown out his brains before the sepulchre of his young wife....It was a detached double vault, shaped like a huge chest, and much dilapidated already:—under the continuous burrowing of the crawfish it had sunk greatly on one side, tilting as if about to fall. Out from its zigzag fissurings of brick and plaster, a sinister voice seemed to come:—"*Go thou and do likewise!....Earth groans with her burthen even now,—the burthen of Man; she holds no place for thee!*"

VIII.

....That voice pursued him into the darkness of his chilly room,—haunted him in the silence of his lodging. And then began within the man that ghostly struggle between courage and despair, between patient reason and mad revolt, between weakness and force, between darkness and light, which all sensitive and generous natures must wage in their own souls at least once—perhaps many times—in their lives. Memory, in such moments, plays like an electric storm;—all involuntarily he found himself reviewing his life.

Incidents long forgotten came back with singular vividness: he saw the Past as he had not seen it while it was the Present;—remembrances of home, recollections of infancy, recurred to him with terrible intensity,—the artless pleasures and the trifling griefs, the little hurts and the tender pettings, the hopes and the anxieties of those who loved him, the smiles and tears of slaves....And his first Creole pony, a present from his father the day after he had proved himself able to recite his prayers correctly in French, without one mispronunciation—without saying *crasse* for *grâce;*—and yellow Michel, who taught him to swim and to fish and to paddle a pirogue;—and the bayou, with its wonder-world of turtles and birds and creeping things;—and his German tutor, who could not pronounce the *j;*—and the songs of the cane-fields,—strangely pleasing, full of quaverings and long plaintive notes, like the call of the cranes....*Tou', tou' pays blanc!*....Afterward Camanière had leased the place;—everything must have been changed; even the songs could not be the same. *Tou', tou' pays blanc! Danié qui commandé*....

And then Paris; and the university, with its wild under-life,—some debts, some follies; and the frequent fond letters from home to which he might have replied so much oftener;—Paris, where talent is mediocrity; Paris, with its thunders and its splendors and its seething of passion;—Paris, supreme focus of human endeavor, with its madnesses of art, its frenzied striving to express the Inexpressible, its spasmodic strainings to clutch the Unattainable, its soarings of soul-fire to the heaven of the Impossible....

What a rejoicing there was at his return!—how radiant and level the long Road of the Future seemed to open before him!—everywhere friends, prospects, felicitations. Then his first serious love;—and the night of the ball at St. Martinsville,—the vision of light! Gracile as a palm, and robed at once so simply, so exquisitely in white, she had seemed to him the supreme realization of all possible dreams of beauty....And his passionate jealousy; and the slap from Laroussel; and the humiliating two-minute duel with rapiers in which he learned that he had found his master. The scar was deep. Why had not Laroussel killed him then? ....Not evil-hearted, Laroussel;—they used to salute each other afterward when they met; and Laroussel's smile was kindly. Why had he refrained from returning it? Where was Laroussel now?

For the death of his generous father, who had sacrificed so much to reform him, for the death, only a short while after, of his all-forgiving mother, he had found one

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sweet woman to console him with her tender words, her loving lips, her delicious caress. She had given him Zouzoune, the darling link between their lives,—Zouzoune, who waited each evening with black Églantine at the gate to watch for his coming, and to cry through all the house like a bird, "*Papa, lapé vini!—papa Zulien apé vini!*".... And once that she had made him very angry by upsetting the ink over a mass of business papers, and he had slapped her (could he ever forgive himself?)—she had cried, through her sobs of astonishment and pain:—"*To laimin moin?—to batté moin!*" (Thou lovest me?—thou beatest me!) Next month she would have been five years old. *To laimin moin?—to batté moin!*....

A furious paroxysm of grief convulsed him, suffocated him; it seemed to him that something within must burst, must break. He flung himself down upon his bed, to bite the coverings in order to stifle his outcry, to smother the sounds of his despair. What crime had he ever done, oh God! that he should be made to suffer thus?—was it for this he had been permitted to live? had been rescued from the sea and carried round all the world unscathed? Why should he live to remember, to suffer, to agonize? Was not Ramirez wiser?

How long the contest within him lasted, he never knew; but ere it was done, he had become, in more ways than one, a changed man. For the first,—though not indeed for the last time,—something of the deeper and nobler comprehension of human weakness and of human suffering had been revealed to him,—something of that awful knowledge without which the sense of duty can never be fully acquired, nor the understanding of unselfish goodness, nor the spirit of tenderness. The suicide is not a coward;—he is an egotist.

A ray of sunlight touched his wet pillow,—awoke him. He rushed to the window, flung the latticed shutters apart, and looked out.

Something beautiful and ghostly filled all the vistas,—frost-haze; and in some queer way the mist had momentarily caught and held the very color of the sky. An azure fog! Through it the quaint and checkered street—as yet but half illumined by the sun,—took tones of impossible color; the view paled away through faint bluish tints into transparent purples;—all the shadows were indigo. How sweet the morning!—how well life seemed worth living! Because the sun had shown his face through a fairy-veil of frost!....

Who was the ancient thinker?—was it Hermes?—who said:—

"*The Sun is Laughter; for 'tis He who maketh joyous the thoughts of men, and gladdeneth the infinite world.*"....

III.—THE SHADOW OF THE TIDE.

I.

CARMEN found that her little pet had been taught how to pray; for each night and morning when the devout woman began to make her orisons, the child would kneel beside her, with little hands joined, and in a voice sweet and clear murmur something she had learned by heart. Much as this pleased Carmen, it seemed to her that the child's prayers could not be wholly valid unless uttered in Spanish;—for Spanish was heaven's own tongue,—*la lengua de Dios, el idioma de Dios;* and she resolved to teach her to say the *Salve Maria* and the *Padre Nuestro* in Castilian,—also her own favorite prayer to the Virgin, beginning with the words, "*Madre santisima, toda dulce y hermosa.*"....

So Conchita—for a new name had been given to her with that terrible sea-christening—received her first lessons in Spanish; and she proved a most intelligent pupil. Before long she could prattle to Feliu;—she would watch for his return of evenings, and announce his coming with "*Aqui viene mi papacito!*"—she learned, too, from Carmen, many little caresses of speech to greet him with. Feliu's was not a joyous nature; he had his dark hours, his sombre days; yet it was rarely that he felt too sullen to yield to the little one's petting, when she would leap up to reach his neck and to coax his kiss, with—"*Dame un beso, papa!—así;—y otro! otro! otro!*" He grew to love her like his own;—was she not indeed his own, since he had won her from death? And none had yet come to dispute his claim. More and more, with the passing of weeks, months, seasons, she became a portion of his life—a part of all that he wrought for. At the first, he had had a half-formed hope that the little one might be reclaimed by relatives generous and rich enough to insist upon his acceptance of a handsome compensation; and Carmen could have found

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consolation in a pleasant visit to Barceloneta. But now he felt that nothing within ordinary possibility could atone for her loss; and with the unconscious selfishness of affection, he commenced to dread her identification as a great calamity.

It was evident that she had been brought up nicely. She had pretty prim ways of drinking and eating, queer little fashions of sitting in company, and of addressing people. She had peculiar notions about colors in dress, about wearing her hair; and she seemed to have already imbibed a small quantity of social prejudices not altogether in harmony with the republicanism of Viosca's Point. Occasional swarthy visitors,—men of the Manila settlements,—she spoke of contemptuously as *nègues-marrons;* and once she shocked Carmen inexpressibly by stopping in the middle of her evening prayer, declaring that she wanted to say her prayers to a *white* Virgin; Carmen's Señora de Guadalupe was only a *negra!* Then, for the first time, Carmen spoke so crossly to the child as to frighten her. But the pious woman's heart smote her the next moment for that first harsh word;—and she caressed the motherless one, consoled her, cheered her, and at last explained to her—I know not how—something very wonderful about the little figurine, something that made Chita's eyes big with awe. Thereafter she always regarded the Virgin of Wax as an object mysterious and holy.

And, one by one, most of Chita's little eccentricities were gradually eliminated from her developing life and thought. More rapidly than ordinary children, because singularly intelligent, she learned to adapt herself to all the changes of her new environment,—retaining only that indescribable something which to an experienced eye tells of hereditary refinement of habit and of mind:—a natural grace, a thorough-bred ease and elegance of movement, a quickness and delicacy of perception.

She became strong again and active—active enough to play a great deal on the beach, when the sun was not too fierce; and Carmen made a canvas bonnet to shield her head and face. Never had she been allowed to play so much in the sun before; and it seemed to do her good, though her little bare feet and hands became brown as copper. At first, it must be confessed, she worried her foster-mother a great deal by various queer misfortunes and extraordinary freaks;—getting bitten by crabs, falling into the bayou while in pursuit of "fiddlers," or losing herself at the conclusion of desperate efforts to run races at night with the moon, or to walk to the "end of the world." If she could only once get to the edge of the sky, she said, she "could climb up." She wanted to see the stars, which were the souls of good little children; and she knew that God would let her climb up. "Just what I am afraid of!"—thought Carmen to herself;—"He might let her climb up,—a little ghost!" But one day naughty Chita received a terrible lesson,—a lasting lesson,—which taught her the value of obedience.

She had been particularly cautioned not to venture into a certain part of the swamp in the rear of the grove, where the weeds were very tall; for Carmen was afraid some snake might bite the child. But Chita's bird-bright eye had discerned a gleam of white in that direction; and she wanted to know what it was. The white could only be seen from one point, behind the furthest house, where the ground was high. "Never go there," said Carmen; "there is a Dead Man there,—will bite you!" And yet, one day, while Carmen was very busy indeed, Chita went there.

In the early days of the settlement, a Spanish fisherman had died; and his comrades had built him a little tomb with the surplus of the same bricks and other material brought down the bayou for the construction of Viosca's cottages. But no one, except perhaps some wandering duck hunter, had approached the sepulchre for years. High weeds and grasses wrestled together all about it, and rendered it totally invisible from the surrounding level of the marsh.

Fiddlers swarmed away as Chita advanced over the moist soil, each uplifting its single huge claw as it sidled off;—then frogs began to leap before her as she reached the thicker grass;—and long-legged brown insects sprang showering to right and left as she parted the tufts of the thickening verdure. As she went on, the bitter-weeds disappeared;—jointed grasses and sinewy dark plants of a taller growth rose above her head: she was almost deafened by the storm of insect shrilling, and the mosquitoes became

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very wicked. All at once something long and black and heavy wriggled almost from under her naked feet,—squirming so horribly that for a minute or two she could not move for fright. But it slunk away somewhere, and hid itself; the weeds it had shaken ceased to tremble in its wake; and her courage returned. She felt such an exquisite and fearful pleasure in the gratification of that naughty curiosity! Then, quite unexpectedly—oh! what a start it gave her!—the solitary white object burst upon her view, leprous and ghastly as the sudden yawn of a cotton-mouth. Tombs ruin soon in Louisiana;—the one Chita looked upon seemed ready to topple down. There was a great ragged hole at one end, where wind and rain, and perhaps also the burrowing of crawfish and of worms, had loosened the bricks, and caused them to slide out of place. It seemed very black inside; but Chita wanted to know what was there. She pushed her way through a gap in the thin and rotten line of pickets, and through some tall weeds with big coarse pink flowers;—then she crouched down on hands and knees before the black hole, and peered in. It was not so black inside as she had thought; for a sunbeam slanted down through a chink in the roof; and she could see!

A brown head—without hair, without eyes, but with teeth, ever so many teeth!—seemed to laugh at her; and close to it sat a Toad, the hugest she had ever seen; and the white skin of his throat kept puffing out and going in. And Chita screamed and screamed, and fled in wild terror,—screaming all the way, till Carmen ran out to meet her and carry her home. Even when safe in her adopted mother's arms, she sobbed with fright. To the vivid fancy of the child there seemed to be some hideous relation between the staring reptile and the brown death's-head, with its empty eyes, and its nightmare-smile.

The shock brought on a fever,—a fever that lasted several days, and left her very weak. But the experience taught her to obey, taught her that Carmen knew best what was for her good. It also caused her to think a great deal. Carmen had told her that the dead people never frightened good little girls who staid at home.

—"Madrecita Carmen," she asked, "is my mamma dead?"

—"*Pobrecita!*....Yes, my angel. God called her to Him,—your darling mother."

—"Madrecita," she asked again,—her young eyes growing vast with horror,—"is my own mamma now like *That*?"....She pointed toward the place of the white gleam, behind the great trees.

—"No, no, no! my darling!" screamed Carmen, appalled herself by the ghastly question,—"your mamma is with the dear, good, loving God, who lives in the beautiful sky,—above the clouds, my darling, beyond the sun!"

But Carmen's kind eyes were full of tears; and the child read their meaning. He who teareth off the Mask of the Flesh had looked into her face one unutterable moment:—she had seen the brutal Truth, naked to the bone!

Yet there came to her a little thrill of consolation, caused by the words of the tender falsehood; for that which she had discerned by day could not explain to her that which she saw almost nightly in her slumber. The face, the voice, the form of her loving mother still lived somewhere,—could not have utterly passed away; since the sweet presence came to her in dreams, bending and smiling over her, caressing her, speaking to her,—sometimes gently chiding, but always chiding with a kiss. And then the child would laugh in her sleep, and prattle in Creole,—talking to the luminous shadow, telling the dead mother all the little deeds and thoughts of the day....Why would God only let her come at night?

....Her idea of God had been first defined by the sight of a quaint French picture of the Creation,—an engraving which represented a shoreless sea under a black sky, and out of the blackness a solemn and bearded gray head emerging, and a cloudy hand through which stars glimmered. God was like old Doctor de Coulanges, who used to visit the house, and talk in a voice like a low roll of thunder....At a later day, when Chita had been told that God was "everywhere at the same time"—without and within, beneath and above all things,—this idea became somewhat changed. The awful bearded face, the huge shadowy hand, did not fade from her thought; but they became fantastically blended with the larger and vaguer notion of something that filled the world and reached to the stars,—something diaphanous and incomprehensible like the invisible air, omnipresent and everlasting like the high blue of heaven....

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II.

....She began to learn the life of the coast.

With her acquisition of another tongue, there came to her also the understanding of many things relating to the world of the sea. She memorized with novel delight much that was told her day by day concerning the nature surrounding her,—many secrets of the air, many of those signs of heaven which the dwellers in cities cannot comprehend because the atmosphere is thickened and made stagnant above them—cannot even watch because the horizon is hidden from their eyes by walls, and by weary avenues of trees with whitewashed trunks. She learned, by listening, by asking, by observing also, how to know the signs that foretell wild weather:—tremendous sunsets, scuddings and bridgings of cloud,—sharpening and darkening of the sea-line, and halos about the moon, and the shriek of gulls flashing to land in level flight, out of a still transparent sky.

She learned where the sea-birds, with white bosoms and brown wings, made their hidden nests of sand,—and where the cranes waded for their prey,—and where the beautiful wild-ducks, plumaged in satiny lilac and silken green, found their food,—and where the best reeds grew to furnish stems for Feliu's red-clay pipe,—and where the ruddy sea-beans were most often tossed upon the shore,—and how the gray pelicans fished all together, like men—moving in far-extending semicircles, beating the flood with their wings to drive the fish before them.

And from Carmen she learned the fables and the sayings of the sea,—the proverbs about its deafness, its avarice, its treachery, its terrific power,—especially one that haunted her for all time thereafter: *Si quieres aprender á orar, entra en el mar* (If thou wouldst learn to pray, go to the sea). She learned why the sea is salt,—how "the tears of women made the waves of the sea,"—and how the sea has "no friends,"—and how the cat's eyes change with the tides.

What had she lost of life by her swift translation from the dusty existence of cities to the open immensity of nature's freedom? What did she gain?

Doubtless she was saved from many of those little bitternesses and restraints and disappointments which all well-bred city children must suffer in the course of their training for the more or less factitious life of society:—obligations to remain very still with every nimble nerve quivering in dumb revolt;—the injustice of being found troublesome and being sent to bed early for the comfort of her elders,—the cruel necessity of straining her pretty eyes, for many long hours at a time, over grimy desks in gloomy school-rooms, though birds twittered and bright winds hummed in the trees without;—the austere constraint and heavy drowsiness of warm churches, filled with the droning echoes of a voice preaching incomprehensible things,—the progressively augmenting weariness of lessons in deportment, in dancing, in music, in the impossible art of keeping her dresses unruffled and unsoiled. Perhaps she never had any reason to regret all these.

She went to sleep and awakened with the wild birds;—her life remained as unfettered by formalities as her fine feet by shoes. Excepting Carmen's old prayer-book,—in which she learned to read a little,—her childhood passed without books, without pictures, without dainties, without music, without theatrical amusements. But she saw and heard and felt much of that which, though old as the heavens and the earth, is yet eternally new and eternally young with the holiness of beauty,—eternally mystical and divine,—eternally weird,—the unveiled magnificence of Nature's mood,—the perpetual poem hymned by wind and surge,—the everlasting splendor of the sky.

She saw the quivering pinkness of waters curled by the breath of the morning—under the deepening of the dawn—like a far fluttering and scattering of rose leaves of fire;—

Saw the shoreless, cloudless, marvellous double-circling azure of perfect summer days—twin glories of infinite deeps interreflected, while the Soul of the World lay still, suffused with a jewel-light, as of vaporized sapphire;—

Saw the Sea shift color,—"change sheets,"—when the viewless Wizard of the Wind breathed upon its face, and made it green;—

Saw the immeasurable panics,—noiseless, scintillant,—which silver, summer after summer, curved leagues of beach with bodies of little fish—the yearly massacre of migrating populations, nations of sea-trout, driven from their element by terror;—and the winnowing of shark-fins,

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—and the rushing of porpoises,—and the rising of the *grande-écaille*, like a pillar of flame,—and the diving and pitching and fighting of the frigates and the gulls,—and the armored hordes of crabs swarming out to clear the slope after the carnage and the gorging had been done;—

Saw the Dreams of the Sky,—scudding mockeries of ridged foam,—and shadowy stratification of capes and coasts and promontories long-drawn-out,—and imageries, multicolored, of mountain frondage, and sierras whitening above sierras,—and phantom islands ringed around with lagoons of glory;—

Saw the toppling and smouldering of cloud-worlds after the enormous conflagration of sunsets,—incandescence ruining into darkness; and after it a moving and climbing of stars among the blacknesses,—like searching lamps;—

Saw the deep kindle countless ghostly candles as for mysterious night-festival,—and a luminous billowing under a black sky, and effervescences of fire, and the twirling and crawling of phosphoric foam;—

Saw the mesmerism of the Moon;—saw the enchanted tides self-heaped in muttering obeisance before her.

Often she heard the Music of the Marsh through the night: an infinity of flutings and tinklings made by tiny amphibia,—like the low blowing of numberless little tin horns, the clanking of billions of little bells;—and, at intervals, profound tones, vibrant and heavy, as of a bass-viol—the orchestra of the great frogs! And interweaving with it all, one continuous shrilling,—keen as the steel speech of a saw,—the stridulous telegraphy of crickets.

But always,—always, dreaming or awake, she heard the huge blind Sea chanting that mystic and eternal hymn, which none may hear without awe, which no musician can learn;—

Heard the hoary Preacher,—*El Pregonador*,—preaching the ancient Word, the word "as a fire, and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces,"—the Elohim-Word of the Sea!....

Unknowingly she came to know the immemorial sympathy of the mind with the Soul of the World,—the melancholy wrought by its moods of gray, the reverie responsive to its vagaries of mist, the exhilaration of its vast exultings—days of windy joy, hours of transfigured light.

She felt,—even without knowing it,—the weight of the Silences, the solemnities of sky and sea in these low regions where all things seem to dream—waters and grasses with their momentary wavings,—woods gray-webbed with mosses that drip and drool,—horizons with their delusions of vapor,—cranes meditating in their marshes,—kites floating in the high blue.... Even the children were singularly quiet; and their play less noisy—though she could not have learned the difference—than the play of city children. Hour after hour, the women sewed or wove in silence. And the brown men,—always barefooted, always wearing rough blue shirts,—seemed, when they lounged about the wharf on idle days, as if they had told each other long ago all they knew or could ever know, and had nothing more to say. They would stare at the flickering of the current, at the drifting of clouds and buzzards—seldom looking at each other, and always turning their black eyes again, in a weary way, to sky or sea. Even thus one sees the horses and the cattle of the coast, seeking the beach to escape the whizzing flies,—all watch the long waves rolling in, and sometimes turn their heads a moment to look at one another, but always look back to the waves again, as if wondering at a mystery....

How often she herself had wondered—wondered at the multiform changes of each swell as it came in—transformations of tint, of shape, of motion, that seemed to betoken a life infinitely more subtle than the strange cold life of lizards and of fishes,—and sinister, and spectral. Then they all appeared to move in order,—according to one law or impulse;—each had its own voice, yet all sang one and the same everlasting song. Vaguely, as she watched them and listened to them, there came to her the idea of a unity of *will* in their motion, a unity of *menace* in their utterance—the idea of one monstrous and complex life! The sea *lived:* it could crawl backward and forward; it could speak!—it only feigned deafness and sightlessness for some malevolent end. Thenceforward she feared to find herself alone with it. Was it not at her that it strove to rush, muttering, and showing all its white teeth,.... just because it knew that she was all by herself?—*Si quieres aprender á orar, entra en el mar!*.... And Concha had well learned to pray. But the sea seemed to her the one Power which God could not make to obey Him

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as He pleased. Saying the creed one day, she repeated very slowly the opening words,—"*Creo en un Dios, padre todopoderoso, Criador del cielo y de la tierra,*"—and paused and thought. *Creator of Heaven and Earth?* "Madrecita Carmen," she asked,—"*quien entonces hizó el mar?*" (who then made the sea?).

—"Dios, mi querida," answered Carmen.—"God, my darling.... All things were made by Him" (*todas las cosas fueron hechas por Él*).

Even the wicked Sea! And He had said unto it: "Thus far, and no farther." ....Was that why it had not overtaken and devoured her when she ran back in fear from the sudden reaching out of its waves? *Thus far....?* But there were times when it disobeyed,—when it rushed further, shaking the world! Was it because God was then asleep—could not hear, did not see, until too late?

And the tumultuous ocean terrified her more and more: it filled her sleep with enormous nightmare;—it came upon her in dreams, mountain-shadowing,—holding her with its spell, smothering her power of outcry, heaping itself monstrously to the stars.

Carmen became alarmed;—she feared that the nervous and delicate child might die in one of those moaning dreams out of which she had to arouse her, night after night. But Feliu, answering her anxiety with one of his favorite proverbs, suggested a heroic remedy:—

—"The world is like the sea: those who do not know how to swim in it are drowned;—and the sea is like the world," he added....."Chita must learn to swim!"

And he found the time to teach her. Each morning, at sunrise, he took her into the water. She was less terrified the first time than Carmen thought she would be;—she seemed to feel confidence in Feliu; although she screamed piteously before her first ducking at his hands. His teaching was not gentle. He would carry her out, perched upon his shoulder, until the water rose to his own neck; and there he would throw her from him, and let her struggle to reach him again as best she could. The first few mornings she had to be pulled out almost at once; but after that Feliu showed her less mercy, and helped her only when he saw she was really in danger. He attempted no other instruction until she had learned that in order to save herself from being half choked by the salt-water, she must not scream; and by the time she became habituated to these austere experiences, she had already learned by instinct alone how to keep herself afloat for a while, how to paddle a little with her hands. Then he commenced to train her to use them,—to lift them well out and throw them forward as if reaching, to dip them as the blade of an oar is dipped at an angle, without loud splashing;—and he showed her also how to use her feet. She learned rapidly and astonishingly well. In less than two months Feliu felt really proud at the progress made by his tiny pupil: it was a delight to watch her lifting her slender arms above the water in swift, easy curves, with the same fine grace that marked all her other natural motions. Later on he taught her not to fear the sea even when it growled a little,—how to ride a swell, how to face a breaker, how to dive. She only needed practice thereafter; and Carmen, who could also swim, finding the child's health improving marvellously under this new discipline, took good care that Chita should practise whenever the mornings were not too cold, or the water too rough.

With the first thrill of delight at finding herself able to glide over the water unassisted, the child's superstitious terror of the sea passed away. Even for the adult there are few physical joys keener than the exultation of the swimmer;—how much greater the same glee as newly felt by an imaginative child,—a child, whose vivid fancy can lend unutterable value to the most insignificant trifles, can transform a weed-patch to an Eden!.... Of her own accord she would ask for her morning bath, as soon as she opened her eyes;—it even required some severity to prevent her from remaining in the water too long. The sea appeared to her as something that had become tame for her sake, something that loved her in a huge rough way;—a tremendous playmate, whom she no longer feared to see come bounding and barking to lick her feet. And, little by little, she also learned the wonderful healing and caressing power of the monster, whose cool embrace at once dispelled all drowsiness, feverishness, weariness,—even after the sultriest nights when the air had seemed to burn, and the mosquitoes had filled the chamber with a sound as of water boiling in many kettles. And on

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mornings when the sea was in too wicked a humor to be played with, how she felt the loss of her loved sport, and prayed for calm! Her delicate constitution changed;—the soft pale flesh became firm and brown, the meagre limbs rounded into robust symmetry, the thin cheeks grew peachy with richer life;—for the strength of the sea had entered into her; the sharp breath of the sea had renewed and brightened her young blood....

....Thou primordial Sea, the awfulness of whose antiquity hath stricken all mythology dumb;—thou most wrinkled living Sea, the millions of whose years outnumber even the multitude of thy hoary motions;—thou omniform and most mysterious Sea, mother of the monsters and the gods,—whence thine eternal youth? Still do thy waters hold the infinite thrill of that Spirit which brooded above their face in the Beginning!—still is thy quickening breath an elixir unto them that flee to thee for life,—like the breath of young girls, like the breath of children, prescribed for the senescent by magicians of old,—prescribed unto weazened elders in the books of the Wizards.

III.

....Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven;—midsummer in the pest-smitten city of New Orleans.

Heat motionless and ponderous. The steel-blue of the sky bleached from the furnace-circle of the horizon;—the lukewarm river ran yellow and noiseless as a torrent of fluid wax. Even sounds seemed blunted by the heaviness of the air;—the rumbling of wheels, the reverberation of footsteps, fell half-toned upon the ear, like sounds that visit a dozing brain.

Daily, almost at the same hour, the continuous sense of atmospheric oppression became thickened;—a packed herd of low-bellying clouds lumbered up from the Gulf; crowded blackly against the sun; flickered, thundered, and burst in torrential rain—tepid, perpendicular—and vanished utterly away. Then, more furiously than before, the sun flamed down;—roofs and pavements steamed; the streets seemed to smoke; the air grew suffocating with vapor; and the luminous city filled with a faint, sickly odor,—a stale smell, as of dead leaves suddenly disinterred from wet mould,—as of grasses decomposing after a flood. Something saffron speckled the slimy water of the gutters;—sulphur some called it; others feared even to give it a name! Was it only the wind-blown pollen of some innocuous plant? I do not know; but to many it seemed as if the Invisible Destruction were scattering visible seed!....Such were the days; and each day the terror-stricken city offered up its hecatomb to Death; and the faces of all the dead were yellow as flame!

"DÉCÉDÉ—;" "DÉCÉDÉE—;" "FALLECIÓ";—"DIED."....On the door-posts, the telegraph-poles, the pillars of verandas, the lamps,—over the government letter-boxes,—everywhere glimmered the white annunciations of death. All the city was spotted with them. And lime was poured into the gutters; and huge purifying fires were kindled after sunset.

The nights began with a black heat;—there were hours when the acrid air seemed to ferment for stagnation, and to burn the bronchial tubing;—then, toward morning, it would grow chill with venomous vapors, with morbific dews,—till the sun came up to lift the torpid moisture, and to fill the buildings with oven-heat. And the interminable procession of mourners and hearses and carriages again began to circulate between the centres of life and of death;—and long trains and steam-ships rushed from the port, with heavy burden of fugitives.

Wealth might flee; yet even in flight there was peril. Men, who might have been saved by the craft of experienced nurses at home, hurriedly departed in apparent health, unconsciously carrying in their blood the toxic principle of a malady unfamiliar to physicians of the West and North;—and they died upon their way, by the road-side, by the river-banks, in woods, in deserted stations, on the cots of quarantine hospitals. Wiser those who sought refuge in the purity of the pine forests, or in those near Gulf islands, whence the bright sea-breath kept ever sweeping back the expanding poison into the funereal swamps, into the misty lowlands. The watering-resorts became over-crowded;—then the fishing villages were thronged,—at least all which were easy to reach by steam-boat or by lugger. And at last, even Viosca's Point,—remote and unfamiliar as it was,—had a stranger to shelter: a good old gentleman named Edwards, rather broken down in health,—who came as much for quiet as for sea-air, and who had been warmly recommended to Feliu by Captain

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Harris. For some years he had been troubled by a disease of the heart.

Certainly the old invalid could not have found a more suitable place so far as rest and quiet were concerned. The season had early given such little promise that several men of the Point betook themselves elsewhere; and the aged visitor had two or three vacant cabins from among which to select a dwelling-place. He chose to occupy the most remote of all, which Carmen furnished for him with a cool moss bed and some necessary furniture,—including a big wooden rocking-chair. It seemed to him very comfortable thus. He took his meals with the family, spent most of the day in his own quarters, spoke very little, and lived so unobtrusively and inconspicuously that his presence in the settlement was felt scarcely more than that of some dumb creature,—some domestic animal,—some humble pet whose relation to the family is only fully comprehended after it has failed to appear for several days in its accustomed place of patient waiting,—and we know that it is dead.

IV.

Persistently and furiously, at half past two o'clock of an August morning, Sparicio rang Dr. La Brierre's night-bell. He had fifty dollars in his pocket, and a letter to deliver. He was to earn another fifty dollars—deposited in Feliu's hands,—by bringing the Doctor to Viosca's Point. He had risked his life for that money,—and was terribly in earnest.

Julien descended in his under-clothing, and opened the letter by the light of the hall lamp. It enclosed a check for a larger fee than he had ever before received, and contained an urgent request that he would at once accompany Sparicio to Viosca's Point,—as the sender was in hourly danger of death. The letter, penned in a long, quavering hand, was signed,—"*Henry Edwards.*"

His father's dear old friend! Julien could not refuse to go,—though he feared it was a hopeless case. *Angina pectoris*,—and a third attack at seventy years of age! Would it even be possible to reach the sufferer's bedside in time? "*Duè giorno,—con vento*,"—said Sparicio. Still, he must go; and at once. It was Friday morning;—might reach the Point Saturday night, with a good wind.... He roused his house-keeper, gave all needful instructions, prepared his little medicine-chest;—and long before the first rose-gold fire of day had flashed to the city spires, he was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in the tiny cabin of a fishing-sloop.

.... For eleven years Julien had devoted himself, heart and soul, to the exercise of that profession he had first studied rather as a polite accomplishment than as a future calling. In the unselfish pursuit of duty he had found the only possible consolation for his irreparable loss; and when the war came to sweep away his wealth, he entered the struggle valorously, not to strive against men, but to use his science against death. After the passing of that huge shock, which left all the imposing and splendid fabric of Southern feudalism wrecked forever, his profession stood him in good stead;—he found himself not only able to supply those personal wants he cared to satisfy, but also to alleviate the misery of many whom he had known in days of opulence;—the princely misery that never doffed its smiling mask, though living in secret, from week to week, on bread and orange-leaf tea;—the misery that affected condescension in accepting an invitation to dine,—staring at the face of a watch (refused by the Mont-de-Piété) with eyes half-blinded by starvation;—the misery which could afford but one robe for three marriageable daughters,—one plain dress to be worn in turn by each of them, on visiting-days;—the pretty misery—young, brave, sweet,—asking for a "treat' of cakes too jocosely to have its asking answered,—laughing and coquetting with its well-fed wooers, and crying for hunger after they were gone. Often and often, his heart had pleaded against his purse for such as these, and won its case in the silent courts of Self. But ever mysteriously the gift came,—sometimes as if from the hand of a former slave; sometimes as from a remorseful creditor, ashamed to write his name. Only yellow Victorine knew; but the Doctor's house-keeper never opened those sphinx-lips of hers, until years after the Doctor's name had disappeared from the City Directory....

He had grown quite thin,—a little gray. The epidemic had burthened him with responsibilities too multifarious and ponderous for his slender strength to bear. The continual nervous strain of abnormally protracted duty, the perpetual interruption of sleep, had almost prostrated even his will. Now he only hoped that, during this brief absence from the city, he

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might find renewed strength to do his terrible task.

Mosquitoes bit savagely; and the heat became thicker;—and there was yet no wind. Sparicio and his hired boy Carmelo had been walking backward and forward for hours overhead,—urging the vessel yard by yard, with long poles,—through the slime of canals and bayous. With every heavy push, the weary boy would sigh out,—"*Santo Antonio!—Santo Antonio!*" Sullen Sparicio himself at last burst into vociferations of ill-humor:—"*Santo Antonio?—Ah! santissimu e santu diavulu!....Sacramentu pœscite vegnu un asidente!—malidittu lu Signuri!*" All through the morning they walked and pushed, trudged and sighed and swore; and the minutes dragged by more wearily than the shuffling of their feet. "*Managgia Cristo co tutta a croce!*".... "*Santissimu e santu diavulu!!*"....

But as they reached at last the first of the broad bright lakes, the heat lifted, the breeze leaped up, the loose sail flapped and filled; and, bending graciously as a skater, the old *San Marco* began to shoot in a straight line over the blue flood. Then, while the boy sat at the tiller, Sparicio lighted his tiny charcoal furnace below, and prepared a simple meal,—delicious yellow macaroni, flavored with goats' cheese; some fried fish, that smelled appetizingly; and rich black coffee, of Oriental fragrance and thickness. Julien ate a little, and lay down to sleep again. This time his rest was undisturbed by the mosquitoes; and when he woke, in the cooling evening, he felt almost refreshed. The *San Marco* was flying into Barataria Bay. Already the lantern in the lighthouse tower had begun to glow like a little moon; and right on the rim of the sea, a vast and vermilion sun seemed to rest his chin. Gray pelicans came flapping around the mast;—sea-birds sped hurtling by, their white bosoms rose-flushed by the western glow....Again Sparicio's little furnace was at work,—more fish, more macaroni, more black coffee; also a square-shouldered bottle of gin made its appearance. Julien ate less sparingly at this second meal; and smoked a long time on deck with Sparicio, who suddenly became very good-humored, and chatted volubly in bad Spanish, and in much worse English. Then while the boy took a few hours' sleep, the Doctor helped delightedly in manœuvring the little vessel. He had been a good yachtsman in other years; and Sparicio declared he would make a good fisherman. By midnight the *San Marco* began to run with a long swinging gait;—she had reached deep water. Julien slept soundly; the steady rocking of the sloop seemed to soothe his nerves.

—"After all," he thought to himself, as he rose from his little bunk next morning,—"something like this is just what I needed."....The pleasant scent of hot coffee greeted him;—Carmelo was handing him the tin cup containing it, down through the hatchway. After drinking it he felt really hungry;—he ate more macaroni than he had ever eaten before. Then while Sparicio slept, he aided Carmelo; and during the middle of the day, he rested again. He had not had so much uninterrupted repose for many a week. He fancied he could feel himself getting strong. At supper-time, it seemed to him he could not get enough to eat,—although there was plenty for everybody.

All day long there had been exactly the same wave-crease distorting the white shadow of the *San Marco's* sail upon the blue water;—all day long they had been skimming over the liquid level of a world so jewel-blue, that the low green ribbon-strips of marsh land, the far-off fleeing lines of pine-yellow sand beach, seemed flaws or breaks in the perfected color of the universe;—all day long had the cloudless sky revealed through all its exquisite transparency that inexpressible tenderness which no painter and no poet can ever reimage,—that unutterable sweetness which no art of man may ever shadow forth, and which none may ever comprehend,—though we feel it to be in some strange way akin to the luminous and unspeakable charm that makes us wonder at the eyes of a woman when she loves.

Evening came; and the great dominant celestial tone deepened;—the circling horizon filled with ghostly tints,—spectral greens and grays, and pearl-lights and fish-colors....Carmelo, as he crouched at the tiller, was singing in a low clear alto, some tristful little melody. Over the sea, behind them, lay, black-stretching, a long low arm of island-shore;—before them flamed the splendor of sun-death; they were sailing into a mighty glory,—into a vast and awful light of gold.

Shading his vision with his fingers, Sparicio pointed to the long lean limb of

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land from which they were fleeing, and said to La Brierre:—

—"Look-a, Doct-a! *Last-a Islan'!*"

Julien knew it;—he only nodded his head in reply, and looked the other way,—into the glory of God. Then, wishing to divert the fisherman's attention to another theme, he asked what was Carmelo singing. Sparicio at once shouted to the lad:—

—"Ha!....ho! Carmelo!—*Santu diavulu!*....Sing-a loud-a! Doct-a lik-a! Sing-a! sing!!"...."He sing-a nicee,"—added the boatman, with his peculiar dark smile. And then Carmelo sang, loud and clearly, the song he had been singing before,—one of those artless Mediterranean ballads, full of caressing vowel-sounds, and young passion, and melancholy beauty:—

M' ama ancor, beltà fulgente,
Come tu m' amasti allor;—
Ascoltar non dei gente,
Solo interroga il tuo cor....

—"He sing-a nicee,—mucha bueno!" murmured the fisherman. And then, suddenly,—with a rich and splendid basso that seemed to thrill every fibre of the planking,—Sparicio joined in the song:—

M' ama pur d' amore eterno,
Nè delitto sembri a te;
T' assicuro che l' inferno
Una favola sol è....

All the roughness of the man was gone! To Julien's startled fancy, the fishers had ceased to be;—lo! Carmelo was a princely page; Sparicio, a king! How perfectly their voices married together!—they sang with passion, with power, with truth, with that wondrous natural art which is the birthright of the rudest Italian soul. And the stars throbbed out in the heaven; and the glory died in the west; and the night opened its heart; and the splendor of the eternities fell all about them. Still they sang; and the *San Marco* sped on through the soft gloom, ever slightly swerved by the steady blowing of the southeast wind in her sail;—always wearing the same crimpling-frill of wave-spray about her prow,—always accompanied by the same smooth-backed swells,—always spinning out behind her the same long trail of interwoven foam. And Julien looked up. Ever the night thrilled more and more with silent twinklings;—more and more multitudinously lights pointed in the eternities;—the Evening Star quivered like a great drop of liquid white fire ready to fall;—Vega flamed as a pharos lighting the courses of heaven,—to guide the sailing of the suns, and the swarming of fleets of worlds. Then the vast sweetness of that violet night entered into his blood,—filled him with that awful joy, so near akin to sadness, which the sense of the Infinite brings,—when one feels the poetry of the Most Ancient and Most Excellent of Poets, and then is smitten at once with the contrast-thought of the sickliness and selfishness of Man,—of the blindness and brutality of cities, whereinto the divine blue light never purely comes, wherefrom the gates of heaven are walled away, and the sanctification of the Silences is forever unknown.... Oh! if one could only sail on thus always, always through such a night—through such a star-sprinkled violet light, and hear Sparicio and Carmelo sing, even though it were the same melody always, always the same song!

...."Scuza, Doct-a!—look-a out!" Julien bent down, as the big boom, loosened, swung over his head. The *San Marco* was rounding into shore,—heading for her home. Sparicio lifted a huge conch-shell from the deck, put it to his lips, filled his deep lungs, and flung out into the night—thrice—a profound, mellifluent, booming horn-tone. A minute passed. Then, ghostly faint, as an echo from very far away, a triple boom responded....

And a long purple mass loomed and swelled into sight, heightened, approached—land and trees black-shadowing, and lights that swung.... The *San Marco* glided into a bayou,—under a high wharfing of timbers, where a bearded fisherman waited, and a woman. Sparicio flung up a rope.

The bearded man caught it by the lantern-light, and tethered the *San Marco* to her place. Then he asked, in a deep voice:

—"*Has traido el Doctor?*"

—"*Si, si!*" responded Sparicio...."*Y el Viejo?*"

—"*Aye! pobre,*" responded Feliu,—"*hace tres dias que esta muerto.*"

Henry Edwards was dead!

He had died very suddenly, without a cry or a word, while resting in his rocking-chair,—the very day after Sparicio had sailed. They had made him a grave in the marsh,—among the high weeds, not far from the ruined tomb of the Spanish fisherman. But Sparicio had fairly earned his hundred dollars.

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V.

So there was nothing to do at Viosca's Point except to rest. Feliu and all his men were going to Barataria in the morning on business;—the Doctor could accompany them there, and take the Grand Island steamer Monday for New Orleans. With this intention Julien retired,—not sorry for being able to stretch himself at full length on the good bed prepared for him, in one of the unoccupied cabins. But he woke before day with a feeling of intense prostration, a violent headache, and such an aversion for the mere idea of food, that Feliu's invitation to breakfast at five o'clock gave him an internal qualm. Perhaps a touch of malaria. In any case he felt it would be both dangerous and useless to return to town unwell; and Feliu, observing his condition, himself advised against the journey. Wednesday he would have another opportunity to leave; and in the mean while Carmen would take good care of him....The boats departed, and Julien slept again.

The sun was high when he rose up and dressed himself, feeling no better. He would have liked to walk about the place, but felt nervously afraid of the sun. He did not remember having ever felt so broken down before. He pulled a rocking-chair to the window, tried to smoke a cigar. It commenced to make him feel still sicker, and he flung it away. It seemed to him the cabin was swaying, as the *San Marco* swayed when she first reached the deep water.

A light rustling sound approached,—a sound of quick feet treading the grass: then a shadow slanted over the threshold. In the glow of the open doorway stood a young girl,—gracile, tall,—with singularly splendid eyes,—brown eyes peeping at him from beneath a golden riot of loose hair.

—"*M'sieu-le-Docteur, maman d'mande si vous n'avez bisoin d'que'que chose?*" ....She spoke the rude French of the fishing villages, where the language lives chiefly as a *baragouin*, mingled often with words and forms belonging to many other tongues. She wore a loose-falling dress of some light stuff, steel-gray in color;—boys' shoes were on her feet.

He did not reply;—and her large eyes grew larger for wonder at the strange fixed gaze of the physician, whose face had visibly bleached,—blanched to corpse-pallor. Silent seconds passed; and still the eyes stared—flamed as if the life of the man had centralized and focussed within them.

His voice had risen to a cry in his throat, quivered and swelled one passionate instant, and failed—as in a dream when one strives to call, and yet can only moan.... *She!* Her unforgotten eyes, her brows, her lips!—the oval of her face!—the dawn-light of her hair!.... Adèle's own poise,—her own grace!—even the very turn of her neck,—even the bird-tone of her speech!.... Had the grave sent forth a Shadow to haunt him?—could the perfidious Sea have yielded up its dead? For one terrible fraction of a minute, memories, doubts, fears, mad fancies, went pulsing through his brain with a rush like the rhythmic throbbing of an electric stream;—then the shock passed, the Reason spoke:—"Fool!—count the long years since you first saw her thus!—count the years that have gone since you looked upon her last! And Time has never halted, silly heart!—neither has Death stood still!"

.... "*Plait-il?*"—the clear voice of the young girl asked. She thought he had made some response she could not distinctly hear.

Mastering himself an instant, as the heart faltered back to its duty, and the color remounted to his lips, he answered her in French:—

—"Pardon me!—I did not hear.... you gave me such a start!" But even then another extraordinary fancy flashed through his thought;—and with the *tutoiement* of a parent to a child, with an irresistible outburst of such tenderness as almost frightened her, he cried: "Oh! merciful God!—how like her!.... Tell me, darling, your name;—tell me who you are?" (*Dis-moi qui tu es, mignonne;—dis-moi ton nom.*)

.... Who was it had asked her the same question, in another idiom—ever so long ago? The man with the black eyes and nose like an eagle's beak,—the one who gave her the compass. Not *this* man—no!

She answered, with the timid gravity of surprise:—

—"Chita Viosca."

He still watched her face, and repeated the name slowly,—reiterated it in a tone of wonderment:—"Chita Viosca?—Chita Viosca!"

—"*C'est à dire....*" she said, looking down at her feet,—"Concha—Conchita."

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His strange solemnity made her smile,—the smile of shyness that knows not what else to do. But it was the smile of dead Adèle.

—"Thanks, my child," he exclaimed of a sudden,—in a quick, hoarse, changed tone. (He felt that his emotion would break loose in some wild way, if he looked upon her longer.) "I would like to see your mother this evening; but I now feel too ill to go out. I am going to try to rest a little."

—"Nothing I can bring you?" she asked;—"some fresh milk?"

—"Nothing now, dear: if I need anything later, I will tell your mother when she comes."

—"Mamma does not understand French very well."

—"*No importa, Conchita;—le hablaré en Español.*"

—"*Bien entonces!*" she responded, with the same exquisite smile. "*Adios, señor!*"....

But as she turned in going, his piercing eye discerned a little brown speck below the pretty lobe of her right ear,—just in the peachy curve between neck and cheek. .... His own little Zouzoune had a birth-mark like that!—he remembered the faint pink trace left by his fingers above and below it the day he had slapped her for overturning his ink-bottle...."*To laimin moin?—to batté moin!*"

—"Chita!—Chita!"

She did not hear.... After all, what a mistake he might have made! Were not Nature's coincidences more wonderful than fiction? Better to wait,—to question the mother first, and thus make sure.

Still—there were so many coincidences! The face, the smile, the eyes, the voice, the whole charm;—then that mark,—and the fair hair. Zouzoune had always resembled Adèle so strangely! That golden hair was a Scandinavian bequest to the Florane family;—the tall daughter of a Norwegian sea-captain had once become the wife of a Florane. Viosca?—who ever knew a Viosca with such hair? Yet again, these Spanish emigrants sometimes married blond German girls.... Might be a case of atavism, too. Who was this Viosca? If that was his wife,—the little brown Carmen,—whence Chita's sunny hair?....

And this was part of that same desolate shore whither the Last Island dead had been drifted by that tremendous surge! On a clear day, with a good glass, one might discern from here the long blue streak of that far ghastly coast. Somewhere—between here and there.... Merciful God!....

.... But again! That bivouac-night before the fight at Chancellorsville, Laroussel had begun to tell him such a singular story.... Chance had brought them,—the old enemies,—together; made them dear friends in the face of Death. How little he had comprehended the man!—what a brave, true, simple soul went up that day to the Lord of Battles!.... What was it—that story about the little Creole girl, saved from Last Island,—that story which was never finished?... Eh! what a pain!

Evidently he had worked too much, slept too little. A decided case of nervous prostration. He must lie down, and try to sleep. These pains in the head and back were becoming unbearable. Nothing but rest could avail him now.

He stretched himself under the mosquito curtain. It was very still, breathless, hot! The venomous insects were thick;—they filled the room with a continuous ebullient sound, as if invisible kettles were boiling overhead. A sign of storm.... Still, it was strange!—he could not perspire....

Then it seemed to him that Laroussel was bending over him—Laroussel in his cavalry uniform. "*Bonjour, camarade!—nous allons avoir un bien mauvais temps, mon pauvre Julien.*" How! bad weather?—"*Comment un mauvais temps?*".... He looked in Laroussel's face. There was something so singular in his smile. Ah! yes,—he remembered now: it was the wound!.... "*Un vilain temps!*" whispered Laroussel. Then he was gone.... Whither?

—"*Chéri!*"

The whisper roused him with a fearful start.... Adèle's whisper! So she was wont to rouse him sometimes in the old sweet nights,—to crave some little attention for ailing Eulalie,—to make some little confidence she had forgotten to utter during the happy evening.... No, no! It was only the trees. The sky was clouding over. The wind was rising.... How his heart beat! how his temples pulsed. Why, this was fever! Such pains in the back and head!

Still his skin was dry,—dry as parchment,—burning. He rose up; and a bursting weight of pain at the base of the

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skull made him reel like a drunken man. He staggered to the little mirror nailed upon the wall, and looked. How his eyes glowed;—and there was blood in his mouth! He felt his pulse—spasmodic, terribly rapid. Could it possibly—?.... No: this must be some pernicious malarial fever! The Creole does not easily fall a prey to the great tropical malady,—unless after a long absence in other climates. True! he had been four years in the army? But this was 1867.... He hesitated a moment;—then, opening his medicine-chest, he measured out and swallowed thirty grains of quinine.

Then he lay down again. His head pained more and more;—it seemed as if the cervical vertebræ were filled with fluid iron. And still his skin remained dry as if tanned. Then the anguish grew so intense as to force a groan with almost every aspiration.... Nausea,—and the stinging bitterness of quinine rising in his throat;—dizziness, and a brutal wrenching within his stomach. Everything began to look pink;—the light was rose-colored. It darkened more,—kindled with deepening tint. Something kept sparkling and spinning before his sight, like a firework.... Then a burst of blood mixed with chemical bitterness filled his mouth; the light became scarlet as claret.... This—this was.... not malaria....

VI.

.... Carmen knew what it was; but the brave little woman was not afraid of it. Many a time before she had met it face to face, in Havanese summers; she knew how to wrestle with it;—she had torn Feliu's life away from its yellow clutch, after one of those long struggles that strain even the strength of love. Now she feared mostly for Chita. She had ordered the girl under no circumstances to approach the cabin.

Julien felt that blankets had been heaped upon him,—that some gentle hand was bathing his scorching face with vinegar and water. Vaguely also there came to him the idea that it was night. He saw the shadow-shape of a woman moving against the red light upon the wall;—he saw there was a lamp burning.

Then the delirium seized him: he moaned, sobbed, cried like a child,—talked wildly at intervals in French, in English, in Spanish.

—"*Mentira!*—you could not be her mother.... Still, if you were— And she must not come in here,—*jamas!*.... Carmen, did you know Adèle,—Adèle Florane? So like her,—so like,—God only knows how like!.... Perhaps I think I know;—but I do not—do not know justly, fully—how like!.... *Si! si!—es el vómito!—yo lo conosco, Carmen!*.... She must not die twice.... I died twice.... I am going to die again. She only once. Till the heavens be no more she will not rise. .... *Moi, au contraire, il faut que je me lève toujours!* They need me so much;—the slate is always full; the bell will never stop. They will ring that bell for me when I am dead.... So will I rise again!—*resurgam!*.... How could I save him?—could not save myself. It was a bad case,—at seventy years!.... There! *Qui çà?*"....

He saw Laroussel again,—reaching out a hand to him through a whirl of red smoke. He tried to grasp it, and could not.... "*N'importe, mon ami,*" said Laroussel,—"*tu vas la voir bientôt.*" Who was he to see soon?—"*qui donc, Laroussel?*" But Laroussel did not answer. Through the red mist he seemed to smile;—then passed.

For some hours Carmen had trusted she could save her patient,—desperate as the case appeared to be. His was one of those rapid and violent attacks, such as often despatch their victims in a single day. In the Cuban hospitals she had seen many and many terrible examples: strong young men,—soldiers fresh from Spain,—carried panting to the fever wards at sunrise; carried to the cemeteries at sunset. Even troopers riddled with revolutionary bullets had lingered longer.... Still, she had believed she might save Julien's life: the burning forehead once began to bead, the burning hands grew moist.

But now the wind was moaning;—the air had become lighter, thinner, cooler. A storm was gathering in the east; and to the fever-stricken man the change meant death.... Impossible to bring the priest of the Caminada now; and there was no other within a day's sail. She could only pray;—she had lost all hope in her own power to save.

Still the sick man raved; but he talked to himself at longer intervals, and with longer pauses between his words;—his voice was growing more feeble, his speech more incoherent. His thought vacillated and distorted, like flame in a wind.

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Weirdly the past became confounded with the present; impressions of sight and of sound interlinked in fantastic affinity,—the face of Chita Viosca, the murmur of the rising storm. Then flickers of spectral lightning passed through his eyes, through his brain, with every throb of the burning arteries; then utter darkness came,—a darkness that surged and moaned, as the circumfluence of a shadowed sea. And through and over the moaning pealed one multitudinous human cry, one hideous interblending of shoutings and shriekings.... A woman's hand was locked in his own.... 'Tighter," he muttered, "tighter still, darling! hold as long as you can!" It was the tenth night of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six....

—"*Chéri!*"....

Again the mysterious whisper startled him to consciousness,—the dim knowledge of a room filled with ruby-colored light,—the sharp odor of vinegar. The house swung round slowly;—the crimson flame of the lamp lengthened and broadened by turns;—then everything turned dizzily fast,—whirled as if spinning in a vortex. Nausea unutterable; and a frightful anguish as of teeth devouring him within,—tearing more and more furiously at his breast. Then one atrocious wrenching, rending, burning,—and the gush of blood burst from lips and nostrils in a smothering deluge. Again the vision of lightnings, the swaying, and the darkness of long ago. "Quick!—quick!—hold fast to the table, Adèle!—never let go!"....

....Up,—up,—up!—what! higher yet? Up to the red sky! Red—black-red.... heated iron when its vermilion dies. So, too, the frightful flood! And noiseless. Noiseless because heavy, clammy,—thick, warm, sickening.... blood? Well might the land quake for the weight of such a tide!.... Why did Adèle speak Spanish? Who prayed for him?....

—"*Alma de Cristo santísima, santificame!*

"*Sangre de Cristo, embriágame!*

"*O buen Jesus, oye me!*"....

Out of the darkness into—such a light! An azure haze! Ah!—the delicious frost! .... All the streets were filled with the sweet blue mist....Voiceless the City and white;—crooked and weed-grown its narrow ways!....Old streets of tombs, these.... Eh! how odd a custom!—a Night-bell at every door. Yes, of course!—a *night*-bell!—the Dead are Physicians of Souls: they may be summoned only by night,—called up from the darkness and silence.... Yet *she*?—might he not dare to ring for her even by day?.... Strange he had deemed it day!—why, it was black, starless....And it was growing queerly cold. How could he ever find her now? It was so black....so cold!....

—"*Chéri!*"

All the dwelling quivered with the mighty whisper.

Outside, the great oaks were trembling to their roots;—all the shore shook and blanched before the calling of the sea.

And Carmen, kneeling at the feet of the dead, cried out, alone in the night:—

—"*O Jesus misericordioso!—tened compasion de él!*"

ALL'S AT AN END.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

THE breach is made—false friend, adieu;
All's at an end between us two.
Let others come, with power and praise,
To blot your image from my days;
That shining past, its colors fade—
I'll have no more—the breach is made.

All's at an end? Proud instinct lies!
There is no end to human ties:
My voice has learned an alien tone;
My very look repeats your own:
Our natures act in foe and friend—
In vain we cry, All's at an end.

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STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

II.—ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL TOPICS. MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN.

A VISITOR at a club in Chicago was pointed out a table at which usually lunched a hundred and fifty millions of dollars! This impressive statement was as significant in its way as the list of the men, in the days of Emerson, Agassiz, and Longfellow, who dined together as the Saturday Club in Boston. We cannot, however, generalize from this that the only thing considered in the Northwest is money, and that the only thing held in esteem in Boston is intellect.

The chief concerns in the Northwest are material, and the making of money, sometimes termed the "development of resources," is of the first importance. In Minneapolis and St. Paul, social position is more determined by money than it is in most Eastern cities, and this makes social life more democratic, so far as traditions and family are concerned. I desire not to overstate this, for money is potent everywhere; but I should say that a person not devoted to business, or not succeeding in it, but interested rather in intellectual pursuits—study, research, art (not decorative), education, and the like—would find less sympathy there than in Eastern cities of the same size, and less consideration. Indeed, I was told, more than once, that the spirit of plutocracy is so strong in these cities as to make a very disagreeable atmosphere for people who value the higher things in life more than money and what money only will procure, and display which is always more or less vulgar. But it is necessary to get closer to the facts than this statement.

The materialistic spirit is very strong in the West; of necessity it is, in the struggle for existence and position going on there, and in the unprecedented opportunities for making fortunes. And hence arises a prevailing notion that any education is of little value that does not bear directly upon material success. I should say that the professions, including divinity and the work of the scholar and the man of letters, do not have the weight there that they do in some other places. The professional man, either in the college or the pulpit, is expected to look alive and keep up with the procession. Tradition is weak; it is no objection to a thing that it is new, and in the general strain "sensations" are welcome. The general motto is, "Be alive; be practical." Naturally, also, wealth recently come by desires to assert itself a little in display, in ostentatious houses, luxurious living, dress, jewelry, even to the frank delight in the diamond shirt stud.

But we are writing of Americans, and the Americans are the quickest people in the world to adapt themselves to new situations. The Western people travel much, at home and abroad, and they do not require a very long experience to know what is in bad taste. They are as quick as anybody—I believe they gave us the phrase—to "catch on" to quietness and a low tone. Indeed, I don't know but they would boast that if it is a question of subdued style, they can beat the world. The revolution which has gone all over the country since the Exposition of 1876 in house-furnishing and decoration is quite as apparent at the West as in the East. The West has not suffered more than the East from eccentricities of architecture in the past twenty years. Violations of good taste are pretty well distributed, but of new houses the proportion of handsome, solid, good structures is as large in the West as in the East, and in the cities I think the West has the advantage in variety. It must be frankly said that if the Easterner is surprised at the size, cost, and palatial character of many of their residences, he is not less surprised by the refinement and good taste of their interiors. There are cases where money is too evident, where the splendor has been ordered, but there are plenty of other cases where individual taste is apparent, and love of harmony and beauty. What I am trying to say is that the East undervalues the real refinement of living going along with the admitted cost and luxury in the West. The art of dining is said to be a test of civilization—on a certain plane. Well, dining, in good houses (I believe that is the phrase), is much the same East and West as to appointments, service, cuisine, and talk, with a trifle more freedom and sense of newness in the West. No doubt there is a difference in tone, appreciable but not easy

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to define. It relates less to the things than the way the things are considered. Where a family has had "things" for two or three generations they are less an object than an unregarded matter of course; where things and a manner of living are newly acquired, they have more importance in themselves. An old community, if it is really civilized (I mean a state in which intellectual concerns are paramount), values less and less, as an end, merely material refinement. The tendency all over the United States is for wealth to run into vulgarity.

In St. Paul and Minneapolis one thing notable is the cordial hospitality, another is the public spirit, and another is the intense devotion to business, the forecast and alertness in new enterprises. Where society is fluid and on the move, it seems comparatively easy to interest the citizens in any scheme for the public good. The public spirit of those cities is admirable. One notices also an uncommon power of organization, of devices for saving time. An illustration of this is the immense railway transfer ground here. Midway between the cities is a mile square of land where all the great railway lines meet, and by means of communicating tracks easily and cheaply exchange freight cars, immensely increasing the facility and lessening the cost of transportation. Another illustration of system is the State office of Public Examiner, an office peculiar to Minnesota, an office supervising banks, public institutions, and county treasuries, by means of which a uniform system of accounting is enforced for all public funds, and safety is insured.

There is a large furniture and furnishing store in Minneapolis, well sustained by the public, which gives one a new idea of the taste of the Northwest. A community that buys furniture so elegant and chaste in design, and stuffs and decorations so æsthetically good, as this shop offers it, is certainly not deficient either in material refinement or the means to gratify the love of it.

What is there besides this tremendous energy, very material prosperity, and undeniable refinement in living? I do not know that the excellently managed public-school system offers anything peculiar for comment. But the High-School in St. Paul is worth a visit. So far as I could judge, the method of teaching is admirable, and produces good results. It has no rules, nor any espionage. Scholars are put upon their honor. One object of education being character, it is well to have good behavior consist, not in conformity to artificial laws existing only in school, but to principles of good conduct that should prevail everywhere. There is system here, but the conduct expected is that of well-bred boys and girls anywhere. The plan works well, and there are very few cases of discipline. A manual-training school is attached—a notion growing in favor in the West, and practised in a scientific and truly educational spirit. Attendance is not compulsory, but a considerable proportion of the pupils, boys and girls, spend a certain number of hours each week in the workshops, learning the use of tools, and making simple objects to an accurate scale from drawings on the black-board. The design is not at all to teach a trade. The object is strictly educational, not simply to give manual facility and knowledge in the use of tools, but to teach accuracy, the mental training that there is in working out a definite, specific purpose.

The State University is still in a formative condition, and has attached to it a preparatory school. Its first class graduated only in 1872. It sends out on an average about twenty graduates a year in the various departments, science, literature, mechanic arts, and agriculture. The bane of a State university is politics, and in the West the hand of the Granger is on the college, endeavoring to make it "practical." Probably this modern idea of education will have to run its course, and so long as it is running its course the Eastern colleges which adhere to the idea of intellectual discipline will attract the young men who value a liberal rather than a material education. The State University of Minnesota is thriving in the enlargement of its facilities. About one-third of its scholars are women, but I notice that in the last catalogue, in the Senior Class of twenty-six there is only one woman. There are two independent institutions also that should be mentioned, both within the limits of St. Paul, the Hamline University, under Methodist auspices, and the McAllister College, under Presbyterian. I did not visit the former, but the latter, at least, though just beginning, has the idea of a classical education foremost, and does not adopt co-education. Its library is well begun

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by the gift of a miscellaneous collection, containing many rare and old books, by the Rev. E. D. Neill, the well-known antiquarian, who has done so much to illuminate the colonial history of Virginia and Maryland. In the State Historical Society, which has rooms in the Capitol in St. Paul, a vigorous and well-managed society, is a valuable collection of books illustrating the history of the Northwest. The visitor will notice in St. Paul quite as much taste for reading among business men as exists elsewhere, a growing fancy for rare books, and find some private collections of interest. Though music and art cannot be said to be generally cultivated, there are in private circles musical enthusiasm and musical ability, and many of the best examples of modern painting are to be found in private houses. Indeed, there is one gallery in which is a collection of pictures by foreign artists that would be notable in any city. These things are mentioned as indications of a liberalizing use of wealth.

Wisconsin is not only one of the most progressive, but one of the most enlightened, States in the Union. Physically it is an agreeable and beautiful State, agriculturally it is rich, in the southern and central portions at least, and it is overlaid with a perfect net-work of railways. All this is well known. I wish to speak of certain other things which give it distinction. I mean the prevailing spirit in education and in social-economic problems. In some respects it leads all the other States.

There seem to be two elements in the State contending for the mastery, one the New England, but emancipated from tradition, the other the foreign, with ideas of liberty not of New England origin. Neither is afraid of new ideas nor of trying social experiments. Co-education seems to be everywhere accepted without question, as if it were already demonstrated that the mingling of the sexes in the higher education will produce the sort of men and women most desirable in the highest civilization. The success of women in the higher schools, the capacity shown by women in the management of public institutions and in reforms and charities, have perhaps something to do with the favor to woman suffrage. It may be that, if women vote there in general elections as well as school matters, on the ground that every public office "relates to education," prohibition will be agitated as it is in most other States, but at present the lager-bier interest is too strong to give prohibition much chance. The capital invested in the manufacture of beer makes this interest a political element of great importance.

Milwaukee and Madison may be taken to represent fairly the civilization of Wisconsin. Milwaukee, having a population of about 175,000, is a beautiful city, with some characteristics peculiar to itself, having the settled air of being much older than it is, a place accustomed to money and considerable elegance of living. The situation on the lake is fine, the high curving bluffs offering most attractive sites for residences, and the rolling country about having a quiet beauty. Grand Avenue, an extension of the main business thoroughfare of the city, runs out into the country some two miles, broad, with a solid road, a stately avenue, lined with fine dwellings, many of them palaces in size and elegant in design. Fashion seems to hesitate between the east side and the west side, but the east or lake side seems to have the advantage in situation, certainly in views, and contains a greater proportion of the American population than the other. Indeed, it is not easy to recall a quarter of any busy city which combines more comfort, evidences of wealth and taste and refinement, and a certain domestic character, than this portion of the town on the bluffs, Prospect Avenue and the adjacent streets. With the many costly and elegant houses there is here and there one rather fantastic, but the whole effect is pleasing, and the traveller feels no hesitation in deciding that this would be an agreeable place to live. From the avenue the lake prospect is wonderfully attractive—the beauty of Lake Michigan in changing color and variety of lights in sun and storm cannot be too much insisted on—and this is especially true of the noble Esplanade, where stands the bronze statue (a gift of two citizens) of Solomon Juneau, the first settler of Milwaukee in 1818. It is a very satisfactory figure, and placed where it is, it gives a sort of foreign distinction to the open place which the city has wisely left for public use. In this part of the town is the house of the Milwaukee Club, a good building, one of the most tasteful internally, and one of the best appointed, best arranged, and comfortable club-houses in

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the country. Near this is the new Art Museum (also the gift of a private citizen), a building greatly to be commended for its excellent proportions, simplicity, and chasteness of style, and adaptability to its purpose. It is a style that will last, to please the eye, and be more and more appreciated as the taste of the community becomes more and more refined.

In this quarter are many of the churches, of the average sort, but none calling for special mention except St. Paul's, which is noble in proportions and rich in color, and contains several notable windows of stained glass, one of them occupying the entire end of one transept, the largest, I believe, in the country. It is a copy of Doré's painting of Christ on the way to the Crucifixion, an illuminated street scene, with superb architecture of marble and porphyry, and crowded with hundreds of figures in colors of Oriental splendor. The colors are rich and harmonious, but it is very brilliant, flashing in the sunlight with magnificent effect, and I am not sure but it would attract the humble sinners of Milwaukee from a contemplation of their little faults which they go to church to confess.

The city does not neglect education, as the many thriving public schools testify. It has a public circulating library of 42,000 volumes, sustained at an expense of $22,000 a year by a tax; is free, and well patronized. There are good private collections of books also, one that I saw large and worthy to be called a library, especially strong in classic English literature.

Perhaps the greatest industry of the city, certainly the most conspicuous, is brewing. I do not say that the city is in the hands of the brewers, but with their vast establishments they wield great power. One of them, the largest in the country, and said to equal in its capacity any in the world, has in one group seven enormous buildings, and is impressive by its extent and orderly management, as well as by the rivers of amber fluid which it pours out for this thirsty country. Milwaukee, with its large German element —two-thirds of the population, most of whom are freethinkers—has no Sunday except in a holiday sense; the theatres are all open, and the pleasure-gardens, which are extensive, are crowded with merry-makers in the season. It is, in short, the Continental fashion, and while the churches and church-goers are like churches and church-goers everywhere, there is an air of general Continental freedom.

The general impression of Milwaukee is that it is a city of much wealth and a great deal of comfort, with a settled, almost conservative feeling, like an Eastern city, and charming, cultivated social life, with the grace and beauty that are common in American society anywhere. I think the men generally would be called well-looking, robust, of the quiet, assured manner of an old community. The women seen on the street and in the shops are of good physique and good color and average good looks, without anything startling in the way of beauty or elegance. I speak of the general aspect of the town, and I mention the well-to-do physical condition because it contradicts the English prophecy of a physical decadence in the West, owing to the stimulating climate and the restless pursuit of wealth. On the train to Madison (the line runs through a beautiful country) one might have fancied that he was on a local New England train: the same plain, good sort of people, and in abundance the well-looking, domestic sort of young women.

Madison is a great contrast to Milwaukee. Although it is the political and educational centre, has the Capitol and the State University, and a population of about 15,000, it is like a large village, with the village habits and friendliness. On elevated, hilly ground, between two charming lakes, it has an almost unrivalled situation, and is likely to possess, in the progress of years and the accumulation of wealth, the picturesqueness and beauty that travellers ascribe to Stockholm. With the hills of the town, the gracefully curving shores of the lakes and their pointed bays, the gentle elevations beyond the lakes, and the capacity of these two bodies of water as pleasure resorts, with elegant music pavilions and fleets of boats for the sail and the oar—why do we not take a hint from the painted Venetian sail?—there is no limit to what may be expected in the way of refined beauty of Madison in the summer, if it remains a city of education and of laws, and does not get up a "boom," and set up factories, and blacken all the landscape with coal smoke!

The centre of the town is a big square, pleasantly tree-planted, so large that the facing rows of shops and houses have a

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remote and dwarfed appearance, and in the middle of it is the great pillared State-house, American style. The town itself is one of unpretentious, comfortable houses, some of them with elegant interiors, having plenty of books and the spoils of foreign travel. In one of them, the old-fashioned but entirely charming mansion of Governor Fairchild, I cannot refrain from saying, is a collection which, so far as I know, is unique in the world—a collection to which the helmet of Don Quixote gives a certain flavor; it is of barbers' basins, of all ages and countries.

Wisconsin is working out its educational ideas on an intelligent system, and one that may be expected to demonstrate the full value of the popular method—I mean a more intimate connection of the university with the life of the people than exists elsewhere. What effect this will have upon the higher education in the ultimate civilization of the State is a question of serious and curious interest. Unless the experience of the ages is misleading, the tendency of the "practical" in all education is a downward and material one, and the highest civilization must continue to depend upon a pure scholarship, and upon what are called abstract ideas. Even so practical a man as Socrates found the natural sciences inadequate to the inner needs of the soul. "I thought," he says, "as I have failed in the contemplation of true existence (by means of the sciences), I ought to be careful that I did not lose the eye of the soul, as people may injure their bodily eye by gazing on the sun during an eclipse....That occurred to me, and I was afraid that my soul might be blinded altogether if I looked at things with my eyes, or tried by the help of the senses to apprehend them. And I thought I had better have recourse to ideas, and seek in them the truth of existence." The intimate union of the university with the life of the people is a most desirable object, if the university does not descend and lose its high character in the process.

The graded school system of the State is vigorous, all working up to the university. This is a State institution, and the State is fairly liberal to it, so far as practical education is concerned. It has a magnificent new science building, and will have excellent shops and machinery for the sciences (especially the applied) and the mechanic arts. The system is elective. A small per cent. of the students take Greek, a larger number Latin, French, and German, but the university is largely devoted to science. In all the departments, including law, there are about six hundred students, of whom above one hundred are girls. There seems to be no doubt about co-education as a practical matter in the conduct of the college, and as a desirable thing for women. The girls are good students, and usually take more than half the highest honors on the marking scale. Notwithstanding the testimony of the marks, however, the boys say that the girls don't "know" as much as they do about things generally, and they (the boys) have no doubt of their ability to pass the girls either in scholarship or practical affairs in the struggle of life. The idea seems to be that the girls are serious in education only up to a certain point, and that marriage will practically end the rivalry.

The distinguishing thing, however, about the State University is its vital connection with the farmers and the agricultural interests. I do not refer to the agricultural department, which it has in common with many colleges, nor to the special short agricultural course of three months in the winter, intended to give farmers' boys, who enter it without examination or other connection with the university, the most available agricultural information in the briefest time, the intention being not to educate boys away from a taste for farming, but to make them better farmers. The students must be not less than sixteen years old, and have a common-school education. During the term of twelve weeks they have lectures by the professors and recitations on practical and theoretical agriculture, on elementary and agricultural chemistry, on elemental botany, with laboratory practice, and on the anatomy of our domestic animals and the treatment of their common diseases. But what I wish to call special attention to is the connection of the university with the farmers' institutes.

A special act of the Legislature, drawn by a lawyer, Mr. C. E. Estabrook, authorized the farmers' institutes, and placed them under the control of the regents of the university, who have the power to select a State superintendent to control them. A committee of three of the

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regents has special charge of the institutes. Thus the farmers are brought into direct relation with the university, and while, as a prospectus says, they are not actually non-resident students of the university, they receive information and instruction directly from it. The State appropriates twelve thousand dollars a year to this work, which pays the salaries of Mr. W. H. Morrison, the superintendent, to whose tact and energy the success of the institutes is largely due, and his assistants, and enables him to pay the expenses of specialists and agriculturists who can instruct the farmers and wisely direct the discussions at the meetings. By reason of this complete organization, which penetrates every part of the State, subjects of most advantage are considered, and time is not wasted in merely amateur debates.

I know of no other State where a like system of popular instruction on a vital and universal interest of the State, directed by the highest educational authority, is so perfectly organized and carried on with such unity of purpose and detail of administration; no other in which the farmer is brought systematically into such direct relations to the university. In the current year there have been held eighty-two farmers' institutes in forty-five counties. The list of practical topics discussed is 279, and in this service have been engaged one hundred and seven workers, thirty-one of whom are specialists from other States. This is an "agricultural college," on a grand scale, brought to the homes of the people. The meetings are managed by local committees in such a way as to evoke local pride, interest, and talent. I will mention some of the topics that were thoroughly discussed at one of the institutes: clover as a fertilizer; recuperative agriculture; bee-keeping; taking care of the little things about the house and farm; the education for farmers' daughters; the whole economy of sheep husbandry; egg production; poultry; the value of thought and application in farming; horses to breed for the farm and market; breeding and management of swine; mixed farming; grain-raising; assessment and collection of taxes; does knowledge pay? (with illustrations of money made by knowledge of the market); breeding and care of cattle, with expert testimony as to the best sorts of cows; points in corn culture; full discussion of small-fruit culture; butter-making as a fine art; the dairy; our country roads; agricultural education. So, during the winter, every topic that concerns the well-being of the home, the profit of the farm, the moral welfare of the people and their prosperity, was intelligently discussed, with audiences fully awake to the value of this practical and applied education. Some of the best of these discussions are printed and widely distributed. Most of them are full of wise details in the way of thrift and money-making, but I am glad to see that the meetings also consider the truth that as much care should be given to the rearing of boys and girls as of calves and colts, and that brains are as necessary in farming as in any other occupation.

As these farmers' institutes are conducted, I do not know any influence comparable to them in waking up the farmers to think, to inquire into new and improved methods, and to see in what real prosperity consists. With prosperity, as a rule, the farmer and his family are conservative, law-keeping, church-going, good citizens. The little appropriation of twelve thousand dollars has already returned to the State a hundredfold financially and a thousandfold in general intelligence.

I have spoken of the habit in Minnesota and Wisconsin of depending mostly upon one crop—that of spring wheat—and the disasters from this single reliance in bad years. Hard lessons are beginning to teach the advantage of mixed farming and stock-raising. In this change the farmers' institutes of Wisconsin have been potent. As one observer says, "They have produced a revolution in the mode of farming, raising crops, and caring for stock." The farmers have been enabled to protect themselves against the effects of drought and other evils. Taking the advice of the institute in 1886, the farmers planted 50,000 acres of ensilage corn, which took the place of the short hay crop caused by the drought. This provision saved thousands of dollars' worth of stock in several counties. From all over the State comes the testimony of farmers as to the good results of the institute work, like this: "Several thousand dollars' worth of improved stock have been brought in. Creameries and cheese factories have been established and well supported. Farmers are no longer raising grain exclusively as heretofore. Our hill-

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sides are covered with clover. Our farmers are encouraged to labor anew. A new era of prosperity in our State dates from the farmers' institutes."

There is abundant evidence that a revolution is going on in the farming of Wisconsin, greatly assisted, if not inaugurated, by this systematic popular instruction from the university as a centre. It may not greatly interest the reader that the result of this will be greater agricultural wealth in Wisconsin, but it does concern him that putting intelligence into farming must inevitably raise the level of the home life and the general civilization of Wisconsin. I have spoken of this centralized, systematic effort in some detail because it seems more efficient than the work of agricultural societies and sporadic institutes in other States.

In another matter Wisconsin has taken a step in advance of other States; that is, in the care of the insane. The State has about 2600 insane, increasing at the rate of about 167 a year. The provisions in the State for these are the State Hospital (capacity of 500), Northern Hospital (capacity of 600), the Milwaukee Asylum (capacity of 255), and fifteen county asylums for the chronic insane, including two nearly ready (capacity 1220). The improvement in the care of the insane consists in several particulars—the doing away of restraints, either by mechanical appliances or by narcotics, reasonable separation of the chronic cases from the others, increased liberty, and the substitution of wholesome labor for idleness. Many of these changes have been brought about by the establishment of county asylums, the feature of which I wish specially to speak. The State asylums were crowded beyond their proper capacity, classification was difficult in them, and a large number of the insane were miserably housed in county jails and poor-houses. The evils of great establishments were more and more apparent, and it was determined to try the experiment of county asylums. These have now been in operation for six years, and a word about their constitution and perfectly successful operation may be of public service.

These asylums, which are only for the chronic insane, are managed by local authorities, but under constant and close State supervision; this last provision is absolutely essential, and no doubt accounts for the success of the undertaking. It is not necessary here to enter into details as to the construction of these buildings. They are of brick, solid, plain, comfortable, and of a size to accommodate not less than fifty nor more than one hundred inmates: an institution with less than fifty is not economical; one with a larger number than one hundred is unwieldy, and beyond the personal supervision of the superintendent. A farm is needed for economy in maintenance and to furnish occupation for the men; about four acres for each inmate is a fair allowance. The land should be fertile, and adapted to a variety of crops as well as to cattle, and it should have woodland to give occupation in the winter. The fact is recognized that idleness is no better for an insane than for a sane person. The house-work is all done by the women; the farm, garden, and general out-door work by the men. Experience shows that three-fourths of the chronic insane can be furnished occupation of some sort, and greatly to their physical and moral well-being. The nervousness incident always to restraint and idleness disappears with liberty and occupation. Hence greater happiness and comfort to the insane, and occasionally a complete or partial cure.

About one attendant to twenty insane persons is sufficient, but it is necessary that these should have intelligence and tact; the men capable of leading in farm-work, the women to instruct in house-work and dress-making, and it is well if they can play some musical instrument and direct in amusements. One of the most encouraging features of this experiment in small asylums has been the discovery of so many efficient superintendents and matrons among the intelligent farmers and business men of the rural districts, who have the practical sagacity and financial ability to carry on these institutions successfully.

These asylums are as open as a school; no locked doors (instead of window-bars, the glass-frames are of iron painted white), no pens made by high fences. The inmates are free to go and come at their work, with no other restraint than the watch of the attendants. The asylum is a home and not a prison. The great thing is to provide occupation. The insane, it is found, can be trained to regular industry, and it is remarkable how little restraint is needed if an earnest effort is made to do without it. In the county

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asylums of Wisconsin about one person in a thousand is in restraint or seclusion each day. The whole theory seems to be to treat the insane like persons in some way diseased, who need occupation, amusement, kindness. The practice of this theory in the Wisconsin county asylums is so successful that it must ultimately affect the treatment of the insane all over the country.

And the beauty of it is that it is as economical as it is enlightened and humane. The secret of providing occupation for this class is to buy as little material and hire as little labor as possible; let the women make the clothes, and the men do the farm-work without the aid of machinery. The surprising result of this is that some of these asylums approach the point of being self-supporting, and all of them save money to the counties, compared with the old method. The State has not lost by these asylums, and the counties have gained; nor has the economy been purchased at the expense of humanity to the insane; the insane in the county asylums have been as well clothed, lodged, and fed as in the State institutions, and have had more freedom, and consequently more personal comfort and a better chance of abating their mania. This is the result arrived at by an exhaustive report on these county asylums in the report of the State Board of Charities and Reforms, of which Mr. Albert O. Wright is secretary. The average cost per week per capita of patients in the asylums by the latest report was, in the State Hospital, $4 39; in the Northern Hospital, $4 33; in the county asylums, $1 89.

The new system considers the education of the chronic insane an important part of their treatment; not specially book-learning (though that may be included), but training of the mental, moral, and physical faculties in habits of order, propriety, and labor. By these means wonders have been worked for the insane. The danger, of course, is that the local asylums may fall into unproductive routine, and that politics will interfere with the intelligent State supervision. If Wisconsin is able to keep her State institutions out of the clutches of men with whom politics is a business simply for what they can make out of it (as it is with those who oppose a civil service not based upon partisan dexterity and subserviency), she will carry her enlightened ideas into the making of a model State. The working out of such a noble reform as this in the treatment of the insane can only be intrusted to men specially qualified by knowledge, sympathy, and enthusiasm, and would be impossible in the hands of changing political workers. The systematized enlightenment of the farmers in the farmers' institutes by means of their vital connection with the university needs the steady direction of those who are devoted to it and not to any party success. As to education generally, it may be said that while for the present the popular favor to the State University depends upon its being "practical" in this and other ways, the time will come when it will be seen that the highest service it can render the State is by upholding pure scholarship, without the least material object.

Another institution of which Wisconsin has reason to be proud is the State Historical Society—a corporation (dating from 1853) with perpetual succession, supported by an annual appropriation of five thousand dollars, with provisions for printing the reports of the society and the catalogues of the library. It is housed in the Capitol. The society has accumulated interesting historical portraits, cabinets of antiquities, natural history, and curiosities, a collection of copper, and some valuable MSS. for the library. The library is one of the best historical collections in the country. The excellence of it is largely due to Lyman C. Draper, LL.D., who was its secretary for thirty-three years, but who began as early as 1834 to gather facts and materials for border history and biography, and who had in 1852 accumulated thousands of manuscripts and historical statements, the nucleus of the present splendid library, which embraces rare and valuable works relating to the history of nearly every State. This material is arranged by States, and readily accessible to the student. Indeed, there are few historical libraries in the country where historical research in American subjects can be better prosecuted than in this. The library began in January, 1854, with fifty volumes. In January, 1887, it had 57,935 volumes and 60,731 pamphlets and documents, making a total of 118,666 titles.

There is a large law library in the Statehouse, the university has a fair special library for the students, and in the city is a good public circulating library, free, supported by a tax, and much used. For a

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young city, it is therefore very well off for books.

Madison is not only an educational centre, but an intelligent city; the people read and no doubt buy books, but they do not support book-stores. The shops where books are sold are variety shops, dealing in stationery, artists' materials, cheap pictures, bric-à-brac. Books are of minor importance, and but few are kept "in stock." Indeed, bookselling is not a profitable part of the business; it does not pay to "handle" books, or to keep the run of new publications, or to keep a supply of standard works. In this the shops of Madison are not peculiar. It is true all over the West, except in two or three large cities, and true perhaps not quite so generally in the East; the book-shops are not the literary and intellectual centres they used to be.

There are several reasons given for this discouraging state of the book trade. Perhaps it is true that people accustomed to newspapers full of "selections," to the flimsy publications found on the cheap counters, and to the magazines, do not buy "books that are books," except for "furnishing"; that they depend more and more upon the circulating libraries for anything that costs more than an imported cigar or half a pound of candy. The local dealers say that the system of the great publishing houses is unsatisfactory as to prices and discounts. Private persons can get the same discounts as the dealers, and can very likely, by ordering a list, buy more cheaply than of the local bookseller, and therefore, as a matter of business, he says that it does not pay to keep books; he gives up trying to sell them, and turns his attention to "varieties." Another reason for the decline in the trade may be in the fact that comparatively few booksellers are men of taste in letters, men who read, or keep the run of new publications. If a retail grocer knew no more of his business than many booksellers know of theirs, he would certainly fail. It is a pity on all accounts that the book trade is in this condition. A bookseller in any community, if he is a man of literary culture, and has a love of books and knowledge of them, can do a great deal for the cultivation of the public taste. His shop becomes a sort of intellectual centre of the town. If the public find there an atmosphere of books, and are likely to have their wants met for publications new or rare, they will generally sustain the shop. At least this is my observation. Still I should not like to attempt to say whether the falling off in the retail book trade is due to want of skill in the sellers, to the publishing machinery, or to public indifference. The subject is worthy the attention of experts. It is undeniably important to maintain everywhere these little depots of intellectual supply. In a town new to him the visitor is apt to estimate the taste, the culture, the refinement, as well as the wealth of the town, by its shops. The stock in the dry-goods and fancy stores tells one thing, that in the art stores another thing, that in the book-stores another thing, about the inhabitants. The West, even on the remote frontiers, is full of magnificent stores of goods, telling of taste as well as luxury; the book-shops are the poorest of all.

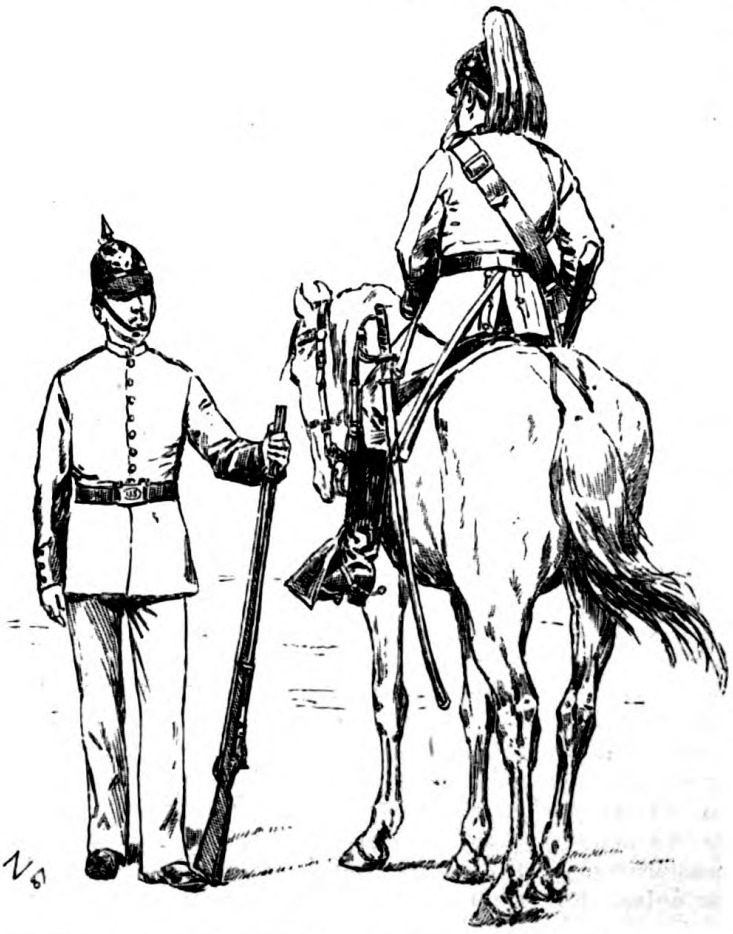
The impression of the Northwest, thus far seen, is that of tremendous energy, material refinement, much open-mindedness, considerable self-appreciation, uncommon sagacity in meeting new problems, generous hospitality, the Old Testament notion of possessing this world, rather more recognition of the pecuniary as the only success than exists in the East and South, intense national enthusiasm, and unblushing and most welcome "Americanism."

In these sketchy observations on the Northwest nothing has seemed to me more interesting and important than the agricultural changes going on in eastern Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In the vast wheat farms, as well as in the vast cattle ranges, there is an element of speculation, if not of gambling, of the chance of immense profits or of considerable loss, that is neither conducive to the stable prosperity nor to the moral soundness of a State. In the breaking up of the great farms, and in the introduction of varied agriculture and cattle raising on a small scale, there will not be so many great fortunes made, but each State will be richer as a whole, and less liable to yearly fluctuations in prosperity. But the gain most worth considering will be in the home life and the character of the citizens. The best life of any community depends upon varied industries. No part of the United States has ever prospered, as regards the well-being of the mass of the people, that relied upon the production of a single staple.

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THE LEAVENWORTH SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES KING, U.S.A.



WHILE West Point is the cadet school of the army, and each year sees its graduating class commissioned into service, it must not be supposed that the theoretical work ends here. Referring to this very subject in his address to a class of young officers just completing their four years' course at the academy, a distinguished soldier warned them that while they might be considered to have finished their preliminary instruction, their *education* was now just about to begin.

Of course it was true, said the young gentlemen, as they stowed away their long-coveted diplomas; that is, so far as the scientific branches of the fighting force—the engineers, ordnance, and artillery—are concerned. Certainly their officers have much to study and much to learn, or they fall behind in the professional race. They have schools of instruction and application, the engineers at Willet's Point, the artillery at Old Point Comfort, but just how that remark was to apply to the bulk of the graduates, to the young soldiers joining the cavalry and infantry regiments out on "the plains," was something they did not so clearly see.

The time was, in the very recent past, when the officers of the line of the army had little leisure and less opportunity for book study. It is a pet theory of civilian censors that army life is one of indolence and lack of occupation; but it is safe to say that such critics know nothing of the service west of the Missouri as it is to-day, and still less of what it was in the ten or fifteen years that immediately followed our civil war. Here and there over the broad frontier were scattered little detachments of foot or horse, often a mere company at a given point, guarding some party of engineers or surveyors, or watching the movements of a horde of savages who seemed thirsting for a pretext on which to break their pledges to the government and to lash out upon the war-path. Those were days of isolation and hardship, whose monotony was mended only by a remedy that, in view of its fatal results, was often worse than the malady; but Indian fighting was all the diversion that circumstances permitted, and every officer and man was studying his trade practically and in face of the foe. There is no place here for dissertation on the subject, but the fact remains that west of the Missouri no rod of road was surveyed, no rood of land was tilled, until swept by the rifles of "the regulars." And as for the great railways that now span the continent, and have brought the very wilderness under tribute, the mile-posts of their longest are not enough in number to score the

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lives of our officers and men laid down in Indian battle during the years it took to build them. For the nation they were years of slumberous peace, and very little was known or cared about what was going on "out West." And the nation would doubtless be greatly surprised to hear how many hundred gallant lives were sacrificed in the ten years that succeeded the war of the rebellion, and how many hundred officers and men bear upon their bodies this day the scars of Indian arrow or deadlier bullet.

As road after road was built, however, and the various tribes were subjected or placated, as happened to be the policy of the Interior Department at the time, the troops were called in from outlying camp and scattered bivouac. Here and there over the wide West there sprang up big clusters of barn-like structures, arranged about a square or diamond-shaped "parade," and magnificently termed a fort, in defiance of its structural weakness and the fact that the pluck of the garrison was its only parapet. Neither were they ornamental, these military caravansaries; but all the same under their ugly wing all manner of little settlements nestled for shelter, waxed strong and populous, and then, when they had become self-reliant in their populace and covetous of adjoining lands, did we not hear their representatives in Congress assembled, for whom our chaplain hebdomadally prayed, and we, as in duty bound, responded "Amen!"—did we not hear these orators and statesmen denouncing us as a "menace to the liberties of the people," and demanding that we be ordered elsewhere, and our reservation be thrown open for settlement? Many a frontier fortress, built at fabulous expense to Uncle Sam, and correspondent profit to the contractors, has in this way outlived its usefulness, and seen its blades beaten into pruning-hooks and its sheltering barracks into kindling-wood for its quondam *protégés*. Many a name that recalls the stirring days along the old "Smoky Hill Route," and fierce battle with Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arrapahoe, has faded from the records; and bustling towns have sprung up around the site where Harker, Larned, Zarah, Wallace, and McPherson once were only frontier forts, but "monarch of all they surveyed."

But besides these ramshackle tenements, that must have cost at the rate of a dollar a shingle, the government owned some fine reservations, with solid and unpicturesque "quarters" of brick or stone, and two of these were in the thriving State of Kansas. One after another the nation gave up its claim on the various military posts in favor of this young sister, as she strode from hindermost to head of the wheat-producing commonwealths, but held on to two or three which were of strategic importance, and during the administration of General Sherman at the head of the army the largest and finest of these became the seat of a new army school.

It was rather a problem, the establishment of that school. We had maintained, as has been said, something of the kind for the benefit of the engineers, and an artillery school at Fortress Monroe for the finishing touches to be given our gunners; but here came a proposition to found a school for the instruction of the officers of the cavalry and infantry arms. Its origin seems as vague as the instructions to its first commanders. General Pope, who had long been at the head of the "Department of the Missouri," is said to have conceived the idea of having an entire regiment of infantry or cavalry garrisoned at one big post and taught practically all manner of military knowledge that would be useful in the field, each regiment in the department to come in turn; but at the head-quarters of the army it was decided to found a school both practical and theoretical for the benefit of the officers of "the line," and rather to the disgust of the first batch of presumable beneficiaries, the experiment came to a head in 1881.

Pupils there were in plenty, since the whole army list lay open, but professors were lacking; so were text-books, maps, models, apparatus, desks, chalk, blackboards, stoves and fuel, and the dozens of things a school must have before it is equipped for work. The General of the Army was a man whom obstacles, as we all know, only inspired, and he brushed this aside, as he had greater ones, with the simple mandate, "Go and do it—anyhow."

Of the early history of the school, perhaps the least said, the soonest mended. The organizers chose a curriculum which was interesting as an experiment, but had faint attractions for the bulk of the pupils. Many of the students of the origi-

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nal detail were men who had enjoyed no advantages of early education, and had long since become resigned to the prospect of worrying along without one. service without the faintest conception of Sturm's Theorem, or caring a Continental who signed the Magna Charta. It is to the credit of the service that while both



FROM "SHERIDAN'S RIDE" ON THE BLUFFS.

Appointees from the ranks or from civil life being largely predominant among them, it was decided by the authorities that arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, etc., were indispensable to their higher comprehension of the military art, and were concerned to discover that there were not a few veterans among their stalwart pupils who had managed to survive through a devastating war and years of frontier teachers and pupils had many doubts as to whether the curriculum were really of lasting benefit, most of their number went to work with a will and did their best; and as for the backsliders, it was not the fact that they had to study and recite that troubled them, so much as the conviction

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that they were burning the midnight oil in cramming solid pages of wisdom that might have been digested earlier in life, but were provocative of a mental dyspepsia now.

There was something very alluring about this proposed school down there in that beautiful wooded bluff country around Fort Leavenworth. Visions of manœuvres of large bodies of horse and foot; of brigade drills; campaign marches; field reconnoissances; and surveying; planning of earthworks, siege approaches, and mines; pontoon and trestle building; experiments with modern arms and systems of tactics; comparisons of the various European formations; study of the European *manége* and its possible application to our plains and mountains; lectures on the great campaigns of history; interesting problems in minor tactics; grand guards, outposts; partisan and picket service—these and others of like calibre were conjured up as among the possibilities; but the dream was soon shattered. The student officer came down from the heights of a visionary Parnassus to grapple with Hagar's Arithmetic. Those who had acquired a certain education in earlier life were spared this reversion to the days of their "teens," and given a course in Military and International Law, the "Operations of War," Field Fortifications and Outposts; but one-half their number went back to the pursuits of early youth. The authorities had magniloquently styled the new establishment the "School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry," the War Department stripped off a shade or two, and called it the "United States Infantry and Cavalry School," but the irreverent and unwilling pupil derisively dubbed it the "Kindergarten."

"Give a dog a bad name," and you know the result. The school had one at the outset, and there followed a period of hard pulling—both ways. But the powers were unmoved from their stern purpose: the school went on; so did the pupils; and by-and-by it became a fixture; and now it is a fact, but a very different thing from what it was six years agone. Through much tribulation and vexation of spirit it has passed the experimental stage, and come forward a claimant for honors.

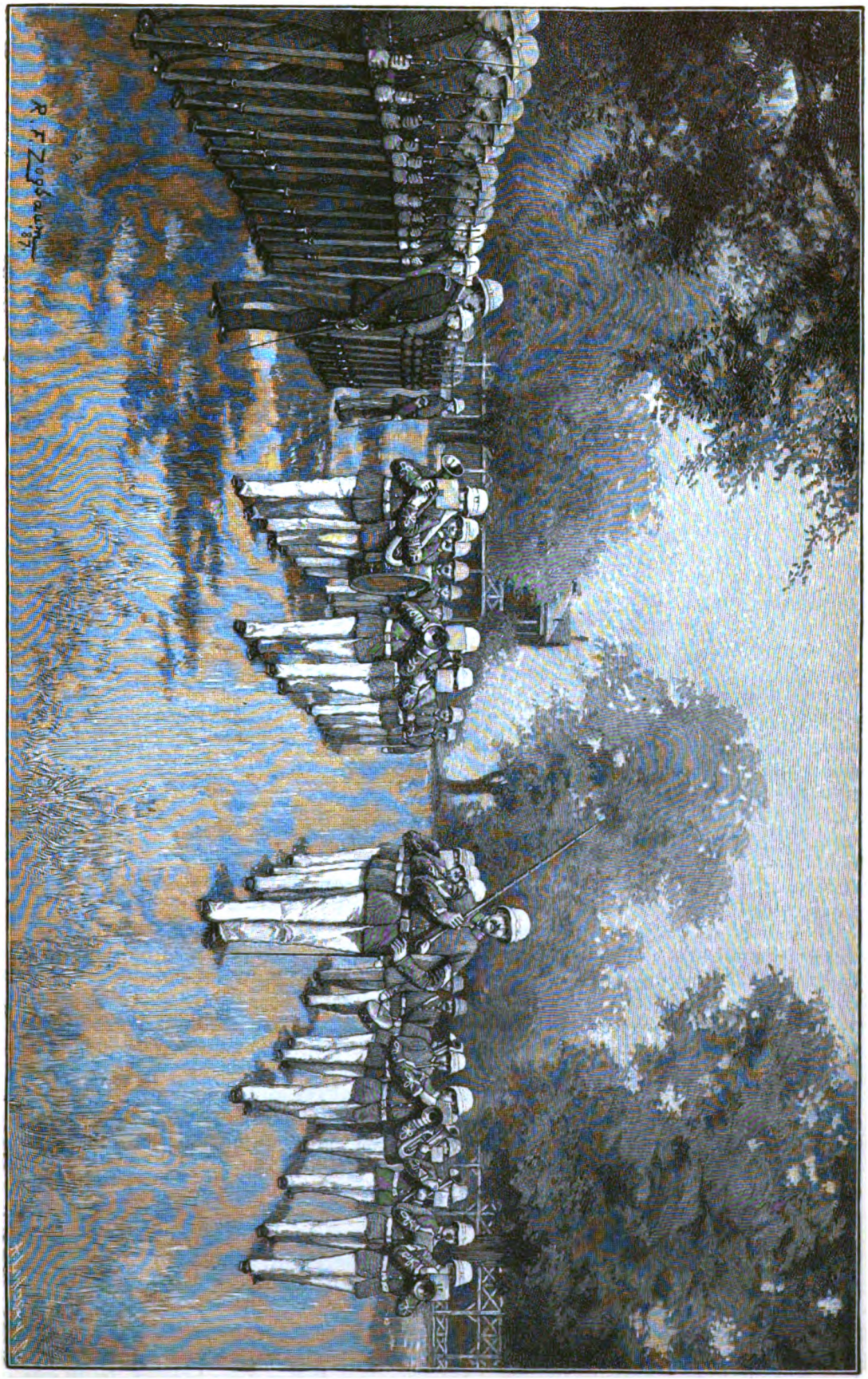
On the right bank of the big Missouri, only a few miles above the sudden and final eastward bend, is the old town of Leavenworth, once prodigally hopeful, but now left in the lurch by luckier towns along the trunk lines "'cross continent"; and just a long rifle-shot away from its northern skirts there rises from the river a range of beautifully wooded bluffs. There, several years before the war, was built the old frontier station of Fort Leavenworth, and now it is the most populous military township in the country, the seat of the once anathematized "School of Application." It is well worth a visit at any season of the year, despite the heat of midsummer, but is never so attractive as in May and early June.

The massive buildings of the old permanent post are nearly hidden by the foliage. As we enter the main gate the slopes to the right are crowned by the walls of the once formidable arsenal and its out-buildings, now used as the head-quarters of the Department of the Missouri. North of these, on the ridge between us and the river bluffs, are the commodious and broad-verandaed homes of the general commanding the department and the officers of his staff; and then straight ahead there opens out before us a broad quadrangle, carpeted with a rich, soft, vivid green, bordered by stately elms, and shaded here and there by beautiful clusters of grand old trees, bounded by broad graded roads, and hemmed in by the main buildings of the school itself. This is the enclosure of old Fort Leavenworth.

We have come without stop, for the strains of martial music and the distant glint of arms tell that some one of the ceremonies of the day is taking place, and thanks to our early start from town, we are just in time for guard mount. The dew is not yet off the grass, the birds are flitting and chirping from bough to bough, sunshine and shadow alternate on the beautiful carpet of the parade, and the band, in cool summer dress and white helmets, pours forth rich, ringing melody as the "details" come marching out from the barrack behind the western trees.

Except for these barracks and one long, austere, prison-like structure on the eastern front—the abode of most of the bachelor officers—the parade is surrounded by roomy, cozy, bower-like cottages, all covered with climbing vines and hidden by flowering plants, and these are the quarters of the colonel commanding the school,

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THE GUARD MOUNT.

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and of the senior officers of the corps of instructors. Early as is the hour, there are glimpses here and there of graceful feminine forms upon the verandas, and where these are seen there are sure to be attendant groups of martial figures, generally slender, erect, and distinguished by snugly fitting "blouses" and by bright blue trousers whose sides are decked with broad stripes of cool white or glowing yellow. It is breakfast-time all over the garrison, and women whose lives have been spent within sound of the drum are not apt to leave their coffee to gaze at a little display they can see any day in the year. Those whom we see among the vines and flowers of the porches, or strolling along the shaded walks with their attendant escorts, are young belles from elsewhere, visiting relations at Leavenworth, and taking a peep at army life that may result in a lasting acquaintance with it, unless all signs fail in such dry weather as that of a Kansas June. The escorts are, of course, the young "student officers," making hay while the sun shines, and forgetful, during the brief half-hour of guard mounting, of the sterner work that must fill up the day.

Meantime, however, the soldierly ceremony goes on, regardless of the coquetry along the neighboring verandas or the swarms of merrily laughing children who are chasing along the borders of the parade. The band plays a spirited Hungarian mazurka, while the acting adjutant and the officer of the guard, both students, are making their inspection of the statuesque line of soldiery. The rifles of the infantry and the carbines of the dismounted troopers are carefully overhauled, and every item of attire scrutinized. Then follows a sparkling waltz, which sets some enthusiastic couples to dancing behind the screening vines of the piazzas, but is powerless to move a muscle of the guard, standing solidly at "parade rest," with their eyes apparently fixed on vacancy. The waltz ceases, and then, after the "present" to the officer of the day, who stands in solemn grandeur at the northern limit of the grassy lawn, the little detachment wheels into column, and to the liveliest marching music makes the circuit of the parade, and passes in review before the official to whose guardianship the destinies of the garrison are confided for the next twenty-four hours. The swords of the officers are lowered in graceful salute, the drum-major whirls his baton and wheels his bandsmen out of column, and then, duly installed, the guard tramps away over the green to "take over" the property and prisoners from its predecessor.

This, however, is a daily feature of almost every post, from Preble in Maine to the Presidio of San Francisco. The next scene of the day is one that is distinctive and characteristic of the school. We are in the midst of examination week, and the subject that happens to come foremost this morning is Infantry Tactics.

On the second floor of one of the red brick buildings west of the parade is a long, well-lighted room whose Venetian windows open out upon a broad gallery. Around three sides of the room, opposite the light, is a raised dais and a continuous line of black-board. On the window side, with their backs to the light, are the examiners and several members of the Board of Visitors. All—the board, the examiners, and the pupils—are officers of the army of the United States, and sharp at nine o'clock the friendly, laughing chat suddenly ceases, and the first name is called. The secretary of the school, a tall, distinguished-looking cavalry officer, hands a slip of paper to the man who steps forward from the doorway, and so one after another a dozen subalterns of infantry and cavalry, some youthful and alert, some mature in years and grave in demeanor, receive their problems, and go to the board to illustrate by drawings and then fully describe their methods of solution.

While they are at work it is well to look around the room, for there are men here who have a history. The senior in rank wears upon his shoulder the silver star of a brigadier-general. He is a man of marked soldierly bearing, with clear, penetrating eyes and clean-cut features. His face is closely shaved but for the bristling reddish mustache, and as he stands by the window chatting in low tones with the commandant of the school he looks what he is, the very type of the American officer. One of the "star five" of his class at West Point, commander of one of the best and bravest of volunteer regiments at the outbreak of the war, winning the double stars of a major-general in that stubborn conflict, and the eagles of a colonel in the regular service, he is one of the younger brigadiers of the army to-day;

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ALEXANDER McD. McCOOK, COMMANDANT.

and his next important duty after the revision of the course of instruction at the school is something of far different and more stirring kind—the suppression of a dangerous Indian revolt in the far Northwest, and it is handled as well and as summarily. When Sword-Bearer, the chief of the malcontents, falls pierced with the bullets of the cavalry carbines, his followers lose heart, and the outbreak is stifled in a day.

The commandant is another man with a history. Perhaps he is the more widely known of the two, for he comes of a stock that is famous for its soldiers, and he bears a name that all Americans honor. Stoutly built, with keen blue eyes and florid complexion, sturdy and stocky as a Jersey bull, and with not a little of that taurine's pugnacity and determination, the commandant is a man whose whole being is wrapped up in his profession, and who is emphatically a soldier. Famous as a division and corps commander in those early days of the war when ill-luck seemed to cling to every man who rose so suddenly, he has spent his lifetime in the service, and knows "from a to izzard" every detail of a soldier's needs. It is to him that the great changes that have come over the school are mainly due, and to his persistence that the course has become what it is—a practical scheme for the instruction of the line officers of the army. To this object, as to the discipline of the school, he has given untiring energy and his best efforts, and as a man fitted to carry out his views, his looks do not belie him.

Along the tables in front of the Board

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of Examiners are a number of sheets of drawing-paper, on each side of which is delineated—on some in colors, on others in ink—a map of Fort Leavenworth with the country to the north and northwest. Every road, every bridge, ford, stream, and bridle-path, every building, every height, wood, thicket, field, melon patch, or orchard, is fully indicated, though with more or less artistic skill; and each member of the class is required to show what disposition he would make of a force of thirty thousand men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in proper proportion—to defend that position of Fort Leavenworth from the attack of superior forces known to be advancing from the north. It is a good test, and one that calls for a knowledge of the powers of the three arms of the service and many of the principles of modern warfare. It calls forth much individuality too, for an examination of the plans shows that in many details there is wide difference of opinion as to the proper placing of portions of the force. They are unanimous in one thing, however. There is a broad open valley on the north, "covered" by the wooded heights in rear of the post, and commanded by all the ground to the south. There is not a man apparently who does not so dispose his main line as to compel the enemy to attempt the crossing of that valley under the continuous fire of the defence, and in almost every case the embankment of the narrow-gauge railway is used to excellent advantage. All this is to test their knowledge of higher tactical combinations. The subjects on the board are problems in minor tactics. In its general character the task of one officer is similar to those of all the others, and any one will answer as a specimen. The young lieutenant now explaining his work has been required to throw a battalion of eight companies of infantry into double column; then form line of battle on the right flank by two movements; then to "ploy" into close column by division, on first division, left in front; then to change direction by the right flank; and finally, after deploying once more into line of battle, to place the battalion in its original position. His chalk sketch illustrates the various combinations; he gives in full every command of the colonel and those of the captains, and explains in detail just how each movement must be executed. It is not enough that he tell what the duties of one officer may be: he must be able to instantly take the place of any of them, from colonel down, and to show any man in the command just where he should go, how he should get there, and what he must do on reaching the spot. He must know to an inch the position of every officer, every guide, file-closer, or private soldier, and be able to stand a cross-fire of questioning; for, one after another, the whole board may "take a shy" at him. It is the same with every study theoretically pursued at the school, and there was similar thoroughness in the days of its greatest unpopularity. Whether the old course was well chosen or not was a matter the instructors were not expected to publicly discuss. Their duty was to teach as thoroughly as they could, and by rigid examination assure themselves that their pupils either did or did not study. There were some few men whom they could not teach, perhaps; but there were more whose knowledge they could not and did not accurately gauge.

But it is not in the examination halls that the casual visitor will be most interested. What he or she may prefer most naturally to see are the military exercises in the open air, and no post in the army can present so attractive a variety as Leavenworth.

Projecting westward from the old quadrangle, or east parade, is a roadway lined on the north side by brick barracks and offices for a few hundred yards, and then by a long row of cottages occupied by the officers of the garrison and their families. All this section of the post is termed the "West End," and is quite a little community in itself. Directly in front of the officers' quarters, and across the road, is a broad, open field stretching away southward, and here, for the present, at least, are held all the mounted drills and exercises, and those ceremonies of parade in which the cavalry and the light battery act in conjunction with the infantry. The drill of a battery, with its plunging horses and booming guns and quick, dashing evolutions, is always a stirring sight, while the hoarse shouted commands and pealing bugle calls make the welkin ring even when the guns are silent. But one may see at Leavenworth something new to even veteran light artillerists—a perfect battery drill without bugle note or whisper of command. True, it was one of the finest batteries in all

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A GRAND REVIEW AT THE "WEST END."

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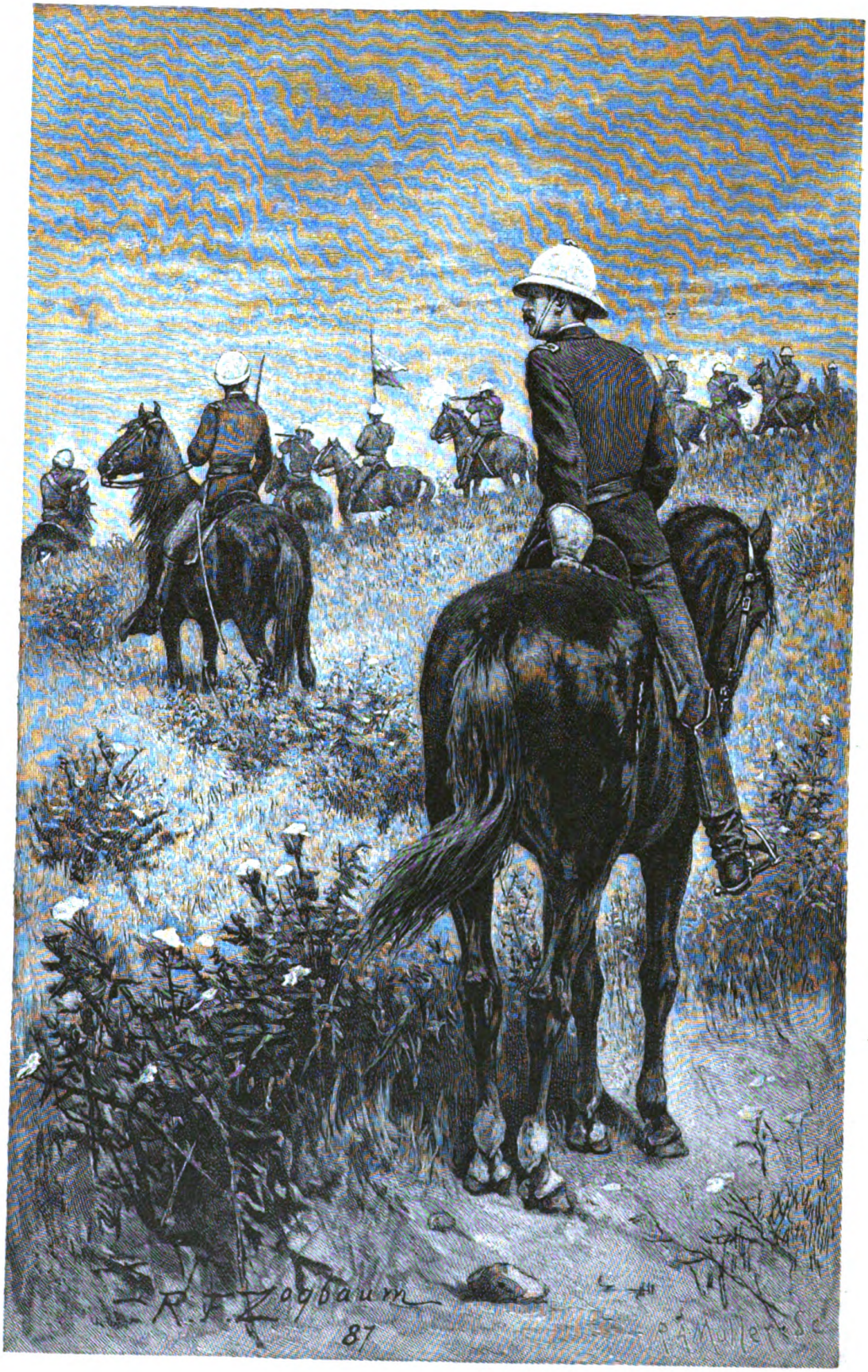
America that accomplished the feat during the late examination week, but it went through it all with an ease and finish as though the very horses had put their heads together beforehand and decided just what should be done. Fancy eight matched teams of glossy bays—four horses to the team — each "near" horse mounted by a rider who controlled the movements of his mate, the "off" horse; each team hitched to its battery carriage, whether gun or caisson; each carriage bearing its quota of cannoneers sitting erect with folded arms, and the long red plumes of their helmets streaming in the wind as the guns bounded over the springy turf; and fancy the whole complicated machine moving in perfect unison this way, that way, every way, wheeling, reversing, or countermarching, at walk, trot, or mad gallop, and not a word spoken or sound heard beyond the rumble of twoscore wheels or muffled thunder of tenscore hoofs. It was all simple enough: every eye in the battery was on the sinewy figure of the tall captain, who rode well out to the front, sabre in hand, and every signal, point, cut, or thrust of that shining blade had a significance never dreamed of by the authors of the tactics.

And by long odds the finest sight at Leavenworth is the review of the entire command out at the West End. The valley of the Missouri lies open to the southward for miles beyond the shining roofs and spires of the town. The buildings of the post gleam on the grassy slopes to the eastward beyond the intervening tenements, and the horizon to the westward is hidden by the long line of picturesque and wooded heights, while the broad area of the drill-ground lies in the foreground, sloping gently away toward the town. Here, early in the summer morning, while the leaves are still dripping with dew and the grass is all a-sparkle, while the sun is still low in the eastern sky, and throwing long shadows over the valley, the whole command is ordered to assemble, and before their standards come in sight the shaded walks are thronged with ladies, and the piazzas of the West End are thrown hospitably open to all visitors, for, despite the early hour, all Leavenworth seems awake. Here and there in front of the quarters are mounted orderlies with the officers' horses, and man after man these dignitaries come forth from their domain plumed, gauntleted, booted, and spurred, swing into saddle, and trot away to join their commands in knightly fashion, while their comrades of the infantry elbow their way to their posts of duty through the groups upon the sidewalk.

The band, in its white plumes and facings, strides out through the dew to its place on the right of the coming line; then, far down the road toward the main garrison, the notes of a bugle are heard, and the eye roams over a long, moving lane of light and contrasting color. First comes the compact column of infantry, tramping sturdily toward us, and looking very soldierly in the spiked helmets and tasteful dark blue tunics. The silken banners wave over a small battalion, to be sure, but it is one that looks full of mettle, and is made up of chosen companies from different regiments. Behind them come the crimson guidon and waving plumes of the battery—horses, guns, wheels, linchpins and washers, buckles, straps, hames, bits, bossings, belts, and buttons, all glistening with the polish of skilful hands; and behind them all, the swallow-tailed pennons of scarlet and white, the standard of yellow silk, and the long column of yellow plumes reveal the battalion of cavalry. You cannot fail to note the erect, yet easy, confident pose of every officer and man as the riders go filing by. The dress and horse equipments of our mounted troops have little of the glitter and coquetry of the hussar or lancer of Europe; they are even sombre by comparison; but ours is eminently practical, and stands the test of the rough service of the frontier, which theirs would not; and as to the relative merits of the schools of horsemanship, there is little doubt that for "all-round" military work the American will outlast any of the foreign systems, and is far more soldierly and graceful in effect besides.

Troop after troop the cavalry jingle along, turning down to the left in rear of the forming line of footmen; and one troop—the standard troop—is made up entirely of colored men. The darkies ride quite as jauntily as their white comrades, and probably to the full as firmly and well; while in precision of movement and accuracy of alignment, "touch," and gait, there is more than one military spectator who seems to think their work superior to that of the rest of the battalion. An officer of the school explains this by

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ON THE CAVALRY DRILL-GROUND.

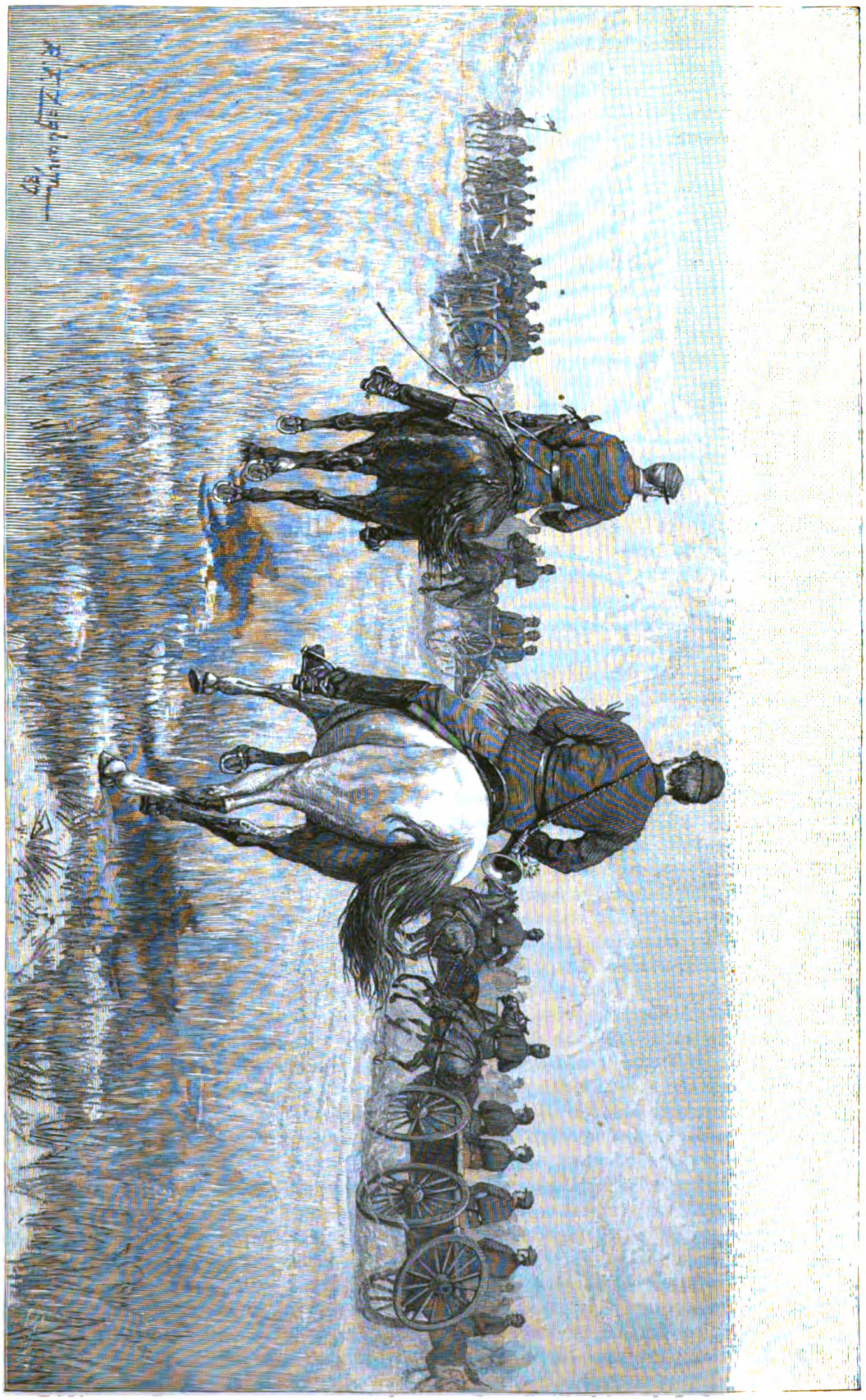
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saying: "The darky is always on dress parade. The moment he gets into uniform he thinks the eyes of all men are upon him, and he 'braces up,' and makes the most of his opportunity. Those other fellows, in 'I' and 'M' troops, for instance, are riding at ease. They will stiffen when they come into line."

One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us; then the battery, in two lines, its gun-carriages to the front; then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the centre, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white-plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the centre, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel—the sabres of the cavalry—springs into air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whirls its black-muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted personage who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards; another movement, and the line becomes an open column; another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man: the passage in review has begun. In quick time, the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner, and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file-closers behind their companies, and wishing, for this occasion only, that they belonged to the cavalry, and could command and be in front of their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of the infantry "sub." Well they know that they cannot by any human possibility look half so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing chargers" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then, with champing bits and tossing manes, come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its gait on the marching flanks, and the girls wonder how those gunners sit so straight with folded arms, and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under like circumstances. The cavalry too come around at a trot, the young platoon commanders fully alive to and making the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial, and striving *not* to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand among the groups of fair ones under the shade trees. Down the long field goes the glistening column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and then the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some perfected machine, the long array wheels into line to the left, the ranks are dressed, then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop, and arms clash to the present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the manœuvres of its particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright-plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery manœuvres, with much smoke, noise, and odor unlimited of "the villanous saltpetre." It may be rapid evolutions of the foot battalion; but in each and all the student officer must take his part.

Thus far it has been the policy of the school to educate its *élèves* to exercise command in any one of the three fighting arms of the service, and for some time officers of infantry drilled with the battery or the cavalry, and *vice versa;* but on parade the student officer appears with the company to which in his own arm he is assigned for duty during his two years' probation at Leavenworth. Just as at West Point some private of the graduating class has been called out of ranks and ordered to assume command of the battalion in presence of the Board of Visitors, so at Leavenworth the permanent officers are often withdrawn and their places taken by the students, one of whom serves as commander, another as adjutant, and half a dozen as captains. The cavalry battalion is put through its paces by a mixed assortment of subalterns of either white or yellow facings, and the infantry command is handled by a lot of young troopers. The theory is, of course, that the graduate of the School of Application should be as competent to instruct troops of any arm as is the graduate of

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LIGHT BATTERY DRILL.

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West Point, and certainly the former has far better opportunities for practice.

Just here it may as well be explained that while no reward, beyond the consciousness of duty well done, has thus far attached to conspicuous ability at the school, neither is there any serious consequence attendant upon failure. "All sails and no anchor," said Macaulay of our Constitution, and with better reason it may be said of the designers of the School of Application that they could prescribe anything and enforce nothing. A commission once gained in the line of the army is its possessor's for life or good behavior, and he may turn out to be a numskull without the faintest detriment to his prospects of promotion. At West Point the cadet who fails to pass a creditable examination every six months is discharged, and relegated to civil life. At Leavenworth, as at Fortress Monroe, the student could pitch his books into the fire, and face his examiners with the serene consciousness that, do their worst, they could only send him back to his regiment, where he perchance preferred to be. That in nine cases out of ten the detailed officers studied hard and did their best, whether they liked the course or not, was simply due to the high sense of professional pride and soldierly duty which is a characteristic of the army. It was more in grateful recognition of this spirit than with any idea of stimulating the few laggards to greater exertion that the staff of the school once hit upon a brilliant expedient for rewarding merit. Presumably it had the sanction of the War Department, although the astute officials of that establishment, versed as they are in the ways of Washington, must have smiled grimly when they gave it. In July, 1883, the staff published in orders its list of graduates, giving the relative merit and standing of each officer in the various studies of the two years' course, and concluded with the announcement of a selected class, who, having "shown aptitude for command and position in the staff departments, are recommended for professional employment." Ten were named as suitable aspirants for the Adjutant-General's Department, and when vacancies occurred in that plum orchard of the service, as vacancies did occur, it is possible that some of those designated youths found themselves wondering how much good that recommendation would do them. It is safe to say that, being young men of "level heads," no one of their number based much hope of preferment upon that imposing publication, and it goes without saying that the vacancies in the Adjutant-General's Department have continued to be filled without reference to the opinions of the School of Application.

All the same, the staff was right, and though the War Department itself has not been re-enforced from the school, certain regiments of the line and the Military Academy at West Point have drawn their adjutants from that list, to their very marked advantage.

With a view to possible contingencies, twelve of the same class were named as suitable field officers of volunteers. More than one of the twelve had served with State troops during the war, and twenty years earlier that recommendation would have carried weight. What man can say how soon it may not be of value in the future?

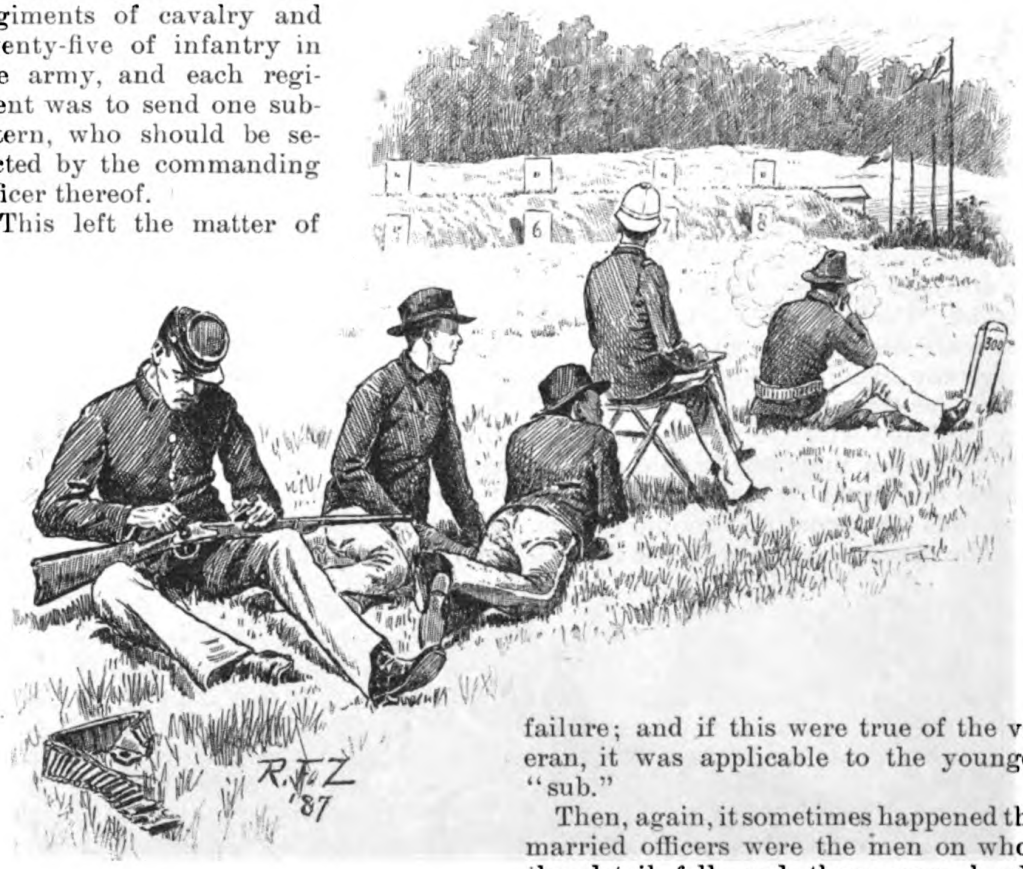
And as the rewards of merit under a well-ordered republic are never such as to make a man the mark of envy, neither are its punishments of the awe-inspiring nature of those of the "effete monarchies." Allusion has been made to the fact that the worst that could be done to a student who would not study was to send him back to his regiment. Now it was the theory of the incorporators of the school that the officers ordered thither should be young men with pliant minds and a desire to learn. But, said the War Department, in formulating its order in the case, "The subjects for the school are the lieutenants belonging to the companies which compose the garrison and those specially detailed from the regiments." The garrison was announced to "habitually consist of three field officers of cavalry or infantry, with not less than four companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry, one light battery of artillery, and the officers attached for instruction."

This is practically the organization in effect to-day, although it is presumable that a separate school for the mounted service will soon be established at Fort Riley, where there is broader space for the evolutions of cavalry and light artillery. With this organization the start was made, and the system has not yet been altered in any important feature. So far as the lieutenants belonging to the garrison companies are concerned, there-

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fore, there was no choice at all. They had to be students, no matter what their age, acquirements, or previous condition. Where the latitude came in was in the selection of those "specially detailed from the regiments." There are ten regiments of cavalry and twenty-five of infantry in the army, and each regiment was to send one subaltern, who should be selected by the commanding officer thereof.

This left the matter of



RIFLE PRACTICE.

"subjects" pretty largely to the inner consciousness of thirty-five different regimental commanders. "Many men have many minds," and very many different kinds of men were sent there as a result of placing in so many hands the determination of the kind of man that ought to be sent. Where one colonel would nominate a lieutenant because he wanted to go, another would be just as apt to pitch upon a fellow who had decided objections, thinking it might be wholesome discipline. Another would choose some young bookworm because school was his proper element; another some grizzled veteran—and we have many such—because it was presumably "the last chance he'd ever have of learning anything." There were not a few cases where the detail was most unwelcome, especially to the older men, and coupled with their sense of indignity was the conviction that there was no law which could either compel them to study or punish failure; and if this were true of the veteran, it was applicable to the youngest "sub."

Then, again, it sometimes happened that married officers were the men on whom the detail fell, and there were hardly "quarters" enough for the bachelors, let alone those blessed with wife and olive-branches, and all manner of makeshifts were the result.

But life at Leavenworth is blither, brighter, and gifted with greater zest than at many and many a post in our scattered army. To many of the students the course is attractive, and now that it has undergone sweeping revision, there is no man in the junior grades of the service whom it will not profit. The new programme is the evolution of much thought and experience, and the Board of Revision found little to add to or take away from the scheme as laid before them. In two years of study, with daily lectures, recitations, and practical experiments, the student is expected to complete a course of Military Art, including strategy, tactics, and study of campaigns and battles; law —military, constitutional, and interna-

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tional; topography and surveying; field fortifications; signalling; cavalry—including field service, equitation, and hippology; infantry—camp and field service; artillery—with limited course in ordnance; and finally, military hygiene and "early aid to the wounded." It is a broad advance from the curriculum of the early days, and the "Kindergarten" is no more.

It is said that future classes will be made up of bachelors, and had this rule been in vogue before, even the abnormal precipitancy of the army lieutenant in matters matrimonial would have been stimulated. Now, however, it has become a post where our army ladies love to go, and nowhere does social life seem more pleasant. Famous were the Leavenworth theatricals for many a year, and beautiful are the evening "hops" and parties now. The "cares that infest the day" seem banished with the setting sun, and all the garrison, male and female, appears in force and finest feathers when the bugle sounds the signal for evening parade. This, the closing ceremony of the day, always takes place dismounted, and on the beautiful curving surface of the green in front of the commanding officer's. The long line stretches across from east to west, the yellow plumes of the cavalry looking like a hedge of golden-rod, and every young soldier at the school is there, while the paths and porches that surround are alive with dainty dresses and brightest color. The band plays its best, and when parade is finally dismissed, and the erect figures go stalking away through the trees, there is a brief quarter-hour of chat and interchange of greeting, and then the twilight deepens, and lights begin to twinkle here and there amid the vines, and the voices soften, and the clink of scabbard and beat of hoof of the cavalry patrol are heard across the broad parade, and little wisps of vapor begin to curl in the distant hollows, and blacker shadows to gather under the trees. The busy day is done, silence falls on the wide expanse of "guarded land," and then, far out on the slopes beyond, is heard the weird, wild plaint of the whippoorwill.



SWEET NELLY, MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

HE. SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make
For modesty's sake.
I honor your beauty bright;
For love I profess,
I can do no less.
Thou hast my favor won;
And since I see
Your modesty,
I pray you agree,
And fancy me,
Though I'm but a farmer's son.

SHE. No; I am a lady gay;
It is very well known I may
Have men of renown
In country or town.
So, Roger, without delay
Court Bridget, or Sue,
Kate, Nancy, or Prue;
Their loves will soon be won;
But don't you dare
To speak me fair,
As if I were
At my last pray'r
To marry a farmer's son.

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"I PRAY YOU AGREE, AND FANCY ME, THOUGH I'M BUT A FARMER'S SON."

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HE. My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows,
Carts, harrows, and ploughs.
His age is above threescore,
And when he does die,
Then merrily I
Shall have what he has won.
Both land and kine,
All shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline,
And will be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

SHE. A fig for your cattle and corn!
Your proffered love I scorn.
'Tis known very well
My name it is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.
HE. Well, since it is so,
Away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done.
Farewell! adieu!
I hope to woo
As good as you,
And win her too,
Though I'm but a farmer's son.

SHE. Be not in such haste, quoth she;
Perhaps we may still agree,
For, man, I protest
I was but in jest;
Come, prithee sit down by me.
For thou art the man
That verily can
Win me if e'er I'm won.
Both straight and tall,
Genteel withal,
Therefore I shall
Be at your call
To marry a farmer's son.

HE. Dear Nelly, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow
No lords in their lives
Take pleasure in wives
Like we that do drive the plough.
Whatever we gain
With labor or pain,
We don't after wantons run,
As courtiers do.
And I never knew
A London beau
That could outdo
A country farmer's son.

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"THEREFORE I SHALL BE AT YOUR CALL TO MARRY A FARMER'S SON."

E. Ashby, Esq.

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TAKING ONE TOO MUCH AT ONE'S WORD.

HOSTESS: "Won't *you* play us something, Mr. Spinks?"
MUSICAL AMATEUR (*who thinks a good deal of himself, in spite of his modesty*): "Oh, don't ask me—you're all such first-rate performers here—and you play such good music, too!"
HOSTESS: "Well—but we like a little *variety*, you know!"

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WITH gay defiance Mr. Daniel Dougherty began his professional career in New York by assailing the press. Mayor Hewitt had led the way by his vigorous denunciation of the newspaper boss, and the two assaults are signal illustrations of delightful temerity. The press is the greatest public power in New York and in the country. It is practically responsible only to itself—that is to say, to its view of its own interest. Undoubtedly its interest depends upon public opinion, but it is the most powerful agent in moulding public opinion. When, therefore, the Mayor and Mr. Dougherty arraigned it for abuses which pervert it into a public enemy, did they think to escape without reprisals? The spectacle is touching.

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah! tell them they are men!"

They have had their whistle, and they have paid for it. The response of the press to Mr. Dougherty was immediate, and in substance it is perfectly sound. In its comments upon trials and judicial decisions undoubtedly the newspaper sometimes abuses its opportunities and its power. But the abuses and wrongs in the administration of law which it prevents are infinitely greater than those of which it is guilty. The assumption that the bar and the bench are moved by the spirit of Hooker's familiar and noble passage celebrating Law—the genius of cosmic order, not the common law or statute law—is magnificent, but it is not war. It would be delightful as "chaff" at the dinner of the grand-jury panel, and perhaps it is even more enlivening as grave discourse before the assembled bar. The orator described in glowing words the wrongs which unquestionably are sometimes committed by the press. But he seems not to have considered the greater wrongs which its free criticism and censure arrest. When Jeffreys went upon his bloody assizes, if an unlicensed press, relying upon an intelligent and courageous public opinion, could have followed him through England, and have shaken the island with the faithful story of his judicial crimes, one of the blackest chapters in English history would have been unwritten. And what but the press of New York, exposing Cardozo, Barnard, and McCunn, prevented Tweed from imposing his base despotism hopelessly upon the city and the State?

Mr. Dougherty says that the press of New York by its conduct in the Sharp trial inflicted "the first great blow ever struck in America at the pure administration of justice." What the press did in the Sharp trial was to keep clearly before the public mind the actual facts, and to insist that a man undeniably guilty should not go unwhipped of justice by any trick or mere technicality of the law. The Chair repeats what it said in February, that the forms of law must be carefully observed, and that judges are not to be denounced for observing them. But it said also, and repeats, that when strict observance of them tends to a plain miscarriage of justice, it is high time to revise the forms. Now the course of the press fixed this very truth in the public mind. There was no reasonable doubt or question of Sharp's guilt. Nobody, so far as we know, held that he was not guilty. The press was in no sense whatever hounding an innocent man or imperilling a man whose guilt was doubtful. It was insisting only that a guilty man should not escape by stretching the forms of legal procedure. The Chair does not say that they were stretched, but the course of the press made stretching less probable.

That in some instances it assailed judges unreasonably is undeniable. But under the circumstances it was almost a pardonable excess. Law, says Hooker, has its seat in the bosom of God. But that is perhaps not altogether true of all lawyers. When a rich man went to his lawyer and asked whether he could take a certain course, his lawyer replied that undoubtedly he could take it, but that it would land him in the State-prison. "Exactly," returned the man: "now I want to know how near I can come to it and keep out of Sing Sing;" and the lawyer told him, and charged accordingly. Such counsellors are not unknown. The rev-

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elations of the last few years have demonstrated that it is very profitable for lawyers to show knaves how much crime they can commit without going to the State-prison. It is an immense offence, an abuse of the profession of law much more monstrous and anarchical than any misconduct which can be truthfully charged upon the press. It is an abuse, indeed, which an eloquent lawyer like Mr. Dougherty, speaking to his fellow-lawyers, might well have denounced with fiery zeal as tending to dishonor the entire profession.

The history of the Sharp case puts the legal profession upon the defence much more than the press. The judges, indeed, who insisted upon an honest observance of the forms of judicial procedure should have been resolutely sustained. But when it was known that money had corrupted aldermen, and apparently corrupted lawyers, and would leave no other opportunity of corruption untried, it was hardly a great blow struck at the pure administration of justice to take good care that juries and judges should know that they stood in the full light of public scrutiny. If the task was overdone and personal character was unjustly assailed, the abuse was less than the prostitution of legal skill and the possible perversion of judicial forms to a miscarriage of justice.

The general result of the course of the press in the Sharp case was undoubtedly a great public service. It disclosed abuses in the legal profession which will be less frequent hereafter. It taught lawyers that there is another account besides their bank account which must be considered in the practice of their profession. It taught men who believe—not certainly without reason—that they can buy legislation and franchises and lawyers and juries that there is a press which cannot be bought, and which will turn the light of public contempt upon the names and characters of briber and bribed. It taught the public that the forms of judicial procedure may be skilfully perverted to promote crime by facilitating the escape of criminals. A great orator said scornfully of a great lawyer that thieves inquired of his health before they began to steal. It was a terrible arraignment, because it implied moral recreancy to one of the most sacred of trusts—a recreancy to which even the ablest and most honorable advocate may be craftily solicited.

The press doubtless is a good deal of a sinner. But a high-minded and accomplished lawyer might wisely remind his brethren of the abuses of the legal profession which occasion what may seem to him the abuses of the newspapers. The public conviction of the general uprightness of the courts, and the quick instinct of the English-speaking races to defend the independence of the judiciary, may be trusted to restrain and condemn unjust assaults upon them. But when that public conviction and instinct are not outraged by assaults, but lend an ear inclined to believe—the time has come not to denounce the press, but to scrutinize the profession.

BYRON was born on the 22d of January, Burns on the 25th. In 1859 the Burns centenary was celebrated with an enthusiasm of admiration and affection which was a singular tribute to his marvellous hold upon the heart of the English-speaking people. Emerson, at a dinner in Boston, made a speech of great beauty and feeling, and everywhere in this country—to Burns a foreign country—his praises were spoken and his songs sung. Chaucer's birthday is unnoted, Milton's is forgotten, Shakespeare's is observed by English colonists only as falling upon St. George's Day. But every year there are Burns clubs and societies which fondly recall the poet, and charm the night with the immortal sweetness of his song.

A few years ago the centenary of Thomas Moore's birthday was observed by many Irish fraternities and many other lovers of the Irish bard. In New York Judge O'Gorman delivered a glowing and delightful address, a prose dithyrambic, in honor of the singer of the Irish Melodies, and Dr. Holmes wrote one of those musical pæans of memory and association of which the responsive heart whispers,

> "'Twas made of old sadness that lives in the soul."

Moore's name and fame seem small beside those of Byron. But this year the centenary of Byron's birth recurred with no homage but a few newspaper articles pointing out that there was no general feeling which prompted a celebration of the day, and it passed with no other commemoration.

Yet when Byron died, Scott said that his death was like the extinction of the

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sun. For a few years no name in England was so famous, no personality so picturesque, no literary influence more positive and universal. He appeared, and there seemed to be no other English poet living. Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Moore—all shone feebly beside that sun. He cast a spell, a dazzling glamour, upon England which was unprecedented. His career was meteoric, a flash, a blazing line of light, and sudden darkness. In this country, Halleck, Percival, Willis, and others of our early choristers echoed his note. The grandfathers of the present generation quoted Byron and filled their scrapbooks with his poetry, and when Wordsworth was mentioned and Tennyson began to sing, those fathers listened with the baffled wonder of old Colonel Newcome looking at Clive's great picture.

Byron died at thirty-six, and died as he had lived—picturesquely and romantically. He died at Missolonghi, in the land which his genius had touched into new interest, in the heroic effort to aid her struggle against tyranny; and he died in solitude, and almost without a friend to close his eyes. England, which had rung with his name, and of which he was the most conspicuous son of his time, refused him the grave in Westminster Abbey which she has granted to many a smaller Englishman, and the place of his burial is best described in a tender and touching paper by Mr. William Winter which was lately published in *Harper's Weekly*, at the time of the centenary. The centenary recurs. There is no general interest in it, no marked observation of it. The apathy harmonizes with the solitude of the death and the neglected burial. It completes in a mournful way the tragedy of the life, and recalls the last lines of his "Dream"—one of the simplest and most purely pathetic of his poems, in which he describes his boyhood's love for Mary Chaworth:

> "It was of a strange order, that the doom
> Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
> Almost like a reality—the one
> To end in madness: both in misery."

There can be but one explanation. It is that the glamour has faded, and that the genius no longer fascinates. Yet the genius is undeniable. The charm of "Childe Harold" is imperishable, the Mephistophelian wit of "Don Juan" still remains, and the sadness of some of the songs is as deep as ever. It was true some years ago, and is still probably true, that Byron in "Childe Harold" makes the Italy and the Continent that most Englishmen see. He has steeped in melody the famous places and the romantic associations, and cultivated England used to wander over Europe murmuring Byron. The reaction against his absolute literary ascendency which followed his death has now in some degree subsided, and Matthew Arnold and Frederic Harrison, men of the modern spirit, acknowledge that his genius gives him a place in the first rank of English poets.

It is, indeed, hard to suppose that the time will come when much of what charms us to-day in Byron's poetry will no longer charm. With all the sentimentality there is also a genuine sentiment and feeling, with a power of musical expression which is unquestionable. As the voice of a revolutionary epoch, however, he is by no means so significant as Shelley, while in the high spiritual and humane region in which we see Wordsworth

> "Sailing in supreme dominion"

we do not see Byron at all. There is always the suspicion of a want of moral and mental sincerity. It may not be the spell of a profane love of which we are conscious in his song, but it is certainly not the benediction of sacred love.

But not denying the genius nor the charm, the explanation of the carelessness of Byron's centenary is plain. The fact is its own interpreter. It is his personality which accounts for the indifference. We do not mean his loose life. Burns was as loose a liver, but no famous personality in English literature is so beloved as Burns. Nelson was as immoral, but England bore him upon her heart to St. Paul's, and with his name she conjures English valor still. But Byron personally kindles no emotion save one of half-contempt. He had every opportunity, every splendid advantage, every gift that men desire, but the personal life that they all helped him to achieve was simply pitiful. His genius asserted itself in passionate and powerful poetry. That was in despite of himself. But all that belongs to character, to pure, generous, ennobling and helpful life, all that depended upon himself, was wantonly squandered. Nor did he apparently even care or try to do

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differently, except at the last when he went to Greece.

Of Burns's remorse, regret, and earnest stumbling endeavor to stand upright, amid pinching poverty and hostile circumstance of every kind, of that profound and penetrating pathos of consciousness of baffled will and of lost life, which appeals to the heart of the world, like her sick child to the mother, there is no trace in Byron. But it is the personality, large, generous, humane, aspiring, longing, lamenting—the pearl in the mire, but still a pearl—which gives Burns the love of his fellow-men, and makes his name as dear as his song, and amid all the shame and sorrow and hopelessness of his life still whispers,

> "'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
> Than aught in the world beside."

THE Easy Chair was recently congratulating the children of the schools in which henceforth this Magazine is to be used as a reading-book, and a courteous friend asks whether it is really a subject of congratulation, and whether there is not altogether too much care taken in these days to entertain children during their education. That is certainly a very serious question, although there can be no doubt that education ought to be made as pleasant as possible, provided, of course, that accuracy and thoroughness are not sacrificed to pleasure. There was something fine in the patient and silent endurance of the most painful surgical operations. But it is not found that the character of the patient suffers by the blessed interposition of an anæsthetic, while the painlessness of the operation makes it all the more effective.

Emerson says that history must be read, as it were, by main force. But he was probably not very fond of reading history. What he says of that particular study is what most undergraduates feel in regard to mathematics. If they are to master them at all, it must be by main force. Charles Sumner was very backward in mathematics when he was in college, but with Emerson's sense of duty he grappled with them resolutely after he graduated. All possible aids and conveniences and enticements in the process of education are surely permissible, under the condition that we have mentioned. Even in the old-fashioned "heroic" practice of medicine, it was not held to be essential to the cure that the taste of the horrible drug should be unalleviated. The sugar on the pill and the syrup around the oil left drench and purgative sufficiently heroic.

There is nothing gained for better education by retaining the hard and uncomfortable school benches of an elder day. Such discomforts were themselves the results of ignorance or imperfect knowledge, like the torture of surgical operations. Our fathers were not better men in any way because with extreme discomfort, exposure, and suffering they passed two days in the winter journey to Albany, instead of gliding comfortably to the capital in four hours. The progress of invention is not necessarily the progress of effeminacy, and the same larger knowledge which supplies children with seats more suitable for the nascent young human frame, and insists upon type which does not cruelly tax the sight, also lends the charm of real interest to the reader, and converts that lesson from a task into a joy.

It is now some years since Mr. Samuel Eliot, then superintendent of the public schools in Boston, prepared a selection of poems for reading in the schools, which were peculiarly fitted for children, yet were drawn from the undefiled wells of good English literature. In Chicago the teacher in the public schools to whose interesting and effective work in this department the Easy Chair alluded in November has proved the good results of winning young pupils to read good literature, and for this purpose she selects what seem to her the best current books as well as the classics. In some private schools even the morning paper is read, with an intelligent purpose and direction upon the part of the teacher to identify education with actual life.

What is the aim of the compiler of "readers" for schools? It is to select interesting extracts from good literature. It is often mechanically, tastelessly, and unsuccessfully done, because the compiler of such a manual often wants the faculty of fit selection; and makers of books for children are often totally lacking in that sympathy which would lead them instinctively to understand the wants of children. Yet the good "reader" is such a work as we describe. Now much of the best current literature for a long time has been first published in a periodical form. Mr. Bran-

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der Matthews says that "more than half of our literature appears first in a serial of some sort—a monthly magazine or a weekly journal." It would be impossible to know the present condition and promise of that literature without familiar knowledge of the periodicals, the magazines, reviews, and weekly journals.

If there are to be other classics in our literature than those which are already accepted, they are such as now appear often in temporary forms, and to introduce a good magazine into a school as a reading-book is presumptively to offer to the pupil good literature. It is no fault in itself, nor is it in any way harmful to the child, that it may be interesting or entertaining. These are the qualities of the classics in every language. To name the English classics is to mention a series of works that furnish the most delightful entertainment, and to train the taste of the child to enjoy such classics it is necessary to supply him with kindred reading.

Undoubtedly the same judgment which discriminates in the older classics must be equally vigilant in estimating the worth of the younger, and neither need be preferred to the exclusion of the other. Certainly no child's taste should be cultivated for "the merely ephemeral in literature." But it should be trained to distinguish what is ephemeral in the literature of any time; and there could be no pleasanter task than showing to a child in the publications of to-day the very quality that makes the permanent charm of literature, so far as it can be apprehended. It is not to be supposed that everything in a magazine would be read or represented as of uniform excellence. The same discrimination must be exercised as in the attention paid to the classics. Certainly style can be studied as well in Thackeray and Macaulay and in our own authors as in elder works, although the works of Thackeray and Macaulay were published originally in a periodical form.

It is not, we repeat, because the Magazine as a reader will banish good literature by cultivating a false taste, but because it will cultivate a good taste, that the Easy Chair congratulated the schools. Instead of a series of disconnected extracts, necessarily without interest or meaning, is not a continuous tale or biography, or sketch of travel, or spirited and humorous essay, an improvement? Which of the two readings helps a child more—the formal reading in school of what he but partly comprehends, or the eager poring at home over the classics of fairy lore in the first years, and then in an older day over *Evenings at Home*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Swiss Family Robinson*, or Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, or Captain Parry's and Captain Back's arctic journeys, and the whole library of delight of which they are parts?

The child will not do his work less effectively because he is interested in it, and how much more effectively if he be entertained by it! An amusing, if it were not a pathetic, folly of the older methods of education, which were not better than those of to-day, was the condemnation of the opening lines of "Paradise Lost" to be an exercise in parsing. It was a crime both against the poet and the child, and it is an illustration of the want of intelligence and good sense which often solemnly obstructed education under the singular illusion that it was promoting it. The Easy Chair does not mean to suggest a similar hallucination upon the part of its courteous inquirer, but only to plead that children are not less trained in a taste for good literature because they are made, under wise direction, familiar with that of to-day as it appears in magazines and other periodicals. We say under wise direction, because in all teaching it is the teacher who is the most important consideration.

Editor's Study.

I.

AMONG the many efforts to philosophize the French Revolution, to find out its meaning and point its moral, Mr. Laurence Gronland's *Ça Ira* challenges attention. We may call him a dreamer, or we may call him an economist; we may class his *Co-operative Commonwealth* with Plato's Republic, or we may regard it as the divination of the political future from the conditions of the present and the past; but we must allow that the author is very much in earnest, and that the book is cogently addressed to the civic

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conscience. It is not in revery that he prophesies the total change of our polity, and the reconstruction of our society upon the broad principle that those who do not work shall not eat, and that no man who is willing to work shall starve. Mr. Gronland believes that this is implied by the very facts and forces that seem to imply the contrary. He believes, for instance, that the collection of all the productive and distributing industries into a few hands and in vast establishments—that trusts, pools, combines, and the like, are the unconscious agencies of socialism, or, as he prefers to call it, collectivism, and that alike by their uses and their abuses they are destined to hasten the downfall of the whole wage system, and to reconcile labor and capital in a state which shall employ both for the good of all.

For the historical proofs he goes back a great way, as the student of every question feels obliged to do in these times. He finds an imperfect and finally broken image of his coming state in the conditions of the Middle Ages, before money began to fructify and capital began to rule, and he does not regard the French Revolution as the effect of immediate causes, or as purely French in its origins; he does not treat it as a single sequence, running its course from the constitution of the National Assembly to the Eighteenth Brumaire. He holds that the popular revolution was accomplished in the triumph of the commoners over the king, the nobility, and the clergy in that Assembly; and that then the moneyed class began through the Girondists a counter-revolution, which should gather and keep the power in their hands; that the Jacobins crushed this capitalistic reaction; and that the Terror was the result, not of bad principles, but of bad leadership, of the supremacy of Robespierre and the fall of Danton; that the final plutocratic ascendency, which ended in the Eighteenth Brumaire, the Consulate, and the Empire, was the inauguration of conditions which survive to-day in the world-wide exploitation of labor by capitalized enterprises, and the re-enslavement of the masses under the wage system.

II.

The most interesting chapter of the book is the last, in which the "transition state" is regarded as extending from 1794 to the present time. This state is the same in all civilized countries; it is the expression of the power of capital and the subjugation of men. It is not peace, anywhere, and it cannot promise permanence. It is a state of war, in which the frequent battles between the ruling force and its subjects are alternated with truces, broken again by crises, by overproduction, by strikes. Each man is the rival of every other, till two or more agree to combine instead of competing, and then unite their energies in preying upon all the rest. This is the aspect which individualistic society wears to the regard of Mr. Gronland and other collectivists; and ugly as it is, we must all own that it is not wholly unfamiliar to any of us. Professor R. T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, in a most interesting and valuable tract on *Land, Labor, and Taxation*, goes so far as to say of it: "I am not sure that I would not agree with Mill when he says if he were obliged to make choice between existing economic society, without hope of further improvement, and communism, all the difficulties, great and small, real and imaginary, of communism would not for a moment deter him from accepting the latter alternative."

The boasted free play of energies, Mr. Gronland tells us, has resulted in the power of the strong over the weak, of the rich over the poor; and under the name of democracy we have a republic in which there is no equality, not even equality before the law. He proposes instead that we shall have a commonwealth in which it shall be the first business of government to provide that no one who is willing to work shall suffer, and that no one who is idle shall enjoy. He takes the trades-unions, with the mutual sacrifices of their members, as the norm of his interdependent society, and constructs an ideal state in which those who are lowest shall appoint their chiefs, and so upward till all interests are represented in the rule of the fit over the many, in which the tenure of office shall be fixed as it now is in the unions, by efficiency and good behavior. His co-operative commonwealth is the reconciliation of interests which now antagonize one another, the substitution of the ideal of duties for the ideal of rights, of equality for liberty. In his state we should have fewer laws but more law, less force but more justice, more self-sacrifice and less suffering. "But this," says Professor Ely, again, "is precisely the

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point....With the best will, we cannot avoid the fear that in the socialistic state public opinion would exercise a tyranny now unknown—and even now its force is terrible, and in many respects baneful—which would repress as with an iron hand any divergence of belief or action from a low-prescribed level."

We have reported the general intention of Mr. Gronland's *Co-operative Commonwealth*, because the theory of that work seems to give its chief value and significance to his present sketch of the French Revolution. What relates in *Ça Ira* to men and events will appear perfunctory, we think, to most readers; the author is really interested in tracing influences and tendencies which must inevitably result in the establishment of collectivism or the socialistic state. The French Revolution, interrupted and perverted as it was, he regards as the first great step in that direction, but he does not expect the last step from the French people. He believes that any effort to found the co-operative commonwealth in France would be defeated by the revengeful memories of the Commune, and by the treachery of the *bourgeoisie*, who would invite German intervention. In Germany there would be obstruction from Russia; but in Great Britain, where the study of social problems has made socialists of many scholars, clergymen, and economists, and in the United States, where the assemblage of production and distribution into the control of a few vast agencies has unconsciously prepared the way for collectivism, he looks for the first experiments in political co-operation. He believes it the duty of all to facilitate the peaceful solution of the problems before us, but he does not point out the measures to be actually taken by a people accustomed to express their purpose in suffrage and legislation; and here is the point at which the interest of the average American reader must falter. If a philosopher cannot tell him just what to do, he is apt to lose faith in the philosophy, however just and beautiful it may appear. Even Professor Ely, who is not a collectivist, seems more explicit when he says, "Natural monopolies, in my opinion, such as railways, telegraph lines, gasworks, water-works, etc., should be owned and managed by central or local governments." Here is a platform which voters may stand upon or knock from under the feet of other voters; and we know nothing quite so direct in the programme of any collectivist organization.

Mr. Gronland, however, is a man to be read with respect for those qualities which we have indicated, and his work cannot be ignored by any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the hopes and motives of a very intelligent body of men. As represented by Mr. Gronland, they are not less friendly to their country and their kind than any other class of Americans. One may read his books without risk of offence to one's patriotism or humanity, whatever one concludes as to the wisdom or practicality of his teachings, and with great advantage to one's knowledge of a palpitant question. It is not the last word on socialism, but it is certainly the latest, that he says.

III.

Mr. Gronland is careful more than once to distinguish between collectivism, which means the fulfilment of common duties, and anarchism, which is the realization of individual rights; in this sense he would perhaps regard the present condition as anarchical. Neither does he expect his commonwealth from the confluence of separate communities, as the earlier socialists did, under the lead of Owen and Fourier. All that is now changed, and it is rather the wrath of the pools, the trusts, and the combines which is to befriend the good cause. These violently destroy competition, and afford the norm of production and distribution on a colossal scale, and by gathering the industries in a few hands will facilitate their possession by the state, when the time comes, without awakening popular opposition or regret. But formerly it was hoped that the communities and the phalanxes would afford the norm of the mutualistic state, and ardent sympathies and strenuous endeavors were generously contributed to their universal failure. Fifty or sixty years ago the regeneration of mankind was largely expected of enterprises which inaugurated the industrial millennium by antagonizing the existing industries, and by taking part, voluntarily or involuntarily, in the general system of competition. What was so largely attempted at that time is recalled by Mr. Adolphus Trollope in his very entertaining autobiography, *What I Remember*, where he speaks of Miss Fanny Wright's experiment in Alabama. She bought a great property there, and freed the slaves

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upon it, and founded a community with this and such other material as she could assemble. Her New Harmony evolved the usual discords on a rather larger scale than usual; and Mr. Trollope remembers to have heard of the foundress "marrying a French teacher of languages at the close of a course of lectures given by her against the institution of matrimony." She was, in fact, a woman who at that period largely filled the public eye (or perhaps it would be more exact to say the newspaper eye) by her originality of character and philosophy, which ranged from dress reform to reform in all its branches. Mr. Trollope's mother was amicably associated with her before the disastrous failure of her own enterprise at Cincinnati cost the whole country the long-resented severities of one of the earliest English books about it. Probably it was an honest enough book, and just enough; we are not so faultless now that we can believe the Western people of that remote time were wholly misrepresented in Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. The trouble was that the title of the book implied a study of the whole country, which Mrs. Trollope had certainly not made; and even of the Southwest (as it then was) the study was not accurate or impartial. Among the things that Mr. Trollope remembers there seems to be nothing that he recalls more fondly, or with a keener sense of its proper charm, than the life which his mother depicted as so grotesque, not to say offensive. To the young man's eyes it was simple, easy, and cordial; but there is everything in the point of view, and he explains that his mother's was that of a disappointed person who saw the people among whom she failed through the color of her disaster.

Mr. Trollope never mentions us but in a kindness which those who read his agreeable book will reciprocate almost in the measure of those who have personally made his agreeable acquaintance. It is the story of a life of hard work, like that of his brother, the greater novelist, but not of trials or exigencies, and it flows or pauses among the pleasantest places of the earth. The longest, quietest stretch of it is the period passed at Florence, which is here celebrated with much charming and valuable reminiscence of Landor, the Brownings, George Eliot, Powers, and other more or less Italianate English and American sojourners, and with very intelligent and friendly observation of the native life. It is this Italian part of the book which has the greatest value, and it would be a pity if it did not send many readers to all those works from Mr. Trollope's hand which concern Italy in fiction and history. His novels are good, clear, honest, pleasant dealings with contemporary Italy; his histories just as honest, good, and clear, if not so pleasant, inquiries into the past. His *Decade of Italian Women* we have not read, but we speak by the card when we praise *Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar*, and *Filippo Strozzi*, as books of singular importance to the student of that Italian civilization which has lessons for the whole world and all time. As for the *History of the Florentine Commonwealth*, when the ideas and events of that wonderful democracy come to be studied as they should, for the light they can throw upon just such problems—the relations of capital to labor, and the duties of the state to the citizen—as are so deeply concerning Christendom to-day, the excellence of the only work in English which gives them the true perspective will be recognized.

IV.

But this takes us rather far from Mr. Trollope's autobiography, as we must call it in spite of his deprecation of so large a name. We do not know that we have much more to say of it, except heartily to commend it to all lovers of the most delightful species of literature. The return to it, however, brings us also to Professor J. B. McMaster's *Life of Franklin* (in the "American Men of Letters" series) by a path less circuitous than the mind often traces in thinking from book to book. One cannot very well mention autobiography without mentioning Franklin, whose fragment in that sort remains the chief literary work of his life, and the perpetual pleasure of whoever likes to meet a man face to face in literature. The reader of Professor McMaster's very attractive volume will enjoy the curious story of this autobiography as it is given there, and will, we think, be glad to find Franklin portrayed with the freedom and candor which he used in writing of himself; the biography is in the spirit of the autobiography.

Franklin, who was in many if not most respects the greatest American of his time,

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has come down to ours with more reality than any of his contemporaries, and this has by no means hurt him in the popular regard. It could not be shown by the most enthusiastic whitewasher that Franklin's personal conduct was exemplary, and Professor McMaster is not a whitewasher. He is not tempted to paint Franklin as a hero or a saint, and Franklin was assuredly neither. But he was a very great man, and the objects to which he dedicated himself with an unfailing mixture of motive were such as concerned the immediate comfort of men, and the advancement of knowledge in even greater degree than they promoted Franklin's own advantage. He tore the lightning from the clouds, and the sceptre from tyrants; he also invented the Franklin stove, and gave America her first postal system. He was a great natural philosopher, a patriotic statesman, a skilful diplomatist, a master of English prose; he was likewise the father of a natural son whose mother he abandoned to absolute oblivion; he was a rather blackguardly newspaper man, a pitiless business rival, a pretty selfish liberal politician, and at times (occasionally the wrong times) a trivial humorist. The sum of him was the intellectual giant who towers through history over his contemporaries, indifferent to fame, almost cynically incredulous of ideals and beliefs sacred to most of us, but instrumental in promoting the moral and material welfare of the race; a hater of folly, idleness, and unthrift; and finally, one of the most truthful men who ever lived. It would be hard to idolize him or to overvalue him.

Professor McMaster studies his character without blinking any of its contrasting traits, and makes a book remarkable for its succinctness, its vividness, and its eminent readableness. This charm any reader of his former work must have expected him to impart, and he has imparted it throughout, but nowhere in such degree as in the chapter devoted to Franklin's nine years in France as the commissioner of the Colonies and the representative of the States. All the more remarkable because of the brilliant success of such a bit of characterization is the author's failure to penetrate the intention of Franklin's proposed paraphrase of the Book of Job. Instead of the accepted version, Franklin pretended that he would have us read: "And it being levee day in heaven, all God's nobility came to court to present themselves before Him; and Satan also appeared in the circle as one of the ministry. And God said unto Satan, You have been sometime absent; where were you? And Satan answered, I have been at my country-seat, and in different places visiting my friends. And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoiding everything that might offend me. And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?" Professor McMaster is at the trouble to parallel these with the corresponding passages from the King James version, and to show how their "force and beauty were wholly lost" upon Franklin. He does not seem to have seen in Franklin's paraphrase a ribald irony hardly to be matched out of the writings of Swift, and he gravely reprobates it as being "of all paraphrases of the Bible surely the worst." Gravely? Perhaps Professor McMaster also is ironical here. His acumen and cleverness elsewhere almost persuade one to think so.

V.

If Emerson was the consummate flower of Puritanism, Franklin was the fruiting of that other stock in New England civilization of which we do not take account when we think of it as wholly Puritanic. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who seems to hold Emerson and Franklin in equal esteem as the two greatest Americans, would hardly send those who "wished to live in the spirit" to the latter, though if he were advising any one where to go for the wisdom of this world, he could not give him a more useful address.

From time to time the novelists have attempted to catch this unpuritanic phase of New England character, which is at its highest and best in Franklin, and at its worst in Burr, and which is not nearly so tangible as the Puritanic phase. Once again, the effort which Hawthorne made in this direction is made by Mr. Marion Wilcox, the author of *Gray, an Oldhaven Romance*, with more than usual literary felicity. It is made somewhat in Hawthorne's manner, and somewhat in the manner of the author of *Margaret*. Israel Slyme is the person in whom the antitype of Puritanism is attempted, and he is

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drawn young, beautiful, and conscienceless, with a will of iron, and a mind strong and clear and disciplined. To a certain degree the story realizes him, but in spite of a murder, a betrayal and abandonment, a case of insanity, a mysterious and immortal stranger, and various abnormalities and eccentricities, he is not thrown into perfect relief. Yet the writing is so good, specific bits of observation are so uncommon and original, and the local color is here and there so well rendered, that one wonders how the author would have succeeded in the same direction with less tremendous means, and rather longs to have him try it some time. He might take a lesson from his own work in the delightful sketch of Señora Villena, where the lightest and slightest devices suffice to give us a living sense of a charming group of people, discreetly differenced and interestingly contrasted with witty and graceful sympathy. It is rare skill that catches these Spanish accents and temperaments, and a fortunate inspiration that relieves them against those of the native Oldhaveners among whom we find them. Their whims and loves and affections are touched with an art that makes each one of them an acquaintance. If one were to complain of anything, it must be of what we shall have to call an absence of background; the figures are projected against too thin an ether; the local how and why are not sufficiently given; you are too jauntily and scrappily informed about them; and you are left with a teasing sense of having been hurried away from by the author, when he ought to have staid and satisfied a legitimate curiosity in you.

VI.

The promise of better work to come in the good work here done also attends the reader of *Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life*, against the author of which he can have no such grudge as Mr. Wilcox leaves him to. Perhaps C. H. W. had not the same difficulty in reconciling his people with their environment; there is a Yankee homogeneity in nearly all of them, and they are at once conceivable in their time and place. Fisher-folk, sailors, small-villagers, and neighboring farmers are the stuff with which C. H. W. loves to deal, and with which he deals freshly, simply, and faithfully. It is all very good work, which has its defect mainly through the prepotent sense of humor which sometimes betrays the author into exaggeration. Yet to this sense we owe the delicious fun of St. Patrick, in which one minister finds himself done out of the material of his lecture by the too comprehensive prayer of the other who opens the meeting, and who weaves all the known facts of the saint's life into his supplication; and we owe to it also that most delightful story of *The New Minister's Great Opportunity*, which he improved to the extent of sketching the advance of civilization during the hundred years lived by the hopelessly unhistoric subject of his funeral sermon. We must not be too stringent with it, remembering this; and we must acknowledge that when the author gives himself more soberly to such a piece of work, say, as Captain Pelham in *By the Sea*, he pictures with masterly ability and quite faultless skill a type of man extremely difficult to suggest, by reason of the negative qualities which prevail in him. It is a quiet success of which perhaps all will not feel the charm, the spare pathos, the delicate truth.

In his *Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk*, Mr. R. M. Johnston has a like advantage of homogeneity in his material, though nothing could well be more different from C. H. W.'s than his people and conditions. Mr. Johnston has the same temptation through his feeling for the grotesque, and we must own that he yields to it almost habitually. In fact it has become the medium through which the life of all his Georgia folk appears to him, and he works through it to a truth of feature and expression about which it is still the atmosphere. In this respect he differs from the younger school of Southern writers, who deal with their material more objectively. Yet the subjective method has its advantages, which it would be absurd to deny; and all of Mr. Johnston's work has a charm which his readers of nearly half a century will not cease to feel in his latest book. He is in fact one of the truest humorists of a country superabundant in humorists, and he has unfailingly the racy local flavor of the Southern humorist. *The Dukesborough Tales* long ago gave proof of this, and these Georgia Folk corroborate the evidence.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of February.—The following are some of the most important bills passed in Congress during the month: The Deficiency Appropriation Bill, House, January 11th, Senate, with amendments, January 25th, Senate amendments concurred in by House, January 27th (approved by the President, February 7th); relating to permissible marks, printing or writing, upon second, third, and fourth class mail matter, House, January 13th, Senate, January 17th (approved by the President, January 23d); bill relating to second-class mail matter (providing that all books be considered as third-class matter), House, February 2d.

January 12th, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Edward S. Bragg as Minister to Mexico; January 16th, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Don M. Dickinson, Postmaster-General, William F. Vilas, Secretary of the Interior; January 19th, Eugene Semple, Governor of Washington Territory.

The Senate, January 19th, ratified the extradition treaty with the Netherlands.

January 17th, President Cleveland transmitted to Congress the reports of the Pacific Railway Commission, together with a special message, in which he reviewed the questions at issue. He summarized the indebtedness of the companies to the government as follows: principal of the bonds advanced by the government, $64,023,512; interest to November 1, 1887, calculated to be $76,024,206 58, making an aggregate at the date named of $140,047,718 58; aggregate of interest (calculated to maturity of bonds) added to principal, $178,884,759 50; amount repaid by the companies, $30,955,039 61. He deprecated any proceeding or arrangement which would place the roads, or any portion of them, in the possession and control of the government.

The decrease in the public debt during the month of January was $15,387,320 50.

The total number of immigrants into the United States during the year 1887 was 509,281.

January 17th, E. C. Walthall was re-elected United States Senator from Mississippi; and January 25th, J. F. Wilson, from Iowa.

The Queen's speech at the opening of the session of Parliament, February 9th, declared that as a result of the Irish legislation of the last session, agrarian crime in Ireland had diminished, and the power of coercive conspiracies sensibly abated.

The treaty of alliance concluded between Austria and Germany, October 7, 1879, was officially published February 3d. The main provisions are that if either of the two countries should be attacked by Russia, each is pledged to assist the other with its entire military force, and only to conclude peace upon such terms as both agree to accept; and that should either country be attacked by any other power (unassisted by Russia), the other is pledged to maintain an attitude of neutrality.

In his speech in the Reichstag, February 6th, Prince Bismarck declared that the publication of the treaty between Austria and Germany was not a threat or ultimatum, but was due to the desire that the community of interests between the two powers be known to the world.

The new Military Loan Bill, providing for an increase in the army of about 700,000 men, and an expenditure of about 280,000,000 marks, was passed by the Reichstag February 8th.

February 6th, a new Swedish cabinet was formed, with M. Bildt as President.

DISASTERS.

January 18th.—News at Liverpool of the loss of the Norwegian bark *Freidis* in a collision with the British steamer *Toronto*, off Skerries, Ireland. Thirteen of the crew drowned.

January 21st.—Two hundred and thirty-seven persons estimated to have perished in the late storm in the Northwest.

January 24th.—Thirty-five miners reported killed by an explosion in a colliery at Wellington, British Columbia.

February 1st.—British bark *Abercorn* wrecked near mouth of Columbia River, Washington Territory. Twenty-two lives reported lost.

OBITUARY.

January 14th.—In Boston, General Adin B. Underwood, in the sixtieth year of his age.

January 15th.—In Washington, George Walker, ex-Consul General at Paris, aged sixty-three years.

January 18th.—News in London of the death, December 6, 1887, in Kagoshima, Japan, of Shimadzu Hisamitzu, ex-Prince of Satsuma.

January 21st.—In San Francisco, Walter M. Gibson, ex-Premier of the Hawaiian Islands.—In Mentor, Ohio, Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield, mother of the late President James A. Garfield, aged eighty-six years.

January 23d.—In Paris, France, Eugène Marin Labiche, the dramatist, in the seventy-third year of his age.

January 24th.—In Philadelphia, Frederick C. Brightly, the law writer, aged seventy-six years.

January 28th.—In Washington, Rear-Admiral Clark H. Wells, aged sixty-five years.

January 30th.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Professor Asa P. Gray, the eminent botanist, aged seventy-seven years.

February 2d.—In Rome, Mrs. Mary Howitt, the novelist, aged eighty-four years.

February 3d.—In Cannes, France, Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, aged sixty-six years.

February 13th.—In Santa Fe, New Mexico, Archbishop Baptiste Lamy, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

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Editor's Drawer.



MANY people suppose that it is the easiest thing in the world to dine if you can get plenty to eat. This error is the foundation of much social misery. The world that never dines, and fancies it has a grievance justifying anarchy on that account, does not know how much misery it escapes. A great deal has been written about the art of dining. From time to time geniuses have appeared who knew how to compose a dinner; indeed, the art of doing it can be learned, as well as the art of cooking and serving it. It is often possible also, under extraordinarily favorable conditions, to select a company congenial and varied and harmonious enough to dine together successfully. The tact for getting the right people together is perhaps rarer than the art of composing the dinner. But it exists. And an elegant table with a handsome and brilliant company about it is a common conjunction in this country. Instructions are not wanting as to the shape of the table and the size of the party; it is universally admitted that the number must be small. The big dinner parties which are commonly made to pay off social debts are generally of the sort that one would rather contribute to in money than in personal attendance. When the dinner is treated as a means of discharging obligations, it loses all character, and becomes one of the social inflictions. While there is nothing in social intercourse so agreeable and inspiring as a dinner of the right sort, society has invented no infliction equal to a large dinner that does not "go," as the phrase is. Why it does not go when the viands are good and the company is bright, is one of the acknowledged mysteries.

There need be no mystery about it. The social instinct and the social habit are wanting to a great many people of uncommon intelligence and cultivation—that sort of flexibility or adaptability that makes agreeable society. But this even does not account for the failure of so many promising dinners. The secret of this failure always is that the conversation is not general. The sole object of the dinner is talk—at least in the United States, where "good eating" is pretty common, however it may be in England, whence come rumors occasionally of accomplished men who decline to be interrupted by the frivolity of talk upon the appearance of favorite dishes. And private talk at a table is not the sort that saves a dinner; however good it is, it always kills it. The chance of arrangement is that the people who would like to talk together are not neighbors; and if they are, they exhaust each other to weariness in an hour, at least of topics which can be talked about with the risk of being overheard. A duet to be agreeable must be to a certain extent confidential, and the dinner-table duet admits of little except generalities, and generalities between two have their limits of entertainment. Then there is the awful possibility that the neighbors at table may have nothing to say to each other; and in the best-selected company one may sit beside a stupid man—that is, stupid for the purpose of a *tête-à-tête*. But this is not the worst of it. No one can talk well without an audience; no one is stimulated to say bright things except by the attention and questioning and interest of other minds. There is little inspiration in side talk to one or two. Nobody ought to go to a dinner who is not a good listener, and, if possible, an intelligent one. To listen with a show of intelligence is a great accomplishment. It is not absolutely essential that there should be a great talker or a number of good talkers at a dinner if all are good listeners, and able to "chip in" a little to the general talk that springs up. For the success of the dinner does not necessarily depend upon the talk being brilliant, but it does depend upon its being general, upon keeping the ball rolling round the table; the old-fashioned game becomes flat when the balls all disappear into private

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pockets. There are dinners where the object seems to be to pocket all the balls as speedily as possible. We have learned that that is not the best game; the best game is when you not only depend on the carom, but in going to the cushion before you carom, that is to say, including the whole table, and making things lively. The hostess succeeds who is able to excite this general play of all the forces at the table, even using the silent but not non-elastic material as cushions, if one may continue the figure.

Is not this, O brothers and sisters, an evil under the sun, this dinner as it is apt to be conducted? Think of the weary hours you have given to a rite that should be the highest social pleasure! How often when a topic is started that promises well, and might come to something in a general exchange of wit and fancy, and some one begins to speak on it, and speak very well, too, have you not had a lady at your side cut in and give you her views on it—views that might be amusing if thrown out into the discussion, but which are simply impertinent as an interruption! How often when you have tried to get a "rise" out of somebody opposite have you not had your neighbor cut in across you with some private depressing observation to your next neighbor! Private talk at a dinner-table is like private chat at a parlor musical, only it is more fatal to the general enjoyment. There is a notion that the art of conversation, the ability to talk well, has gone out. That is a great mistake. Opportunity is all that is needed. There must be the inspiration of the clash of minds and the encouragement of good listening. In an evening round the fire, when couples begin to whisper or talk low to each other it is time to put out the lights. Inspiring interest is gone. The most brilliant talker in the world is dumb. People whose idea of a dinner is private talk between seat-neighbors should limit the company to two. They have no right to spoil what can be the most agreeable social institution that civilization has evolved.

THE HAUNTED GIN.

THAT is the way that a cotton-gin, near my father's plantation in Tennessee, was known. It was necessary one time to request the field hands to get up about dawn in order to gather sufficient cotton to be shipped the next day. The darkies objected to this, and in order to show some good reason why they should not go to work so early, told the following story:

"Ole massa, wot own'd de plantation 'fore de wah, neber'd wuk at dat time of de mawnin', 'kase de ghosses don' like it. Dar wuz once a man wot owned dat gin up yonder, an' he useter git up ter wuk mighty early. So one mawnin' as he was a-ginnin' dar, an' de niggers wuz wukin' down-sta'rs, a ghos' come up an' catched him, an' he whopped him fearful, an' he whopped an' he whopped, an' he whopped an' he whopped, an' de man hollered an' he hollered an' he hollered, an' de ghos' kep' cryin' all de time, '*Dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you, dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you, dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you*'; an' de ghos' whopped dat man till sunup, an' den de ghos' went 'way. Dat man neber would wuk no mo' 'fore de sunup, an' dat's de reason de niggers don' like ter, 'kase dey's 'feared ob de ghosses."

And the story gained the coveted rest.

F. S. M.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN "DUDE" COLLARS . . . . . AND A GOOD JOB TOO!

"GRANNY, *whar* you gwine?"

The speaker was a poor puny little pickaninny, black as the ace of spades, who trudged wearily along, almost bowed double beneath the weight of an immense bundle of soiled clothes for the wash.

"Granny," an immense body, with sable visage, pouting lower lip, and a savage aspect, turned sharply round and confronted the widow's mite.

"Whar I gwine? whar I gwine? I ain't gwine tell you whar I gwine. You al'ays

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axin', 'Whar 'e gwine? whar 'e gwine?' I gwine whar I gwine—dat's whar I gwine. 'Whar 'e gwine? whar 'e gwine?' al'ays axin', 'Whar 'e gwine? whar 'e gwine?' I ain't gwine tell 'e whar I gwine."

It is needless to say that no further information was elicited, or in fact desired.

TALK.

It seems to me that talk should be,
Like water, sprinkled sparingly.
Then ground that late lay dull and dried
Smiles up at you revivified,
And flowers—of speech—touched by the dew
Put forth fresh root and bud anew.
But I'm not sure that any flower
Would thrive beneath Niagara's shower!
So when a friend turns full on me
His verbal hose, may I not flee?
I know that I am arid ground,
But I'm not watered—Gad! I'm drowned!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

SOUVENIR DE TANGER.

SCENE: the landing-place at Tangier, Morocco, on the arrival of a steam-packet.

STOUT, ELDERLY, RETIRED ENGLISH OFFICER (*to Moor, who he thinks has overcharged him for bringing him from the packet to the shore in a small boat*). "No, I'll not pay it. It's too much. Ridiculous! No, I won't pay it."

MOOR (*struggling with the difficulties of the English tongue, and speaking very slowly and with great precision*). "You—know—gentleman—who—come—to—Morocco—"

ELDERLY OFFICER (*in a towering passion*). "No gentleman! You say I'm no gentleman! I'll teach you to know a gentleman when you see one. [*Belabors him with his stick.*] Take that!—and that! No gentleman! There, how do you like that?" (*Finally stops on the verge of apoplexy, and amid general uproar retires to his hotel, where he has to be put to bed for three days to recover from the effects of this unusual exercise.*)

And yet all the poor Moor tried to say was, "You know gentlemen who come to Morocco are all rich." D. B. U.

WAIL OF THE REJECTED.

ALAS! And alack! And oh willow!
Aha! And oho! And ohé!
Oh goodness! Oh gracious! Oh mercy!
And also boo-hoo! And heyday!

Ah me! And oh my! And oh sorrow!
And likewise oh grief! And oh woe!
Well-a-day! Marry! Zounds! And confusion!
Moreover, oh dear! And heigho!

Lack-a-day! Oh thunder! Perdition!
Oh gemini Christmas! And 'sdeath!
Great Scott! Odds life! Oh distraction!
Hang the girl! I am all out of breath!

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE well-known fact that the Greenback party was composed almost entirely of men of broken fortunes gave Luke Walpole, the blind justice of Indianapolis, and prince of wags, an opportunity to show his native wit. Under the law of Indiana a debtor might escape the payment of a judgment by filing a schedule of his property, and thus showing that he had nothing over and above the amount exempted from execution. After the organization of a Greenback Convention that met at Indianapolis, a delegate moved that a committee on credentials be appointed. "Mr. Chairman," said Luke, "it seems to me that the business of this Convention could be expedited considerably if each delegate were allowed to file his schedule."

A PRINCE'S REVENGE.

IN European countries, where princes become titular colonels at the age of ten, and assume actual command of a regiment before really entering upon their practical military education under the guidance of some veteran general, it occurs quite frequently that a prince should assert the authority which his station as a member of the imperial family insures to him over any higher commissioned officer, to remind his tutor of his superiority over him as a prince, even though he be his subordinate as an officer in the field. On this score an amusing story is whispered in well-informed circles about the Archduke Johann Salvator, a nephew of the Emperor of Austria. The prince is described as a wanton, fun-loving character, and many are the anecdotes of his humor at the expense of others, though to his credit it is said that in all his escapades he never exceeds the bounds of the innocent harmless.

Recently the prince commanded his regiment at a manœuvre held under the auspices of an old and tried general, who had lately been the favorite target of the prince's humor. Here the general saw his opportunity for retribution. When at the close of the manœuvre, as is customary, the officers collected about their leader to receive his criticisms of the different regiments, the general expressed his satisfaction with the troop in the main, but continuing, in a tone of infinite sarcasm: "I cannot refrain to remark that the defile of No. —" (the prince's own) "was very unsatisfactory. The bearing of the troop was bad; and in fact all through the manœuvre it showed poor drilling and leadership. A rapid and radical change would be desirable." So speaking, with a self-satisfied smile he turned in his saddle, and entering into a conversation with an officer at his side, he entirely ignored the presence of the prince, who, with a cold salute, turned his horse and galloped away, for even *he*, while in the character of a soldier, would not dare to utter a word in disrespect to his superior. But if revenge was denied to him in his present position, he could easily achieve it in the character of a prince. And he was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity.

A few minutes later, ere the group around the commander had yet dispersed, to the sur-

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THE LEGION OF HONOR.

FIRST AMERICAN. "Why do you wear that red ribbon in your button-hole?"
SECOND AMERICAN (*just returned from abroad*). "Oh, it's all the fashion in Paris, you know: everybody wears one."

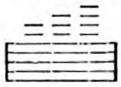
prise of all there sounded the well-known bugle signal announcing the approach of a member of the imperial household. The general, as becomes his position, was at the head of the staff to receive so unexpected a visitor, when, much to his chagrin, he perceived that it was Johann Salvator, who had returned, accompanied by his *attachés*. With unconcerned mien the prince galloped forward, and returning condescendingly the salute of the general, he demanded from him a report of the manœuvre, which the commander could not deny to his Imperial Highness. Then he expressed his desire to witness a defile of the troop, to which the general had to submit, and gave orders accordingly.
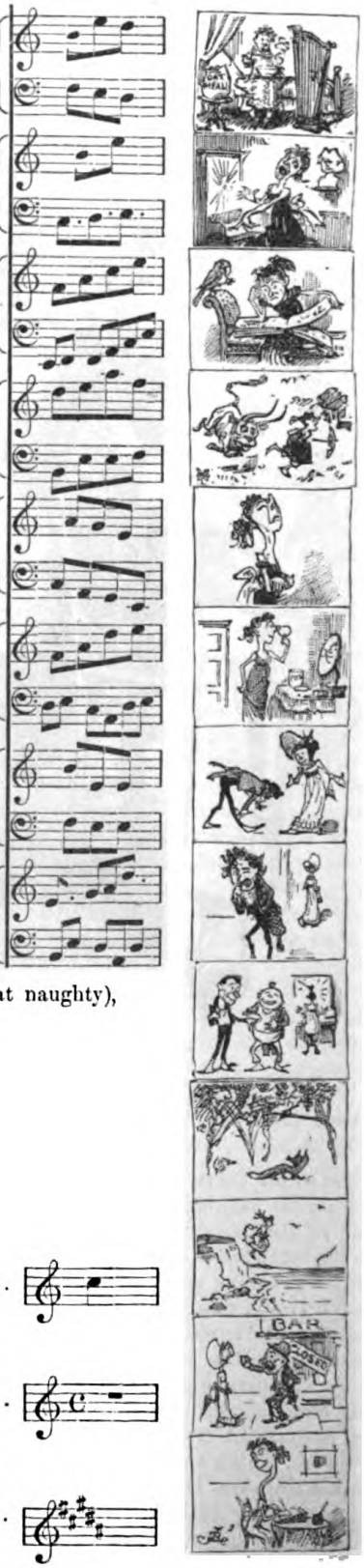
Closely the prince scrutinized each regiment, and when the last company had passed him, he turned to the general, and amid the respectful silence of all, he expressed in dignified language his disapproval of the manœuvre. "General," he continued, "it shows poor drilling and bad leadership. A rapid and radical change would indeed be very desirable. Entirely satisfied, however, am I with No. —" (again it was the prince's own). "Will you kindly transmit to its commander my thanks and my hearty approval of the excellent bearing which that regiment has shown during the defile?" So saying, he turned about and galloped away, leaving behind him a cloud of dust and the stupefied general. C. B.

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A MUSICAL CONCEIT.

BY WALTER PELHAM.

A MUSICALLY minded maid, before she went to
Her hunger to ameliorate, on meal of oatmeal
Of music she was just as fond as any one could .....
And *do*, *re*, *mi* now called the notes she once called .....
From studying some scores (of years), she'd lines upon her ..
Her forehead, too, showed  which *Time* could not..
'Twas strange that this "young maiden," who was nor blind nor
Aversion had to animal food, especially to .....
And, like all other maidens who are of uncertain.....
Would mention men menacingly, and wedlock call a .....
'Twixt you and me, no wonder that, like roses, she did .....
In single blessedness had she decayed her fourth.....
She thought that she would learn to sing; she "hummed" just like a
And sought a sallow-skinned mossoo, inquired his lowest ....
He shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "You've von grand voice,
She took the bait and took the "course"; he took the fees,..
A wag who ventured on her  (his joke was somewhat naughty),
Said, "Though *p* was her voice, he thought she must be *f*."
She deemed herself so very ♯, 'twas ♮ to her,
Finding her maiden wiles fall ♭, on men to cast a ⁀.
With very rage she'd often ~~~; so 𝄾ty was she,
She tried to lengthen her last  by jumping in the.....
For prohibition she'd a ∾, with 𝄽 preached near and far;
She did not ◠, nor even 𝄾, till closed each liquor.....
When asked her autograph to add—her joke was very poor—
She simply, with a swan-like grace, would sign her cygnet-ure...

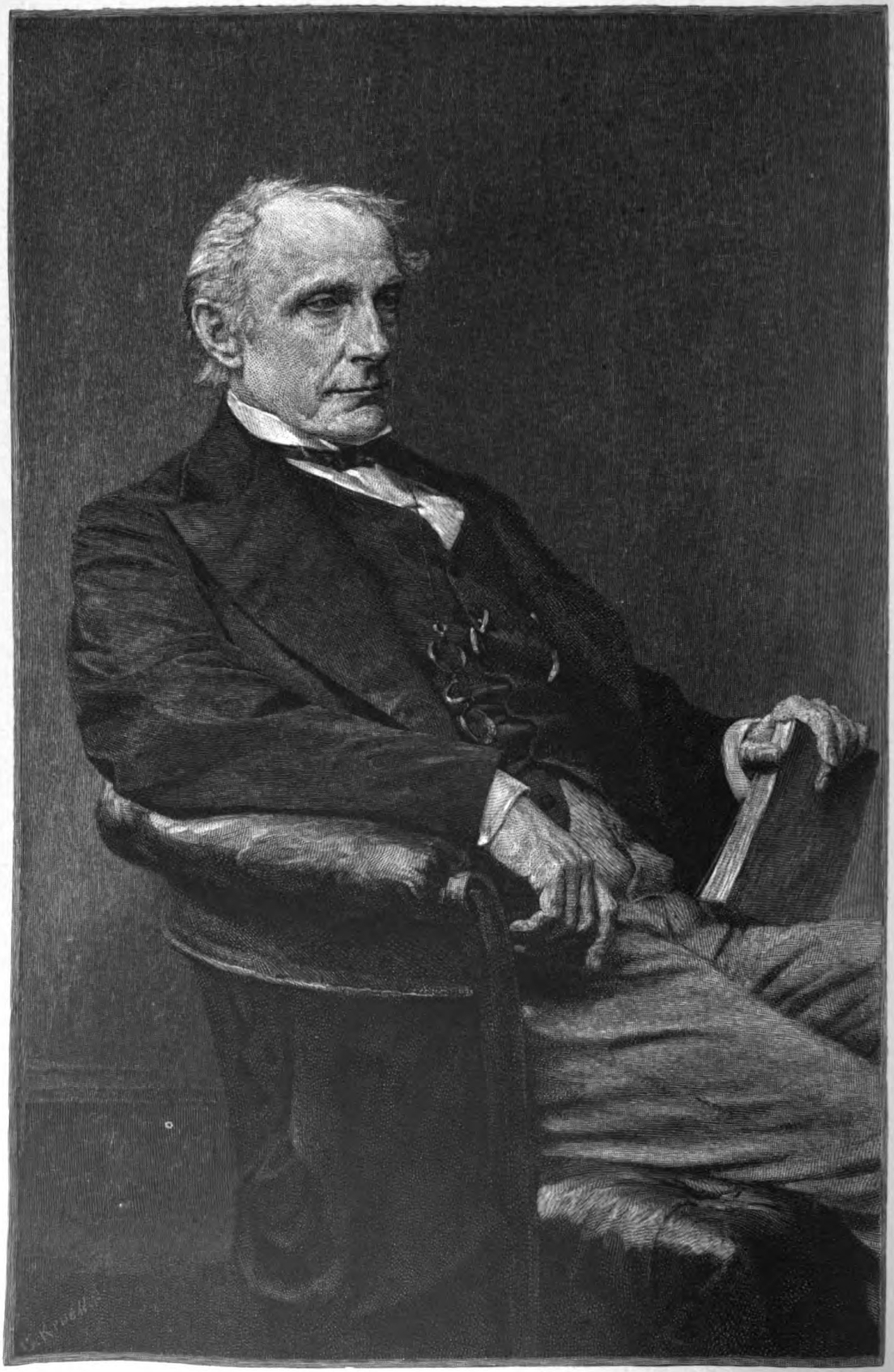


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ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. MAY, 1888. No. CCCCLVI.

LONDON AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

First Paper.

SINCE Shakespeare came "up to town" from the quiet of a Stratford not yet made famous by his fame, London has been the chief literary centre of the world. It attracts, as by an irresistible gravitation, literary aspirants from all English-speaking peoples. Edinburgh still prides itself on being "the Athens of the North," the university towns of Oxford and Cambridge are centres of working scholarship, Dublin counts its quota of wise and witty scholars; but even these cannot resist fate and London, and sooner or later they give up their men, at least for a portion of the year, to the all-absorbing metropolis. The faces of American writers are familiar on its streets. There are said to be 14,000 men and women in London who earn their living by their pens, although this estimate includes newspaper writers. To speak adequately of the literary side of many-sided London, so rich in historic association, so comprehensive of present life, would be to essay a history of English literature and a general survey of present English letters. These papers have a more modest aim—to tell the stay-at-home reader something of literary life in London, and to make known to him in some measure the men and women of to-day who are a part of that life, whose books he has read, and whom he has loved or honored through their books.

The road to fame used to be Fleet Street. This was the literary thoroughfare of London long before Dr. Johnson's historic phrase to Bozzy, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street"; and many a struggling author has sorrowed over the grim jest of the street's name as he found the stream of success by no means fleet. Here, almost within stone's-throw of Temple Bar, the houses—or, alas! sites—famous in the history of letters are most to be found; and here the pilgrim Americans, tracing the steps of Dickens and of others of the past with that mingled reverence and transatlantic eagerness and fresh appetite for London which so perplex their English cousins, find most to stay them.

But as London itself has crept out into the green fields, and surrounded within its circle the commons and High Streets of village after village, until that same circle has centres innumerable, so the London of letters has outgrown any single centre. It is a good two miles, dotted with publishing houses, from Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, St. Paul's Church-yard, where booksellers used to congregate under the shadow of the church, to Mr. Murray's shop in Albemarle Street, famous in Byron's verse, but a ten-mile radius would not compass the workshops of London authors. Many of them, indeed, live here and there about the kingdom, but are annexed to London by occasional residence in chambers or lodgings. Most of the suburban villages have their literary residents. Hampstead, with its stretch of heath, has the home charm for Walter Besant; Tennyson lives at Aldworth, William Morris at Hammersmith, Swinburne at Fulham; even such a Londoner as Thackeray's daughter now finds her home at Wimbledon Park; Mrs. Braddon-Maxwell lives at Richmond, Mr. Blackmore in a neighboring Thames village, Mr. Dobson at Ealing; and Mill Hill was for some years crowned with the curious little corrugated iron building, adapted from a chapel to be a store-house of words, in which Dr. Murray and his associates did their work on the great Philological Dictionary before its removal to Oxford.

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MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

Of the many thousand men and women in London who live by literary work of one sort or another, a good number, some hundreds, are known to the reading public as writers of individual name and importance. The most careful list of a hundred would leave out many names which would at once spring to the thought of any general reader. Some of these have been distinguished by the government with the honors of a pension on the civil list, ranging from twenty to three hundred pounds. It is interesting to note also that a good many writers are in the civil service, devoting their pens to the public in one way by day, in another way by night. To make adequate mention of those really well known would be a hopeless task within the limitations of this writing; it is possible only to give some facts of interest in successive sketches of a few.*

The dean of the literary guild is, of course, Lord Tennyson, now a veteran of nearly eighty, with sixty years of work behind him, who occupies as poet-laureate the only position in the world of letters at all similar to that accorded in art to Sir Frederick Leighton as President of the Royal Academy. But, unlike the P.R.A., the laureate is little seen among his fellow-craftsmen. His home is a few miles south from London, at Aldworth, Surrey, where he seeks a difficult seclusion, for the curiosity of a grateful public is not easily to be averted. In summer he returns to the charming old house, his workshop for many years, at Farringford, in the lovely Isle of Wight. Some years he rents a house in Belgravia for six weeks or so in the season, and may be seen in London streets in his long cloak and broad felt hat, or shows his fine face and stately presence —the face and presence of a poet—in the social circles which are so glad to welcome him. His working habit has been, for most of his life, to give the morning to his desk, the afternoon to long walks, the evening to reading. He is a

* This paper, the writer begs to remind his readers, is not critical, is not complete, does not claim to range authors in their due proportion or perspective. The novelists are altogether omitted from this article, and will be the subject of the second paper. Of several authors there is little to say outside the books which speak for them; of some the writer knows less than of others; many have been or are to be separately treated in this Magazine. See "Alfred Tennyson," by Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie (December, 1883), with portraits; "William Black at Home," by Joseph Hatton (December, 1882), with portraits; "Some London Poets," by E. C. Stedman (May, 1882), with portraits of Horne, Gosse, Dobson, Lang, Marston, O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Webster, Miss Robinson, and Swinburne; and "Journalistic London," by Joseph Hatton (October, 1881, to January, 1882), with portraits of Burnand, McCarthy, Yates, Sala, and John Morley. Papers on Browning and on Ruskin, with portraits, are in preparation. Further biographical data may be found in *Men of the Time*, edited by T. Humphrey Ward, and interesting personal descriptions in the papers on "Celebrities at Home," which have been a feature of Mr. Edmund Yates's weekly, *The World*, for some years past, and in a series of personal sketches in English periodicals by Mr. Joseph Hatton, under the general title of "Literary London."

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persistent reader, and in fact his literary method has usually been to rewrite, with that pen of genius which so broiders and beautifies the simplest theme, the stories or incidents which he has read or heard. Thus those superb poems of early days, "Of old sat Freedom," "Love thou thy Land," and "You ask me why," are, so I have been told, close transcriptions of a speech delivered by his fellow-student James Spedding at the university, which, after a night's work, he presented to his friend next morning; the stories of "Aylmer's Field" and "Enoch Arden" were told to him by Mr. Woolner; readers of Miss Mitford's *Our Village* know how close is his version of "Dora"; while from the neglected ore of the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Mabinogion* his alchemy has extracted the rich gold of the "Idyls." Over against this transcription of his narrative poems is the deep original thought of such as "In Memoriam," which was almost lost to the world by Tennyson's carelessness in leaving the manuscript in a closet on vacating the London lodgings where he had written it. This heedlessness is still a characteristic of the poet; all the practical "arrangements" of life are made for him. But this has not prevented his accumulating the largest fortune, probably the only fortune, ever produced by verse. His short-sightedness is perhaps one reason for this dependence upon others, and critics also trace its results in his verse, with its microscopic appreciation of close characteristics, its lack of middle distance, its sense of the large features in landscape. The poet is sensitive to praise, and rather takes the lack of it for dispraise. He is a fine talker, chiefly in monologue, though he also likes to hear good stories told by others. But Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie, in her pleasant sketch in this Magazine, written of her father's friend with almost a daughter's affection, has already drawn a sufficient picture of the personality of the laureate, laurel-crowned indeed.

Robert Browning, on the other hand, is one of the most familiar figures of the metropolis, and he is also one of the few men of letters who do their work within London. A thorough Londoner, born in that commonplace part called Camberwell seventy-six years ago; his father a clerk in the Bank of England—though from his four grandparents, Scotch, creole, German, and English blood meet in his veins; educated at the University of London; living, since his wife's death exiled him from Italy, for many years in Maida Vale, and now in Kensington—he is perhaps the last person one would select in a London throng as the author of Browning's poetry. He looks rather like a bank president, a brisk and successful merchant, than a poet, with his well-set figure, his frank and pleasant face, with trim white beard and wonderfully bright eyes, his *bonhomie* of manner—altogether an agreeable gentleman, much of the world, one would say, and by no means a dreamer of dreams. Yet this is Robert Browning, who wrote "Saul," and "Easter-Day," and "The Ring and the Book," the deepest and sometimes the most luminous, if again the most mystic and obscure, of the poets of the Victorian age. I recall how strong was this sense of contradiction upon me



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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when I first saw him, that drear and dreadful day in the Christmas week of 1880, when in the drizzle of the rain, down the clayey road of Highgate Cemetery, he with Herbert Spencer and others of her



WILLIAM MORRIS.
From a photograph by Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.

friends, amongst many also of the "common folk" who seemed to know and love her, followed to the grave what was mortal of George Eliot. Mr. Browning has much social facility and felicity, and seems to delight in society, having abundant conversation suited to the moment, and reserving his profundities for his pen. It is said of him, so wide is his range of reading and of experience, that on almost any subject of talk he will prove to know more than any one else in the conversation. The adulation of Browning societies, now multiplied over a good part of the English-speaking world as the literary "fad" of the day, seems to have had little effect upon his simplicity of manner. It is understood that so far as he is willing to endorse interpretation of his own works, that interpretation has been made through the *Browning Hand-Book* of Mrs. Sutherland Orr, of which Browning looked over the proofs. His literary work, done of late years mostly in London and by dint of diligent application throughout the forenoon of his working days, is in one respect curiously opposite to that of Tennyson; his invention is much brought into play for his story or incident, and this is not so much broidered with beauty of words as deepened with strength of thought. "The Ring and the Book," however, is a close transcript in its incident of the book accurately described in the introduction to that marvellous work, which he actually picked up at a book-stall as there described, and which he is fond of showing among the treasures of his sanctum, otherwise filled with memorials of his poet-wife. An early criticism on his diffuseness gave him a horror of that quality; and the condensation and difficulty of some of his works is a result of this. His method is to seize upon a dramatic person, incident, or moment, and bring out from it the thought, its bearing upon life. Perhaps in London of to-day he sees that human nature which he pictures in the past, and which through his work lives for all time.

It was but a few years ago that two contemporaries of Tennyson and Browning, really great poets, passed away—Sir Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, and old "Orion" Horne, a man of most interesting history and personality, who lived a recluse life in London in a curious den amidst his cats and parrots and guitars and literary treasures of the past, and may be better known to future generations than to his own. Alfred Domett, the author of that fine Christmas hymn, "Centuries Ago," who came very near being a great poet, returned to London, like Horne, from a strange career in Australia, and died only last year, the more interesting as a link with the early work of his generation because he was the original of the lost "Waring" of his friend Browning's well-known poem. Another contemporary, scarcely recognized by literary circles as a poet, but known wherever the English language is spoken as the

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author of that *Proverbial Philosophy* of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been demanded by the wider circles of readers, still lives near London, at Upper Norwood, though with his life-work closed. Mr. Tupper has himself told the story of *My Life as an Author* in a book published a year or two since, which he felt to be his last work; since then, afflicted with nervous prostration, but gratified by the recognition of a government pension, he has lived in retirement under the loving care of his daughter. He was born seventy-seven years ago, the year before Thackeray, and like him was a Charter-house boy; completing his education, up to the Doctorate of Civil Law, at Christ-Church, Oxford, he nevertheless put aside law for letters, and at thirty had published the first part of his best known work, which reads rather as a work of aged experience than of youth. He has written, besides countless articles, more than twenty books, on all sorts of subjects. When I knew him he was of a cheerful and agreeable presence, fond of reading his own poetry and telling his own life; and with his ruddy face and white beard he reminded me always of an English Santa-Claus. Another contemporary with these, Philip James Bailey, author of *Festus*, whom Stedman calls the founder of the spasmodic school, is also living near London, at Blackheath, though he has almost dropped out of sight as a man of letters, his last poem, "The Universal Hymn," having been published twenty years ago. *Festus* in its day was thought one of the greatest of poems, and was reissued in America as one of the famous "blue and gold" series of Ticknor and Fields. Bailey was but twenty when he began to write it, in 1836, and he published it in 1839; it is a striking instance of the change of taste in the half-century that this poem and its author have been so nearly forgotten by the present generation. But among these passing people of the past there is one by no means forgotten or overlooked; though not herself a poet, the widow of "Barry Cornwall" and the mother of Adelaide Anne Procter, deserves and receives honorable distinction in the London circles where she has so long been known—a delightful old lady, wonderfully vigorous in mind.



LEWIS MORRIS.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Of one well-known group of London poets there is an interesting thread of history which connects it, as well as the corresponding school in art, with the early associations of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was told me by his brother William, still living, and an official of Inland Revenue at Somerset House, who was the editor of *The Germ*, the organ of the group, and has since become well known as an art critic, translator, and editor of poets; and I regret that only the latter part of the story can here find place. In 1857, Rossetti, who had suggested to his friend Woodward, the architect, a series of tempera paintings from the "Morte d'Arthur" as a fitting decoration for the new Oxford Union house, went to Oxford to carry out this scheme, and joined with him, in a labor of love, Burne-Jones (who had the year before sought Rossetti's counsel in London in his hesitancy between the Church and art, and had sat watchfully in Rossetti's

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studio), Arthur Hughes, Val Prinsep, and other young enthusiasts. At this time William Morris had come from Marlborough school up to Exeter College, and Swinburne from Eton to Balliol; the first was enlisted as a painter in the work, and one day, while Rossetti and Burne-Jones were busy with their brushes, Swinburne came into the room and introduced himself to them. The frescoes, alas! did not last, but the friendship did, and these three men started the new movement in poetry. Both William Morris and Swinburne dedicated to Rossetti their early volumes. Years later Rossetti had as companions in the house which he took in 1862 in Cheyne Row, Swinburne, George Meredith, and his brother; and in 1869 William Morris and his family were co-dwellers with him at Kelmscott, on the upper Thames.

Mr. Swinburne, leaving Oxford before taking his degree, sought Florence and the veteran Landor, and became the friend and disciple of that fine old poet, linking his name to the elder's at last in that superb threnody which is one of the glories of English poetry. He was of aristocratic blood, this fiery young democratic poet, his maternal grandfather being the Earl of Ashburnham, while his father, Admiral Swinburne, was the son of doughty old Sir John Swinburne, who in turn was the son of a Jacobite Catholic exile naturalized in France and married to a wife from the noble Polignac family. His early publications, the two tragedies of 1861, attracted less attention than now, but the later *Atalanta in Calydon* was greatly admired, and *Chastelard* much debated, and the next fruit of his luxuriant lyrical genius, *Poems and Ballads* (1866), raised a storm. William Rossetti came to the defence in a volume of appreciative criticism, and Swinburne himself replied to his critics in *Notes*. Since then scarcely a year has passed without the production of some important work in impetuous and colorful verse or in fiery prose. The height of his passion for radicalism was reached with the wonderful *Songs before Sunrise* of 1871, glorifying republicanism and pantheism, which Mazzini declared a contribution to liberalism far above any possible service in Parliament, for which Swinburne at one time proposed to stand, with the certainty of a seat, as an ultra Liberal. He resided for many years, off and on, in his family mansion at Henley-on-Thames, but for the past few years has lived in retirement at Fulham, in the house of his friend Theodore Watt, and it is said to be under his influence that the once radical poet has become a strong conservative. The usual portrait of Swinburne, the broad white brow and mass of red hair contrasting with the small lower face, gives the impression the poet is said to make personally on all who meet him, of a body "overpossessed" by soul, and his fluent, nervous, wonderful talk confirms the impression. He writes in the same way—with dash of pen as of tongue—and the wonderfully complex forms of rhythm and rhyme which he is able to use are mastered as with a magic wand. Now the old picture does not hold: the poet thought of as always a youth is a man of fifty; his nervous eccentricities have developed with the years; his hearing is defective and the luxuriant shock of hair is no more to be seen, and his song is more or less changed. But the poet's picture of him, the one by which he should be always known, is that one made of him by Rossetti in their youth and friendship, in which face and soul seem in unison and afire with the glow of the muse.

William Morris has shown a curiously opposite development. The son of a city merchant, inheriting a fair property, educated in the orthodox English manner, he became first, as he described himself, "the idle singer of an empty day," and is now one of the leading socialists and radicals of England. His first poems, including "The Defence of Guinevere," were published in 1858, when he was twenty-four; his greatest work, the stories of *The Earthly Paradise*, appeared from 1868 to 1870. Meanwhile, in 1863, he had begun as a business (greatly assisted by Madox Brown, Dante Rossetti, and Burne-Jones) the art industries of glass-staining and decoration generally, which have developed to considerable proportions, with a shop in Oxford Street and a factory in the pure air of Merton, a suburb of London, not far from his residence at Hammersmith. As a writer of exquisitely beautiful narrative verse drawn from many treasure-houses of old lore, he has become a careful student of the literature of many tongues, translating in collaboration much Icelandic literature, retelling the story of the Nibelungen, making an English version of the Æneid, and now redoing Homer into English of

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a purposely archaic form, on the theory that Homer's tongue was to the classic Greeks what the pre-Elizabethan English is to us. Mr. Morris is a striking and interesting-looking man, of whom it is said that all his portraits make pictures. His heart and pen are now chiefly enlisted in the socialist cause, and most of his recent writing has appeared in *The Commonweal*, the socialist weekly paper of which he is co-publisher and editor. In this has appeared a most charming prose work, "The Dream of John Ball," picturing in quaint English, which suggests the olden time of its subject, the village life of England in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the aspirations in which he finds the motive for the revolt headed by Jack Cade. In it he has been publishing also a serial or occasional poem, "The Pilgrims of Hope," which is a socialist comment on the significant features of modern life, and much general matter. For the most of the week he is busy in the practical and often personal work of his factory, making designs, testing dyes, planning and criticising, and his literary productivity is due to the habit of devoting Saturday and Sunday, as off days, to poetry. This plan is now somewhat interfered with by his devotion to socialist propagandism, as on most Sunday evenings he may be heard addressing a socialist meeting in one or another part of London. It is strange now to note all through his early verse, which is the poetry of Rest, the protest against the spirit of Reform which was even then, it may be, battling within him.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

But the key to his development and to his present thought may be found in a thoughtful little essay on *The Aims of Art*, which he has published from his newspaper office.

When the chorus of praise for Rossetti's first volume was at its full, there appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1871, over the signature of Thomas Maitland, a stinging attack upon Rossetti and Swinburne, under the title of "The Fleshly School of Poetry." It aroused wide attention and bitter resentment. The writer described himself as a poet who "came from a remote retreat in the Highlands to this great centre of life which men have named London"; he proved to be Robert Buchanan, a fellow-poet, who had come up to London from Glasgow some years before in company with David Gray, of pathetic memory. Rossetti answered in a retort entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," and the feud raged hotly for years, although Buchanan ultimately made token of amity in a preface to one of his volumes. This episode tended to separate Buchanan from his fellow-craftsmen, who had, indeed, no great sympathy with his peculiarly Celtic mind, in which a vague and dreamy transcendentalism was curiously blended with incisive critical and satirical power and strong reformatory tendencies. He is accordingly little seen in London literary circles, though some years ago he gave there a course of public readings from his poetry, and though he still lives within easy reach, at Southend, on the lower



EARL LYTTON.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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JEAN INGELOW.
From an early photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

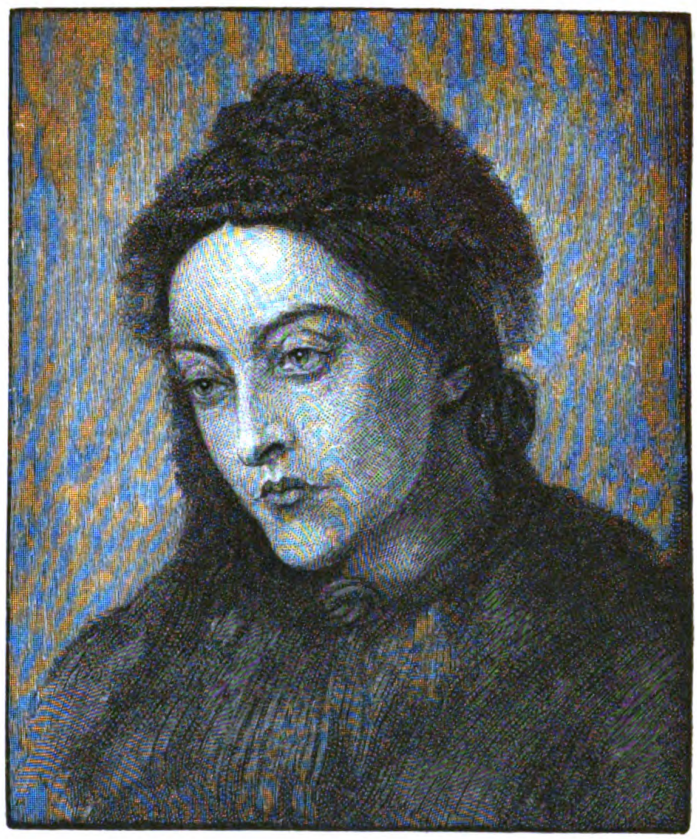
Thames. A thorough Scotchman, educated at the High-School and University of Glasgow, yet with strong feeling for the life of the great city, he showed in his early poetry both sides of himself—wide appreciation of nature and humble life, not unlike Wordsworth's, in his *Idyls and Legends* of a Scotch country-side, and relentless realism in his later *London Poems*. The height of his mysticism was reached in his Ossianic *Book of Orm*, a weird treatment of the problem of evil, which nevertheless contains in its preludes and certain episodes some of the most poetic and lofty passages in English poetry. In his forty-seven years he has been prolific in many fields, and his versatility has perhaps obscured his real poetic gift. His restless dissatisfaction with the present and its wrongs has been shown in his long poems on contemporary history, such as *Napoleon Fallen*, his curious satire on Mormonism, *St. Abe and his Seven Wives*, and still more in the half-dozen novels he has published since 1876, of which *God and the Man* is the most remarkable. Of late years his ambition has been in the direction of drama, and several plays and adaptations by him have successfully held the stage.

In 1871 the London world was called upon to welcome "A New Writer," as he called himself on the title-page of *Songs of Two Worlds*, of which a second volume appeared in 1874, and a third and last in 1875. This work was followed by *The Epic of Hades*, and later by *The Ode of Life*, both "by the author of *Songs of Two Worlds*." Their lofty themes and high quality scarcely suggested wide popularity, yet the *Songs* have passed to an eleventh and the *Epic* to a twentieth edition. When these and other poems were gathered into a collected edition the New Writer printed his name as Lewis Morris. He is no relative of the other poet of this name, though of like age, and contemporary with him at Oxford: it is the laureate who is his master and friend among the poets. Lewis Morris is a Welshman among Welshmen, born at Carmarthen and living at Penybryn House, close by, when not in London. But his political activity keeps him much in the metropolis, where his large, burly figure, a good six feet high, and full, blond face, are frequently to be seen, though rather in political than in literary circles. He is a member of the Reform Club, of whose Political Committee he has been vice-chairman, and he has once or twice stood for Parliament as a stanch Liberal, with an ambition likely to have ultimate gratification, since he especially represents his people. He has been prominent in the educational movement in Wales, and has been honored with the chairmanship of the National Eisteddfod Association, and he is always a distinguished figure at the annual gatherings of Welsh bards, at which this race shows its persistent devotion to song as a part of national life. His crowning achievement as a bard was his Jubilee Ode of last year, sung to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan

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in presence of the Queen. The Welsh people could scarcely have a better representative at the literary court of London.

Sir Edwin Arnold—for he was knighted early in the present year—the interpreter of *The Light of Asia* to the English-speaking world, is not often to be seen in general circles in London, but may be found almost any day in his sanctum as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, busy enough, with his working cap on, in the administration of that great daily. The two Arnold families are not relatives, Edwin and Arthur Arnold being sons of a Sussex country gentleman, Matthew and Thomas Arnold sons of the great Thomas Arnold of Rugby. Edwin Arnold, born in 1832, and educated first at Rochester and at King's College, London, made an early mark as a poet by taking the Newdigate prize at Oxford in 1852 with his poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar." Becoming a teacher, he was made president of the government Sanscrit college in India, and his service there, continuing through 1861, gave bent to his literary work. In that year he became one of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and it was through him that the expeditions of George Smith to Assyria and of Stanley to Africa were arranged. He has been a voluminous writer on many subjects, writing original poetry, translating and editing from the Sanscrit and the Greek, treating Indian history and education in India; but it was not until 1879 that he made his real mark in literature with that wonderful poem, *The Light of Asia*, which, first recognized in America, has run through twenty editions, and incidentally has obtained acknowledgment in the East in the form of the decoration of the White Elephant for its author from the King of Siam. He has always avoided personal publicity, other than on the title-page of his books, in the belief that the conductor of a great journal ought not to have individual relations with the public, and few men of his eminence are less known in literary or in general society. Mrs. Arnold, it is pleasant to note, was an American lady, a grandniece of William Ellery Channing.



CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.
From a picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The poet who made his reputation as "Owen Meredith," with his parlor drama of *Lucile*, in 1860, again became a frequenter of London, after the long and honorable diplomatic career upon which he entered, when not yet eighteen, nearly forty years ago, and which culminated in his service under the Disraeli administration of 1876 to 1880 as Viceroy of India—the highest preferment, except that of Premier, possible to an Englishman. That career has indeed been as picturesque as the imagination of his novelist father could have conceived, and the title of Baron Lytton, to which Robert Bulwer succeeded on the first Lord Lytton's death in 1873, was raised in 1880 to that of Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. Though up to the time of his resignation of the Viceroyship he had been almost continuously in the diplomatic service abroad, and though he is known chiefly

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through *Lucile*, he has published several later volumes of poetry—*Fables in Song*, *Glenaveril*, *After Paradise*—and has been also the editor of his father's political works and his biographer. His mature ambition is said to be in literature rather than for further distinction in state-craft, though his appointment as ambassador to France again calls him to diplomacy. He used now and then to be seen at the London clubs, his distinguished manner and somewhat Oriental appearance easily attracting attention, but his residence proper when in his own country is his fine country-seat of Knebworth, in Herts.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

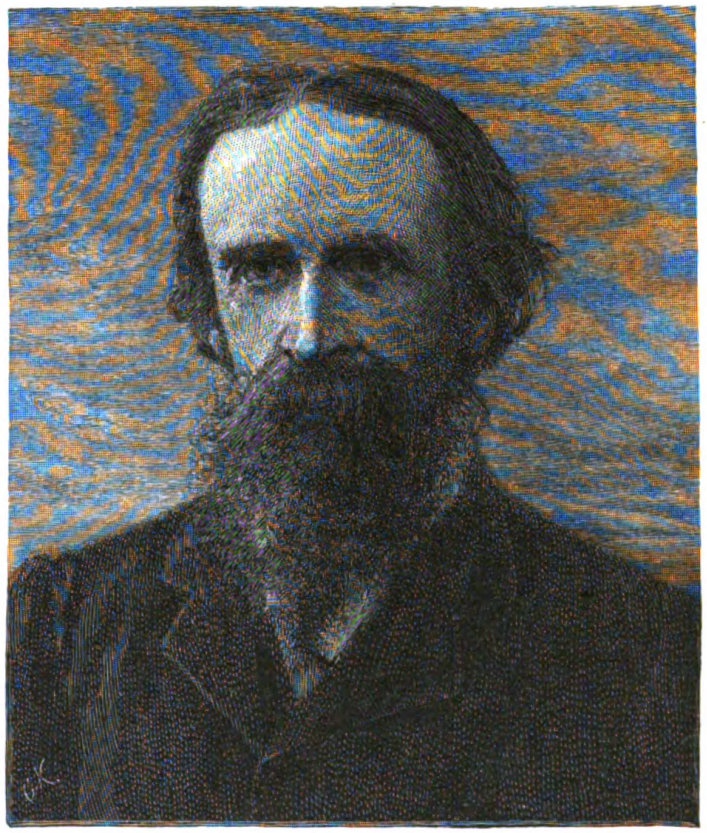
There is a group of writers whose first reputation was made in lighter verse, though most of them have since shown wide capabilities as critics and *littérateurs* in general, who have been so fully treated in Mr. Stedman's pleasant paper on "Some London Poets," in this Magazine for May, 1882, as to leave little to say here. The *avant-coureur* of this school, who wrote *vers de société* when most of these men were in pinafores, is Mr. Frederick Locker, known, since his marriage with the daughter of the late Sir Curtis Lampson and their succession to certain estates, as Mr. Locker-Lampson. Nearly a generation ago his pleasant and piquant verses were a feature of the magazines, before their collection as *London Lyrics;* he was also a *Times* reviewer, and edited the *Lyra Elegantiarum*. His grandfather, a captain in the Royal Navy, and his father, an F.R.S., were both connected with Greenwich Hospital, the naval retreat, and he fell naturally into a position in the Admiralty as *précis* writer. One feels that the writer of his verses should remain a youth, and indeed Father Time has touched him lightly, graying his hair, as becomes a man of sixty-seven, but leaving him still sprightly and delightful. He is much at the Athenæum Club, and has the pleasant repute of being one of the most charming of hosts in his own house, where he can show a fine collection of drawings by the old masters and a choice library of Elizabethan rarities.

Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse have also found their avocation in the civil service, while pursuing their vocation of poets outside their official hours, Mr. Dobson holding an important statistical position under the Board of Trade, and his friend and fellow-poet acting as translator to the same body. During the day one finds Mr. Dobson in his comfortable working-room in Whitehall, reached through the labyrinthine passages of what was once the "below-stairs" of the old-fashioned gentleman's mansion in which the Board of Trade now resides; occasionally he visits the Savile, or is to be met at a pleasant "little dinner"; but for the most part he escapes directly to his suburban home at Ealing, and delights in the withdrawn life of the careful scholar and poet of pleasant conceits. A heavily built man, of serious face and dark complexion, one would not at first take him to be a poet of lighter verse, until his winning manner, quick look of the eye, and pleasant speech show somewhat of the inward

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grace. Mr. Dobson is Plymouth born, with some French blood in his veins, within a couple of years of fifty; his father was a civil engineer, and it was by a happy chance only that he escaped the absorbing toil of that profession, and entered the comparative leisure of the civil service. He began his literary career when Anthony Trollope started *St. Paul's;* and to this literary godfather his first volume of *Vignettes in Rhyme* (soon followed by *Proverbs in Porcelain*) was dedicated. Mr. Dobson's pen is as facile as it is graceful, and his fine scholarship and carefulness of research have made him not only a successful critical biographer (of Hogarth, Fielding, Steele, and Bewick), but much sought for the introduction or editing of last century books, as the *Eighteenth Century Essays.*

Mr. Gosse, his colleague, is a somewhat younger man, still within forty; and his slight figure, blond face, and soft voice, pleasantly familiar now to many American attendants on his lectures, make him seem even younger than he is. The son of P. H. Gosse, F.R.S., the naturalist, of the ascetic sect of Plymouth Brethren, Gosse passed in his youth through peculiar religious experiences; these could not, however, repress the graceful literary gift which shone in his first book, published in 1870, in association with his poet friend John Arthur Blaikie, and still more in *On Viol and Flute.* He was at first an assistant in the British Museum, but travelled much in the north of Europe, on leave of absence, to increase his knowledge of languages, and thus prepared himself for his present official position and for his literary work. His home in Maida Vale, near Browning's former house, overlooks Paddington Island and the most picturesque portion of Regent's Canal, and here, with his charming wife, a sister of Mrs. Alma-Tadema, he is a recognized host of the younger literary men. In the twenty years of his literary career his pen has kept wonderfully busy—in lyrics, dramas, and that pleasant *Masque of Painters* which the artists of the Royal Institute performed in May of 1885; in studies of Northern literature and of the history of English poetry; as biographer and editor of Gray; and on the lectures which he delivers at Cambridge as Clark Lecturer on English literature, in succession to Mr. Leslie Stephen. To Dobson and Gosse we are chiefly indebted for those successful experiments in adapting French forms of verse which have shown us how facile as well as grand is our English speech.



LESLIE STEPHEN.
From a photograph by the Cameron Studio, London.

Sir Theodore Martin, who won his K.C.B. as the biographer of the Prince Consort, is now so much associated with this work that his career as a poet is apt to be overlooked. He is but a few years the junior of Tennyson and Browning, and his first fame was made long ago in *Fraser's* as the author, in conjunction with Professor Aytoun, of the jovial *Bon Gaultier Bal-*

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WALTER PATER.
From a photograph.

lads. A shrewd Scotch solicitor, he came to London from Edinburgh forty years ago, and easily made himself one of the leading Parliamentary agents, a useful class of able men, who in England take the place of legal counsel in the preparation and handling of what are there known as private bills—a function in no wise that of the American "lobbyist," as is sometimes inferred. As a translator of Horace, Catullus, Dante, and Goethe he has made his mark, and the use of his version of "King René's Daughter" in a stage adaptation in which Miss Helen Faucit took the leading part won him something more than fame. Miss Faucit is now Lady Martin, and Lady Martin's is one of the names most pleasantly mentioned in all pleasant circles. It was while preparing a life of his co-poet Aytoun that Mr. Martin was selected by the Queen to write her husband's life.

Mr. Andrew Lang's name always suggests itself with that of Dobson and Gosse, though, journalist and *littérateur* by profession, poetry is with him a by-path of literary work. Unlike the others, he is distinctively a university man, with the "Oxford manner," though apart from that his tall, slender figure, keen and sharply cut face, with dash of hair prematurely gray for a man of forty-four, and quick, nervous way, make him seem much like an American type. His morning hours are given to scholarly work in his Kensington study, such as has produced his prose translations of Homer and of Theocritus, and his authoritative works on *Custom and Myth*, and *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*. After that he strolls cityward, looking in at the Athenæum or Savile Club,



JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.
From a photograph.

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and seeming then entirely a man of leisure, though before the afternoon is over, on the way or in the *Daily News* office, he will have managed to dash off one of those clever and sparkling editorials, full of quotations and references supplied by his overflowing memory, which every reader of that journal recognizes as Lang's. His range and versatility have even extended to the writing of a sensational novel, *The Mask of Cain*, which his friends scarcely know whether to take as mild satire or a serious *coup de main*—and perhaps he could not inform them himself. Lang is one of the men from whom every one expects stronger work than he has yet done, though in comparative mythology he already holds one of the foremost positions.

The "tuneful choir" of London includes many other poets, quite beyond the possibilities of this brief survey: Alfred Austin, known also as editor of the *National Review*, once a Roman Catholic, but now departed from that faith, author of *The Human Tragedy* and *Rome or Death;* Gerald Massey, the silk-weaving boy, who with Kingsley and Maurice became one of the Christian socialists of a generation ago, and educated himself to be one of the *Athenæum* reviewers, now a promoter of socialistic and spiritualistic propaganda; Coventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" was one of the most noted poems of its day; William Allingham, whose early charming lyrics make him seem a poet of a by-gone century, the friend of Rossetti and of all the poets, and last of all, the companion of the dying Carlyle; Dr. Westland Marston, of old one of the noted hosts of literary circles in London, a poet and dramatist, who was also the father of the blind poet Philip Bourke Marston—"Philip, my King"; William Sharp, with his fine sense of nature, who has developed almost a new form of English verse in his eight-line "Transcripts from Nature"; Cosmo Monkhouse, one of the group with Dobson and Gosse—and other newer voices uprising to fame. Some who write poetry are rather to be classified with the novelists, and will be spoken of in a paper upon the novel-writers, and indeed most of the novelists write more or less poetry.

But the women poets should not be altogether overlooked, though there be now no Mrs. Browning among them. Chris-

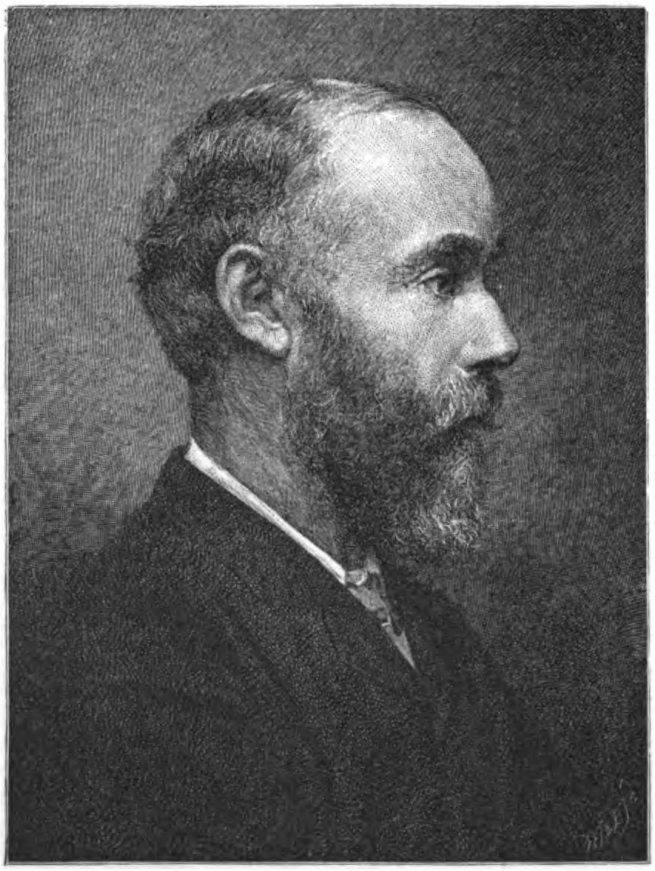


FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London.

tina Rossetti's deeply spiritual poems are known even more widely than those of her more famous brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. She still lives in London, an invalid and recluse, with that same sad, sweet face of the *religieuse* which her brother had so often delighted to paint, producing "hymns and spiritual songs" as the spirit moves her. Her first known poems are those of the *Goblin Market* volume, of a weird mysticism and singular sweetness; but her brother William has, among other treasures in which his house in London is rich, a plain little book, privately printed on their grandfather's press, and very likely set in type by his own hands, con-

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taining poems which this remarkable child had produced from the age of thirteen up to sixteen. Her latest poems are to be found in the setting of her recent year-



SIDNEY COLVIN.
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

book of devotion, *Time Flies*. Besides Miss Rossetti, the most notable women poets are Jean Ingelow and Augusta Webster. The former comes rightly by her Lincolnshire subjects, for she was born in old Boston, in that county; but in later years she has spent much of her time in Kensington, though her strong, sensible, womanly face is not much seen in literary circles. At the Kensington home she gives what she calls her "copyright dinners"—because they are paid for from the proceeds of her books—at which she gathers poor people, old and young, to share her pleasant bounty. She is now in the later fifties, and between poems, novels, and charming children's books has done quite her share of work since her first and now forgotten novel of 1851, *Allerton and Dreux*. Mrs. Webster, a daughter of Admiral Davies, has done very strong dramatic work in poetry, as well as contributed much on household subjects to the press; she has been an active member of the London School Board, and is a vigorous woman suffragist. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson has written charming bits of verse, as witness *An Italian Garden*, and her work in Greek has done much credit to University College, London, where she studied for some years, as well as to herself; she is the author also of two of the biographies of "Eminent Women," and of a novel, *Arden*, in which last line of work she is emulated by her younger sister, Frances Mabel Robinson, who is the author of *Mr. Butler's Ward* and *Disenchantment*.

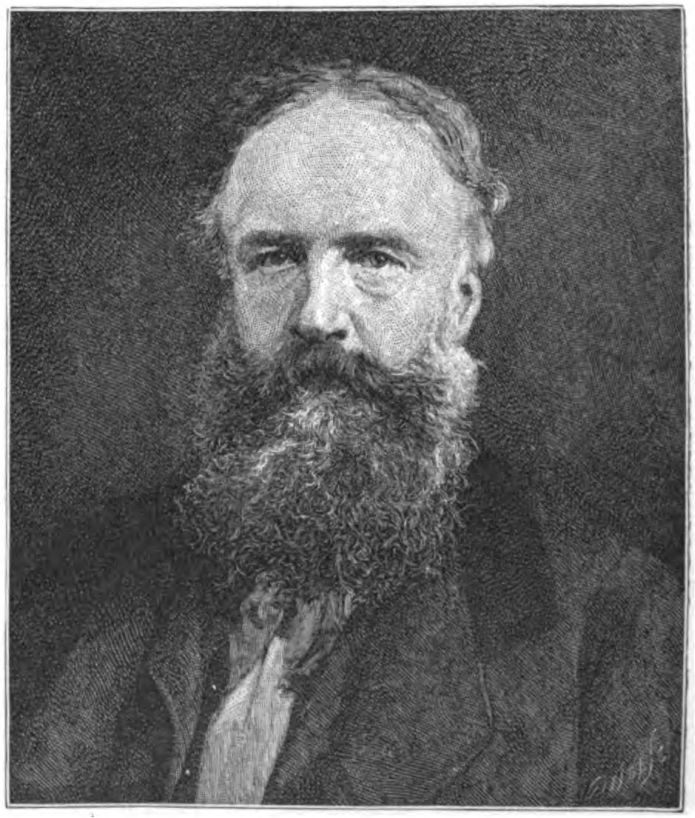
Matthew Arnold would of course be named early among the poets, where he is ranked by many next after Tennyson and Browning, but that he is regarded rather as foremost of the class of *littérateurs* proper, essayists and critics. He does not live in London, but at Cobham, some distance south, yet he is almost as much about London as its residents, and the apostle of "sweetness and light" has been always one of the most popular of the men in his own set. His tall figure and marked face make him a very noticeable man even to those who do not recognize him as Matthew Arnold. Among English literary men he is peculiarly the representative of intellect, even his poems being the product of high thinking rather than of poetic emotion. He justified himself as the eldest son of the great Arnold of Rugby by taking the Newdigate prize at Oxford with his poem on "Cromwell," and for ten years was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He began his career as private secretary to the late Lord Lansdowne, leaving that post, on his marriage in 1851, for a government position as Inspector of Education—a place which he held for thirty-five years, and which gave opportunity for his valuable studies of education in France and Germany. He is now sixty-five, and has felt

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himself justified in retiring from active government employ on the considerable pension which his long service had earned. How he was welcomed in America, many attendants on his lectures can bear witness; the marriage of a daughter here has now strengthened his interest in this country. Matthew Arnold the poet has almost disappeared from view in these later years because of the greater volume of the work of Matthew Arnold the critic, the author of *Culture and Anarchy*, *Literature and Dogma*, and *Literature and Science;* but the little early volumes of poetry by the then unknown "A." are to-day among the most sought for treasures of the "collector," and many devotees of intellectual verse wish that the poet might again be heard.

In the same class of critics and *littérateurs* belong a number of English writers, scholars, and bookish men who are the historians of literature, or who write chiefly about books and other writers. Among these is Mr. Leslie Stephen, though his first work, *The Play-grounds of Europe*, came not from the devotee of books, but from the lover of nature, who to this day delights in mountain-climbing among the Alps. He was an Eton boy and Cambridge scholar, brother of Mr. Justice Stephen, born in Kensington fifty-five years ago, who, after good service as tutor at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, came back in 1864 to lead "the literary life" in London. He married Thackeray's younger daughter, who too early followed her father to the grave, and for several years (1871–82) he sat in the editorial chair of *Cornhill*, so long honored by Thackeray. This, as well as the Clark Lectureship of English Literature at Cambridge, which he held for a year, he resigned to devote himself to that great undertaking, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which now absorbs him. The author of *Hours in a Library* and the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* has made his mark in English literature, and his grave, fine presence is too little seen in literary circles.

Another of this class, John Morley, has been almost withdrawn from literary work by pressure of Parliamentary and political duties. Born in Lancashire fifty years since, he took naturally to the editorial chair, which he reached by way of Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, first editing the *Literary Gazette*, afterward the *Fortnightly Review*, and with it in double team for nearly three years the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and finally *Macmillan's Magazine* and the "English Men of Letters" series, meanwhile producing his *Critical Miscellanies*, his studies of Voltaire and other French writers, his lives of Burke and Cobden, and his work *On Compromise*. The political ability shown in his writings led him into practical politics,



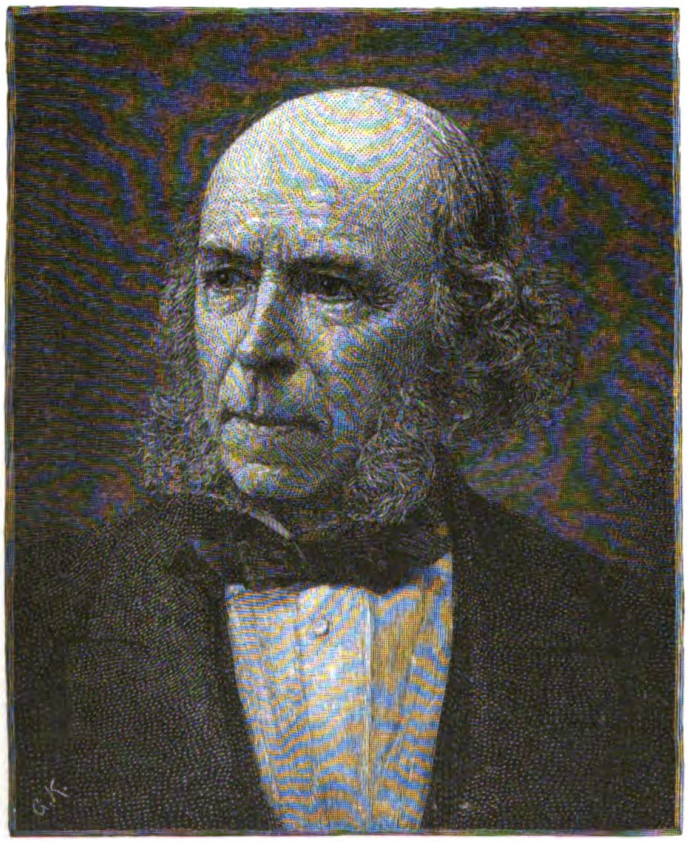
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.
From a photograph by Apollony, Chalons-sur-Saône.

and as Irish Secretary under the Gladstone administration and Mr. Gladstone's right hand out of office, he is looked upon as the coming man among English Liber-

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als. As an editor, particularly in connection with the "English Men of Letters," he gathered about him an interesting group of critical writers, such as H. D. Traill, a versatile political writer, author also of *The New Lucian*, and James Cotter Morison, biographer of St. Bernard and of Madame de Maintenon, both of these writers London born and Oxford bred.

Henry Morley, who has been since 1865 Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London, is no relative of the other; he is an older man by fifteen years or more, of business-like and rather American face and manner, born in London, but educated partly in Germany, and as successively school-teacher, journalist, general writer, and historian of English literature, he has accomplished an enormous amount of work. Volume 2000 of the Tauchnitz collection, with its interesting review of *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*, was his work, and he is now editing both the "Universal Library" and "National Library," cheap series of classics. George Saintsbury, whose studies in and history of French literature, life and edition of Dryden, and many papers upon Elizabethan literature have given him reputation, was an Oxford man who did good work as a teacher until, ten years or so ago, he determined to be altogether a man of letters. Walter Pater, the apostle of the *Renaissance*, and the author of *Marius the Epicurean*, is a somewhat older Oxford man, of peculiarly scholastic turn of thought and style, careful to such a degree that his publisher can never be sure a manuscript will not be recalled until it is safely in print, who within a year or two past has taken up his permanent abode in London. John Addington Symonds, the writer of that fine and wonderfully full history of *The Renaissance in Italy*, in seven bulky volumes, is only seen in London in summer intervals, exiled from the home-land the rest of the year by threats of consumption which drive him to Davos-Platz, in the Grisons. From this workshop, as historian, critic, poet, he has sent home to England an extraordinary amount of scholarly and charming work, his *Studies of the Greek Poets*, for instance, and not yet fifty, he has in fifteen years of half-health put men of more advantage to the blush. His name is tenderly and affectionately mentioned by many friends in a London never so full as not to miss his presence. The latest comer in this field of literature proper, as its devotees call it, is Mr. Augustine Birrell, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, somewhat past forty, whose pleasant and clever *Obiter Dicta* on books and other things show an interesting reaction against the school of careful critical research, since the author makes it his peculiar boast that he has never seen the inside of the British Museum. Oxford and Cambridge are, however, the natural seats of the scholar of research — such a man, for instance, as Professor Max



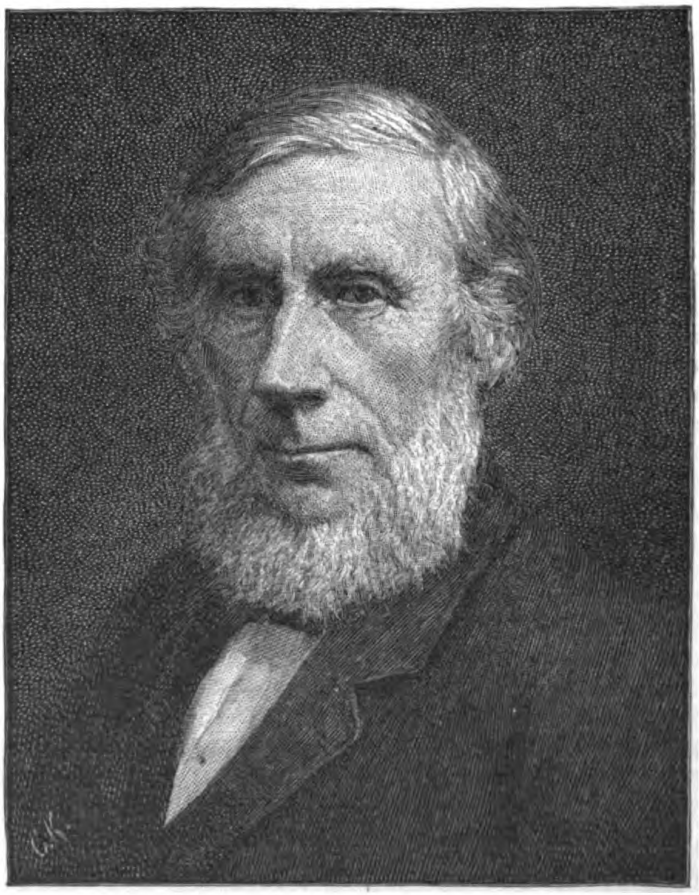
HERBERT SPENCER.
From a photograph by Barraud, London.

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Müller, who, a German by birth, and son of the poet Müller, brought to the chair of Comparative Philology, which was founded for him by the University of Oxford, a catholic scholarship which has become a part of the literary glory of his adopted country.

Among English writers on art, John Ruskin stands supreme. He himself has told in *Præterita* the curious story of his early life—the son of a London wine-merchant, worshipped as an infant prodigy, and educated in a remarkable fashion; and others, from the points of view of friend and of critic, are to say more of him in this Magazine. He has not been much seen in London recently, though he has still a house in its southern suburbs; most of his late years have been spent at his place of Brantwood, in the Lake region, and the recurrence of his serious malady has occasionally secluded him altogether. Since, as a youth of twenty-four, he set the art world aflame with that wonderful first volume of *Modern Painters*, he has been of remarkable productivity, though always interrupting one work to begin another, till in these later years he keeps half a dozen books in the air, as a juggler tosses a perplexity of balls. It was in 1843 that the first, and not till 1860 that the fifth and last, volume of his greatest work saw the light, and meanwhile *The Seven Lamps*, *The Stones of Venice*, and other books innumerable were appearing, until now a Ruskin set is a library in itself, and costs in England well toward a hundred pounds. He is a minute, but, it is said, not always accurate, observer; his literary attitude is that of an art Pope; all the more pathetic, therefore, is the confession in his notes to *Frondes Agrestes* — the pretty book in which his friend, "a lady of Kent," gathered with his sanction the most fruitful and beautiful bits from *Modern Painters*—that some of those words which were surest to him in his youth he sees now to be quite wrong. Those who see him now find a strange-appearing man, close upon seventy, with a rather sad face, somewhat "out of drawing," a large, expressive mouth, and far-away eyes of light grayish-blue, wonderfully charming when he will, and a fascinating though dictatorial talker, identifiable always by a particular blue neckcloth, curiously associated with his personality in the eyes of his friends, the like of which he has worn from time immemorial. The fortune left him by his father was largely spent upon his St. George's Guild and its Museum at Sheffield, and for other public purposes, but his books, which he now sells through his own bookseller, at a price intended to require readers to know the worth of what they are purchasing, happily assure him a large and sufficing income for the rest of his days.

Mr. Ruskin held for many years the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford, and lived for part of the year there; his suc-



JOHN TYNDALL.
From a photograph from the St. James's Studio, London.

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cessor in that chair, Hubert Herkomer, has so far written little, being busy enough with his versatile art work of brush, chisel, graver, etching tool, and hammer, and



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London,

in the development of his great art school north of London, where, however, he enriches literature as the editor of that unique monthly periodical *The Palette*, rich in all manner of original illustration, and with a fresh design of cover by the editor every month, of which only one copy is printed—on the type-writer. The Slade chair at Cambridge was long filled by Professor Sidney Colvin, who has since become a Londoner as the Keeper of Prints at the British Museum, where he has an official residence. As an art writer, apart from his early book on *Children in Italian and English Design*, his work has gone mostly into the periodicals; he has earned a creditable place in general literature by his books on Landor and on Keats; in appearance he fulfils the type of the cultured scholar and man of literary elegance. Philip Gilbert Hamerton would be the name coming to most men's tongues as that of the art writer to be named next after Mr. Ruskin. A Lancashire man, born something over fifty years ago, he has lived in Scotland, France, and England, and has filled his years with work of remarkable range as well as of fine quality, showing in extraordinary degree the versatility common to this group of men. He has been a painter, sketcher, and etcher all his life; he has written books on history, heraldry, poetry, art, fiction, biography, sociology; he was for some time the art critic of the *Saturday Review;* and in 1869 he started his art journal, *The Portfolio*, which he has ever since edited. There are few more charming books than his *Unknown River* and *Round my House*, on one side, or *The Intellectual Life*, on another, while the superb books on *Etching*, *The Graphic Arts*, and *Landscape*, developed from his writings in *The Portfolio*, are works of art in every sense. Mr. Hamerton is now almost never in London, having taken up permanent residence in France, whence he edits *The Portfolio* by letter. J. Comyns Carr, who was a successor of Mr. Hamerton as art critic for the *Saturday*, later became the English editor of *L'Art*, and is now editor of the *English Illustrated*, is much seen among the younger literary set, and for some years his house in Blandford Square, presided over by a hostess who has done her part in letters as a writer of stories, shared with Mr. Gosse's the honor of being social head-quarters for certain circles. Mr. Carr was until lately associated with Sir Coutts Lindsay in the direction of the Grosvenor Gallery, and has represented as an art critic the æsthetic school, made too famous by those other art critics, Gilbert and Sullivan. Born a Londoner, a graduate of London University, and called to the bar from the Inner Temple, he soon broke away from the trammels of law; he has written not only several art books, but two or three novels, and has done not a little for the stage, associating himself with Hardy in dramatizing *Far from the Madding*

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Crowd, and with Conway in making a play from *Called Back*. Another journalist and art writer is T. Humphrey Ward, the art critic of *The Times*, also a pleasant host for his fellow men of letters, an Oxford scholar, little past forty, editor of that pleasant collection of *The English Poets*, in which he had the help of so many of the "Savile men" that it was almost looked upon as emanating from that club. His *English Art in the Public Galleries of London* is a sumptuous work, and he has done valuable service in editing *Men of the Reign* and *The Reign of Queen Victoria;* he is not to be confounded with Professor A. W. Ward, Vice-Chancellor of Victoria University, Manchester, who has done excellent work in somewhat similar fields. The veteran among the art writers, S. C. Hall, born in the first year of the century, who founded the *Art Journal* in 1839, and remained its editor for more than forty years, is spending the last years of an honored life amid the scenes of his former activity—an activity best indicated by the fact that he and his wife have their names, one or both, on the title-pages of over three hundred volumes.

Of the men of science who also belong to letters, Herbert Spencer, now that Darwin is gone, indisputably heads the list. But for the last few years, being now a man of sixty-seven, he has given up London altogether for seclusion at Brighton or Bournemouth, nursing the flame of life by great care of himself and by separation from all possible excitement, that such years and strength as may be left him may be used to the utmost toward the completion of that gigantic life-task which he set himself nearly thirty years ago. Therefore his strong and remarkable face, Scotch-seeming though he was born in Derbyshire, is little seen in these days even by his near friends, or by the small folks so much loved by the old bachelor who wrote in his *Education* the very best book on the training of children. It was in 1860, when he was forty years old, and had passed through practical scientific training as a civil engineer, and practical literary training as sub-editor of the *Economist*, and had written those earlier articles and books in which, some years before Darwin's *Origin of Species*, he had outlined the doctrine of evolution, that he published the programme of his *System of Synthetic Philosophy*, the development of which he carefully planned on just that scale of detail for which his probable duration of life would give time. There are few, if any, cases of so deliberate a plan of battle for a life's campaign. His sociological work was to be based on a world-wide annotation of facts, gathered for him, on plans laid down by himself, by several capable scholars, and given to other investigators freely by the publication of the eight folios of his *Descriptive Sociology*, discontinued only after an unrequited expenditure of nearly $20,000. The preliminary book of his system, *First Principles*, has already passed through six editions, and he has succeeded in completing the two volumes each of *Biology* and of *Psychology*, the

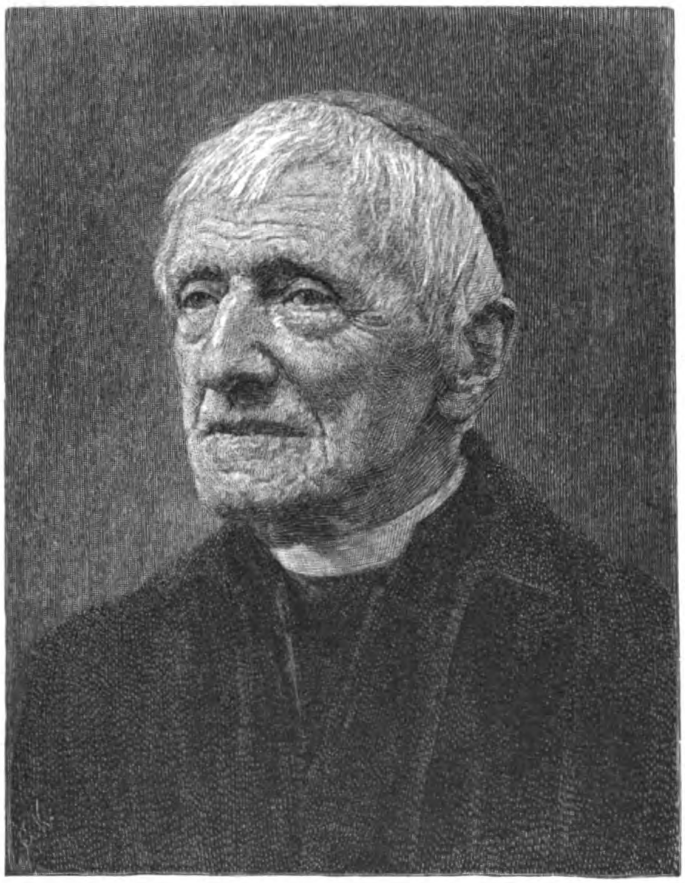


SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

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first of *Sociology*, and several portions of the second. All his life is subordinated to this work. Mr. Spencer's visit to America in 1882 made his face well known here, where, thanks to the late Professor Youmans, his work had been so heartily and practically appreciated years ago as to make possible a co-operation of support without which it could scarcely have advanced to its present stage.

John Tyndall, whose brilliant lectures in America in 1872 (the proceeds of which he funded for the encouragement of original research) made his slight figure and thoughtful face still more widely known, is exactly a contemporary of Spencer, born in 1820 in Ireland; and his fellow-student in Germany and co-worker, Thomas Henry Huxley, born in a London suburb, and always a Londoner, is but five years younger. The latter was compelled by ill health to retire from the battle of life —for he was always an aggressive fighter—some years ago, and Professor Tyndall made a formal *congé* by resigning his lectureship at the Royal Institution, where for years he had delighted large audiences by the brilliancy alike of his speech and his experiments, in 1887, when his fellow-scientists gave their verdict of "well done" at a remarkable gathering in the form of a complimentary dinner. Professor Huxley's busy life has been one of the most effective that a man can live; his force has been felt in almost every direction of English progress; he has been honored with the presidency of the Royal Society and with laurels from the scientific societies of all civilized countries. The works of these two men have done more than any others to bring science before the people in untechnical shape as a part of literature in the broad sense.



CARDINAL NEWMAN.
From a photograph by Barraud, London.

Of the younger men who follow them the most notable are perhaps Sir John Lubbock and Professor Ray Lankester, the first-named already past fifty, though his brisk face and general alertness give the impression of a younger man, the second just passing forty, though his grave ways and straight-up brow give him, contrariwise, an older look, both of them very well known in London circles. Sir John Lubbock leads three lives. His early hours are those of a naturalist and scientific writer, and at his home near London one room is his observatory into the world of life, filled with carefully tended nests of ants, or whatever may be the immediate subjects of investigation; he then comes to the City, and is throughout the morning a keen and far-seeing banker, having succeeded to his father's profession and firm, and as such he is the author of that boon to a million or so of Londoners, the quarterly bank holiday; as evening comes, he is in his place in Parliament as the member for the University of London, and is an able statesman among statesmen. Nor is this all, for besides his remarkable books on

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Prehistoric Man and other more technical scientific subjects, he has found time to contribute to literature proper a pleasant series of papers, *The Pleasures of Life*. Professor Lankester has so far been known rather as a writer of scientific memoirs (to the extent of a hundred and more), and as a reviewer on scientific subjects in the literary journals, than for broader contributions to letters, while to the public he is somewhat famous for his successful prosecution of the medium Slade and other spiritualistic *exposés*. But his contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on scientific subjects are considered among the most brilliant monographs in that wonderful collection, and their separate publication will undoubtedly give him place as a general writer.



CARDINAL MANNING.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

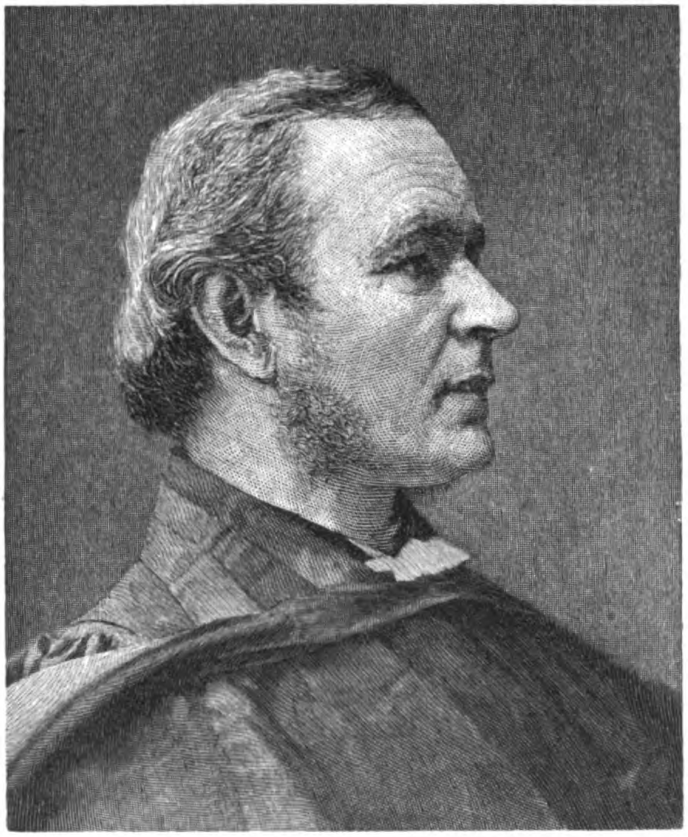
Another scientific man well known in London social and literary circles is Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, of the same generation with Lubbock, who when he is not chasing the sun around the world to ask it all sorts of questions when a total eclipse gives his instruments their chance, is to be found in his working observatory at South Kensington. He is the editor of *Nature;* his books have made the difficult subject of spectrum analysis to be "understanded of the people"; he has published a popular history of *Star-gazing, Past and Present*, and his solar researches will ultimately result in perhaps the most important single work on the sun. Once in a while he gives at his house a pleasant evening reception, where, in addition to the entertainments usual on such occasions, the wonders of science are made to do their part for the benefit of his guests.

Francis Galton, the distinguished apostle of heredity, is himself an example of his theory, being the grandson of Erasmus Darwin and cousin of Charles Darwin. Gradually winning his way as a doctor, African explorer, expert in meteorology, and scientific investigator, he has earned nearly the highest honors of all the London scientific societies. Alfred Russell Wallace, who during his residence in the Malay Archipelago developed the theory of natural selection quite independently of Mr. Darwin, as was proved by an early *précis* put by a common friend into the hands of Professor Asa Gray, has of late years rather diverted his study from natural to sociological topics, writing much on land nationalization and against vaccination. Mr. Galton and Mr. Wallace are of the same age, and but two years younger than Mr. Spencer.

Of the three learned professions, law contributes most men to letters, outrivalling even the "fourth estate" of journalism, and it seems as though nearly half the English writing men had come from that direction. But law, being a jealous mistress, soon gives these divided disciples their *congé*, and they become chiefly writers. English doctors seem rarely to write outside their profession; the literary doctor *par excellence* is Dr. B. W. Richardson, whose researches and helpful writ-

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ings on practical physiology and health, and particularly his imaginary model city of Hygeia, have brought him into relation with the general public, and who is honorary medical adviser to the Royal Literary Fund, the Newspaper Press Fund, and other literary organizations. Dr. Henry Maudsley's important works on the mind give him high place in literature as well as in medicine.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR.
From a photograph by H. N. King, London.

But the pulpit produces many books as well as sermons, mostly contributions to religious literature. Those remarkable pulpit orators, the two cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, both of them Oxford men who have gone over from the Church of England, have greatly influenced the life of England through their printed as well as through their spoken words. Cardinal Newman, now well toward ninety, his fine face seamed with age, whose *Apologia pro vita sua* and whose famous hymns give him a permanent place in literature, is little seen in London now, as he keeps closely to the school near Birmingham which he founded thirty years ago, and of which he is still the titular head; but Cardinal Manning's eighty years have not yet withdrawn him from eager activity in London. In the pulpit, his spare figure and keen face seem all aglow with the fire of his words—perfectly simple words, but showing wonderful knowledge and mastery of human nature. When he drives home a sentence, he has an expressive habit of clinching the rail of the pulpit with both hands, throwing himself back at arm's-length as he throws his words forward, which is as effective as it is peculiar. Since his entrance into the Roman Catholic Church in 1851, he has published more than thirty volumes and pamphlets, beginning with *The Grounds of Faith*, mostly in defence of the Church, and he has also been prominent and efficient in the many movements for temperance reform and the uplifting of the people in the metropolis.

Of the Established clergy, Canon, now Archdeacon, Farrar has been made known by his *Life of Christ* literally to millions, in place of the thousands who heard him as a favorite London preacher from his pulpit of St. Margaret's. His great work has a curious history; it was originally a publisher's enterprise, put in the hands of another clergyman, who died or failed to carry forward the plan; the commission was then given to Dr. Farrar, who, after journeying in the Holy Land to obtain true groundwork for his undertaking, made a phenomenal success, which was almost repeated with that *Life of St. Paul* to which this first success led. Twelve editions of the *Life of Christ* were called for within a year. These successes have almost obscured by their greater glory his earlier literary work, which began with the Chancellor's prize poem at Oxford on "The Arctic Regions," continued when he was assistant master at Harrow under great Dr. Vaughan with those fine stories of school life, *Eric*, *Julian Home*, and *St. Winifred's*, and has in-

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cluded also a full score of works on philology and religious books. Born at Bombay in 1831, educated at King's, London, and Trinity, Cambridge, for some years head-master of Marlborough, occupying many important places in the Church, his life has been singularly successful and productive, and his tour in America in 1885 made his personality perhaps better known in that country than in England itself, outside of London. The head of the chapter in which Archdeacon Farrar is a canon, Dean Bradley, the favorite pupil of Dean Stanley, and destined to become his successor, has made his mark, outside church work, rather in education than in literature, having preceded Dr. Farrar as head-master of Marlborough, and been promoted thence to the headship of University College, Oxford; but he has published several books besides his *Recollections of Stanley*, and his *Lectures on the Book of Job*, originally delivered as sermons in Westminster Abbey, have increased his literary reputation. It is interesting to note that several of his daughters have successfully taken up the pen, Mrs. Woods having called out high hopes by a recent noteworthy short story in *Temple Bar*, and a younger daughter having printed some very charming poems, as well as edited, with a third sister, a handbook for the Abbey. Stopford Brooke, another distinguished London preacher of the best order, who continues the Established service at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, though his disbelief in the miracles caused him to secede from the Church of England, is the author of the *Life of Frederick W. Robertson*, *Theology in the English Poets*, and the *Primer of English Literature*, as well as of many volumes of sermons. It is said of him and of Rev. H. R. Haweis that though they hold practically the same opinions, the one considered it his duty to go out from, the other to stay in, the Established Church. The latter is therefore the rector of St. James's Church, in Marylebone, instead of minister of a "chapel"; and here he attracts a large liberal congregation for the rich musical services and strikingly forcible and poetic sermons that should be expected from the author of *Music and Morals* and of *Thoughts for the Times*. His personality is very curious —a small, dark man, of excited manner and vehement flow of words, just peeping out from his big pulpit and spluttering away with thoughts that demand and obtain the close attention of his hearers. He lives now in Dante Rossetti's house at Chelsea, and there has notable gatherings, strangely assorted. Canon Liddon, the leading preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral, and by many considered the foremost preacher of the Church of England, has written almost exclusively within the theological field, his Bampton lectures on *The Divinity of Jesus Christ* being the most widely known of his books. But most of the great writers of the Established Church are soon made bishops, and lost from London to their provincial sees.



REV. H. R. HAWEIS.
From a photograph by Mayall, London.

It is probable that all the works of all these and many others of the writers of the Established Church, taken together, would not equal in circulation and popularity the writings of one man, whose books are scarcely known in "literary circles," but reach everywhere the enormous "middle-class" constituency of read-

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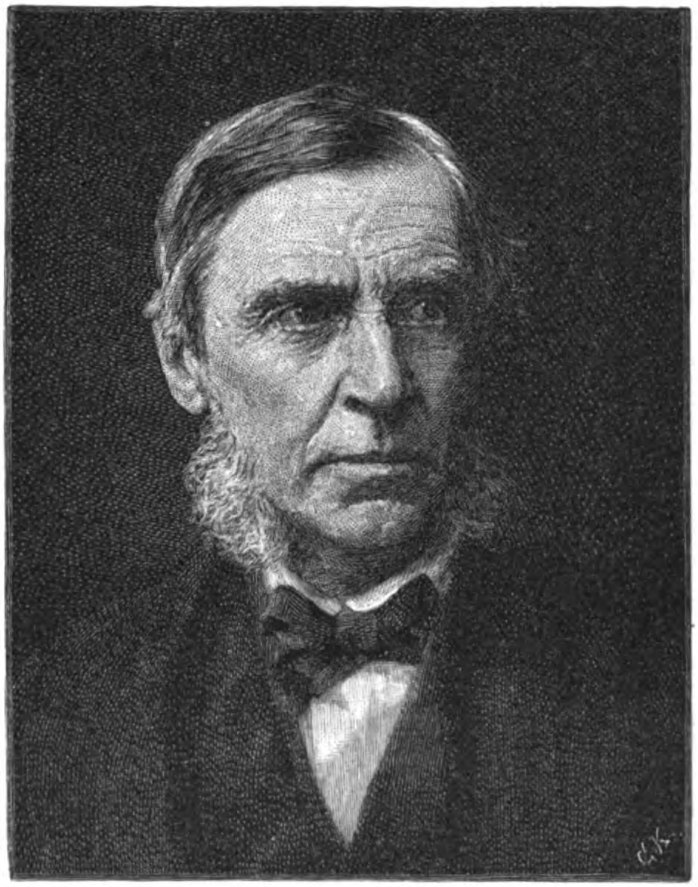
ers which exists throughout the English-speaking world—that apostle of Dissent, Charles H. Spurgeon. His Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the south side of the Thames, holds the largest congregation of all London, attracted by his vigorous, rough-and-ready, dramatic preaching, and it is also the centre of enormous educational and missionary work. One of the most interesting of these features is Mrs. Spurgeon's "Book Fund," which in ten years has supplied libraries aggregating over 80,000 volumes to indigent clergymen of various denominations. Mr. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman's Talks* and *Treasury of David* have reached enormous editions, and he has printed nearly 2000 sermons, with a weekly circulation of 25,000 copies, making over thirty volumes of wide sale.

Of the group of historians, Alexander William Kinglake, the brilliant author of *Eothen*, and the historian of the Crimean war, is the senior, being now seventy-seven years old. A few years ago he was one of the most brilliant figures in London society; but he has long been an invalid, works little, and is little seen; and *The Invasion of the Crimea*, the first volume of which appeared in 1863, has but just been completed, after more than twenty-five years of work. This clear, brilliant, dramatic, and fascinating work—"in the fullest sense, history"—has been the single aim of his mature life, but was preceded by a striking Parliamentary career, in which, as in the history, Louis Napoleon and his policy for France were always the point of attack. James Anthony Froude is not far behind Mr. Kinglake, being seventy; his dashing pen, a free lance from the beginning, has not dulled or grown weary, and he is himself much to be seen about, the alert and agreeable man of the world, with a strong spice of cynicism flavoring his talk. His career at Oxford opened dramatically, and his pen turns naturally to the most dramatic, if not always the most real, point of view. The publication of his history occupied fourteen years, from 1856 to 1870; but meanwhile, as before and after, he was busy in many directions, as his *Short Studies on Great Subjects* attests, and his recent books, *Oceana* and *The English in the West Indies*, have not been among the least of his successes. As Carlyle's friend and literary executor he threw an apple of discord into the literary world by the publication of the memoirs, almost rivalling in its results that of Paris. Mr. Froude still lives and works at South Kensington, where, as also in the Athenæum Club, he has for neighbor his co-historian W. E. H. Lecky. Mr. Lecky's name, since his *History of Rationalism in Europe* first attracted wide attention, has been a synonym for wide research and careful work, and his rather professional face and well-rounded head are now and then to be seen at the British Museum, as he is one of the few scholars who personally verify their own references there. He was born near Dublin fifty years ago, and should have plenty of time left to complete his great *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* by the issue of the lacking seventh volume. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, for some time Professor of Modern History at King's College, London, and a habitual student at the Museum, though his books have not so much attracted public attention, is looked upon as one of the most authoritative of the historians of England. His work, originally published in separately titled volumes, begins at about the close of Mr. Froude's history, though in no other sense a continuation of it, and has now reached the period of the great civil war. During its progress he published, with the co-operation of Mr. J. B. Mullinger, a general *Introduction to the Study of English History*, which is an invaluable key to the literature of the subject. Mr. Gardiner, whose first wife was Edward Irving's daughter, was for some years a minister of the Irvingite Church. James Gairdner, sometimes confounded with him, has been for forty years associated with the Public Record Office, and has done most valuable work in editing several series of publications from the state papers and similar documents, as well as in such original work as his several contributions to the "Epochs of History" series, and his *Studies in English History* in collaboration with the late James Spedding.

Parliamentary life absorbs many men who would otherwise become notable writers, Mr. Gladstone himself, whose pen of itself would have made him a great man, being *en évidence*, as well as John Morley. Sir John Lubbock has, however, not permitted it to withdraw him from authorship; nor has Professor James Bryce, the historian of *The Holy Roman Empire*. He is one of the "north of Ireland Scotchmen," who present one of the best types

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of the English race, born fifty years ago in Belfast, his father a Scotch scholar and his mother a cultivated Irish woman. His career has been one of great activity in travel, writing, and legislation; Oxford made him Regius Professor of Civil Law, and his name is identified with some of the most important reforms effected through Parliament. He has travelled much in America, making many friends here, and has for the past two or three years been busy on a study of our political institutions. Another M.P. still busy in literature is Mr. Justin McCarthy, who would be classed as a novelist but for the distancing success of his *History of our Own Times*. He is indeed historian, novelist, Parliamentarian, journalist, and of good rank in each calling—a beneficent-looking, unostentatious, wide-minded man, with just a pleasant touch of Irish brogue, mild mannered and genial, who looks through his spectacles in a kindly way upon all the world, and has had about as wide an experience as any man in it. For years a resident in America, and one of the editors of our Protestant religious weekly *The Independent*, later a distinguished leader writer on the London *Daily News*, while at the same time one of the forlorn hope making so much hubbub of constant protest in Parliament—a man who from the thick of the fight could find time and serenity to write the curiously impartial *History of our Own Times*, as well as a novel or so a year and innumerable smaller productions, he is busy and productive as only one can be who has all his forces well trained to command. He uses the type-writer for most of his work, and even dictated one novel to a stenographer. The now famous *History of our Own Times* has itself an interesting history. Mr. McCarthy began it about 1876 as a history of radicalism since Brougham's day, but from this the plan broadened into a general popular presentation of events since the accession up to date. To write the history of the present is the most difficult of tasks. Mr. McCarthy's own acquaintance with affairs served him back to 1847; thence to 1837 much research was necessary, and the very wealth of the material was an embarrassment. The publisher who at first undertook the work became alarmed lest the book should find no market, and all the more because he feared Mr. McCarthy would repel readers by permeating the book with his own not popular nationalist opinions. The author promptly surrendered the contract. Another publisher was glad enough to take it up, but when on the publication of the second volume (out of four) the sale ran up to 15,000 copies, marking the greatest publishing success in history since Macaulay, Mr. McCarthy, who had expected only a fair sale among the literary class, was himself pleasantly surprised. In its four-volume edition over 25,000 copies (100,000 volumes) have been sold in England. Its



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London.

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W. E. H. LECKY.
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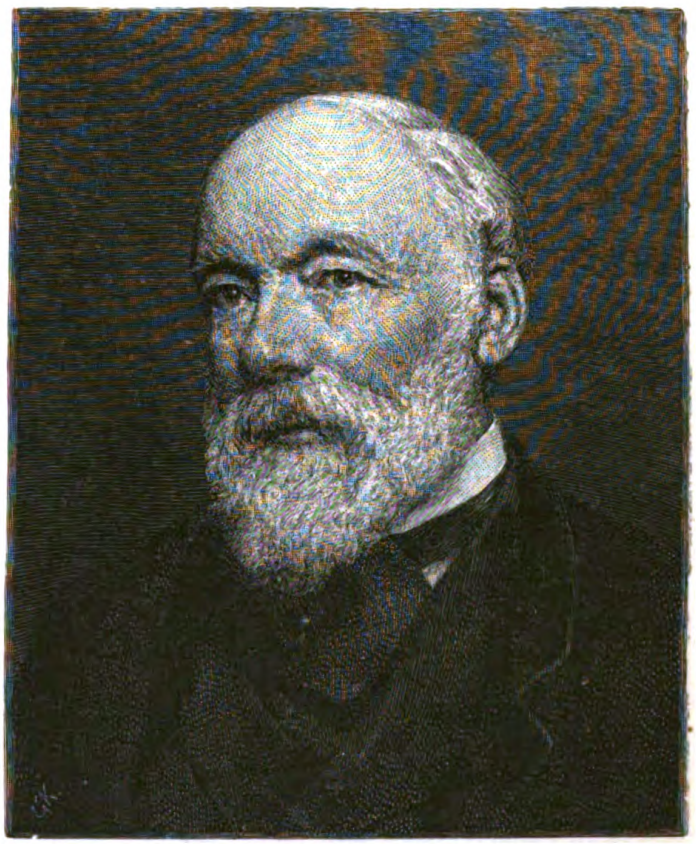
author has still other literary progeny to be proud of, for his son, Justin H. McCarthy, has won fair success in letters and in drama, and a place in Parliament.

There is one historian, or biographer, whom it is difficult to classify, because he has made a place by himself. Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of *Self-Help* and *Character* and *Thrift* and *Duty*, is a man who seems to have practised what he preaches, and is a very good exemplar of those homely virtues. His "smithy," as he calls his study, is at West Kensington, and here, at seventy-five, of which age his white hair and white beard tell tales, he still keeps at work hammering out books. He began at it fifty years ago. Born in John Knox's town of Haddington, he started as a surgeon at his native place, and there published in 1838 a common-sense little book on *Physical Education*. His income was not large either from pills or pen; he bettered it somewhat by becoming a journalist and editor of the Leeds *Times;* but desiring more promising opportunity with his marriage, he found it in 1845 in the new work of railway organization as secretary of a local railway, afterward merged in the Northeastern system. Railway work engaged his work-day hours till 1866, when he retired from the service of the Southeastern Railway on pension, and it led him to his true vocation as a writer. Meeting George Stephenson, he resolved to become his biographer, and as he visited places on railway business or in vacation times, he looked up carefully and personally all the local knowledge of the boy and the man. This *Life*, printed in 1857 by Mr. Murray, was his introduction to fame, five editions appearing within a year. During the free-trade agitation he had spoken much in the West Riding, and he had also become a favorite lecturer at mechanics' institutes; these lectures he reworked into *Self-Help*, but they were rejected by several publishers, who declared that during the war (in the Crimea) no one would read books. The success of the *Life* "changed all that." Over 20,000 copies of *Self-Help*, issued in 1859, were called for in the first year: 150,000 have been sold by the English publishers. It has been translated into seventeen languages, including Czech and Japanese; and in Italy alone the sale has reached 47,000 copies. During his railway years his successive books, including the *Lives of the Engineers* and the several industrial biographies, were all the work of evening hours, and this industry was continued till 1871, when a stroke of paralysis gave him warning, and compelled him to take absolute rest for three years. He now works mornings only, taking much exercise by walking, and plenty of sleep by night, induced by the reading of novels. From constant and wide reading he accumulates masses of material, which he gradually sorts under subjects and into chapters, and his embarrassment now is of more wealth of material than the years may give him time to use. Dr. Smiles at home, with his north of England wife, is the picture of the Scotchman, solid-headed, pleasant-voiced, with a bit of the burr, hearty and

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kindly and a little gruff in manner; for vacation he takes to travel on the Continent, finding there, however, such materials as have given us his Huguenot histories.

As one attempts even to catalogue the English writers now, or now and then, a part of London, names throng to the pen beyond possibilities of mention, many of them household words in English-speaking homes everywhere, as that of Thomas Hughes, who will never be other than "Tom Brown" to generations of loving readers, though he is now enjoying the dignity of years and of a county justiceship. Some of them are comets in the literary firmament, as W. H. Mallock, a nephew of Froude, the brilliant young Oxford man who took the Newdigate poetry prize in 1871, flashed into fame with *The New Republic*, and still from England, France, or Italy emits an occasional ray of critical satire to brighten up the London fog; or Laurence Oliphant, son of a chief-justice of Ceylon, who has spent nearly sixty years of life roving here and there, diplomat, explorer, social reformer, to-day in Piccadilly, to-morrow in any out-of-the-way corner of the earth. He has written a score of books—of travel, fiction, social philosophy, and it is difficult to say what not. Phil Robinson, born in India in 1849, has wandered into many parts of the earth and into many paths of literature, from his Indian garden to the London Zoo, and his keen observation and remarkable sympathy with nature have kept his eyes open and his pen fresh despite the wear and tear of his work as censor of the Indian press, as war correspondent, and in the drudgery of general journalism. George Augustus Sala has made books without end, but has been always primarily a journalist. Two men who made an early fame as humorists, F. C. Burnand, with his *Happy Thoughts*, and W. S. Gilbert, with his *Bab Ballads*, have retired from the making of books into more remunerative callings, the one as editor of *Punch*, the other as member of the well-known firm of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose business is among the most successful of modern times. A satirist of doubtful nationality was hidden for a while under the *sobriquet* of "Max O'Rell," and it was some time before the author of *John Bull and his Island* was found to be the French master at Woolwich, M. Paul Blouët, who has since followed up the success of his books by success as a lecturer. But the pen must pause, though names by the score are unmentioned; and there yet remain the novelists, whose personality and literary methods demand treatment in a separate paper, which will follow.

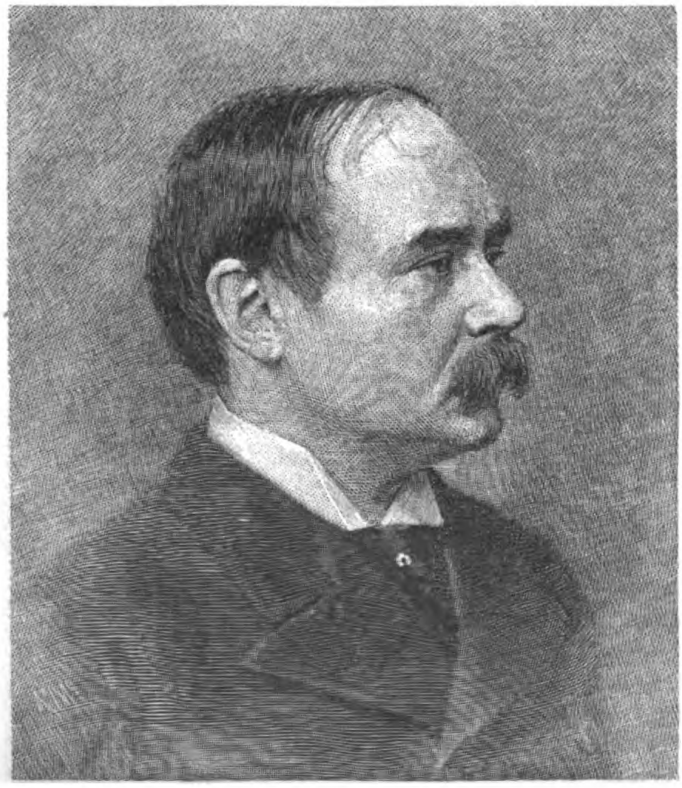


SAMUEL SMILES.
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

The taverns and coffee-houses of old London were the centres of their day for men of letters, from the Mermaid, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson met, to the Cock, which Pepys knew, and which last-

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ed through Tennyson's time till 1885, when the effigy of that famous bird crossed Fleet Street to the place where it now shines resplendent in a fresh panoply of gilt. Their successors, the modern clubs, are not so much as in former days literary centres, since London has become literally so many centres in one. There is now no one club where one may find "all the wits," as at Will's or Button's. The Athenæum Club, in its dignified building at Pall Mall and Waterloo Place, offers the blue ribbon of club distinction to men of letters and art and science, but except for the nine men whom its committee annually elects for distinction in these pursuits, the siege of applicants requires twelve or fifteen years of waiting. Its library is one of the finest in London; here is Thackeray's favorite corner; there Macaulay used to work on his history. Other clubs near by, as the Reform, the United Universities, the Oxford and Cambridge, include each some literary men, but they are too few to give distinctive literary character; and the Garrick Club, near Covent Garden—"the G., the little G., the dearest place in the world," as Thackeray said "the happy initiated" always called it—is more a centre for dramatic than for literary people, though it has brought to the house it occupied the year after Thackeray died many of its old possessions, interesting for their association with famous writers. The chief junior literary club is now the Savile, at first modestly housed in Savile Row, but since promoted to Piccadilly, where it occupies Lord Rosebery's former home, where one may find not a few of the elders and a great part of the younger men of a set well known in books and the periodical press. The Savage Club, which occupies the ground-floor of Lancaster House, in the Savoy, looking out on the little graveyard of the old Chapel Royal, is a jovial congregation, numbering many writers, though more especially those for the newspapers. There are also many clubs which meet only for monthly or occasional dinners. "THE Club," founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, ate its centenary dinner in 1864, and still dines once a month at some inn; the Literary Society, which had the great Doctor as its guest, is nearly as old, and has its dinners at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Lord Coleridge; and the Rabelais, dating only from 1880, of which Walter Besant and Walter H. Pollock, editor of the *Saturday Review*, are the organizing spirits, gathers many literary men several times during the season to do honor to "The Master." The club has but seventy or eighty members, but nearly all these are men distinguished in letters or in like fields, and the two dainty white-covered volumes of privately printed "Recreations," of which but a hundred copies were issued, are filled with delightful "unpublished" *jeux d'esprit* of the brightest men. And when Mr. Irving himself, for instance, calls together about his improvised round table on the stage of the Lyceum the clan of the Kinsmen, an international association of good fellows to whom England and America are as one country, privileged to invite each other to dinner, now in London and now in New York, a good many



W. H. MALLOCK.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

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of the writers look into each other's eyes.

When London men of letters dine all together, however, it is at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, or to drink the "loving-cup" in the gorgeous "Egyptian Hall" of the Mansion-House. The annual dinner of the Fund, held usually at Willis's Rooms, once famous as Almack's, is for the purpose of raising funds for that charity, which dates back to 1773, when Benjamin Franklin had a hand in its beginnings. Since 1793 there has been a dinner every year under the presidency of some distinguished man of letters or friend of literature—among them the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, Mr. Gladstone, Minister Lowell—and the stewardship of others connected with letters and willing to pay a subscription of five guineas for the proffered honor. The society has disbursed over £100,000 to needy authors or their families, averaging forty or fifty grants a year, and on its committee and at its annual gatherings the most distinguished authors gladly do service to the poorer brethren of the guild.



DR. WILLIAM SMITH.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

The many societies of London, with their weekly or monthly meetings and annual or occasional high festivals, offer another gathering-place for men of letters. The Royal Society of Literature, with its high-sounding name, should stand, one would say, at the head, as does the Royal Academy in art and the Royal Society in science. But a difficult search discovers it only as a moribund organization, to which few known writers belong, and before which dry-as-dust papers are semi-occasionally read, although its published volumes of *Transactions* afford a method of publication utilized by some of the best men, as Sir Charles Newton, for giving to the world important researches. Its place is in a manner taken by the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is the titular president, Sir Frederick Pollock the chairman of committee, and Mr. Walter Besant, its first chairman, the moving spirit. This is really a trade guild of the craft, for practical purposes connected with authorship in its business relations. It did much to promote the participation of England in the International Copyright Union; it has laid before the government a domestic copyright bill embodying important reforms; it protects authors in relations with the less scrupulous publishers; and it has held several conferences of importance. This should not be confounded with the Copyright Association, which is an organization chiefly of publishers interested in copyright reform. The librarians have a Library Association of the United Kingdom, the council of which holds frequent meetings in London for the discussion of papers. The Statistical Society and the Society of Antiquaries have indirect relations to literary work; and the Society of Arts, with its handsome income of £10,000 or more and its fine house in the Adelphi neighborhood, though concerned chiefly in stimulating and rewarding applications of inventive art to ordinary life, earns the gratitude of men of letters for its work in rescuing

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the houses of great men from oblivion by its well-known blue tablets.

In one sense the literary centre of London is that fine and spacious Rotunda within the quadrangle of the British Museum, where all the books of all the world are to be had for the asking. The "open sesame" to this treasure-house is the green "Reader's Ticket," which any one giving proper references may obtain gratis by simple application at the Principal Librarian's office. The several libraries housed here under the general charge of the Principal Librarian, Mr. E. A. Bond, C.B., and the specific care of Mr. George Bullen, Keeper of the Printed Books, aggregate over 1,400,000 volumes—the largest collection in the world, save that at the National Library in Paris.

The officials of the Museum are a body of scholars, and in their off hours set an example of working and productive scholarship to many a more leisurely man of letters outside. The new Record Office, in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, where the precious Domesday Book is preserved, houses perhaps more original documents of importance to the historian than the Museum itself, and English scholars depend largely upon such collections as those of the Athenæum Club; of the London Library, a subscription library in St. James Square, of which Mr. Robert Harrison is librarian, and of which Mr. Carlyle was long president; of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, which includes also in its scope courses of literary and scientific lectures, or of similar institutions. The public, on the other hand, use chiefly the popular subscription libraries, such as Mudie's, Smith's, and the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, which last organization includes a lending library, club-room, and restaurants, as well as its now famous "greenery-yallery" art gallery. Mudie's central office is close by the British Museum, and hence books radiate all over the kingdom. Mr. Mudie started the development of this great library system nearly half a century ago; it is now a limited liability company under his direction, in which several of the leading publishers are stockholders. The central office of W. H. Smith and Sons—the head of the firm being the First Lord of the Treasury and the Conservative leader in the House—is in the Strand; their railway book-stalls throughout the kingdom are distributing agencies for their library, and they are also the American News Company of Great Britain.

Although the part played in letters and in politics by the great quarterlies is not what it was in the days of the giants, yet the growth and multiplication of the periodical press have given men of letters more and more opportunity of expression. The veteran *Quarterly* of Murray is edited by Dr. William Smith, a versatile veteran of letters, known widely as the editor of the "Students' Histories" and by other historical compilations. The *Westminster* is still owned and edited, though from Paris, by Dr. Chapman, George Eliot's early friend. Henry Reeve edits the *Edinburgh*, no longer a Scotch institution save in name, and Alfred Austin, the poet, the *National Review*. James Knowles continues to make the *Nineteenth Century* a forum where he gathers the notables to say their word on salient questions of the day, and those earlier compromises between the quarterly and the monthly magazines, the *Contemporary*, now edited by Percy William Bunting, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and the *Fortnightly*, edited by Frank Harris, who has earned his way to journalistic honors by most varied experiences the world over, hold their own. At the head of several of the monthlies are well-known writers: James Payn has succeeded to the chair of the *Cornhill*, and J. Comyns Carr is the editor of the *English Illustrated*. The *Gentlemen's* is still edited by "Sylvanus Urban," but that *nom de plume* now covers a veiled identity within the publishing house of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. *Longman's* is understood to be under the direct control of Charles J. Longman, and the other new-comer, *Murray's*, is edited by Edward A. Arnold, a nephew of Matthew Arnold. The *Saturday Review*, edited by Walter Herries Pollock, and the *Spectator*, edited by R. H. Hutton and James Townsend, are, in their quite different ways, of much interest in the literary situation. The distinctively book papers, however, are the *Athenæum*, edited now, as for many years back, by Norman McColl, and its younger rival, the *Academy*, edited by James Cotton, which are supplemented by the trade cataloguing papers, the *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller*.

The greatness of London is in no respect more strikingly illustrated than by the range of its literary activity.

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CEMETERY OF SIDI ABD-EL-RHAMAN.

A WINTER IN ALGIERS.

Second Paper.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

THE mosques of Algiers, before the French occupation, numbered over one hundred. There are now half a dozen, and these have undergone so many "modern improvements" that they have lost a great deal of their original character.

The French government has seen fit to replace nearly all the magnificent tiles—ancient Moorish and Persian—by many square yards in succession of the commonest kind of blue and white modern tiles. A number of the old ones, however, still remain in the walls of the mosque of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman.

This exquisite little mosque stands above a garden on the northern slope of the town, overlooking the sea. A very small cemetery with a few interesting marble tombstones is a quiet retreat where women stroll about in the sunlight and lean against the parapet, looking at the blue Mediterranean, the shadows of the eucalyptus, mulberry, and fig trees playing on their glittering silken haïks. Here there once stood an enormous *caroubier* (a kind of locust-tree), whose thick foliage and outstretched limbs covered the larger portion of the cemetery. This old friend exists no longer, and the glaring white tombs have lost their protector, but they still have surrounding them a number of fig-trees. The *caroubier* grows to enormous size; its branches are exceedingly tortuous, and the leaves thick and oblong. We are told that the fruit, a sweet long brown pod like that of a bean, is the locust referred to in Scripture as being the food of St. John the Baptist in the wilderness.

The marabout Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman is

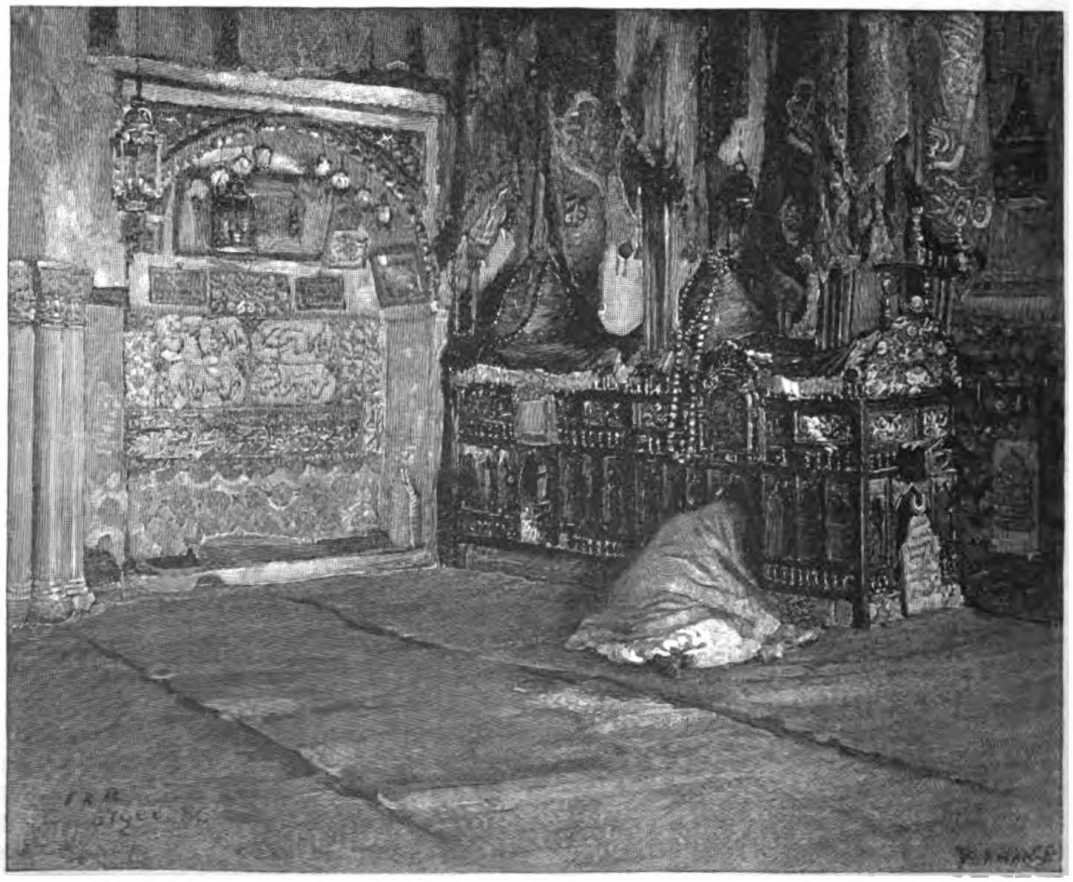
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interred in an inner chapel, by the side of his teacher and predecessor; the same khouba stands over their graves, and is profusely surrounded by flags and banners. The carved wood of the khouba, painted and gilded, is said to have been executed by a negro, a captive or slave. The flags are ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran sewed on in different colored silks. The Arabs are fond of telling strangers that this little chapel contains objects the total value of which is one million of francs — lamps, ostrich eggs, pieces of embroidery, and stuffs of silk and gold, as well as a number of gimcracks, such as garden mirror balls of various colors, all hanging from the ceiling. Over the mirhab (the small alcove which indicates the direction of Mecca, as the Muslim in prayer always turns his face toward the tomb of Mohammed) are hung several small pyramidal cakes of earth from the grave of the Prophet.

Abd-el-Rhaman and his companion in ashes have slept under the venerated soil for about six hundred years, and devotees continue to make pilgrimages to this shrine to invoke assistance in settling their disputes, in curing their diseases, and in obtaining wealth and happiness. Faith in old saints such as these may still remain, but of faith in the marabouts of to-day the same cannot be said; for the more intelligent Arab will confess that this has been shaken since they have allowed the French to take possession of his country and make laws to annoy him, putting restrictions on his ways of living, registering deaths, births, and marriages, prohibiting religious processions, and imposing taxes.

On certain days of the week the interior of the mosque—this delicious retreat from the outer world—is crowded with men and women. The whole assembly is a mass of white drapery and burnooses. Of the women nothing is seen but their eyes, for they draw their haïks closely under the chin, carefully concealing their arms and hands.

There seems always to be room for one more, and the new-comer glides in and finds a squatting-place, with shoes in hand,



TOMB OF SIDI ABD-EL-RHAMAN.

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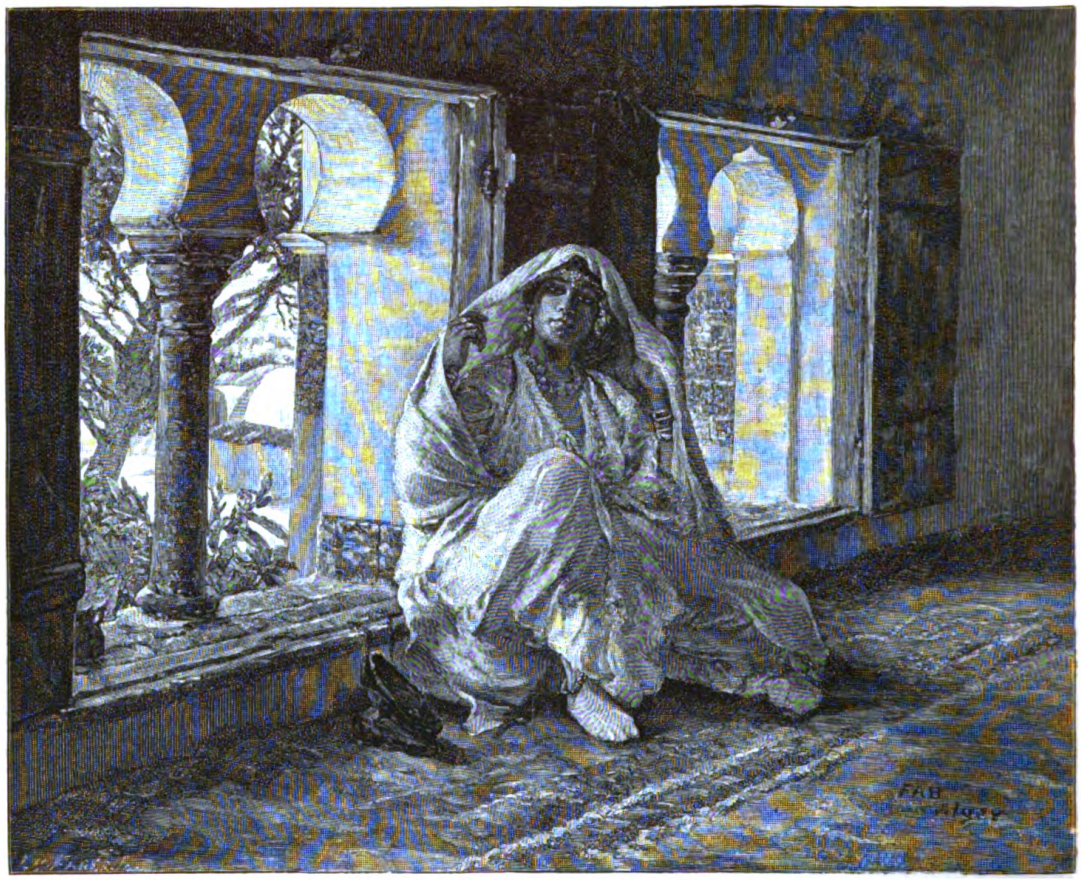


WOMEN AT THE FOUNTAIN OF ABD-EL-RHAMAN.

the soles of which are put together in order that the profane dust of the street shall not desecrate the sacred precincts. The service consists in the reading of the Koran, and those assembled repeat certain passages with the thaleb (the scholar), who is generally in all mosques a very old man.

At the tomb of the great marabout, women with their children and men come at all times of the day to pour out their grievances to the ever-sympathetic ear of the sidi. The women especially have acquired a remarkable talent for dolorous intonations, and they seem to shed real tears in their outbursts of sorrow on entering the sacred chapel; but when they meet other female friends, their weeping gives place to lively gossip and chatting. A certain number of circuits round the tomb with prayers in a given number of successive days are equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca. I was much annoyed at times

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WOMEN'S UPPER ROOM IN THE MOSQUE OF ABD-EL-RHAMAN.

when I was interrupted in making studies in this charming chapel by pilgrims who undertook a thorough house-cleaning with the garments which they wore. A swarthy devotee from Morocco began one morning by a thorough dusting of the tombs and shaking of the flags, then a sweeping of the carpets and matting, accompanying himself with an interminable recitation of verses from the Koran in a loud voice. Being persuaded that he intended that this pilgrimage should be a thorough equivalent for a trip to Mecca, I saw that there was nothing left for me to do but to get my freshly painted canvas out of his way, shut my color-box, and leave the field to him.

A jug containing water from the sacred well at the entrance always stood on the window-sill in the chapel, and the Arabs almost invariably took a long draught after their prayers. The lovely little minaret covered with ancient tiles—many of which represent birds flying*—rises above the main entrance. An old cypress leans into the narrow passage leading to the entrance. Beggars throng the passages and steps; it is a sight worth seeing to witness the distribution of kouskous made to them on certain Fridays in December. The lame and blind of both sexes and of all ages have a general scramble for the basin containing the luxury, thrust what they can get into their mouths, scrape up the rest from the ground, dirt and all, and stow it away round their waist or in their greasy caps, and he who gets a piece of mutton or a bone is indeed lucky.

The two largest mosques and those most frequented are near two boulevards, and overlook the harbor. The worshippers are of different sects, the "Hanefi" and "Maleki," and they occasionally squabble and even fight; in fact they have gone so

* The reader will bethink him here of the commandment against making images of living things. But the Muslim designer of tiles reconciles his artistic with his religious feelings by a curious device. He draws the birds full of flight and life, but traces a line round the neck. Their throats are cut, therefore they must be dead!—thus his conscience is saved.

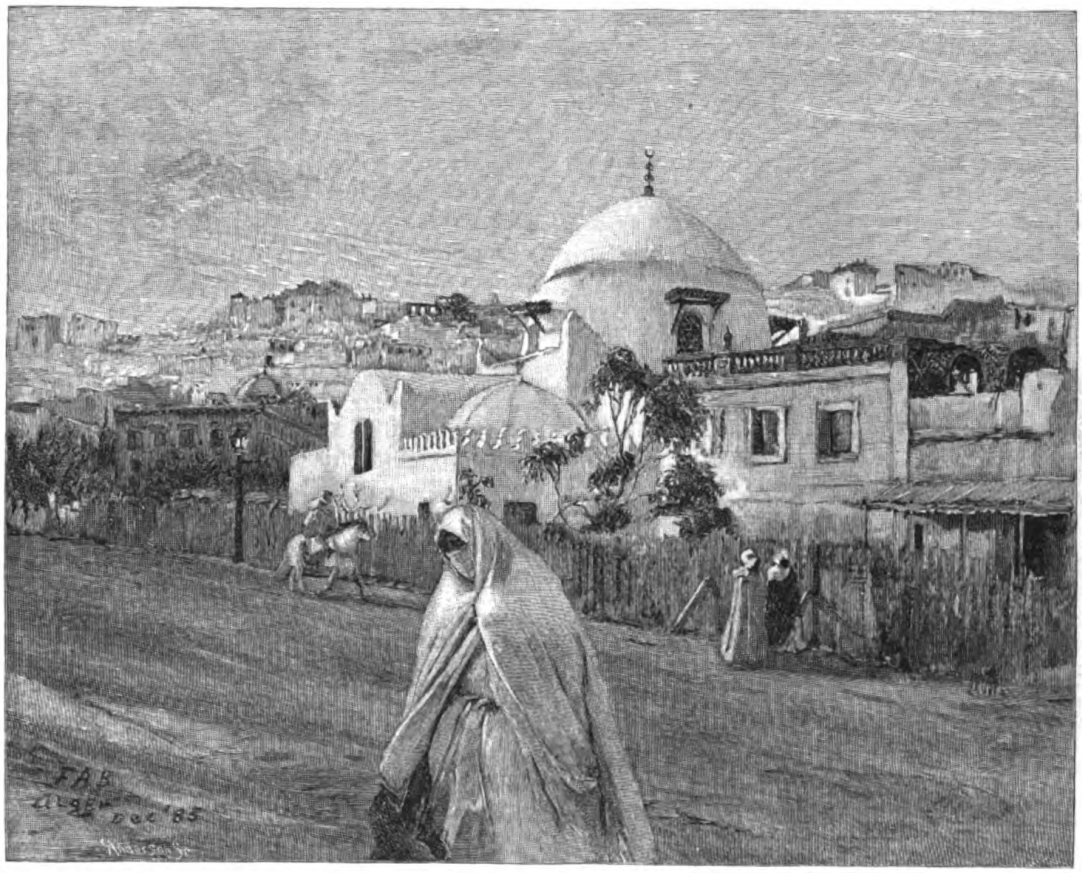
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far as to cause the French soldiers to intervene.

The "Mosquée de la Pêcherie" gives the Oriental character to the large Place du Gouvernement, in the centre of which stands an equestrian statue in bronze of the Duke of Orleans, cast out of the cannon taken at the conquest of Algiers. It is not much to our purpose to give the names of statue and designer; the interest here lies in the contrast of a Moorish monument with a modern European statue —a contrast which marks distinctly the meeting of different nations so widely separated in art, ideas, religion, and customs.

A charming modern French writer, speaking of his impression of the Arabs, says, "It is interesting to see them sitting with bare head in the sun, but it would be much more interesting if one could know what was going on in that head."

Everybody is to be seen promenading in the charming Place du Gouvernement, with its belt of trees. It is a kind of neutral ground which every one respects, and one can be entertained for days by simply studying the different types—Jews, rich and poor, sheiks and thalebs, whose turbans and garments are kissed by the passing Arabs, dealers in gimcrack jewelry, daggers, cigar cases, fans, costumes, blankets, carpets, brass articles, platters, etc. An occasional woman from El-Aghouat,



MOSQUÉE DE LA PÊCHERIE AND KASBAH.

with a child on her back, generally on a begging tour; young bootblacks by the dozen who will "Cirer, mossou?" (equivalent to "Shine 'em up, sir?"), for one sou. If monsieur refuses, the young and vivacious leech will black his own face and "shine it up" with the hope of obtaining a recompense, while other companions attract monsieur's attention by turning somersaults, hand-springs, walking across the boulevard on their hands, and similar accomplishments.

On two sides of the square, carriages stand day and night, and the brisk little horses take one off sight-seeing or for a

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drive in the suburbs at a good round pace.

The Place is also the central starting-point of omnibuses and tramways, which are of the characteristic Southern build; that is, not very substantial, painted in bright colors, and covered with dust. The jingling bells and cracking whips, under a sparkling sun and the sharp-cut shadows of the plantain-trees, give wonderful animation to the scene. The omnibuses running to the Jardin d'Essai, St.-Eugène, Pointe Pescade, Belcour, Frais Vallon, and other environs, bear amusing names in big letters, such as "Gazelle," "Berceau d'Amour," etc.

Arab women patronize the conveyances, and on Fridays they go in crowds to Belcour, where there is a cemetery and a neat little khouba frequented by the fair sex only on that day. A column in the



COURT AND FOUNTAIN OF DJAMAA-EL-KÉBIR.

centre of the court supports trellises of grape-vine. Tombstones of marble and slate are numerous in the court as well as out in the cemetery. At the head of each tomb is a slab of marble with one or two round holes in which flower-pots are set, or cups placed there that the birds may drink from them; the natives believe that these birds afterward fly away to heaven with a greeting from the soul reposing beneath.

The keeper of this khouba was old and blind; he passed his time in sweeping the carpets and matting, then resting and singing to himself. He would use his handkerchief to dust the sacred tomb, wash it, and then dry it in the sun, holding it until it was dry. To satisfy my curiosity I sent a child to translate for me and ask if he was happy, or what he could desire. He shook his head: "No, I want nothing; I am never *ennuyé*, and I am quite happy."

One day I witnessed here the burial of a child. The young boy was laid in the grave wrapped in a yard or two of white cotton; a smaller hole was dug at the bottom of the grave, and served as a coffin, being covered with flat slabs of stone to prevent the earth from falling directly on the body. Twenty or thirty men stood round in silence, the earth was hastily replaced, and temporary stones were placed at the head and feet; the cushions and pieces of embroidery in which the body lay on the donkey which bore it to the final resting-place were put back on the animal, and the procession moved silently away. The women and girls always come afterward to weep on the grave and place flowers, and especially branches of myrtle. They often spend the greater part of three days round a new grave, sitting on matting and carpets.

Djamaa-el-Kébir ("the great mosque"), near the Mosquée de la Pêcherie, dates back to the eleventh century, but there is little to indicate the antiquity of the building. At the entrance is the court where the cadi reigns supreme, settling family grievances and disputes, divorce cases, etc. I met there an old acquaintance, Mohammed, who was now a staid father of a family; years ago he posed for me, and would spin out long legends, and stories of personal troubles, and real love affairs. His explanation of the planetary system was ingenious, but a little behind the times. Our earth rests, according to him and his forefathers, on a bull's horn; the bull stands on another world, which reposes again on another bull's horn, and so on; but when it comes to the question of where the seventh bull stands, we are not at liberty to inquire further into God's work, and must be content with what He has been pleased to reveal. My old friend Mohammed pretended to be waiting round the divorce court to get a settlement about some land in Kabylie; but as I met him three months after this time, and learned that he had lost his wife, I conjectured that he was simply waiting his turn to obtain a hearing with the cadi, and to say, "I divorce this woman," which makes matters easy in this country for a man who feels that he wants a change in his domestic realm. It is quite as easy for him to remarry the same woman; he can

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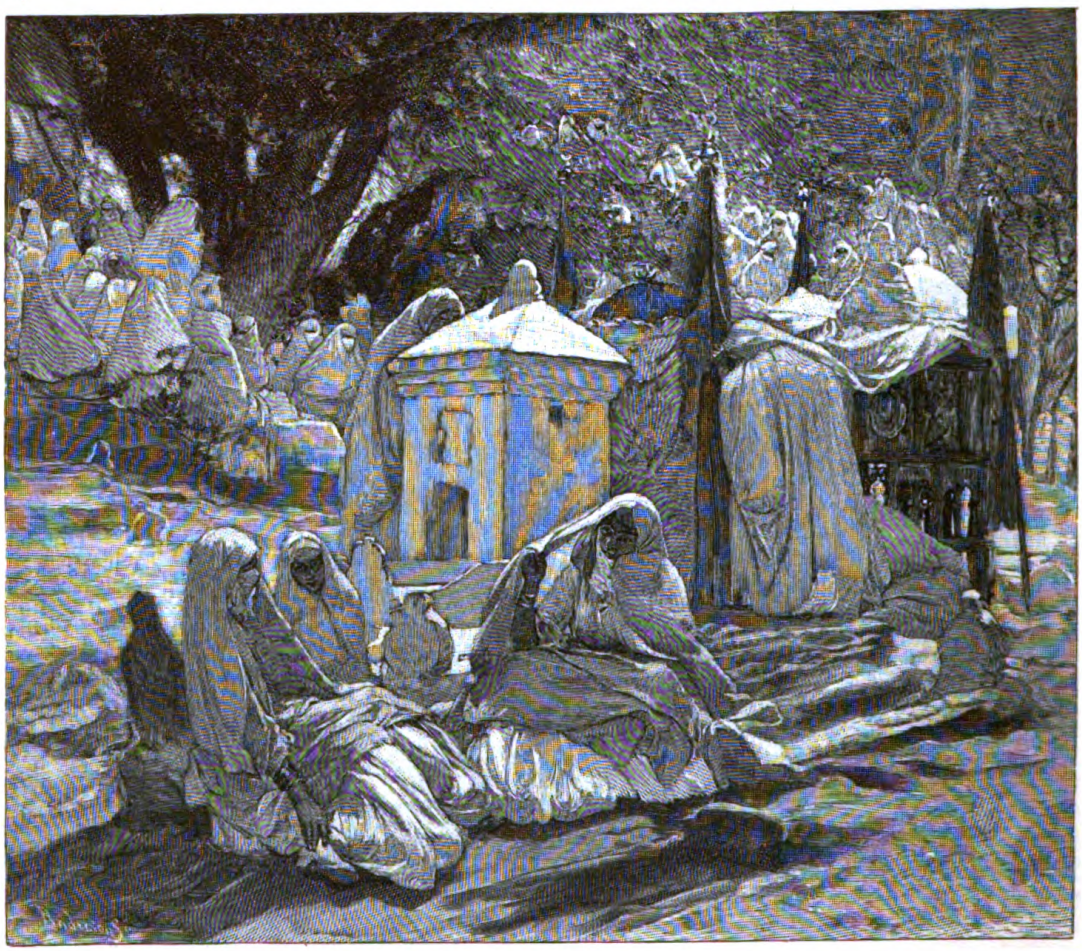
COURT OF THE KHOUBA AT BELCOUR.

even repeat this farce three times (if the law is the same as in Egypt); but if he is thoroughly dissatisfied with his helpmeet, and has made up his mind that she is a nuisance, he can say, "I divorce this woman thrice," and that's the end of it.

In December, to celebrate the birth of the Prophet, the flags and banners are taken from the tomb of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman and carried to the cemetery of Ouëd-el-Kébir ("the big river"), near Blidah. Here they decorate for several days the tomb of another celebrated marabout, who has lain as quietly and as long as the sidi, in a beautiful ravine under noble olives. At the season of the fête the sun shows himself over the mountain at nine and disappears at two o'clock. We went to Blidah, and the morning of the fête we took a conveyance and followed the gorge by the leaping brook for about two miles. The road-side to Ouëd-el-Kébir was white with dust, and the Arabs were walking by hundreds, others riding on donkeys and packed in vehicles of all sorts. At the cemetery we found groups of women among the whitened tombstones, waiting, as Orientals can wait, for the ceremonies and performances of the day and night. Blue smoke rose from the crackling fire of improvised cafés, where the beverage was being prepared by the gallon; tents were being made with large squares of matting stretched from olive boughs to sturdy cactus, and the rising sun had just begun to gild in streaks the carpets and matting spread out for visitors.

A few of the well-to-do families were having tents made for them of haïks and the superfluous draperies of their wearing apparel. Toward mid-day the crowd had increased to two or three thousand. Several sheep and a bullock were killed in the midst of the spectators, who witnessed the complete operation of skinning and cutting up of the animals into pieces as large as the hand, which was perhaps clumsily performed, but in an incredibly short space of time all ready for immediate roasting over coals.

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FÊTE AT OUËD-EL-KÉBIR.

The "Aissaoui" assembled under a great olive, and formed a circle of about thirty musicians, most of whom played rhythmic and deafening music on large tambourines. There was a general call for a certain Mohammed, one of their regular half-witted dancers and fanatics. He appeared, bareheaded, and the upper part of his body almost naked. He crouched with the musicians, and began nodding, first with the measure of the music; then, with groans of "Allah! Allah! Mohammed!" he became half frantic, jumping to the centre of the ring, his head swinging all the while as if tied on to his shoulders with strings. As he sank to the ground from exhaustion, his friends made several efforts to replace his dirty rags by a clean white gown, which they thought him justly entitled to; but it was all in vain; he fought against it, preferred his rags, and went away in them. An old man near us was also suddenly seized with such violent emotions that he fell, shaking and screaming to such an extent that his brethren, not wishing him, for some reason, to get up and dance, held him down, with their knees on his chest and legs, until the fury of his religious convictions had subsided. This emotion seemed genuine, and we were assured that it was, although other parts of their religious services, or rather feats, appear to be accompanied with jugglery and deception. Several other members of their sect entered the circle, moved by some inspiration to dance off their frenzy, one of them crying out for a red-hot shovel, which he bent with a blow on his forehead, licked with his tongue, and bent again by slapping with the palm of his hand; he then turned his heel on it until his flesh burned like a horse's hoof being shod, giving out a similar odor. This performance ended, another asked for a cactus leaf and a piece of glass; these he bit into, devouring half

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the leaf with the long thorns, chewing and apparently swallowing the glass, and took his seat again in a swooning condition, moaning after his excitement.

What gave a local character to the whole scene, where the thousands were packed in amphitheatre round the howling Aissaoui, was the high-pitched "You-you-you-you-you!" uttered by the women at intervals as the animated actions below progressed in interest and intensity. The women were all sitting together, and as the evening approached they appeared not unlike the spectres in *Robert le Diable.* The cold blue-white tombs and gravestones now in deep shade, the hundreds of long tapers lighted in anticipation of the night procession, the glowing fires of the cafés under the long sweeping olive boughs, formed an *ensemble* of color and mystery that seemed quite unreal.

Assembled to overflowing at the little mosque at Ouëd-el-Kébir, inside and out under the portico, were men praying continually, until eight o'clock in the evening, when all joined in the grand procession round the tomb of the marabout, which was covered with drapery on all sides.

Unfortunately at this hour the wind swept down the ravine, blew out most of the candles, and wrecked the chandeliers made to hold several dozen tapers, and carried on a pole borne on the men's shoulders. The dust half blinded us, and so we were driven to the conclusion that the further proceedings would not compensate for our discomfort. The evening, moreover, was cold, and we soon returned to Blidah.



NEGRESS ATTENDANT GOING TO THE BATH.

No traveller in the East can consider his sojourn complete without the experience at least, if not luxury, of a Turkish or Moorish bath.

If you go, you go to perspire, and to see everybody and everything around you perspire. After undressing and depositing your watch and valuables with the proprietor, go to the hot room and stretch yourself upon a raised platform in the centre of the tepidarium, built of large slabs of marble over an oven in which a raging fire is eager to roast you. Think of the dolmens of old upon whose back the Druids offered their sacrifices, and imagine yourself any animal you please. When you are roasted on one side, turn over and try another corner of your altar to find a cool spot. Then lie on the stone floor, and let your grinning attendant crack your bones, pull your joints, and twist your neck, and knead you with his hands, and walk over you with his knees; then let him roll off your old skin, and with evident pride lay before you long strings of your worthless hide, a dozen of them in a row; then you begin to realize that you have had one bath in your lifetime that has been of some genuine use to your human existence. Pumice-stone

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for the soles of your feet, and strong soap, and wisps of hemp or similar fibre, help to take off your second skin, but you keep on your third to go home with by fixing it with a bucket or two of cold water. Then, to keep what remains of you together, and to prevent your third skin from trying to get away, your attendant wraps you tightly in towels as big as sheets, and your head in a turban, and perches you on high wooden sandals to keep your feet out of the water, for the pavement is also perspiring freely; small rivers flow in every direction. In this becoming garb, like a man buried by mistake in the catacombs, you come forth and lie down with the other mistaken corpses, and help them drink tea and perspire once more, and throw another mantle—of smoke—about you with a long pipe. Then you are fit for nothing: lie still and let the world wag as it will. The hours set apart for men at the baths are from seven o'clock in the evening until noon, thus furnishing them with good sleeping quarters for the night.

The baths are the great places of rendezvous for the Arab women, who spend an afternoon there frequently (their hours being from noon till seven), and they certainly deserve this much of social intercourse. They are seen with their children in the streets going to the bath, accompanied by a gorgeous negress carrying a bronze vessel filled with necessary articles, and other baskets and bundles containing a complete change of linen, also several strings of orange blossoms. Orange-flower water is not to be forgotten, for it enters extensively into their luxuries as a drink with their meals and as a perfume. For the latter purpose a bottle of brass, silver, or gold, with long neck and a pepper-box termination, is used, with which they sprinkle guests at home and friends at the bath as well as themselves. The baths, again, "take in washing," especially of heavy woollen burnooses, haïks, blankets, etc., which the attendants and the *moutcho* (a young boy-servant whose name is evidently of Spanish origin) wash with their feet and plenty of soap and water on the marble pavement in the hot room. These articles are hung, with the bath towels and other linen, to dry on the terraces. To make a study under the drippings of such an entire laundry may be looked upon as a feat, aside from the fact that the moutcho seemed afraid to leave me within reach of such valuable wet linen. With sulphur fumigations the yellow burnooses, arranged like tents over the smoke, are bleached. This operation is equal to a thousand matches burning unwelcome incense under the artist's nose. The bath attendants are apparently wonderfully constituted to avoid rheumatism and pneumonia: they go in and out of the heated room for hours together with only a towel round their loins, but they do catch cold all the same.

Tlemcen stands on the northern slope of the mountain Lella Setta, thirty miles from the sea; through a gap in the distant hills toward Oran the Mediterranean is visible. The site of the town is most beautiful against the barren rocks at the back. Above the plateau where the town is built, below it, and for miles around are groves of dense olive and fig trees, under which in the red earth wheat and flowers grow in fields well watered and cultivated. Several miles east of the town flows a river, falling in cascades from a great height between walls of rock of a thousand feet. A canal eight or nine miles in length and about three feet broad and deep is furnished unceasingly with water from this river. A hole only an inch or two in diameter allows the water to escape from the canal every few yards, thus forming a system of continuous irrigation. All above the straight line of the canal is bare rock, with only a few patches of short and scant grass here and there; all below the canal is vegetation and life. What cities must Tlemcen and Mansoura have been in their glory! An inexpressible feeling of sadness comes over one when contemplating the ruins which once were hundreds of mosques and palaces, besides smaller exquisite houses, with tiles, transparent onyx columns and pavements, flowers, fountains, and luxuriant gardens.

The half-dozen minarets still standing are of beautiful proportions and designs, and in the best Moorish style. The sole reminder of one Prince of Mansoura is a minaret which is a wonder of beauty. Although the face of one side only and portions of two other sides remain, enough is there to make it a treasure of art. Fortunately what remains has been strengthened and preserved, as well by iron bars and new stone as by a guardian who prevents the souvenir-seeker from clipping

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off an ornament here, stealing a tile there, and writing his idiotic name and date everywhere.

Bewitching little children scamper out to meet the passing stranger. "Sordi, mossou" (A sou, monsieur). And they say it with such a charming and insinuating manner, with so much rising and falling inflection in their childish voices, that you cannot resist their demand; but when you stop and put your hand in your pocket for a coin, they take to their heels, until you persuade them to come for their sordi and fear nothing. Then they come nearer, and make a sign for you to leave the piece of money on the ground. The Arabs are thus taught to be suspicious of every one from their early childhood. "No, you pretty little minx, you must take it from my hand." One of them ventures to come, and once in possession of the coin, off they go as if demons were after them.



INTERIOR OF MOORISH BATH.

Further on we come to a pool where women, negresses, and children were washing clothes, rugs, and sheep-skins with all their might, and they paid very little attention to my guide and me. Their haïks were heaped on their heads, and in their girdle were tucked superfluous folds, while they held their under-garments and the outer gandoura between their knees, and with bare arms, legs, and feet they squeezed and twisted their wet linen, each one turning in an opposite direction, and at the same time they made their observations about the roumi, who was delighted (and the roumi was myself) at finding this rare opportunity for studying such a galaxy of beauty as well as ugliness, arrayed in an infinite variety of stuffs of every color, thick, thin, new, old, and worn. Yet, as with most Arab combinations of color, when the natives are left to themselves and are not influenced to use some of our cheap and vile dyes, arsenic green, so-called magenta, and the like, all was harmonious. The women of Tlemcen, faithful to the custom of half-civilized races, always wear a great deal of jewelry, and do not leave it aside even when hard at work. Perceiving that the women at this washing-place made considerable exhibition of their charms, I supposed that the men kept away, as they would get themselves into trouble if seen loitering about.

Further on we came to a native tannery—and our noses were not wrong in suspecting its whereabouts. A dozen Arabs, all brown as if they had been fished out of the vats, were apparently so saturated with the atmosphere in which they were at work that their noses refused to smell any more. Of course this scene would not have been complete without three or four ferocious dogs.

Sidi-el-Halawi ("the sweetmeat-maker"), without the walls, is a complete mosque, but unfortunately it is neglected. Birds build their nests where they please; the matting is old and full of dust; the fountain dilapidated and dry. The minaret, and especially the eight onyx columns, are of very beautiful design. The sidi probably has his anniversary, when his mosque enjoys a benefit, and is at least swept and illuminated.

Although it is dealing with personali-

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ties, I must give my reader the name of my guide, a Tlemcenite of much good-nature and suavity of manner, as well as dignity of bearing, for the name is characteristic, and although Mohammed does come in, he is known by another. Miloud ben Mohammed ben Koujabass was familiarly known as Baba Miloud, or Père Miloud, throughout the town, owing, I suppose, first to his advanced age, sixty-eight, and to his being a "numerous grandfather"; and secondly to the fact that he takes under his protecting wing all the strangers to his native soil, to show them the sights, and by his winning ways keeps them for some time under his wing at the rate of three francs a day, although he could show all there is to see in the town and environs in one complete circle of the short hand of a watch, and that at leisure.

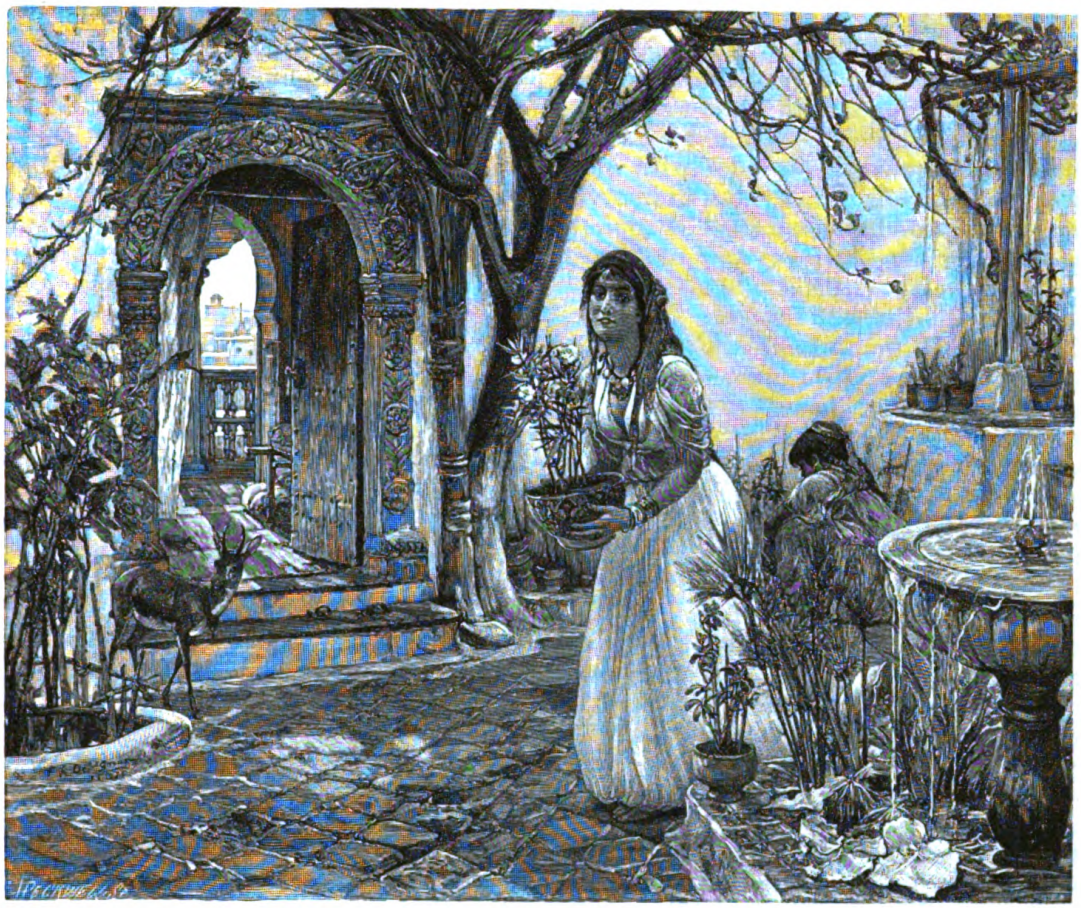
On our return from Sidi-el-Halawi we re-entered Tlemcen through one of the several great portals. Threescore beggars, some in rags, some without them, were basking in the noonday sun against the walls. Sheep and goats, on the other hand, were, like Miloud and I, skirting along the angle of the wall in shade to avoid the hot sun. Horses and donkeys stood under plantain-trees which bordered a high-road, and near tents where swarmed babies, young dogs, and kids, all mixed up with pans and kettles, wooden kouskous dishes, sieves, coils of rope, and sheep-skins; in short, all the accessories which correspond with the thousand and one utensils of the travelling mountebank camped on the road-side with whom we are familiar in the North.

Within the gates long rows of shops do a good business, wholesale and retail, in calicoes, prints, handkerchiefs, cheap woollen and cotton dry-goods of bright reds and yellows, common laces and cob-web gauzes, gold braid, etc., etc. Of all these articles the handkerchiefs are the most used, some being decorated with geometrical designs, others with birds and ducks, others being plain black with colored borders, and gold thread woven in. Women and children use them to tie round the head in various ways, men to tie up their haïk, which is rolled in front so as not to interfere with walking; the poor man who dispenses with a turban wears a handkerchief in a roll round his head, leaving the crown bare. Housewives use the large ones for tying up bundles and covering dishes. But, if it must be said, the use for which this convenient little square of cotton, silk, or linen is intended, and which we are accustomed to consider so indispensable, is not recognized among this people, or to a very limited extent. Next to the handkerchief shop comes a grocer's, with jars of oil and butter more or less rancid (jars which could well figure in the pantomime of Ali-Baba), strings of onions, garlic, splendid red peppers, hung outside against the walls, lentils, semoulina, in boxes and baskets. The next may be a saddler's shop, with piles of leather heaped on shelves: the merchants were industriously at work, embroidering with skill and good taste the backs and pommels of red saddle covers, pouches and purses, in gold, silver, and silken threads. Few of the shops have a second story. In large market squares, well shaded by big trees, dealers in second-hand clothing, old iron, fire-arms, fruit, pottery, spread their goods. Children play round in bright costumes, like tropical birds let loose, and crowds of lazy men lounge in groups at cafés, watching games of draughts.

At the grand mosque in the centre of the town great numbers congregate at noon for worship. The round basin in the middle of the great open court, paved with slabs of Algerian onyx and with bricks, is surrounded by dumb devotees performing their ablutions with much noise of splashing of water and expectoration. I was allowed to continue my study in the court while the service was going on. With the regularity of our sect of Shakers, the squatting battalions of Muslims bow, kiss the floor, rise to their feet, kneel again in long rows, filling the mosque from one side to the other, only separated by the large square columns, of which there are over seventy. A grand chant of sixteen or twenty measures is often repeated at regular intervals by the whole assembly; all else is absolute silence save the sonorous voice of the mufti reciting verses of the Koran.

On the other side of the central public square is a school, a small Babel of sixty boys or more. The intellectual training of children is very limited, and causes but little anxiety to parents, who teach them in early childhood to repeat, "I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle," and to hate Christians. The remainder of their education consists in the acquirement of a few rudimentary rules of arith-

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LITTLE GARDEN.

metic and the practice of committing to memory as much of the Koran as possible. Let it be understood that we are referring to the purely Arab schools, and not to others where French influence is gaining ground; one of the largest buildings in Algiers is the Lyceum, where about eight hundred Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans are educated together. The old professor of the school on the public square has assistants of different ages for the younger boys, so that there is a continual running stream of big and little voices, each trying to outcry the other: higher and more shrill they yell, as they take in a fresh breath, and repeat what they know at such a rate that it seems impossible that any one should distinguish one syllable from another. In fact, during my stay I often asked my young factotum of the day what was being recited; his only answer was a significant shrug of the shoulders—"Je sais pas, mossou—connais pas ça, moi." Allah — Illah - Allah - Achbah - Mohammed-wally-golly-jolly-holly, repeated at the top of your voice, and at lightning speed, a thousand times a minute if you can, will give you, my reader, a faint idea of what one of the youngsters is saying; then multiply by the number engaged in this noisy method of committing the Koran to memory, and you may get still nearer the effect. Children are made to recite in as loud a voice as possible, in order to strengthen their lungs—a requirement especially necessary for a muezzin, who calls to prayer from the top of the minaret. Those who are to follow a trade are sometimes taught writing and a little useful arithmetic. To vary the monotony of these recitations at school, the lad is occasionally taken across the knees of the old teacher, who sits tailor fashion, holds the offender by the ankles, and administers blows with a rod on the soles of his feet—a mild form of bastinado.

The pupil's stationery and books at the Arab school do not cost his parents a great amount. A slate, so called, but made of

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hard wood, is the medium of knowledge. The surface becomes as smooth as glass by repeated application of fine pipe-clay, which is moistened with water and rubbed on with the fingers. When the lad has filled his slate on both sides with dictations from the Koran, written in ink with a reed pen, and has committed its contents to memory, he washes it and renews the coating of clay. A mistake is easily corrected with the wet finger. The Arab boy has all the mischief of any other school-boy, and as he must break, chew, crack, nick, and mend something, his slate ends by being a kind of one-horse-shay put together again with glue, nails, and bits of tin and brass, cross-beams and corners; the marvellous clay fills up all the chinks. On the wall hangs a large black-board; on the floor matting lie burnooses and shoes, but no primers, grammars, geographies, or other ink-stained accessories which strew the benches and desks of our schools. Groups of dear little black-eyed boys from three to five years old, other groups of different classes, youths of seventeen, eighteen, all wearing their red tarbouches with big blue tassels, jackets and burnooses of all shades and colors, enlivened by streaks and spots of sunlight sifted through the intricate designs of the windows and stained glass, make a charming kaleidoscope. All around is the plain white-washed wainscoting, considerably soiled and stained by the backs, hands, and heads that lean against it; and above are exquisite arabesques in stucco—for the interior, though somewhat dilapidated, is untouched by the restorer's hand, and remains one of the very finest examples of Moorish art. The building was a small mosque, the ornamented and painted wooden ceiling of which, almost in ruins, is supported by arches and onyx columns.

Wending our way through the streets, we passed jewellers' shops; that is, dingy little recesses where workers in silver made anklets, haïk-pins, bracelets, with rude instruments—with furnace, bellows, and anvil that would become a black-smith. A juvenile Israelite, with the instincts of race and of the trade which he was destined to continue after his father, implored me to purchase something while he jingled his wares before my eyes.

I must again refer to the children, for this street was teeming with little Tlemcenites who had never left and probably never would leave their native town. The boys, when running about, wear nothing but a long white chemise and dark blue vest, but of all bewitching creatures in the world the little girls can scarcely be surpassed. They are everywhere, and must strike a stranger, certainly an artist, as a prominent feature of interest. Some are going to the baker's, carrying unbaked loaves piled on a plank on the head; others with little brass-bound buckets brimming with milk; singly, in crowds, always fascinating, not only pretty, but arrayed in an infinite variety of costumes, they dart from shadow into sunlight, and disappear in a twinkling round a corner or through a doorway. They wear, first, a white chemise with gauze sleeves, over it a gandoura, or chemise without sleeves, and reaching nearly to the ankles, usually of printed calico, glaring in color, and with spots, stripes, birds, branches, and leaves; this gandoura is sometimes of rich brocade or light silk; over the first they often wear a second gandoura of tulle with a design in it, ordinarily nothing more nor less than common white lace curtain stuff. All the materials hang limp and flutter when they run: round the waist a broad *ceinture*, and over the shoulders a little bodice. On the head a conical cap, always of crimson velvet, more or less ornamented with gold thread; children and unmarried girls wear them with a strap under the chin; married women tie them on with a colored handkerchief besides the strap. Their hair is fringed square, just over the eyebrows, and plaited down the back: the operation of dyeing it dark brownish wine-color requires several days, during which time they appear certainly at a disadvantage. Henna is made into a mushy paste and plastered all over the head, as much as the hair, being tied up all over, can hold in place, and even more, for it runs down the neck, the cheeks, and into the ears. The process gives somewhat the appearance of a head modelled in wax, with the hair studied in masses. The palms of the hands, fingers, and the feet and toes, are also stained. A charming little neighbor of mine, who lived near my hotel window, was missing for several days; I afterward found her sitting mournfully near her own door-sill, all the forearm and hand very much swollen: she had been undergoing the painful operation of having her person beautified by lozenges,

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YOUNG GIRL OF TLEMCEN.

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stars, and stripes pricked in with needles and dyed with India-ink, or something of the kind. To make one job of it, she had her head plastered with henna at the same time. So much for coquetry. I offered my sympathy. "Ah, my little friend, to be beautiful you must suffer," I said to her, and my young factotum put my words into good Arabic. She had nothing the matter with her heels, however, although they were of a deep burnt-sienna, for she made use of them to carry her into her house in a flash, forgetting for the moment her lame arm, which she had been so tenderly nursing.

About a mile to the east of Tlemcen stands the village of Bou-Médine, on a more elevated slope. As a town it is dead; one café may be said to be in a semi-flourishing condition, but the old patron saint, Sidi Bou-Médine, or Médian, sleeps peacefully in his khouba, ever cared for and continually visited.

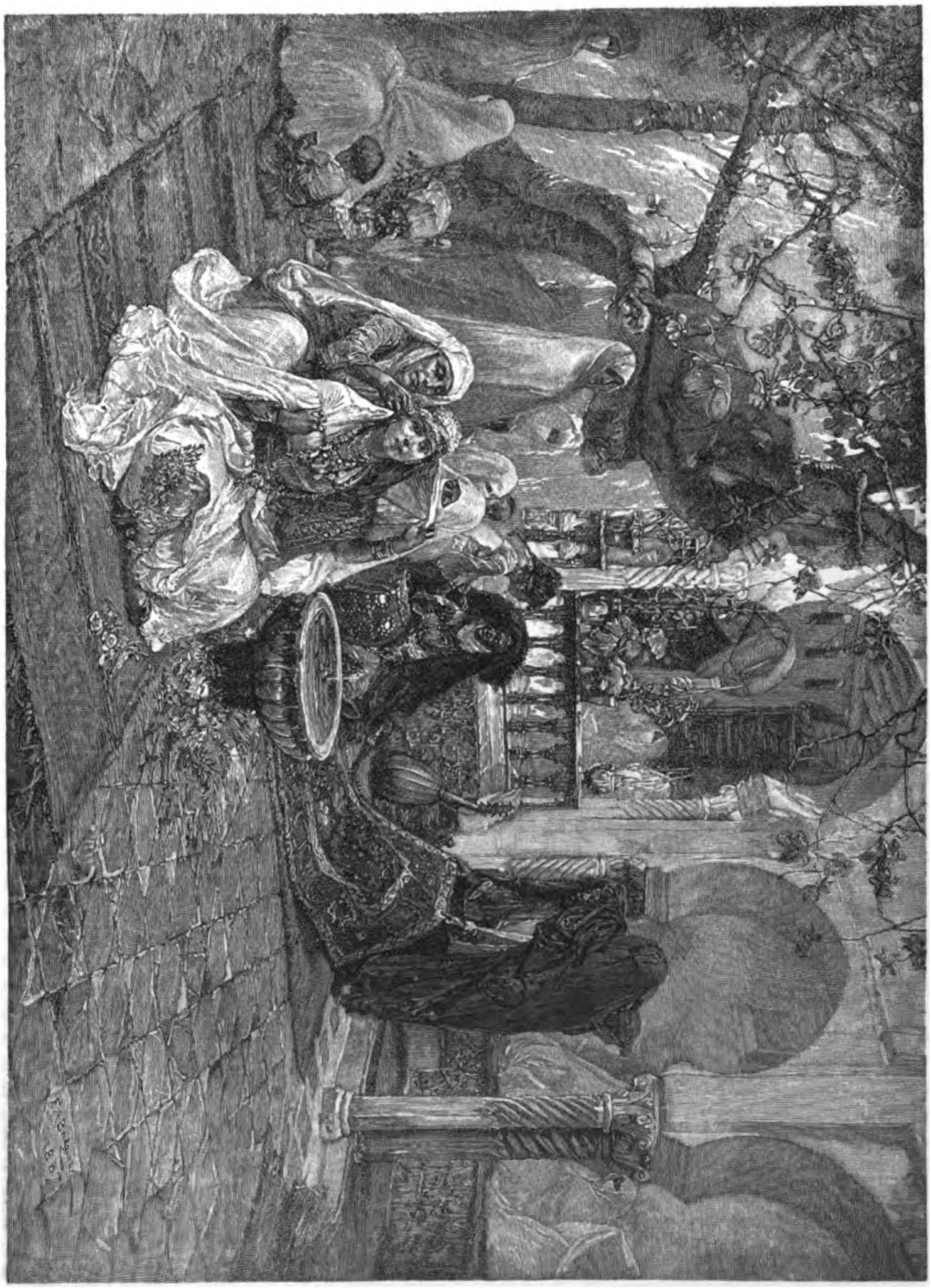
The keeper is unceasingly running in and out with his bunch of keys to open the door of the khouba to pilgrims and visitors, from all of whom he receives a gratuity. The khouba is covered with silk draperies, overhung with flags, ex-votoes, candles, ostrich eggs, inscriptions under glass. The open court which gives access to the tomb is reached by about fifteen steps leading down from another narrow outer court. Four beautiful onyx columns and the old marble well are very interesting. Two buckets at the end of a long chain have so often been let down and drawn up with the sacred water during the last six hundred years that the marble is worn in grooves fifteen inches deep. Small tiles, green, brown, yellow, white, each with intricate ornaments in relief, once covered the floor, but souvenir-seekers have taken away so many that the keeper is now made responsible to the French government for every one remaining.

Opposite the tomb of the sidi is the mosque named after him. This lovely specimen of pure Moorish architecture is in an almost perfect state of preservation, and it so forcibly recalls the Alhambra that one feels almost as though one stood with one foot in this celebrated palace and the other in the mosque of Bou-Médine. A dozen steps lead up to gigantic doors faced with bronze plaques about a sixteenth of an inch in thickness and of geometrical design—a *chef-d'œuvre* of the kind. They are fastened inside with bolts of bronze nearly three feet long and about three inches in diameter, the vertical bolt being slipped through a hole in the horizontal one. The tiled courts are the playground for the children.

At noon the special keeper of the mosque alone filled the office of muezzin, and called to prayer from his minaret. The tiles ornamenting the tower and the roofs glistened and sparkled under the mid-day sun, blue smoke curled from the dwellings, in the courts of which we could catch glimpses of the inmates preparing their portion of soup or making coffee, for we often took our breakfast under a tree higher up against the hill overlooking the roofs of Bou-Médine, the flat terraces, and the houses below. The voice of the muezzin was trained to carry a great distance, and as he repeated "Allah, Illah!" toward the four corners of the earth, prolonging and swelling the latter syllables with a gradually rising inflection, ending suddenly with the last breath left in his lungs, it seemed as if in the absolute stillness around us the sonorous waves could float across the vast plain stretching out below, and quivering under the sun, to the Mediterranean beyond the distant hills.

Miloud reminded me that two wedding processions would take place that evening in Tlemcen. As he had gone through the ceremony himself once upon a time, he told me how such things were managed, and how marriage contracts were made. The grandmothers of the proposed bride and bridegroom on the father's side have an informal and preliminary talk as to whether the alliance is possible. They too appreciate the wisdom of the saying, "La nuit porte conseil," and if the next morning the old ladies still find no objection, the matter is carried on by the fathers, who come to an agreement about the sum of money to be paid by the bridegroom. This varies, of course, with the standing and wealth of the parties concerned. The bride is sometimes an orphan in possession of a fortune, in which case she can make her own terms, and marry more from her own choice; but ordinarily the bride and bridegroom are chosen by the parents. The young man may never have seen his intended, but it not unfrequently happens that they have been playmates until the time when it is deemed proper and according to custom that the girl should be veiled, having

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PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING.

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attained the age of twelve or thirteen years.

The ceremony may take place at any time of the day or in the evening. The working tradesman chooses the evening, while others prolong the feasts and receptions to three or four days.

The family and male friends assemble at the bridegroom's house, and conduct him to his bride's dwelling, where she waits for him in an inner chamber, seated on a bed, as upright and motionless as an idol, and holding in her hands a folded handkerchief. As to the reason for this custom Miloud's only explanation was, "C'est l'habitude, comme ça." The bridegroom enters the room alone, removes the veil, and looks for the first time upon a face perhaps entirely strange to him, perhaps that of a former playmate—the face of his fiancée of a month or of several years. At this moment the women population, the invited guests in other parts of the house, as well as the uninvited females who are peeping into the courts from every available position on the neighboring terraces, break out in their semi-barbaric method of showing their approval with their "You-you-you-you-you!" Screeching clarinets, blown by the pair of cheeks of a professional musician, distended by habitual practice until they might be used for a blacksmith's bellows, big drums beaten with the ends of curved sticks, small double drums beaten with long straight sticks, tambourines and derboukas thumped upon with callous hands, create an infernal racket—noise is too mild to express it—while the ever-stirring element, the children, are everywhere, and enjoy themselves in their own unrestrained manner, gorgeous in their best attire, like parrots and pheasants, from babyhood to the toddling age.

The bridegroom, on reappearing in the court, is made to sit on a cushion, while a friend each side of him waves a large colored handkerchief about his head, playfully brushing it across his face. There seemed to be no particular reason for this nonsensical performance, and it was not much noticed by the crowd.

I witnessed these scenes and demonstrations, and became, somewhat to my astonishment, an invited guest, inasmuch as I was pressed to take a seat amongst the native spectators, and to help them make way with an enormous dish of kouskous a little to my embarrassment, it must be acknowledged, for I was the observed of all observers, being the only stranger present. Whether I had an appetite or not, I felt it incumbent upon me to do justice to the cordial invitation of the host, who spoke French well, and was altogether most courteous. My only way of returning his hospitality, besides wishing him happiness and prosperity, was to pass round my cigarette case. After the repast the nargile was lighted, and the rose-water in the engraved and gilded glass bottle through which the smoke passed was set bubbling by the inhalations from four mouth-pieces at the end of as many long tubes, and the men each took a whiff or two at the friendly smoking establishment. As in similar fêtes in Algiers, the women looking down from the terrace, or from the balcony of the upper story, when there is one, into the court below, consider themselves enough at home to enjoy the sight of what is going on without the constraint of the veil and haïk over the face, and they often partially remove it. The men are not supposed to turn their eyes upward at all.

Let us go back to the beginning of the procession which preceded the festivities just described. In the midst of the throng, moving slowly up the avenue of great trees, the bridegroom rode on a black horse, under the brilliant light of torches and candles arrayed on all sides in pyramids—barrel hoops of different sizes, wrapped in tinsel paper and bits of ribbon, were used for the purpose. Several of these small monuments were borne on poles which rested on the shoulders of young men, frequently replaced by others, who hustled each other for the honor. Two friends lead the caparisoned horse by the bridle, one on either side, while another continually switches the animal's knees to make him prance, and to prevent him from advancing too rapidly, much to the poor beast's annoyance. Nothing could be seen of the bridegroom's person except the end of his nose, his mustache, and his feet. Musicians led the way, making all the noise possible, in the minor key as usual. The professional violinists led their orchestra; one of them played on a modern violin, the other performed with a bow on an instrument something like a guitar, both of them holding their violins as one does a 'cello. Though these were Jews, the Arabs accepted their aid as paid professionals.

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LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH JOHNSON.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

IT was a hot day in August. Groups of cattle stood about in shady spots chewing their cuds, quiet statues of mild resignation, gazing out upon the gleaming field. Horses here and there rolled in the grass to cool themselves; restless hogs moved from one mud puddle to another, grunting a protest against the rising mercury; noisy hens, settling themselves about in gossipy squads under the barn-house floor, chattered as they scratched down into the substratum of moist sand for cooler spots for their overdressed breasts. Such was the picture in Judge Williams's barn-yard on this particular August day.

At the extreme end of the enclosure, where a little branch wound its way beneath the shade of a sweet-gum tree, a flock of puddle ducks floated about in the shadow; and here, on the grassy bank, a fat black woman stood before a row of tubs washing. Across the creek, and it was only a step, and beyond a wild-rose hedge, quite out of sight, perched upon the top crossing of a rail-fence, on guard over the Judge's family washing, which lay bleaching in the sun, was the subject of this sketch—Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson.

Out in the full glare of the August sun he sat, with head sunburned and bare. He was black, tall, lank, and—unpretty, to put it mildly; and he wore to-day a single garment which partly covered, but did not ornament, his homely person. A yellow calico dress, buttoned (or rather unbuttoned) behind, and caught by a rusty pin midway between neck and waist, boasted a long skirt which fell nearly to his feet when he stood, but now, lifted by his projecting knees, it fell in foliated curves, from which the slender black legs dangled as dark stamens project from the yellow calyx of the marsh-lily.

Lamentations was now twelve years old, and yet, although he was the only child of his mother, he had never possessed a masculine garment of any description. He was the last and only survivor of a family of ten children, and as the others had all been daughters, who had died at various ages from infancy up to fifteen years, there were feminine garments of assorted sizes awaiting him at his birth, from the guinea-blue baby-frocks to the large-sized dresses of homespun which lay folded away in his mother's press, an inheritance into which he was slowly and surely growing, and from which he would fain have held back, if there had been any relief at the other end; but Lamentations saw that the only way out of this dilemma was through it, and so, if he prayed at all, he prayed *to grow*.

"Ef I could jes grow past dem gal frocks, I'd be willin' ter die de nex' minute, 'caze den I could die like what I *is*, an' 'spect myself as I on'y *kin* 'spect myself in breeches! I ain't nuver gwine ter git no ambitioms nor no mannishness s'long's I got ter roam roun' in dese heah yaller-buff gal cloe's!"

In this fashion Lamentations was wont to give vent to his feelings on the subject of his attire; but he protested secretly, as he found himself the worse always for any open rebellion, his mother often beating him, and declaring that he was "dat proud dat he was a reg'lar ole maid," and that "what was good enough for de angels in heab'n was good enough for him." This allusion to his departed sisters generally worked her up to the whipping point, and so Lamentations kept a discreet silence, though he rebelled in secret.

Lamentations' parents, Antony and Priscilla, had been a worldly pair in their youth, and Antony regarded the birth and death of nine daughters consecutively as a visitation of Providence for their early sins.

"It shorely is a visitatiom, an' a double visitatiom," he said. "Fust an' fo'most, de bare fac' o' havin' nine gals han'-runnin' is a visitatiom; an' secon' and hin'most, de losin' of 'em arter you *is* got 'em is a double correctiom wid de scourgin' rod."

One evening Antony and Priscilla sat inside their cabin door. It was Sunday, and they had been to meeting. On the Sunday before, they had buried their last child, the ninth.

The sun was setting behind the hill, and casting a last ray over the little graveyard at its foot, brought into clear view the row of graves that held the records of their many losses.

Antony gazed intently at them for some time. Finally he said: "P'cilla, I b'lieve

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dat the visitatiom's done finished! I don't b'lieve Gord's gwine ter give an' take no mo' gals!"

"Huccome you ca'culatin' so free, I like ter know?" said his wife.

"Well, I's been a-obserbin', an' a-speculatin', an' a-settin' heah, an' a-studyin'. I's come ter dis conclusiom."

"What conclusiom is you come ter, Antony?"

"I come ter *dis* conclusiom—dat nine am de fatal figgur. Now you jes lis'n ter me! Look at de signs ob de nines!"

"I knows de signs o' de nines," interrupted Priscilla.

"What signs you know?" asked Antony.

"G'way f'om heah, Antony! You reckin 'caze I ain't learned in de books dat I 'ain't got *no* educatiom! Even a yo'ng kitten, what *is* got de leastest sense in all creatiom, is got sense enough not ter try ter open hits eyes on dis sinful worl' befo' de nine days o' darkness is out."

"'De nine days o' darkness!' Yer jes struck it right dar, P'cilla. Now we's all jes de same as new-borned kittens befo' Gord. In fac' *we* ain't 'spornserble fo' not *bein'* kittens, an' new-born, an' blin' at dat. Now, jes fo' de sake o' de argimentatiom o' de subjec', let's us supposin' dat all de worl' *is* new-borned kittens, den it follers, *in* co'se, dat all de worl' is borned blin', which is de case, bein' borned in a state o' sin an' mizry. Ain't dat so?"

"You goes so fas' I kyan't keep up wid yer, Antony. Say all dat agin. I ain't a-gwine ter give in ter nut'n' what makes *me* out no varmint, lessn I sees de proof, ef you *is* willin' ter argify yo'se'f inter a torm-cat."

"Hush, P'cilla. You's a-runnin' away wid dis subjec' jes de same's a cat runs away wid a mouse. Now you lis'n ter me, 'spornserble, not fo' de callin' o' no names, which I ain' a-doin', but fo' de sake o' de substantiatiom ob de proof."

"Substantiation of the proof" was too much for Priscilla. The words were well chosen, and gained her respectful attention, while Antony slowly repeated his argument, and in a moment she had agreed that all men were "jes de same as new-borned kittens befo' Gord."

"Well," said Antony, "dat's a fixed fac'. Now, ef we's de same as new-borned kittens, don't you see dat we's got ter go froo our nine days o' darkness befo' we comes out in de light?"

Priscilla saw it.

"Well, now, ain't de losin' of a baby, even ef 'tis a gal baby—ain't dat a day o' darkness?"

"Dat's so," said Priscilla.

"An' ain't a-losin' *nine* ob 'em goin' froo *nine days o' darkness?*"

Priscilla raised up her face and assented respectfully. She was convinced.

"Now, look a-heah!" Antony continued. "We's done passed froo de darkness, an' my b'lief is dat Gord's gwine ter raise de visitatiom an' show us de light—dat is, *ef we ac's 'spornserble.*"

"Antony!"

"What yer want, P'cilla?"

Priscilla eyed him askance as she said, "You talks like you's gitt'n' 'ligion!"

"I ain't a-sayin' I's gitt'n' 'ligion, P'cilla, but I's a-speakin' f'om de innermos'-nesses ob my heart."

"Antony!"

"What yer want, P'scilla?"

His wife smiled faintly as she replied, "De time I'll b'lieve you's got 'ligion 'll be de time yer gits de spring-chicken honger an' stays in de baid all night an' nuver bodders 'long o' no hain-rooses!"

Antony did not join in the laugh that followed this, but said, seriously: "You is a awful game-maker, P'cilla, an' I ain't a-denyin' dat I's gi'n yer plenty o' 'casion ter make game o' me. But look heah!"

He rose slowly from his chair, and pointing to the little row of graves, now barely visible in the approaching twilight, he said: "Look a-heah! A-standin' heah to-night, a-p'intin' ter dat row o' gal graves on de hill-side yonder, each one ob 'em which holds a sign an' a symbol of a double visitatiom, in de givin' an' de takin' ob a gal chil', I stan' up an' say befo' Gord, dat ef He hopes me, I's a-gwine ter ac' 'spornserble an' opright befo' anudder nine graves gits a start on us, becaze Gord don't do nut'n' by halves, an' ef He's started a-chastisin' us by de fatal nines, he ain't a-gwine ter back down on it!"

Priscilla glanced toward the row of graves and heaved a deep sigh. Then, slowly turning from her husband, she opened the door of a safe at her side, and taking from it a tin plate of cold bacon and greens, and reseating herself with it on her lap, she began to eat them, raising the dark green shreds with her fingers into the air above her head, and slowly lowering them into her capacious mouth. Priscilla was of the earth, earthy. She had mourn-

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ed heartily and boisterously over each of her nine bereavements, but her bosom was not the home of sorrow, and when a grief fell into it, it was as an acid falling into an alkali. The effect was effervescent, evanescent, and when once the bubbling ceased, the same acid could not stir it again.

She grew serious at mention of her dead children, and ate the flabby garlands of greens in grim silence, chewing meditatively, and ruminating almost sadly over each mouthful before elevating another for inspection and consumption.

It was in the spring following this that to the house of Antony and Priscilla came a little son. Antony was in the field "chopping cotton" when the news came to him. He behaved with strange excitement on this occasion, dropping his hoe as he exclaimed: "De visitatiom's done h'isted! Glory be to Gord!" and on the Sunday following he did what, notwithstanding his reformed life, he had never done before. He made a public profession of religion, and, in the language of Brother Washington, the officiating minister, "Cornsercrated hissef and all o' hisn to de service ob de Lord!"

Antony expressed great concern as to the selection of a name for his son. It must be a Bible name—a name that should be an inspiration to the lad as well as a certificate of his father's piety.

Brother Washington suggested the names of the gospels, but Antony objected. Matthews and Marks and Johns were disgracing the saints all over the country now, "and," he contended, "John Johnson wouldn't do nohow, 'caze hit soun's like a pusson a-stammerin', an' jes as sho as I'd call John Johnson, I'd git ter Johnin' an' couldn't stop. No, don't gimme none o' them stutterin' names!"

"How about Luke?" ventured Brother Washington.

"No, sir!" he quickly replied. "'Ain't you jes preached las' Sunday agin Lukewarm Christians? Dat won't do."

Brother Washington hesitated; then, counting on his fingers, he slowly said, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts—Acts is a good name, Brer Johnson; s'posin' yer names his name Acts?"

Antony hesitated. There was a suggestion of energy in the name—even a hint of good works; still, he did not seem quite to like it. Finally he said: "I did know a man oncet what named his boy Ac's, but he come ter it reg'lar. He had all o' Ac's's pardners hand-runnin'—Maffew, Mark, Luke, and John; an' hit seems ter me like goin' backward, somehow—like turnin' de 'postles catawarmosed, an' treatin' 'em somehow onrespecful, ter name de fust boy Ac's. De fac' is, Brer Washington, hit looks ter me kind o' deceitful ter do dat—hit's like sneaking up berhindt 'em like, an' Maffew an' Mark an' Luke an' John would somehow be *slighted!*—an' besides, it don't seem as I's ezzacly got a *right* ter fetch Ac's in heah, berhindt a whole passel o' Callines an' M'rias an' sech. No; I wants ter fin' a name what stan's ter hitself like—what I could sort o' take liberties wid movin' outn hits place, one dat don't b'longs ter no crowd."

The preacher ventured several other suggestions, but none seemed to suit.

Priscilla, with wifely devotion, wished to call the boy Antony, but to this he would not listen.

"No, no," he said; "my name ain't clean enough. Hit's been mixed up wid too much devil*ment* ter fit dat little angel o' light. If I kin wuck off all de stains what's on it by de time he's obleeged ter ca'y de Johnson part o' it out inter de worl', I'll praise Gord."

The babe was nameless for a month.

Finally, one Sunday, Antony came home from church jubilant. He had found the name to suit his fancy. The preacher had read it out of the Bible, and it had a sound of dignity that pleased him. It seemed to be filled with exhortation and warning and spirituality. It was "Lamentations of Jeremiah."

The little babe winced visibly when, on the next Sabbath, the water of baptism was sprinkled on his unconscious head, and he became, whether he willed it or no, "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson."

No one ever had occasion to doubt the sincerity of Antony's conversion. It was a quiet facing about, an unemotional turning from sinful ways to a pure life. At first, the good people in the church were hardly satisfied with the "speritual evidences" in his case. They were disappointed. The man who had been the best dancer of the "double twis'," and could beat every man in the county "cutting the pigeon wing," would certainly throw some of this muscular vigor into the new life, and they had looked for great gymnastic spiritual manifestations, so to speak, in his conversion.

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Perhaps religion in his case would even hallow the "pigeon wing," and sanctify the "double twis'"—who knew? If Antony had worn a dazed visage and danced down the middle aisle in an extravagant "fling," his would have been considered a more pronounced conversion. One of the brothers even whispered his disappointment in church to a neighbor. "I shorely is disapp'inted," he said. "I 'lowed dat *maybe* Brer Johnson would sort o' *skipulate* inter grace." But Brer Johnson did not "skipulate." There was nothing sensational about his case.

For eleven years Antony was a quiet, consistent Christian member of Chinquepin Chapel, and it is safe to say that the light of his quiet life did more to reform the morals of the congregation and to raise the standard of personal piety among them than did all the shouting and exhorting done in the chapel during that time, and his death, occurring when Lamentations was eleven years old, produced a profound sensation. It was as the last years of his life had been—full of peace and a holy trust. The only time he was ever known to shout was with his passing breath, when, having invoked God's blessing on his little son, his spirit passed out through a smile on his lips, and he met the grim messenger with a clear though faint "Praise God!"

After Antony's death, Priscilla gave up "crap-raisin'" and moved to town. She was a typical negro—improvident, emotional, gossipy, kind-hearted, high-tempered, vain, dishonest, idle, working two or three days in each week and "res'n' up" the remainder, with always a healthy appetite and a "mizry in de bre's'."

She had professed conversion several times, and as often became a backslider. The tips of her fingers led her often into sin by fastening themselves to her neighbors' goods, but this never brought her into open shame, as did the tips of her *toes*, for Priscilla was an inveterate dancer, and if a revival or camp-meeting drew her into the church, it took only a string band or a fiddle to work her ruin. Indeed it became a byword that "Sister Johnson shouted all winter and danced out o' grace at every May-day picnic."

Such was Lamentations' mother. During the year of her widowhood, as a visible means of support, she had done the family washing for Judge Williams and his wife, and though the pay for so small an amount of work was proportionally small, there were perquisites in the shape of a cabin rent free, "cold victuals," and sundry opportunities for exercising the weakness of her finger-tips, which made the situation a desirable one. Her cabin—assigned to her on account of its proximity to the creek from which she washed—stood also conveniently near the henhouse on one side and the vegetable garden on the other, while its one window opened over that dazzling, cooling, glowing, seductive invitation to the flesh from the world and the devil—the watermelon patch; and so, when Priscilla said that "Gord had been good to her, and she had no 'casion ter complain," she meant it.

Lamentations, as we have said, was twelve years old when this story begins. Tall, black, unkempt, arrayed in ill-fitting frocks, with a falsetto voice and a stammering tongue, he was not a thing of beauty; neither was he counted a joy, but rather a sorrow, in the village of Washington, Arkansas, in which he lived. If suspicion of any sort fell upon him, his appearance went far toward its confirmation, not only on account of his ugliness of person, but his peculiar dress gave him a sort of nondescript character, and seemed to brand him as an evil spirit.

Priscilla's one maternal act had been sending him to school. The four months of tuition each year had been enough to make him a fair scholar, as scholarship went in the negro free school of Washington. He read and wrote fluently, and ciphered fairly. His education was the one thing about him that his mother respected.

It was vacation now.

As he sat on guard to-day in the crotch of the fence, he seemed to fall into deep meditation. Ever and anon he cast an anxious glance in the direction of the sweet-gum tree, where, though out of sight, he knew his mother stood; then he would gaze wistfully at a pair of pantaloons which lay bleaching on the grass. He was contemplating doing something which he feared to attempt.

"Ef mammy was on'y a-washin' on de washboa'd, 'stid o' renchin' an' a-starchin', I could lis'en an' keep up wid her," he said. Finally, however, the temptation became too great. He slid quickly down from the fence, dropped the yellow dress on the ground, and proceeded hastily to

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array himself in the Judge's pantaloons, suspending them from the shoulders by means of the twine which he took from his whip.

As the old Judge was a short and overfat man, the pantaloons were not much in the way of a fit. He now selected a vest from the ground, slipped his long black arms through the capacious armholes, buttoned it down the front, and, with his thumbs stuck into the pockets, began to strut up and down, surveying himself with evident pride. O, for a mirror! He longed to behold himself in masculine attire. Glancing at the sun, he shifted his position, trying to see his own shadow, but the mid-day hour denied him even this unsubstantial gratification; and so, satisfying himself with such a survey as he could get of his outline, he resumed his promenade, and began a half-audible soliloquy: "Dey ain't no use o' talkin'! mannishness comes wid breeches! Dey sort o' kin. I feels like I mout be de Jedge dis minute. I shorely could 'spect myself in dese heah breeches, even ef dey warn't no tighter'n dese, jes so dey had laigs, an' was s'pendered up wid galluses! I could ac' like a genterman; an' as I *is*, I ain't nut'n' an' nobody. Ef I jes had sech as dese, I wouldn't be obleeged ter be a-spittin' terbacker an' a-sayin' cuss-words jes ter show what I is, like I does. I mout have some dignifications an' mannerfications an'—"

His soliloquy was brought to a sudden close by a loud scream from the direction of the sweet-gum tree. It was his mother's voice. Lamentations had become so absorbed in self-contemplation that a drove of hogs had passed behind him unobserved, leaving their footprints on the bleaching clothes.

Their only exit lay at the end of the Cherokee hedge, a point near Priscilla, and she had taken the alarm. She knew that their only route lay over her week's washing.

At the sound of her voice, Lamentations turned and saw it all. He was terror-stricken. His first impulse was to get out of the Judge's clothing, but haste embarrassed his motions. The twine "galluses" were knotted.

Finally, just as his mother emerged from behind the hedge, the Judge's apparel fell to the ground, and he stood before her trembling—a pitiful nude statue of terror. His yellow dress lay just behind him. To take a backward step would expose the Judge's pantaloons. Nearer and nearer came his mother; still Lamentations moved not, neither did he speak. Finally Priscilla came to a halt, and looking at him in mingled anger and alarm, she began:

"Fo' Gord's sake, what *is* you a-doin', a-standin' up heah in yo' skin, Lamentations o' Jeremiah Johnson?"

Lamentations began to cry. This indication of natural emotion fanned the flame of her ire, and she continued:

"You *is* de onsettledes', *no*-'countes', beatenes', rapscalliones' nigger dat ever hoped a po' sinner ter backslide! You 'ain't got no mo' sperit 'n a suck-aig dorg! What in kingdom come *is* you a-been doin'!" She approached a step nearer. "*Is* you a-gwine ter speak, you black buzzard?" she said.

Lamentations was too much frightened to speak. He made a desperate leap in the direction of the yellow dress. His mother, thinking he was trying to escape, started and caught him. One of his feet had caught in the twine, and the Judge's nether garments trailed after him, becoming more and more entangled about his legs as he danced around his mother, while she laid on blows thick and fast. Oh, the lamentations of Lamentations! As the pantaloons, flying around, brought their own explanation, she became more and more excited, and beat him without mercy. It made no difference which way he turned. Every position presented a bare suggestion for another blow, and it came every time.

Whether this beating provoked him to wrath, or his brief experience in male apparel wrought an inspiration, we cannot say; but a change came over Lamentations from this time. He became desperate, and various depredations on henroosts and melon patches, even beyond the Judge's domain, were laid at his door. The wearer of the yellow dress became a familiar figure in court, but somehow he always managed to escape conviction. Finally, however, justice sought and found him *at home*.

A pair of young Plymouth Rock hens disappeared one night from the roost, and suspicion, in the shape of footprints between the cabin and hen-house, and feathers corresponding with those of the missing chickens hidden in Priscilla's room, fell on the occupants of the cabin.

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The footprints were Lamentations', but his mother had hidden the feathers.

On inquiry, it transpired that, the night before, Priscilla had entertained a crowd of her church people on what she was pleased to call "tucky-hain." Now there were no turkey-hens on the premises, and two fine Plymouth Rocks nearly as large as turkey-hens were missing. It looked suspicious.

The Judge had mother and son arrested and brought into court—his own court.

Priscilla was called up first. She unblushingly denied the accusation *in toto*, even weeping over the contemplation of such ingratitude as so base a theft would show. She dwelt at length upon the kindnesses they daily received from the Judge's family, and wept afresh over the sad lot of "a po' widowless 'oman an' a orphanless boy, wid nobody ter pertect 'em lessn it *was* de Jedge, what knowed her po' daid husband," etc. Finally she swore to the truth of all this, and Lamentations was called.

A murmur of suppressed mirth ran through the court as the tall, gaunt wearer of a white swiss dress stalked gawkily upon the stand. Priscilla meant that her son should look his best on this important occasion, and had arrayed him in the Sunday frock of one of his departed sisters. It had belonged to one somewhat younger than Lamentations, and so the fluted ruffles came just to the knees, which, with his legs and feet, were bare. His sunburned hair, usually fluffing out like a mop, was now braided, and stood up in stiff spikes all over his head. He was nervous and embarrassed. Quickly repeating as nearly as he could the substance of his mother's testimony, he offered to swear to the truth of it.

Before presenting the Bible, the Judge took occasion to say a word on the sanctity of an oath, and even spoke kindly to the boy as he made a brief allusion to his old father, Antony. Now the one thing sacred to Lamentations was the memory of his father. The Judge bade him think well before laying his hand on the Holy Book, and handed him the Bible. In taking it, Lamentations' hand shook, and it fell upon the floor. It fell open. As the boy stooped to pick it up, he started—took hold of it—dropped it—and finally, trembling violently from head to foot, he approached the Judge, and made a full confession of the theft, and humbly begged that the Judge would not spare him, but punish him as he deserved.

But the Judge did spare him, sending both boy and mother home with only a wholesome admonition.

This was the turning-point in Lamentations' life.

The old Judge, believing that his influence had brought the confession, took a new interest in the lad, and the boy in dresses was called from the cabin in the rear lot to serve in the Judge's family, and arrayed, at the age of thirteen years, in his first pair of "pants."

Notwithstanding many faults of character, such as idleness and mischief, Lamentations never betrayed the trust of the Judge. He was his father's son, and his reformation was honest and complete. But this was fifteen years ago. Priscilla died in grace on the last day of April last year, and the May-day picnic was postponed that all the Chinquepin Chapel folk might do her honor.

Lamentations still holds in the Judge's family a position of trust. He is also now the pastor of Chinquepin Chapel—loved by his people and respected by all.

Just after his appointment to this post I happened to be in the neighborhood, and knowing something of the young man's history, I went to hear his inaugural sermon. I was struck by his changed appearance. No longer a butt of ridicule in skirts, I beheld a serious youth, reading from God's word, and exhorting the people to holier living. He briefly reviewed his life from his youth up. Finally he approached the time of his conversion.

As nearly as I can remember, his words were these: "I was buried an' steeped in sin, my bredren, an' every time I tried ter rise an' be a man in my father's image, somethin' holt me back, an' I 'lowed 'twas them frocks, which somehow seemed to keep me in my mother's image—not meanin' no disrespec's ter her, my bredren, but it ain't in nature fer a man ter 'spire when 'pearances is sot squarely agin 'im; but I say now, ef dem gal clo'es stunted me in de sperit, it was becaze I was willin' 'ter *be* holt back, an' wasn't a-strivin' ter rise. But, my dear bredren, de day I was holten down de strongest, Gord callt me, an' I tell yer, my sistren *an'* bredren, ef ever a mannish sperit was holten down by raiments an' adornments, my sperit was cramped dat day in dat white swist frock! I jes felt like I warn't no mo'n one o'

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dese heah sky-rockets—a heap o' show-offishness roun' a little black stick—an' I 'lowed to myse'f dat I belonged ter de debil, an' I was ready ter say any false words what he put inter my mouf, when dat Bible fell on de flo'. An' when I stooped down ter pick it up, what yer reckin I see? Bless Gord! I see my *own name a-stan'in' on top o' de page!* Yes, my dear bredren, *on de top, an' in dese heah big letters.* Seemed at fust like I was struck blin', an' I heerd Gord a-callin' my name, 'Lamentations o' Jeremiah!' an' de Cote-house an' de Jedge an' all de people faded outn my sight, an' I never felt dat swist frock no mo'n ef it had o' been breeches, an' I seen my old daddy a-layin' on de baid, wid his white haid on de piller, an' seemed like I heerd him a-prayin' ter Gord ter teck an' raise up dishere po' little black chil' ter wuck fo' Him, an' ter be His faithful soljer an' servant; an' oh, my bredren, I know den dat Gord done callt me—done callt me, an' showed me my name in de book; an' dere I stood, a ugly black varmint, all furbelowed up in gal finery, an' *chuck-full dat minute o' de Jedge's dominicker!* Seemed like I could see myse'f, an' I say ter myse'f, 'I ain't fitten ter 'spond ter sech a call as dis.' An' a big lump riz up in my froat, big as a whole tucky-hain, an' I knowed hit warn't de shubshance o' dat dominicker dat was a-chokin' me; hit was de shubshance o' sin. Hit was a-chokin' me, an' I spewed it outn my mouf, an' confessed de trufe, an' de lump went outn my naik, an' peace riz up in my soul!"

The "Amens!" and "Glorys!" came in thick and fast from the responsive congregation as Lamentations continued:

"Yes, Gord callt me, my bredren, an' showed me my name in de book; but whar-'bouts in de book? At de bottom o' de page? No; He 'ain't lef' me on de mo'ners' bench. In de middle o' de page? No; He 'ain't sot me in de midst o' de congergation. Den whar was it, my bredren? Hit was on *top o' de page!* Gord done call me to de top—done stood me heah in de pulpit; an' by His grace heah I is! I tell yer, my bredren, some o' dese heah preachers is gradgerated f'om dishere college an' some f'om dat one, but I's gradgerated f'om on high."

The excitement and enthusiasm were intense when I rose and quietly withdrew from the chapel, and as I walked homeward the words of the familiar hymn came to me:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

The good old man Antony—densely ignorant, but honest in his conviction—in the one act of faith that seemed most to betray the darkness of his mind, selected this extraordinary name for his son, and this act became the direct means of his reward, in calling his boy from death unto life.

I say this confidently, for, after the test of fifteen years, the man most loved among the people, the one held most dear by the suffering, the sick, and the aged among his race, and the one especially known as the champion of all small boys, is Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

III.—CHICAGO.

CHICAGO is becoming modest. Perhaps the inhabitants may still be able to conceal their modesty, but nevertheless they feel it. The explanation is simple. The city has grown not only beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who indulged in the most inflated hope of its future, but it has grown beyond what they said they expected. This gives the citizens pause—as it might an eagle that laid a roc's egg.

The fact is, Chicago has become an independent organism, growing by a combination of forces and opportunities beyond the contrivance of any combination of men to help or hinder, beyond the need of flaming circulars and reports of boards of trade, and process pictures. It has passed the danger or the fear of rivalry, and reached the point where the growth of any other portion of the great Northwest, or of any city in it (whatever rivalry that city may show in industries or in commerce), is in some way a contribution to the power and wealth of Chicago. To them that have shall be given. Cities, under favoring conditions for local expansion, which reach a certain amount of

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population and wealth, grow by a kind of natural increment, the law of attraction, very well known in human nature, which draws a person to an active city of two hundred thousand rather than to a stagnant city of one hundred thousand. And it is a fortunate thing for civilization that this attraction is almost as strong to men of letters as it is to men of affairs. Chicago has, it seems to me, only recently turned this point of assured expansion, and, as I intimated, the inhabitants have hardly yet become accustomed to this idea; but I believe that the time is near when they will be as indifferent to what strangers think of Chicago as the New-Yorkers are to what strangers think of New York. New York is to-day the only American city free from this anxious note of provincialism—though in Boston it rather takes the form of pity for the unenlightened man who doubts its superiority; but the impartial student of Chicago to-day can see plenty of signs of the sure growth of this metropolitan indifference. And yet there is still here enough of the old Chicago stamp to make the place interesting.

It is everything in getting a point of view. Last summer a lady of New Orleans who had never before been out of her native French city, and who would look upon the whole North with the impartial eyes of a foreigner—and more than that, with Continental eyes—visited Chicago, and afterward New York. "Which city did you like best?" I asked, without taking myself seriously in the question. To my surprise, she hesitated. This hesitation was fatal to all my preconceived notions. It mattered not thereafter which she preferred: she had hesitated. She was actually comparing Chicago to New York in her mind, as one might compare Paris and London. The audacity of the comparison I saw was excused by its innocence. I confess that it had never occurred to me to think of Chicago in that Continental light. "Well," she said, not seeing at all the humor of my remark, "Chicago seems to me to have finer buildings and residences, to be the more beautiful city; but of course there is more in New York; it is a greater city; and I should prefer to live there for what I want." This naïve observation set me thinking, and I wondered if there was a point of view, say that of divine omniscience and fairness, in which Chicago would appear as one of the great cities of the world, in fact a metropolis, by-and-by to rival in population and wealth any city of the seaboard. It has certainly better commercial advantages, so far as water communication and railways go, than Paris or Pekin or Berlin, and a territory to supply and receive from infinitely vaster, richer, and more promising than either. This territory will have many big cities, but in the nature of things only one of surpassing importance. And taking into account its geographical position—a thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard on the one side, and from the mountains on the other, with the acknowledged tendency of people and of money to it as a continental centre—it seems to me that Chicago is to be that one.

The growth of Chicago is one of the marvels of the world. I do not wonder that it is incomprehensible even to those who have seen it year by year. As I remember it in 1860, it was one of the shabbiest and most unattractive cities of about a hundred thousand inhabitants anywhere to be found; but even then it had more than trebled its size in ten years; the streets were mud sloughs, the sidewalks were a series of stairs and more or less rotten planks, half the town was in process of elevation above the tadpole level, and a considerable part of it was on wheels—the moving house being about the only wheeled vehicle that could get around with any comfort to the passengers. The west side was a straggling shanty-town, the north side was a country village with two or three "aristocratic" houses occupying a square, the south side had not a handsome business building in it, nor a public edifice of any merit except a couple of churches, but there were a few pleasant residences on Michigan Avenue fronting the encroaching lake, and on Wabash Avenue. Yet I am not sure that even then the exceedingly busy and excited traders and speculators did not feel that the town was more important than New York. For it had a great business. Aside from its real estate operations, its trade that year was set down at $97,000,000, embracing its dealing in produce, its wholesale supply business, and its manufacturing.

No one then, however, would have dared to predict that the value of trade in 1887 would be, as it was, $1,103,000,000. Nor could any one have believed that the

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population of 100,000 would reach in 1887 nearly 800,000 (estimated 782,644), likely to reach in 1888, with the annexation of contiguous villages that have become physically a part of the city, the amount of 900,000. Growing at its usual rate for several years past, the city is certain in a couple of years to count its million of people. And there is not probably anywhere congregated a more active and aggressive million, with so great a proportion of young, ambitious blood. Other figures keep pace with those of trade and population. I will mention only one or two of them here. The national banks, in 1887, had a capital of $15,800,000, in which the deposits were $80,473,746, the loans and discounts $63,113,821, the surplus and profits $6,320,559. The First National is, I believe, the second or third largest banking house in the country, having a deposit account of over twenty-two millions. The figures given only include the national banks; add to these the private banks, and the deposits of Chicago in 1887 were $105,367,000. The aggregate bank clearings of the city were $2,969,216,210 60, an increase of 14 per cent. over 1886. It should be noted that there were only twenty-one banks in the clearing house (with an aggregate capital and surplus of $28,514,000), and that the fewer the banks the smaller the total clearings will be. The aggregate Board of Trade clearings for 1887 were $78,179,869. In the year 1886 Chicago imported merchandise entered for consumption to the value of $11,574,449, and paid $4,349,237 duties on it. I did not intend to go into statistics, but these and a few other figures will give some idea of the volume of business in this new city. I found on inquiry that—owing to legislation that need not be gone into—there are few savings-banks, and the visible savings of labor cut a small figure in this way. The explanation is that there are several important loan and building associations. Money is received on deposit in small amounts, and loaned at a good rate of interest to those wishing to build or buy houses, the latter paying in small instalments. The result is that these loan institutions have been very profitable to those who have put money in them, and that the laborers who have borrowed to build have also been benefited by putting all their savings into houses. I believe there is no other large city, except Philadelphia perhaps, where so large a proportion of the inhabitants own the houses they live in. There is no better prevention of the spread of anarchical notions and communist foolishness than this.

It is an item of interest that the wholesale dry-goods jobbing establishments increased their business in 1887 12½ per cent. over 1886. Five houses have a capital of $9,000,000, and the sales in 1887 were nearly $74,000,000. And it is worth special mention that one man in Chicago, Marshall Field, is the largest wholesale and retail dry-goods merchant in the world. In his retail shop and wholesale store there are 3000 employés on the pay-roll. As to being first in his specialty, the same may be said of Philip D. Armour, who not only distances all rivals in the world as a packer, but no doubt also as a merchant of such products as the hog contributes to the support of life. His sales in one year have been over $51,000,000. The city has also the distinction of having among its citizens Henry W. King, the largest dealer, in establishments here and elsewhere, in clothing in the world.

In nothing has the growth of Chicago been more marked in the past five years than in manufactures. I cannot go into the details of all the products, but the totals of manufacture for 1887 were, in 2396 firms, $113,960,000 capital employed, 134,615 workers, $74,567,000 paid in wages, and the value of the product was $403,109,500—an increase of product over 1886 of about 15½ per cent. A surprising item in this is the book and publishing business. The increase of sales of books in 1887 over 1886 was 20 per cent. The wholesale sales for 1887 are estimated at $10,000,000. It is now claimed that as a book-publishing centre Chicago ranks second only to New York, and that in the issue of subscription-books it does more business than New York, Boston, and Philadelphia combined. In regard to musical instruments the statement is not less surprising. In 1887 the sales of pianos amounted to about $2,600,000—a gain of $300,000 over 1886. My authority for this, and for some, but not all, of the other figures given, is the *Tribune*, which says that Chicago is not only the largest reed-organ market in the world, but that more organs are manufactured here than in any other city in Europe or America. The sales for 1887 were $2,000,000—an increase over 1886 of $500,000. There were

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$1,000,000 worth of small musical instruments sold, and of sheet music and music-books a total of $450,000. This speaks well for the cultivation of musical taste in the West, especially as there was a marked improvement in the class of the music bought.

The product of the iron manufactures in 1887, including rolling-mills ($23,952,000) and founderies ($10,000,000), was $61,187,000 against $46,790,000 in 1886, and the wages paid in iron and steel work was $14,899,000. In 1887 there were erected 4833 buildings, at a reported cost of $19,778,100—a few more buildings, but yet at nearly two millions less cost, than in 1886. A couple of items interested me: that Chicago made in 1887 $900,000 worth of toys and $500,000 worth of perfumes. The soap-makers waged a gallant but entirely unsuccessful war against the soot and smoke of the town in producing $6,250,000 worth of soap and candles. I do not see it mentioned, but I should think the laundry business in Chicago would be the most profitable one at present.

Without attempting at all to set forth the business of Chicago in detail, a few more figures will help to indicate its volume. At the beginning of 1887 the storage capacity for grain in 29 elevators was 27,025,000 bushels. The total receipts of flour and grain in 1882, '3, '4, '5, and '6, in bushels, were respectively, 126,155,483, 164,924,732, 159,561,474, 156,408,228, and 151,932,995. In 1887 the receipts in bushels were: flour, 6,873,544; wheat, 21,848,-251; corn, 51,578,410; oats, 45,750,842; rye, 852,726; barley, 12,476,547;—total, 139,380,320. It is useless to go into details of the meat products, but interesting to know that in 1886 Chicago shipped 310,039,600 pounds of lard and 573,496,012 pounds of dressed beef.

I was surprised at the amount of the lake commerce, the railway traffic (nearly 50,000 miles tributary to the city) making so much more show. In 1882 the tonnage of vessels clearing this port was 4,904,999; in 1886 it was 3,950,762. The report of the Board of Trade for 1886 says the arrivals and clearances, foreign and coastwise, for this port for the year ending June 30th were 22,096, which was 869 more than at the ports of Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland and Falmouth, and San Francisco combined; 315 more than at New York, New Orleans, Portland and Falmouth, and San Francisco; and 100 more than at New York, Baltimore, and Portland and Falmouth. It will not be overlooked that this lake commerce is training a race of hardy sailors, who would come to the front in case of a naval war, though they might have to go out on rafts.

In 1888 Chicago is a magnificent city. Although it has been incorporated fifty years, during which period its accession of population has been rapid and steady—hardly checked by the devastating fires of 1871 and 1874—its metropolitan character and appearance is the work of less than fifteen years. There is in history no parallel to this product of a freely acting democracy: not St. Petersburg rising out of the marshes at an imperial edict, nor Berlin, the magic creation of a consolidated empire and a Cæsar's power. The north-side village has become a city of broad streets, running northward to the parks, lined with handsome residences interspersed with stately mansions of most varied and agreeable architecture, marred by very little that is bizarre and pretentious—a region of churches and club-houses and public buildings of importance. The west side, the largest section, and containing more population than the other two divisions combined, stretching out over the prairie to a horizon fringed with villages, expanding in three directions, is more mediocre in buildings, but impressive in its vastness; and the stranger driving out the stately avenue of Washington some four miles to Garfield Park will be astonished by the evidences of wealth and the vigor of the city expansion.

But it is the business portion of the south side that is the miracle of the time, the solid creation of energy and capital since the fire—the square mile containing the Post-office and City Hall, the giant hotels, the opera-houses and theatres, the Board of Trade building, the many-storied offices, the great shops, the club-houses, the vast retail and wholesale warehouses. This area has the advantage of some other great business centres in having broad streets at right angles, but with all this openness for movement, the throng of passengers and traffic, the intersecting street and cable railways, the loads of freight and the crush of carriages, the life and hurry and excitement are sufficient to satisfy the most eager lover of metropolitan pandemonium. Unfortunately for a clear comprehension of it, the manufactories

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vomit dense clouds of bituminous coal smoke, which settle in a black mass in this part of the town, so that one can scarcely see across the streets in a damp day, and the huge buildings loom up in the black sky in ghostly dimness. The climate of Chicago, though some ten degrees warmer than the average of its immediately tributary territory, is a harsh one, and in the short winter days the centre of the city is not only black, but damp and chilly. In some of the November and December days I could without any stretch of the imagination fancy myself in London. On a Sunday, when business gives place to amusement and religion, the stately city is seen in all its fine proportions. No other city in the Union can show business warehouses and offices of more architectural nobility. The mind inevitably goes to Florence for comparison with the structures of the Medicean merchant princes. One might name the Pullman Building for offices as an example, and the wholesale warehouse of Marshall Field, the work of that truly original American architect, Richardson, which in massiveness, simplicity of lines, and admirable blending of artistic beauty with adaptability to its purpose, seems to me unrivalled in this country. A few of these buildings are exceptions to the general style of architecture, which is only good of its utilitarian American kind, but they give distinction to the town, and I am sure are prophetic of the concrete form the wealth of the city will take. The visitor is likely to be surprised at the number and size of the structures devoted to offices, and to think, as he sees some of them unfilled, that the business is overdone. At any given moment it may be, but the demand for "offices" is always surprising to those who pay most attention to this subject, and I am told that if the erection of office buildings should cease for a year, the demand would pass beyond the means of satisfying it.

Leaving the business portion of the south side, the city runs in apparently limitless broad avenues southward into suburban villages and a region thickly populated to the Indiana line. The continuous slightly curving lake front of the city is about seven miles, pretty solidly occupied with houses. The Michigan Avenue of 1860, with its wooden fronts and cheap boarding-houses, has taken on quite another appearance, and extends its broad way in unbroken lines of fine residences five miles, which will be six miles next summer, when its opening is completed to the entrance of Washington Park. I do not know such another street in the world. In the evening the converging lines of gas lamps offer a prospective of unequalled beauty of its kind. The south parks are reached now by turning either into the Drexel Boulevard or the Grand Boulevard, a magnificent avenue a mile in length, tree-planted, gay with flower beds in the season, and crowded in the sleighing time with fast teams and fancy turnouts.

This leads me to speak of another feature of Chicago, which has no rival in this country: I mean the facility for pleasure driving and riding. Michigan Avenue from the mouth of the river, the centre of town, is macadamized. It and the other avenues immediately connected with the park system are not included in the city street department, but are under the care of the Commissioners of Parks. No traffic is permitted on them, and consequently they are in superb condition for driving, summer and winter. The whole length of Michigan Avenue you will never see a loaded team. These roads, that is, Michigan Avenue and the others of the park system, and the park drives, are superb for driving or riding, perfectly made for drainage and permanency, with a top-dressing of pulverized granite. The cost of the Michigan Avenue drive was two hundred thousand dollars a mile. The cost of the parks and boulevards in each of the three divisions is met by a tax on the property in that division. The tax is considerable, but the wise liberality of the citizens has done for the town what only royalty usually accomplishes—given it magnificent roads. And if good roads are a criterion of civilization, Chicago must stand very high. But it needed a community with a great deal of daring and confidence in the future to create this park system.

One in the heart of the city has not to drive three or four miles over cobble-stones and ruts to get to good driving-ground. When he has entered Michigan Avenue, he need not pull rein for twenty to thirty miles. This is almost literally true as to extent, without counting the miles of fine drives in the parks. For the city proper is circled by great parks, already laid out as pleasure-grounds, tree-planted and beau-

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tified to a high degree, although they are nothing to what cultivation will make them in ten years more. On the lake shore, at the south, is Jackson Park; next is Washington Park, twice as large as Central Park, New York; then, further to the west, and north, Douglas Park and Garfield Park; then Humboldt Park, until we come round to Lincoln Park, on the lake shore on the north side. These parks are all connected by broad boulevards, some of which are not yet fully developed, thus forming a continuous park drive, with enough of nature and enough of varied architecture for variety, unsurpassed, I should say, in the world within any city limits. Washington Park, with a slightly rolling surface and beautiful landscape gardening, has not only fine driveways, but a splendid road set apart for horsemen. This is a dirt road, always well sprinkled, and the equestrian has a chance besides of a gallop over springy turf. Water is now so abundantly provided that this park is kept green in the driest season. From anywhere in the south side one may mount his horse or enter his carriage for a turn of fifteen or twenty miles on what is equivalent to a country road, that is to say, an English country road. Of the effect of this facility on social life I shall have occasion to speak. On the lake side of Washington Park are the grounds of the Washington Park Racing Club, with a splendid track, and stables and other facilities which, I am told, exceed anything in the country of the kind. The club-house itself is very handsome and commodious, is open to the members and their families summer and winter, and makes a favorite rendezvous for that part of society which shares its privileges. Besides its large dining and dancing halls, it has elegant apartments set apart for ladies. In winter its hospitable rooms and big wood fires are very attractive after a zero drive.

Almost equal facility for driving and riding is had on the north side by taking the lake-shore drive to Lincoln Park. Too much cannot be said of the beauty of this drive along the curving shore of an inland sea, ever attractive in the play of changing lights and colors, and beginning to be fronted by palatial houses—a foretaste of the coming Venetian variety and splendor. The park itself, dignified by the Lincoln statue, is an exquisite piece of restful landscape, looked over by a thickening assemblage of stately residences. It is a quarter of spacious elegance.

One hardly knows how to speak justly of either the physical aspect or the social life of Chicago, the present performance suggesting such promise and immediate change. The excited admiration waits a little upon expectation. I should like to see it in five years—in ten years; it is a formative period, but one of such excellence of execution that the imagination takes a very high flight in anticipating the result of another quarter of a century. What other city has begun so nobly or has planned so liberally for metropolitan solidity, elegance, and recreation? What other has such magnificent avenues and boulevards, and such a system of parks? The boy is born here who will see the town expanded far beyond these splendid pleasure-grounds, and what is now the circumference of the city will be to Chicago what the vernal gardens from St. James to Hampton are to London. This anticipation hardly seems strange when one remembers what Chicago was fifteen years ago.

Architecturally Chicago is more interesting than many older cities. Its wealth and opportunity for fine building coming when our national taste is beginning to be individual, it has escaped the monotony and mediocrity in which New York for so many years put its money, and out of the sameness of which it is escaping in spots. Having also plenty of room, Chicago has been able to avoid the block system in its residences, and to give play to variety and creative genius. It is impossible to do much with the interior of a house in a block, however much you may load the front with ornament. Confined to a long parallelogram, and limited as to light and air, neither comfort nor individual taste can be consulted or satisfied. Chicago is a city of detached houses, in the humbler quarters as well as in the magnificent avenues, and the effect is home-like and beautiful at the same time. There is great variety, stone, brick, and wood intermingled, plain and ornamental; but drive where you will in the favorite residence parts of the vast city, you will be continually surprised with the sight of noble and artistic houses and homes displaying taste as well as luxury. In addition to the business and public buildings of which I spoke, there are sev-

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eral, like the Art Museum, the Studebaker Building, and the new Auditorium, which would be conspicuous and admired in any city in the world. The city is rich in a few specimens of private houses by Mr. Richardson (whose loss to the country is still apparently irreparable), houses worth a long journey to see, so simple, so noble, so full of comfort, sentiment, unique, having what may be called a charming personality. As to interiors, there has been plenty of money spent in Chicago in mere show, but, after all, I know of no other city that has more character and individuality in its interiors, more evidences of personal refinement and taste. There is, of course—Boston knows that—a grace and richness in a dwelling in which generations have accumulated the best fruits of wealth and cultivation; but any tasteful stranger here, I am sure, will be surprised to find in a city so new so many homes pervaded by the atmosphere of books and art and refined sensibility, due, I imagine, mainly to the taste of the women, for while there are plenty of men here who have taste, there are very few who have leisure to indulge it; and I doubt if there was ever anywhere a livable house—a man can build a palace, but he cannot make a home—that was not the creation of a refined woman. I do not mean to say that Chicago is not still very much the victim of the upholsterer, and that the eye is not offended by a good deal that is gaudy and pretentious, but there is so much here that is in exquisite taste that one has a hopeful heart about its future. Everybody is not yet educated up to the "Richardson houses," but nothing is more certain than that they will powerfully influence all the future architecture of the town.

Perhaps there never was before such an opportunity to study the growth of an enormous city, physically and socially, as is offered now in Chicago, where the development of half a century is condensed into a decade. In one respect it differs from all other cities of anything like its size. It is not only surrounded by a complete net-work of railways, but it is permeated by them. The converging lines of twenty-one (I think it is) railways paralleling each other or crisscrossing in the suburbs concentrate upon fewer tracks as they enter the dense part of the city, but they literally surround it, and actually pierce its heart. So complete is this environment and interlacing that you cannot enter the city from any direction without encountering a net-work of tracks. None of the water-front, except a strip on the north side, is free from them. The finest residence part of the south side, including the boulevards and parks, is surrounded and cut by them. There are a few viaducts, but for the most part the tracks occupy streets, and the crossings are at grade. Along the Michigan Avenue water-front and down the lake shore to Hyde Park, on the Illinois Central and the Michigan Central and their connections, the foreign and local trains pass incessantly (I believe over sixty a day), and the Illinois crosses above Sixteenth Street, cutting all the great southward avenues; and further down, the tracks run between Jackson Park and Washington Park, crossing at grade the 500-feet-wide boulevard which connects these great parks and makes them one.

These tracks and grade crossings, from which so few parts of the city are free, are a serious evil and danger, and the annoyance is increased by the multiplicity of street railways, and by the swiftly running cable-cars, which are a constant source of alarm to the timid. The railways present a difficult problem. The town covers such a vast area (always extending in a ratio that cannot be calculated) that to place all the passenger stations outside would be a great inconvenience, to unite the lines in a single station probably impracticable. In time, however, the roads must come in on elevated viaducts, or concentrate in three or four stations which communicate with the central parts of the town by elevated roads.

This state of things arose from the fact that the railways antedated, and we may say made, the town, which has grown up along their lines. To a town of pure business, transportation was the first requisite, and the newer roads have been encouraged to penetrate as far into the city as they could. Now that it is necessary to make it a city to live in safely and agreeably, the railways are regarded from another point of view. I suppose a sociologist would make some reflections on the effect of such a thorough permeation of tracks, trains, engines, and traffic upon the temperament of a town, the action of these exciting and irritating causes upon its nervous centres. Living in a big rail-

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way station must have an effect on the nerves. At present this seems a legitimate part of the excited activity of the city; but if it continues, with the rapid increase of wealth and the growth of a leisure class, the inhabitants who can afford to get away will live here only the few months necessary to do their business and take a short season of social gayety, and then go to quieter places early in the spring and for the summer months.

It is at this point of view that the value of the park system appears, not only as a relief, as easily accessible recreation-grounds for the inhabitants in every part of the city, but as an element in society life. These parks, which I have already named, contain 1742 acres. The two south parks, connected so as to be substantially one, have 957 acres. Their great connecting boulevards are interfered with somewhat by railway tracks, and none of them, except Lincoln, can be reached without crossing tracks on which locomotives run, yet, as has been said, the most important of them are led to by good driving-roads from the heart of the city. They have excellent roads set apart for equestrians as well as for driving. These facilities induce the keeping of horses, the setting up of fine equipages, and a display for which no other city has better opportunity. This cannot but have an appreciable effect upon the growth of luxury and display in this direction. Indeed, it is already true that the city keeps more private carriages—for the pleasure not only of the rich, but of the well-to-do—in proportion to its population, than any other large city I know. These broad thoroughfares, kept free from traffic, furnish excellent sleighing when it does not exist in the city streets generally, and in the summer unequalled avenues for the show of wealth and beauty and style. In a few years the turnouts on the Grand Boulevard and the Lincoln Park drive will be worth going far to see for those who admire—and who does not, for, the world over, wealth has no spectacle more attractive to all classes—fine horses and the splendor of moving equipages. And here is no cramped mile or two for parade, like most of the fashionable drives of the world, but space inviting healthful exercise as well as display. These broad avenues and park outlooks, with ample ground-room, stimulate architectural rivalry, and this opportunity for driving and riding and being on view cannot but affect very strongly the social tone. The foresight of the busy men who planned this park system is already vindicated. The public appreciate their privileges. On fair days the driving avenues are thronged. One Sunday afternoon in January, when the sleighing was good, some one estimated that there were as many as ten thousand teams flying up and down Michigan Avenue and the Grand Boulevard. This was, of course, an overestimate, but the throng made a ten-thousand impression on the mind. Perhaps it was a note of Western independence that a woman was here and there seen "speeding" a fast horse, in a cutter, alone.

I suppose that most of these people had been to church in the morning, for Chicago, which does everything it puts its hand to with tremendous energy, is a church-going city, and I believe presents some contrast to Cincinnati in this respect. Religious, mission, and Sunday-school work is very active, churches are many, whatever the liberality of the creeds of a majority of them, and there are several congregations of over two thousand people. One vast music hall and one theatre are thronged Sunday after Sunday with organized, vigorous, worshipful congregations. Besides these are the Sunday meetings for ethical culture and Christian science. It is true that many of the theatres are open as on week-days, and there is a vast foreign population that takes its day of rest in idleness or base-ball and garden amusements, but the prevailing aspect of the city is that of Sunday observance. There is a good deal of wholesome New England in its tone. And it welcomes any form of activity—orthodoxy, liberalism, revivals, ethical culture.

A special interest in Chicago at the moment is because it is forming—full of contrasts and of promise, palaces and shanties side by side. Its forces are gathered and accumulating, but not assimilated. What a mass of crude, undigested material it has! In one region on the west side are twenty thousand Bohemians and Poles; the street signs are all foreign and of unpronounceable names—a physically strong, but mentally and morally brutal, people for the most part; the adults generally do not speak English, and clanning as they do, they probably never will. There is no hope that this generation will be intelligent American citizens, or be

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otherwise than the political prey of demagogues. But their children are in the excellent public schools, and will take in American ideas and take on American ways. Still, the mill has about as much grist as it can grind at present.

Social life is, speaking generally, as unformed, unselected, as the city—that is, more fluid and undetermined than in Eastern large cities. That is merely to say, however, that while it is American, it is young. When you come to individuals, the people in society are largely from the East, or have Eastern connections that determine their conduct. For twenty years the great universities, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Princeton, and the rest, have been pouring in their young men here. There is no better element in the world, and it is felt in every pulse of the town. Young couples marry and come here from every sort of Eastern circle. But the town has grown so fast, and so many new people have come into the ability suddenly to spend money in fine houses and equipages, that the people do not know each other. You may drive past miles of good houses, with a man who has grown up with the town, who cannot tell you who any of the occupants of the houses are. Men know each other on change, in the courts, in business, and are beginning to know each other in clubs, but society has not got itself sorted out and arranged, or discovered its elements. This is a metropolitan trait, it is true, but the condition is socially very different from what it is in New York or Boston; the small village associations survive a little yet, struggling against the territorial distances, but the social mass is still unorganized, although "society" is a prominent feature in the newspapers. Of course it is understood that there are people "in society," and dinners, and all that, in no wise different from the same people and events the world over.

A striking feature of the town is "youth," visible in social life as well as in business. An Eastern man is surprised to see so many young men in responsible positions, at the head, or taking the managing oar, in great moneyed institutions, in railway corporations, and in societies of charity and culture. A young man, graduate of the city high-school, is at the same time president of a prominent bank, president of the Board of Trade, and president of the Art Institute. This youthful spirit must be contagious, for apparently the more elderly men do not permit themselves to become old, either in the business or the pleasures of life. Everything goes on with youthful vim and spirit.

Next to the youth, and perhaps more noticeable, the characteristic feature of Chicago is money-making, and the money power is as obtrusive socially as on change. When we come to speak of educational and intellectual tendencies, it will be seen how this spirit is being at once utilized and mitigated; but for the moment money is the recognized power. How could it be otherwise? Youth and energy did not flock here for pleasure or for society, but simply for fortune. And success in money-getting was about the only one considered. And it is still that by which Chicago is chiefly known abroad, by that and by a certain consciousness of it which is noticed. And as women reflect social conditions most vividly, it cannot be denied that there is a type known in Europe and in the East as the Chicago young woman, capable rather than timid, dashing rather than retiring, quite able to take care of herself. But this is not by any means an exhaustive account of the Chicago woman of to-day.

While it must be said that the men, as a rule, are too much absorbed in business to give heed to anything else, yet even this statement will need more qualification than would appear at first, when we come to consider the educational, industrial, and reformatory projects. And indeed a veritable exception is the Literary Club, of nearly two hundred members, a mingling of business and professional men, who have fine rooms in the Art Building, and meet weekly for papers and discussions. It is not in every city that an equal number of busy men will give the time to this sort of intellectual recreation. The energy here is superabundant; in whatever direction it is exerted it is very effective; and it may be said, in the language of the street, that if the men of Chicago seriously take hold of culture, they will make it hum.

Still it remains true here, as elsewhere in the United States, that women are in advance in the intellectual revival. One cannot yet predict what will be the result of this continental furor for literary, scientific, and study clubs—in some places in the East the literary wave has already

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risen to the height of the scientific study of whist—but for the time being Chicago women are in the full swing of literary life. Mr. Browning says that more of his books are sold in Chicago than in any other American city. Granting some affectation, some passing fashion, in the Browning, Dante, and Shakespeare clubs, I think it is true that the Chicago woman, who is imbued with the energy of the place, is more serious in her work than are women in many other places; at least she is more enthusiastic. Her spirit is open, more that of frank admiration than of criticism of both literature and of authors. This carries her not only further into the heart of literature itself, but into a genuine enjoyment of it—wanting almost to some circles at the East, who are too cultivated to admire with warmth or to surrender themselves to the delights of learning, but find their avocation rather in what may be called literary detraction, the spirit being that of dissection of authors and books, much as social gossips pick to pieces the characters of those of their own set. And one occupation is as good as the other. Chicago has some reputation for beauty, for having pretty, dashing, and attractive women; it is as much entitled to be considered for its intelligent women who are intellectually agreeable. Comparisons are very unsafe, but it is my impression that there is more love for books in Chicago than in New York society, and less of the critical, *nil admirari* spirit than in Boston.

It might be an indication of no value (only of the taste of individuals) that books should be the principal "favors" at a fashionable german, but there is a book-store in the city whose evidence cannot be set aside by reference to any freak of fashion. McClurg's book-store is a very extensive establishment in all departments—publishing, manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling, and importing. In some respects it has not its equal in this country. The book-lover, whether he comes from London or New York, will find there a stock, constantly sold and constantly replenished, of books rare, curious, interesting, that will surprise him. The general intelligence that sustains a retail shop of this variety and magnitude must be considerable, and speaks of a taste for books with which the city has not been credited; but the cultivation, the special love of books for themselves, which makes possible this rich corner of rare and imported books at McClurg's, would be noticeable in any city, and women as well as men in Chicago are buyers and appreciators of first editions, autograph and presentation copies, and books valued because they are scarce and rare.

Chicago has a physical peculiarity that radically affects its social condition, and prevents its becoming homogeneous. It has one business centre and three distinct residence parts, divided by the branching river. Communication between the residence sections has to be made through the business city, and is further hindered by the bridge crossings, which cause irritating delays the greater part of the year. The result is that three villages grew up, now become cities in size, and each with a peculiar character. The north side was originally the more aristocratic, and having fewer railways and a less-occupied-with-business lake front, was the more agreeable as a place of residence, always having the drawback of the bridge crossings to the business part. After the great fire, building lots were cheaper there than on the south side within reasonable distance of the active city. It has grown amazingly, and is beautified by stately houses and fine architecture, and would probably still be called the more desirable place of residence. But the south side has two great advantages—easy access to the business centre and to the great southern parks and pleasure-grounds. This latter would decide many to live there. The vast west side, with its lumber-yards and factories, its foreign settlements, and its population outnumbering the two other sections combined, is practically an unknown region socially to the north side and south side. The causes which produced three villages surrounding a common business centre will continue to operate. The west side will continue to expand with cheap houses, or even elegant residences on the park avenues—it is the glory of Chicago that such a large proportion of its houses are owned by their occupants, and that there are few tenement rookeries, and even few gigantic apartment houses—over a limitless prairie; the north side will grow in increasing beauty about Lincoln Park; and the south side will more and more gravitate with imposing houses about the attractive south parks. Thus the two fashionable parts of the city, separated by five, eight, and ten

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miles, will develop a social life of their own, about as distinct as New York and Brooklyn. It remains to be seen which will call the other "Brooklyn." At present these divisions account for much of the disorganization of social life, and prevent that concentration which seems essential to the highest social development.

In this situation Chicago is original, as she is in many other ways, and it makes one of the interesting phases in the guesses at her future.

—I must defer to another paper other characteristics of the town which has the greatest merchant in Dry-goods, the greatest dealer in Clothing, the greatest Packer, in the country, and probably in the world.

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VIII.

"FAREWELL TO LOCHABER."

ON the afternoon of the day previous to her departure Alison, was summoned to her aunt's room.

"Now, Alison," said the old dame, severely, "ye're not going to make me angry with ye just as ye are leaving; ye've got to put your pride in your pocket and behave like a sensible young Christian, as I have no doubt ye are. Oh yes, Christian enough: I'm thinking they folk in Kirk o' Shields make a fine inroad on your bits o' sixpences for their collections, and subscriptions, and mission societies, and Dorcas meetings, and the like; and ye must remember that the people about here are free-handed in their ways; and when ye're going away ye must do what's becoming—"

Alison flushed quickly.

"Yes, aunt; but my father gave me some money before I left—"

"Yes, yes," said Aunt Gilchrist, somewhat dryly, "but the Kirk o' Shields folk and the Highland folk are different. And it's my own pride that's at stake; for you are my niece—my niece with expectations, as the saying is; and I'm not going to allow you to dip into your little store o' pocket-money on my account. Well, ye see, here's a wee bit bag—now, Alison, ye're not to make me angry! I dare ye to quarrel wi' me just as ye're going away! —and ye'll find half-crowns and shillings and sixpences in it: that's for any one that has done ye a civil turn—the men at the quay, or that rascal John, or the stable lad, if ye see him; and then there's the folk that will help you wi' your luggage to-morrow, and the like. But as for the cook, and as for that clever and willing lass, Maggie, well, I've bought each o' them a printed cotton gown—the parcel's lying there—and ye'll just present it to them in your own name—"

"Aunt Gilchrist, I could not do that!" Alison pleaded.

"But I say ye'll have to do that!" retorted this imperious small person. "I want ye to leave a friendly recollection behind ye; and I will say for these Highland creatures that they have a long memory for any one that has been civil to them."

"But you're Highland yourself, auntie," said Alison, who could hardly help laughing at Aunt Gilchrist's assumption of a superior Scotch sagacity and her consequent patronage of the simple-minded Celts.

"Never you mind what I am. Empty that bit bag into your pocket, and take away the cotton gowns wi' ye; and just remember that a friendly word will make what ye give twenty times more welcome."

As it chanced, the first person to come in for his share of these vails was the lad John, whom Alison happened to descry from her bedroom window. He was down at the shore; and as she was rather shy about this unaccustomed duty, she thought she would slip out of the house and tackle Johnny at once. So she went down-stairs, opened the door, crossed the road, and adventured forth upon the rough shingle of the beach.

But what was this that Johnny was about? He had got on to one of the big stones that ran out into the sea, forming a kind of slip, and he had possessed himself of some old basket or hamper, which he was carefully holding down in the water. When he heard footsteps on the

* Begun in January number, 1888.

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shingle behind him he turned, and the instant he saw who it was his broad face grinned joyously and eagerly.

"Come here, mem—come here, mem, and look at this little duffle! Ah, he's catched now! He'll not be for biting any one's thumb now; no, nor catching you by the foot in the night-time. Look at him, mem!"

Alison had stepped out on the big stones, but she could see nothing through the rough wicker-work of the basket.

"What is in there?" she demanded, become instantly suspicious of some demoniac mischief.

"A rat, mem," said Johnny, with much glee.

"And what are you doing?"

"Oh, well, I am showing him that I am the master now. If his teeth were in your hand, then he would be the master; but now he knows ferry well indeed that I am the master. See this, mem; I can sunk and sunk the basket, and up and up he comes to the top; but he cannot get his head through; and I can sunk him until there is nothing but his nose above the water. Look at him, mem!—look at him! Who is the master now, you little duffle?"

"Johnny," cried Alison, in great anger, "it is nothing but horrible and hideous cruelty. Stop it at once! You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"And would there be no cruelty if he could grup ye by the wrist?—and that's what the little duffle would like to do," said Johnny, with wide-staring eyes.

"I will tell Captain Macdonell, and he will give you a good lashing," she retorted.

"And do you think, mem, that Macdonell likes rats any more as any one else?" said Johnny, still surprised by her interference.

"I know he hates cruelty, and that he will let you know what a horsewhip is," she said, somewhat hotly. "Open that basket at once, and let the poor beast out."

"Oh, ferry well, mem—you can let him out yourself, if you like," said he, with a grin; and he drew up the basket from the water and placed it on the stone before her.

At this suggestion Alison shrank back so that she nearly overbalanced herself into the sea, whereupon Johnny only grinned the more.

"No, mem, you do not like him either," said he. "And if I let him out, where will he go? He will go back to the house; and some night, when you are crossing the floor, he will catch you by the ankle or the toes. Yes, and do you know this—that these little duffles have teeth that cross, and when they shut them on you, you cannot get them open again? That's ferry nice, is it not? And if I drown him, it's a good chob too!"

"I don't care whether you drown him or not; but you shall not torture him—do you hear?"

"Well, I will gif him a chance for his life—though it's more than he would gif me if he had me by the throat," said John: and therewith he stooped down and undid the bit of string fastening the lid. Then he raised the basket with both hands, and flung it from him into the sea. There was a mighty souse; the lid got partly opened; and presently the escaped rat could be seen making its way ashore, where it presently disappeared among the stones.

"Johnny," said Alison, as they turned away, "why are you such a bad boy? And why are you so lazy? Here's Miss Flora complaining again that you won't keep the borders clipped and the paths tidy—"

"It's Miss Flora's own fault," said John, sulkily. "She'll no let me kull the cats. It's the cats that scratches up the gravel and the borders, and she'll no let me kull them."

"But why should you want to kill things?" Alison remonstrated. "Why should you be so cruel? Now look here, Johnny: I'm going away to-morrow morning; and I don't know whether I shall ever be back in Fort William; but I should like to think you were behaving better. And here is a little present for you; and a book—it's all about birds and animals, and if you would only read about the care and trouble they take in bringing up their young ones, I am sure you wouldn't harm them."

Johnny professed to accept the half-crown with a great deal of shamefaced reluctance; but the gleam of satisfaction on his face entirely belied him. As for the book, he received that with honest indifference. And yet he was not ungrateful; moreover, he liked Alison, who had been in a measure a kind of chum of his: so, in view of her going away, and with some vague notion of making her a return for these gifts, he asked her if she would like to see a witch.

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"A witch?" she said. "Of course not! But what do you know about a witch?"

"There's one in the town," said he, looking round to make sure he was not overheard. "She lifs in a cellar underneath one of the houses. Oh, she iss a fearful woman, that! But if you tek her money, she will gif you something that iss ferry good at night for keeping aweh the ghosts and such things. Oh yes, I hef seen it; it iss a bit of an ash-tree and a bit of a rowan-tree, and it iss tied together by a piece of red thread, and there iss red wax on it. You put it on the mantelpiece, and the ghosts are afrait of it; they cannot come into the room either by the window or the door. Will you go and see her?"

"I will not!" said Alison. "Why, you should be ashamed of yourself for filling your head with such nonsense! Witches and ghosts! I can hardly think that you believe in such stuff."

"Cosh, then, there's more than me believes in them," said Johnny, significantly; and therewith their talk came to an end; for they were now arrived at the house, and Johnny went away to put his treasures in a place of safety.

Next morning she was up betimes, and busily engaged in packing; but when that was finished, and as the hour of her departure came nearer, her cheerful composure and self-confidence, which she had striven valiantly to preserve, began to yield a little; and more than once she returned to her own small room and sat down at the window there, as if she would take a long last look at this beautiful place she was leaving. All shining it was: the sea a plain of palest blue crossed by silver sheets of calm; the rich October tints of the hills—of the withered bracken, and the rowan-trees, and the golden-leaved birch—softened somewhat by a thin dream-like haze. But perhaps it was not merely to impress this scene on her memory that she thus from time to time, and rather nervously, sought the solitude of her own room. The window commanded a view of the road in front in both directions—southward along the shores of the loch, northward to the town and the quay; and she could see any stranger approaching at a considerable distance. And sometimes, amidst all the down-heartedness of her going, she experienced a sudden and joyous elation: it was the very fact of her departure that made it a certainty that Ludovick Macdonell would come to see her; she could not think it possible that he would let her leave for the south without a word or a look of farewell.

In the mean time she had to say good-by to her aunt Gilchrist, who was not going down to the quay; and also to the Doctor, who was setting out on his professional rounds.

"Well, now, Alison," her uncle said, "since you know the ways of the house, I hope you will not wait for an invitation from your aunt Gilchrist if you should happen to have a few holidays, and would care to come and see us again. You will always be very welcome—you know that. But I think your aunt Gilchrist will be for asking you to go and see her during the winter—at the Rothesay Hydropathic, most likely; and if you are well advised you will go, for I understand she is going to have some settlement of her property made. And when she makes you a rich woman, Alison, then you'll come and tyrannize over us just as she does, and we'll all pay court to you, and put up as best we can with your unreasonableness and your bad temper."

"Well, uncle," Alison said, with a smile, "I don't think it is Aunt Gilchrist's money that enables her to tyrannize over you; it is her peripheral neuralgia; and she can't make me a present of *that*. But I'm sure I don't want anything from Aunt Gilchrist—except an invitation now and again; and I hope the next one I get will bring me here, if you will have me."

"Oh yes, we will try to put up with you," her uncle said, good-naturedly. "You come and see. And now good-by, Alison, and take care of yourself; and if you bring back a sweetheart with you, we'll make him welcome too."

Then it was Johnny's turn to take leave of her, in a more secret fashion than was possible down at the quay. He watched his chance, and came quickly up.

"Here, mem! I hef got it for you," said he, in an undertone; and he slipped something into Alison's hand. She looked at it. It was an oblong tin match-box.

"What's this, Johnny?" she said.

"I wass along to the witch," said he, eagerly. "And I hef got the thing that will keep the ghosts and ahl the bad things aweh from you at night; and it's in that box; and no one will know but that it iss only matches. Oh yes, it iss a fine sure thing; you will put it on the mantel-piece

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at night, and there's not a ghost or anything of that kind will come near you."

Alison hardly knew what to do: she could hardly refuse a farewell gift, which was probably the most valuable thing the young rascal could think of. Then it occurred to her that perhaps to obtain it he had dipped into that little store of money she had given him.

"Did you pay anything for it, Johnny?" she made bold to ask.

"Oh no, mem," he said. "She would not tek money from me, for she comes from my own part of the country. But sometimes I gif her a rabbit, or some such thing; for it iss ahlways better to keep friends with them kind of people. Cosh, that iss a stranche thing to think of—a hare eating a rabbit!"

"What hare?" Alison asked, in amazement.

"Do you not know that the witches can turn themselves into hares when they like?" Johnny asked; but he was evidently surprised by her extraordinary ignorance. "Ay, ay, and that's the time to catch them, for they cannot do you any harm then." He grinned from ear to ear. "That would be a fine thing, now! —to catch one in the streets of Fort William, and to chase her, with a crowd of people ahl with sticks and stones—"

Suddenly Johnny became silent, and slunk mysteriously away: he had perceived Miss Flora approaching, and he knew she was almost certain to put him on to some perfectly useless task in the garden; whereas in an out-house at the back there was a young puppy-dog of a collie that he could spend an agreeable half-hour in tormenting before having to wheel the luggage down to the steamer.

"I suppose you have everything ready, Alison?" Flora said when she came up.

Alison answered that she had.

"Isn't it strange that Ludovick hasn't put in an appearance?" her cousin continued. "I made sure he would come to say good-by to you. Those alterations at Oyre can't be of so much importance; though I must say for him that any wish of his father's is law to him. Never mind, Hugh is going with us—think of that condescension!—he is going to see you safe into the railway carriage, and come back in the steamer with me. This is an assurance of his profound consideration that I hardly ever knew him bestow on any one—any girl—before; and I hope you are grateful. He told me yesterday that you had become quite like one of the family, and that he didn't see the use of going away at all. Think of that, Miss Dimity! And if you only heard what he has been saying about you to Ludovick—"

Alison started somewhat, and looked apprehensive.

"Oh, a wonderful lot of discoveries, I assure you!—about the expression of your eyes; and how you were always the first to see anything humorous, but you didn't laugh—it was only a little bit of a smile that betrayed you; and what a clear penetration and judgment you had; and how admirable your manner was toward old people—and—and how elegantly you walked—goodness gracious! I don't remember half the pretty things he said."

"I dare say not," Alison said, dryly. "And yet it is very kind of you, Flora, to invent so many."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, how could you know what Hugh said to Captain Macdonell?"

"For the simple reason, my dear Miss Dimity, that Captain Macdonell himself told me; and I can tell you he sets great store by Hugh's opinion, though Hugh is only a boy compared with him. However, that is not the question. It was Hugh I was speaking of; and you ought to be proud and pleased that he quite approves of you now. Oh yes, indeed; you have won a small share of my lord's condescending notice; you're not half bad to look at, you know, and you've got a very tolerable kind of brain—for a woman. Accordingly, he is going with us on the steamer."

But it was not of Hugh's approval, nor yet of his condescension in coming with them, that Alison was thinking as they walked along to the quay; and while they waited there for the steamer, though she strove to conceal her ever-increasing anxiety, she seemed to see in every distant figure the possibility of its being Ludovick Macdonell. She talked to Flora, she talked to Hugh; but her eyes would go furtively wandering; and as the steamer was now on its way down from Corpach, every moment she became more anxious and perturbed. Now and again she would assure herself that a certain stranger in the distance must necessarily be he; and she would listen to Flora and to Hugh with a forced attention; then it became

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clear to her that this stranger was only a stranger, and her heart would sink again with its bitter disappointment. Then here was the steamer approaching. Johnny was getting the luggage ready. A small crowd of people had congregated at the end of the quay. The throb of the paddles was becoming more and more distinct; the red funnels were coming nearer and nearer; Hugh would have her stand well out of the way of the ropes; and finally, when the steamer had stopped, and the passengers were getting on board, she knew, as she put her foot on the gangway, that she was going away without even a parting word or a glance.

Up to the last moment she had been in hopes—nay, she had been strenuously convincing herself that it was certain—that he would make his appearance; but now the gangways were withdrawn, the hawsers thrown from the quay, and the big steamer was throbbing its onward way to the south. She looked at the now fast-receding land, and there was no one there to send her a last token of farewell. And perhaps it was only the fact of her leaving that beautiful neighborhood—where love had found her, for a brief moment or two, and forsaken her—that made her heart ache so, and caused cruel tears to well into her eyes. She was ashamed, and tried to hide her face from Flora; but her cousin put her hand within her arm.

"Alison," said she, in a very kindly fashion, "I'm not so sorry that you don't like leaving Fort William; but you must just remember that you are coming back; and you are not likely to find the place much changed, or the people either. And the sooner you come back the better. Oh yes, you have made plenty of friends here. It *is* a wonder that Ludovick didn't come to see you off," she continued, in an inadvertent sort of way; "but I suppose he is busy. He did not send you any message, did he?"

Alison shook her head slightly; she could not trust herself to speak just then.

"That is not like him," Flora said. "But then young men are so careless! It's here to-day and gone to-morrow; and you're out of their thoughts five minutes after they've left you. And that's the best way to treat them, I find," she continued, no doubt with the most honest intention of comforting her cousin. "I've never seen the man yet that I would break my heart about; it's much the better way to amuse yourself with them, and let them go, and no harm done. They talk about women being so heartless and fickle: it's absolute rubbish. Trust a man for making love to any woman he meets, and then going off without remembering her name, most likely. The best way is to treat them as they treat you—get what fun you can out of them, and care no more about them."

But these friendly counsels fell for the most part on an unheeding ear; for Alison, once the cruel pang of disappointment was over, was trying, in rather a dull and hopeless fashion, to find out for herself what was the probable cause of his staying away. Long thereafter she could remember, and with an intense and lurid vividness, every feature and incident and aspect of that dark and miserable southward sail. The day had changed considerably; the fair blue calm was gone; a breeze had sprung up, and there were heavy masses of cloud gathering in the sky; the sea was a moving, stirring plain of pale purplish-gray, with here and there a distant white speck of a yacht. She sat and blankly looked, heavy-hearted enough. And the farther and farther they got south, the day became more sombre, though it was still beautiful in its deep rich tones. For it was not altogether gloom. There were silver gleams among those overhanging masses of cloud; and the violet hills had an occasional streak of greenish-yellow where the misty sunlight fell on the far shoulders. She seemed to be encircled by these hills; and when, getting away down by Appin and Lismore, she turned to have a last glimpse of the pleasant rose-colored holiday-land in which she had been living, behold! that appeared to be now completely shut off by a wall of mountains, dark-hued and forbidding and stern. Were they enclosing, then, as with an impassable barrier, that fair rose-tinted land, that joyous garden, as it had seemed to her, full of beautiful things and sunlight and pleasant memories? Her heart ached with the throbbing of this steamer that was bearing her away so pitilessly; her eyes were blinded with tears that she could not repress; and these varying winds that came blowing about, if there was any voice in them at all, seemed to be saying "*Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!*" and to keep repeating the old, familiar, and inexpressibly sad refrain.

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From this dull lethargy of grief and aimless conjecture she was soon to be startled by an unexpected revelation brought about in the most casual way. Hugh had gone forward to look after his luggage, for they were now nearing Oban, and Flora took the occasion of his absence to say to her cousin,

"Do you know, Alison, I have thought once or twice that there was something between you and Ludovick; and I'm rather glad to imagine now that there isn't."

Alison, with a quick flush in her face, looked up; but what could she say? There was no confession for her to make. How could there be anything between her and Ludovick Macdonell, when he had not even taken the trouble to come and say good-by to her when she was going away to the south?

"I am glad for this reason," Flora continued, in a very matter-of-fact fashion. "You see, it wouldn't matter much to me, or to any girl brought up in a part of the Highlands where there are plenty of Catholics of the better class, and used to meeting them, and not accustomed to put much store by differences of that kind. But for you, Alison, the daughter of a Free Church minister, to marry a Catholic—"

"Flora!" cried Alison, with a sudden strange look in her eyes—"is Captain Macdonell a Roman Catholic?"

"Why, of course! Didn't you know? You must have known!" Flora said, but without noticing the singular expression that had passed so swiftly over her companion's face. "Well, perhaps not. We don't make much of such differences in our house; many of our best friends are Catholics; and I suppose it never occurred to any one to tell you that Ludovick was a Catholic, like the rest of his family. However, I'm very glad his liking for you—and he didn't make much secret of it, did he?—and his continual talking about you and praising you—I am glad it did not lead to anything more serious; for, you know, your friends in Kirk o' Shields are not so tolerant and Sadducee-ist as some of us up here, and I dare say they would open their eyes if you proposed to marry a Catholic. I say 'a Catholic,' Miss Dimity Puritan: 'Roman' Catholic is hardly civil."

By this time Alison had effectually regained her composure: outwardly she was quite calm. She knew that the final knell of severance had sounded. Those anxious conjectures as to the cause of his absence were useless now. Nay, was it not better that he should so openly have declared his indifference toward her? That dream was over; and here they were at the quay; and she had some small packages and belongings to look after in the cabin. When they got ashore she gave Hugh her purse, insisting on paying for her own railway ticket; she talked pleasantly to them as they went along the platform with her; she smiled a good-by to them, and waved her hand as the train moved out of the station. And then it was, on suddenly finding herself cut off from these kind friends, and left absolutely alone, that her brave self-confidence, which had sustained her so far, deserted her; a horror of loneliness and blackness and despair seemed to overwhelm her; she buried her head in her hands, and broke into a passionate fit of weeping. Yet even then she made a struggle to believe that this that had happened was better so. If there was to be a final renunciation, let it be over and done with. Life would never again be the same for her; certain memories would have to be locked away forever; she would have to face the remaining years as others had had to face them. But (as the tears rained down her hands) she thought he might have come to say good-by.

So the train sped on its way, by the placid shores of Loch Etive, through the gloomy Pass of Brander, under the mighty bulk of Bencruachan, and along the wooded banks of Loch Awe; but it was little notice she took of the deep purple hills, the silver-gleaming clouds, the wide rippling waters of the lake, and the gray ruins of Kilchuirn. She sat in the corner of the carriage (fortunately she was the sole occupant, this being an idle time of the year) trying to reason herself out of her childish grief, and resolved to banish this fond illusion that had possessed her for a time. Those words that he had spoken to her in the old garden at Oyre?—well, perhaps he had believed them at the moment; it was a passing fancy; she had gone, and he had forgotten them. Flora was right. There was commonsense in what she said. All this that had happened was but a dream of beautiful impossibilities; she had left that rose garden of romance; a wall of dark mountains intervened now; she should return to Lochaber no more. Only the measured rattle of this railway train was just

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like the throbbing of the paddles of the steamer; it seemed to keep alive this aching pain at her heart, and she could get no rest.

Station after station went by; sometimes she passively regarded these elderly folk, and wondered whether they had quite forgotten now all the sorrows and vain hopes of their youth. And then, of a sudden, as the train was slowing into Tyndrum station, the color forsook her face, and her eyes were filled with wonder, almost with fear. That was but for the fiftieth part of a second. She sprang to her feet: "Ludovick! Ludovick!" she cried; her trembling hands pulled at the strap of the window to let it down, and pulled in vain, for she hardly knew what she was doing. But the next moment Ludovick Macdonell was there; and her heart leaped up with pride and joy and gratitude to see how buoyant and confident and assured he looked; the door was opened, and he came lightly into the carriage; and how was she to prevent her face from growing rosy red, or tears of gladness from swimming into her eyes? Nay, she did not try to conceal her joy—she could not; she forgot to ask why or how he had come; it was enough that he was here, and that all the world seemed suddenly full of radiance and happiness. As for him, he was coolly shutting the carriage door; and then he took the seat opposite her, and put his hand on her hand for a moment, and she did not withdraw it.

"I suppose you wondered why I did not come to see you away at Fort William?" said he (and it was so pleasant to her to hear his voice again: all dark imaginings and griefs seemed to flee away: he brought hope, assurance, confidence, with him).

"Oh, never mind," she said, rather incoherently (for she was terribly conscious of the telltale color in her face, and her eyes were cast down lest she should reveal too much of the happy light that was there). "But—but I am so glad to see you for a moment before going home. Yes, I—I expected you to come to say good-by, and I was—I was a little disappointed; but Flora said you would be busy, and it did not matter."

"It did not matter?" said he, in great surprise. "What do you mean, Alison? I think it mattered a good deal. But I did not want to say good-by to you before all these people; and I knew that Hugh and Flora were going back by the steamer; so yesterday morning I thought I would treat myself to a nice little driving trip—down Glencoe and across the Black Mount Forest by Inveroran—and take my chance of meeting you in the train. I made pretty sure I should find you."

"And did you come all that way," said she, looking up for a second with something more than gratitude in her eyes, "merely to—to come and see me?"

"To see you?—yes, and to have a word or two with you," he answered. "For of course I could not let you go away home without some explanation. You see, Alison," he continued, and he took her hand again and held it, "I know I can't make pretty phrases, and perhaps I shouldn't have blurted out what I said to you at Oyre; but now you know—you know what I hope for, and I'll tell you the truth: the real reason why I didn't come to see you this morning at Fort William—the reason why I took my chance of having a word with you in the train, or at the end of the journey, was this, that I wanted to beg from you some kind of a promise—not too definite, if that would frighten you, but still something, something that would assure me that sooner or later—and I would not be impatient if that vexed you—merely some kind of assurance that sooner or later you would be my wife."

And now, for the first moment since she had been bewildered by his sudden appearance, Alison began to recover her senses. She had been so overjoyed at seeing him, after the bitter disappointment of the morning, that she had thought of nothing else. But this prayer of his that she should, in however vague a fashion, give him some kind of promise, recalled to her in a sufficiently startling manner what she had wholly forgotten—their relative positions and Flora's warning. She gently released her hand.

"No, I cannot give you that promise," said she, in a low voice and with downcast eyes, "neither now nor at any future time. I—I must be frank with you, for you have been very kind to me. And it is like the rest of your kindness to have taken all this trouble to come and say good-by, and—and it is to be a last good-by."

"Alison," said he, rather breathlessly, "I won't take that as your last word."

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"It is to be the last word," she said, with pale lips.

He wanted to seize her hand again, but she refused.

"Alison," he pleaded, "you must tell me why. I cannot take it as your last word. If you do not care enough for me at present, then that means that I have spoken too soon, and you will give me a chance, and see what time will do. Or is there any one else?"

She shook her head.

"Then why, Alison," he said, eagerly—"why should it be all over between us? No, I won't believe it. What is the reason?"

She hesitated for some time; she would rather have avoided the pain of explanation. Would it not be better for both that he should simply go away, and that these two should see each other no more? At length she said, rather sadly:

"You never would understand. You don't know how I have been brought up; or how my relations and the people they live amongst look upon a Roman Catholic. It seems quite different in my uncle's family; none of them ever thought of telling me you were a Catholic, until Flora accidentally mentioned it this morning; but now—"

"And is that all?" he exclaimed, quickly. "Alison, is that all? Is that your only objection? Did you never hear of Catholics and Protestants intermarrying?"

He seemed quite rejoiced to hear that this was the only obstacle; and it was only by slow degrees, as he pleaded and argued and remonstrated, that he came to perceive how serious a one it was. Nay, he began to feel a little remorse: his eagerness to win her consent seemed to savor of persecution; for she listened so patiently, and yet with such a hopeless silence and sadness, to all his persuasions and prayers. At length he said,

"Alison, if I were secure of your love, I should have no fear that any difference of creed would come between us."

She did not answer.

And then again he said:

"Well, now, I am not going to press you too hard, Alison, if it is against your will; but you will think over what I have said to you; and mind, I understand more than you imagine about the prejudice against us Catholics that exists among some of the strictest Protestants. I thought you knew all along that I was a Catholic; and if it was only to-day you were told, of course I can understand how you were surprised, and how there has been no time for you to get over your first alarm. I wish you could live in a Catholic district of the Highlands for a year or two; you would find that the Catholics are not a terrible people at all, that they are just as well-meaning and as easy to get on with as any others. But I'm not going to force you to promise anything against your will, Alison; I would rather you would wait and think; and I am not despondent about the result. In the mean time what am I to do? I had intended going on with you to Kirk o' Shields; I had some vague notion you might introduce me to your family and friends. But I see that wouldn't do at present—that would only embarrass you, wouldn't it? We shall be at Dunblane in a few minutes; will you take it ill if I leave you there?"

She looked at him with kind eyes: she understood his forbearance and consideration.

"Yes, that would be better," she said.

"But I am going to write to you, Alison," said he, boldly, "and if I can't persuade you that way, well, then, I must come and see you, and confront the whole clan of your friends, if they are for bidding you beware of a Catholic. Why, in these days it is too absurd to think of religious differences separating human beings who have a real regard for each other. That's all gone and past. And especially you, of all people—you, who are so clear-headed—why, if you have acquired any prejudice of that kind, you must have imbibed it unawares; it is something quite foreign to your whole nature."

The train was entering Dunblane station.

"Alison, I will write to you in a few days. Will you answer my letter?"

"Yes, I will," she said; and she regarded him with straightforward and honest eyes, that yet were gentle and kindly too; "but I know what it will be: it will be to ask you to abandon an idea that would only lead to misery—I mean to the misery of many people besides ourselves. That is what I fear—what I know. We will say good-by now, and it will be better for you to forget that you ever saw me."

"Ah, you are faint-hearted at present," said he, confidently and cheerfully, "but wait: wait, and call in your own clear

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judgment to aid you. And mind, Alison, if you can bring your heart to say yes, you are not going to let it say no because of the opinions or prejudices of your relatives and friends: in that case you will have me coming through to Kirk o' Shields to fight the whole array of them. Well, good-by, Alison, and God bless you!—it will not be so long before we meet again!"

The little country station was all flooded with the golden light of the afternoon; and in the midst of that glow, for some time after the train had left, she could still make out the well-known, firm-set figure, the sun-browned cheek, and familiar Tam o' Shanter. And when at length she was left alone with her own thoughts, her heart was far less heavy than it had been during the earlier part of the day. Severance—the bitterness of renunciation—might be before her; nay, she had already faced that as a certainty, and with a sufficiency of courage. But however dark and hopeless the future might be, at least, here and now, she knew she had not been mistaken in her friend; and she was proudly conscious that, whatever else might be in store for her, to be slighted and forgotten by Ludovick Macdonell was the last thing she had to fear.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COWANS OF CORBIESLAW.

On the bleak uplands lying to the east of Kirk o' Shields stands the farm-house of Corbieslaw. It is a dismal and lonely place; the buildings and byres all of stone and slate; not a tree or a bush anywhere around; while its considerable acreage of arable and pasture land is divided, not by hedges, but by stone walls as grimy and melancholy-looking as Corbieslaw itself. No bird sings here in spring or summer. The fumes and smoke of Kirk o' Shields keep an almost perpetual grayness in the skies, save at night, when the dull red glow of the distant iron-works flushes across the darkened heavens.

One afternoon, some few days after Alison's return from the Highlands, Alexander Cowan, of Corbieslaw, was standing at his own front door. He was a man of about sixty; a huge, heavy, unwieldy-looking person, sallow-complexioned, large-eared, thick-lipped, with nostrils like those of a monkey, and with small, twinkling, vindictive eyes—eyes that, compared with the extent of his face, somewhat resembled those of an elephant, and seemed capable, like those of an elephant, of preserving a pretty accurate recollection of any one who had injured him. Mr. Cowan was not in his ordinary farmer dress; he was clad in a loose, ill-fitting suit of Sunday black; he was carefully shaved; and he would no doubt have been grave and solemn of demeanor but that the unaccustomed stiffness of his shirt collar seemed to irritate him considerably, producing from time to time (as he was vainly endeavoring to set matters right) an expression of anger that ought not to have appeared on the face of a ruling elder of the Free Church.

Presently he was joined by his wife—a little, thin, sharp-looking woman, with a profusion of shining black bugles about her dress, and a mass of artificial roses and fuchsias in her bonnet.

"I hae just been thinking, Mysie," said he, in a slow and oracular fashion, which would have been more impressive but that in speaking he added an "h" to every "s," so that the continual "hish-hish" sounded as if his mouth was full of boiled turnip—"I hae just been conseedering that the Minister cannot tak' it ill that we should approach him on this subjeck, for there's plenty o' Scriptural precedents for it; I could gie him chapter and verse a dizzen times ower, if it was needed. But e'en without that he maun see how it will be a strengthening o' the Lord's Church through faimily bonds. Ay, through faimily bonds. When ye're putting off your bonnet, Mysie, or when ye're coming away at the end o' the evening, ye'll be seeing the lass by hersel', and ye can gie her a bit hint to remember what I hae done for her faither in times past; and ye can show her what a bringing thegither o' the two faimilies would be in the future—a bulwark and a surety, and a warning to they ill-thrawn folk that would tear the congregation to pieces wi' their bickerings and yaumerings. She's a sensible kind o' lass; she'll understand ye, I warrant. As for the Minister, I'll hae a word wi' him when ye're out o' the room, though it's no the first—no, no. Weel he kens what we've had in our mind; but maybe I'll speak a bit plainer, ye see. Ay, and I shouldna wonder if it was borne in on him that this thing came from the Lord; as Laban and Bethuel said to Abra-

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ham's messenger, that went on a like errand, 'The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or good.' That's the main point to remember. I say it would be for the benefit of the Church at lairge, and our East Street Church in parteeclar; and everybody kens what a fecht I've had in upholding the Minister through good report and bad report, for he has his enemies, poor man, and ill-wishers—they heedless young fellows, that think nothing o' the fundamentals o' their faith, but are aye crying out about the elocutioners and poetry-mongers they've heard in Glesca. Oh ay, the Minister kens what I've done for him."

"I'm sure it would be a very good thing for James," observed Mrs. Cowan, who spoke Edinburghwise, and with more pretensions to elegance than her husband. "They say that Alison Blair will have nearly everything her aunt has to leave; and it's no concern o' ours whether the money came frae a distillery or not. It would be a fine thing for James; for a young probationer with a wife that is known to be well provided for is regarded wi' favor, and has a better chance of a call: the responsible members o' the congregation understand that the young lasses will no be a' setting their caps at him; and besides that, he will be able to keep up a proper style, and have entertainment for his friends, and no be aye begging and begging for an increase o' stipend. Poor James—look at him now! Many's the time my heart is sore to think of the poor lad slaving away at they sermons that nobody ever asks him for. He is just that diligent! but what's the use? It's a' very fine to call the probationers 'guinea-pigs'; I would like to see more o' the guineas; but not one has the lad; and there's Mr. Blair—you would think he might go away for a single Sabbath, just to lend his pulpit to the lad, to say nothing o' the guinea as a kind of encouragement. But no. And how do they expect a probationer to become a capable teacher if they never give him the chance of a pulpit?"

Now during this sympathetic speech the farmer's face had been growing more and more morose; and at last he said, sullenly, "He would hae made a chance for himself if he hadna been such a poor, feckless, helpless, spiritless crayture."

Then, fierce as fire, the mother retorted in defence of her first-born: "And if he is that, who made him that? Ay, well ye ken who made him what he is!"

"I have brought him up as a child should be brought up," the farmer said, sternly—"in the fear of the Lord."

"In the fear of a whip-lash!" was the angry rejoinder; and then she proceeded, with bitter vehemence: "Yes, it is well for you to complain now when ye've crushed and cowed the spirit out o' the poor lad all his life long! The fear of the Lord? The fear of a whip-lash—that's what I call it; and the fear of being locked up among the rats in an empty barn, night after night, for just nothing at all. You may have forgotten, but I've not forgotten, the time ye went to fetch him home frae Garlieston—driving him before ye wi' a horse-whip—you a great big man, and him a little white-faced boy. No wonder the folk turned out and followed ye, and hooted ye, and threw stones at ye!"

The small eyes in the farmer's big, coarse face had grown darker and darker.

"If I had got my whip round their legs," he said, between his teeth, "I'd hae sent that Irish rabble skelpin' back to their ain business. Here, Rob!" he suddenly roared to a servant-man who chanced to come along. "Go round to the yard and tell that fellow Chalmers that if I'm kept waiting here anither three minutes for that dog-cart, he'll be out o' my service the morn's morning, as sure's there's a sky aboon our heads!"

But just at this moment the dog-cart opportunely made its appearance; and at the same time the sound of the wheels brought forth from the house the young man who had been the subject of the recent altercation. This James Cowan—the Rev. James Cowan he was called by courtesy—was rather under middle height, slight of physique, and stooping a little; with a pale complexion, a large, weak, sensitive mouth, a feeble jaw and chin, no great height of forehead, and lank fair hair that he wore long behind. But what was chiefly noticeable about him was the curiously vacuous expression of his face, coupled with the quick and furtive look of his eyes. It was not an intelligent look; but at least it was alert and observant—like the apprehensiveness of some dumb animal that has just been beaten, and is on the watch for the reappearance of the stick—and it did something to relieve the hopeless apathy of his features.

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For the rest, he also was clad in black; but with no touch of the smartness and neatness natural to a young man; and without a word or sign to any one he took his place on the back seat of the dog-cart, where he was joined by the farm-servant, when the farmer and his wife had got up in front. Then they drove away in the direction of Kirk o' Shields.

No one spoke during the drive; and at length, when they had got near to the town, the farmer pulled up, and called to his man to come to the horse's head. Then they all descended, and proceeded on foot.

"Such nonsense!" Mrs. Cowan said, snappishly.

"Oh, I ken what ye would be at!" her husband retorted (though probably he was still brooding over the recollection of his having been hooted through the outskirts of Garlieston). "I ken ye would like to show off before the folk, and gang trantling through the town in your ain machine. It's little of the proper humeelity of a Christian that ye care for. But if I have to use a dog-cart in the exercise of my earthly calling, I hope I ken my duty better than to go clattering through the streets wi't, as if I was one o' they tearin', swearin' officers out o' Millhill barracks."

So it was on foot that they arrived at the Minister's house, whither they had been invited to take tea and spend the evening. Alison, of course, was the young house-mistress; and she received her guests with the respect and attention due to the farmer's position as an elder —and a very important elder—in the Church; she had also a kind and encouraging word for the poor lad James, who seemed glad to get away from her, and to subside into a corner, where he sat with his eyes mostly fixed on the floor.

"And how did you enjoy your stay in the Highlands, Miss Blair?" said Mrs. Cowan, who was extremely polite on such occasions.

"Oh, very, very much!" Alison said, with a quite unlooked-for enthusiasm. "They are the very nicest and kindest people I have ever met."

But here the farmer interfered with portentous severity:

"I am sorry to hear ye say that, Miss Blair—sorry indeed. If ye kenned them better, ye would be of a different opinion, I'm thinking; ye would understand that they are of the same race as the Irish; and they're a' tarred wi' the same stick—a godless, drucken, swearin', dangerous class o' people, that are the plague of any decent and respectable community that takes them in. Wha fills the police courts? Ask the Glesca magistrates. And here in this very town our lives are hardly our ain for they Irish scoundrels frae the pits and the iron-works, a cursin', drucken, riotous crew, Roman Catholics every one o' them, and ready to smash every window in your house if they see an orange lily in your garden. Sometimes I think that it's a dispensation and a trial that the Lord in His mercy has put upon us—just to remind us what it would be if they blagyards got the upper hand, and could bring the Pope ower here, and have us burned at the stake for reading the Word. And the Hielanders, as I have heard, are just the same, root and branch, as the Irish—a reckless, quarrelsome, idle crew, and not a word they say to be believed; for the truth is not in them."

"Have you ever been in the Highlands, Mr. Cowan?" Alison asked, sharply—but rather despising herself for caring.

The farmer hesitated, for he had never been in the Highlands; but his wife came to his assistance.

"I'm sure what Alexander says is true," Mrs. Cowan remarked. "I know that I had a Highland servant once, Miss Blair, and sure I am there never was such another creature born alive. Not but that the woman would work—ay, and get up at any hour; and the strength of a stot she had; but, mercy me! her tantrums! Ye had but to check her wi' a word, and off she'd go wi' her head in the air, muttering and storming to herself in Gaelic, and making use of language just fit to make your blood creep—"

"But how did you know it was bad language, when you could not understand it?" Alison asked—and she dared not look at her sister Agnes, or she would have burst out laughing.

"I am sure it was bad language—I am confident it was: you could tell it well enough by the sound, if not by the sense," said Mrs. Cowan; and with that oracular utterance this disquisition on the Highland character came to an end, for the buxom and black-eyed wench Katie here opened the door and announced that tea was ready.

Now when they had gone into the dining-room and taken their places, and

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when the long grace was ended, the farmer's wife ran her eye over the table.

"I hear, Minister," said she, complacently, "that in your visiting last week ye included Mrs. Strachan?"

The Minister intimated that he had called upon Mrs. Strachan.

"And she gave ye *blamanj*?" continued Mrs. Cowan, with a playful smile.

The Minister had not noticed, or failed to remember.

"Oh yes, I heard about it," said Mrs. Cowan, still smiling facetiously. "And maybe it did not turn out very well; maybe it was not very well made? *Blamanj*—Mrs. Strachan: I like that! Mrs. Strachan trying her hand at *blamanj*—and her mother kept a wee bit box o' a place in a back wynd in Airdrie, and selled aipples and ginger-beer!"

The incongruity between Mrs. Strachan's origin and her social pretensions seemed to afford Mrs. Cowan much amusement; but her husband tacitly rebuked her for her frivolity by abruptly changing the subject, and showed a better appreciation of the character of the house he was in by reverting to the Minister's forenoon sermon on the previous Sunday.

"I wouldna presume to criticeese, Mr. Blair," said the elder, solemnly and slowly, "and the doctrine o' grace irresistible is not one that any professing Christian would dispute; but yet to lose sight o' works athegither is a sair temptation, I'm feared, to them that are naitrally inclined to backsliding. Nae doot it is the province o' a minister o' the Gospel to preach the truth as it is delivered to him—"

"Ay, but there's another thing," interposed the elder's wife, eagerly. "When our James gets a call, I know he'll put two duties before him—one to preach the truth, and the other to help to sweep away that pernicious stumbling-block, the Estayblished Church."

The farmer went on without heeding this unseemly interruption: "But I wouldna have the believer grow slack in well-doing. Ye remember what Paul says to the Philippians—'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.'"

"And I am sure you do not forget the very next verse, Mr. Cowan," the Minister said, calmly regarding his interlocutor from under his shaggy eyebrows. "'For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' You cannot think that mortal man can win such a great prize as eternal salvation by his own weak endeavor?"

"I would just like to hear our James on that point," again interposed the fond mother. "James is just a wonderfu' arguer when ye give him time. James, tell them what's your opinion on that point."

James, startled out of his apathetic reverie, looked round him with frightened eyes; but said nothing. His father took no notice of him whatsoever; he continued his discourse, now with an appeal *ad rem*.

"This is what I'm driving at, Mr. Blair," said he, "that if the believer is not reminded that works are an outward and visible sign of grace, and demanded of the professing Christian, then he may grow slack in conduct, and do just as others do. Now it's no more than three days since I was gaun by Steel and Dalrymple's boiler-works; and I happened to peek over the wa', and there was John Ramsay, jist outside the engine-house where he is employed. Think ye what he was doing? He had a bit cotton-waste in one hand and an oil-can in the other, and he was puttin' drop after drop on to his boots, and polishin' them up. Think o' that! What's that but stealing his employers' property? And here's a man that washes his face, and puts on his Sabbath clothes, and brings his wife and his twa sons and dochter into the pew wi' him: yet he doesna think twice about stealing his masters' oil to put on his boots. 'Deed, I was thinking o' going into the office and telling them what was going on—"

"I hope you will not do that, Mr. Cowan," said the Minister, in his grave, deliberate way. "It's a small matter; maybe it is the usual custom in the works; and in any case it is too trifling a thing to make mischief about."

"Lax—lax," said the elder, shaking his head mournfully. "It's the little things that lead to great things when they're overlooked. There's the mistress, now: last Sabbath morning she catched one o' the lasses singing away at 'Ye banks and braes'—on a Sabbath morning! and only said 'Be quiet,' or something o' that kind, without a word o' serious remonstrance. What then? Would ye believe it, Mr. Blair, as I was gaun by the kitchen door on Wednesday nicht, I just lookit in, and there, as sure as I'm leevin', were the three hizzies playing cards—*playing cards!*"

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"Cards, Minister!" almost shrieked Mrs. Cowan (while the guilty Alison sat and listened, thinking of those magical evenings away in the north, with the scent of roses in the garden, and the twilight heavens shining silver-clear over the hills). "Cards!—in a house where there was a minister o' the Gospel, or one that's soon to be a minister, ordained and inducted in proper form! James, what was't ye said about Satan having pented mass-books as well as the Pope? Oh ay, he can give the Romans a slap when he likes! What was't, James?"

But even with this encouragement James failed to respond, for the eyes of his father were upon him for a brief moment. Then the elder resumed:

"No, Mr. Blair, I do not hold wi' them wha say that works are a sinfu' endeavor to defeat the divine power o' grace; and I would rather see the professing Christian declare the faith that is in him by outward observances. Six days shalt thou labor; and as long's I'm master in my own house there'll be no cloth laid on the Sabbath; them that winna tak' the trouble on the Saturday can gang without their dinner on the Sabbath."

"Look at Alexander himself, Minister," said Mrs. Cowan, proudly—she had forgotten for the moment about Garlieston, and the horsewhip, and the empty barn. "Do ye mind the Sabbath morning he came into the church wi' only the one side o' his face shaved? Little did he heed the sniggering o' the young lads and lasses! I say that a man that is shaving himself on the Saturday night to avoid all labor on the Sabbath, and has to stop in the middle when he hears twelve o'clock striking—a man that is so particular in small things will cling to the essentials as well; and I hope our James here, though he may rise in the world, and become famous, and get into a different station from ordinary folks like us—I hope he'll be as good a Christian as his father was before him, and no be ashamed to walk in his footsteps."

At this point the Minister, perceiving that tea was over, returned thanks in a long and earnest appeal for further and spiritual mercies; then the table was cleared, and the small company devoted itself to improving conversation. And at last the doting mother had her chance. Having several times failed to get her son James to open his mouth, she at length worried him into declaring what the subject of his last manuscript sermon was; then she appealed to the Minister; and Mr. Blair was kind enough to examine the young man as to the argument he had followed in that composition, the "heads" into which he had divided it, and so forth; and James was constrained to answer. Mrs. Cowan was a proud woman as she sat and admiringly listened. Nearly all the talking, it is true, was on the side of the Minister; but was it not a noble spectacle to see these two members of the highest of all professions conversing with each other, and one of them her own son? She would not allow the farmer to interrupt. When he would have relegated James to the background and his accustomed silence, she valiantly interposed and invoked the aid of the Minister himself. The subject of the sermon was the duty of Christians to make manifest the truth one to another; there were five "heads"; and the Minister was most considerate and painstaking in following the line of treatment, and in expressing approval where that could be awarded.

(And of all this what did Alison hear? Why, not one word. Her heart was far away in Lochaber. This was not Kirk o' Shields at all—Kirk o' Shields on a dull afternoon deepening into the dusk, and the figures in the small parlor become almost as ghosts in the twilight: this is the Doctor's garden, overlooking the shore, and she is standing in it quite alone. Everywhere there is an abundance of motion and change on this bright and windy morning; the far ranges of hills are dappled with yellow sunlight and purple cloud-shadows; torn shreds of white stretch across the pale blue sky; a deeper blue stirs and trembles in the driven waters of Loch Linnhe. The flowers are all nodding and bending before the breeze; sometimes a few drops of rain begin to mark the lilac-gray pebbles at her feet; sometimes there is a brief gloom overhead; then the bit of a shower drifts over; the warm sunshine spreads itself around; the petals of the flowers are glittering now, and the pendulous branches of the willows rustling; while the air is freshened with the scent of rain-wet roses and sweetbrier. What is this she hears? The window of Flora's room above her is open; perchance, for it is yet early, her cousin is combing out her long coal-black hair as she lightly sings,

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"O where hae ye been roaming, roaming, roaming,
O where hae ye been roaming, my bonny Mary Graham?"

And Ludovick—why does not Ludovick put in an appearance, coming along from the town by the white road that skirts the beach? They should be going sailing on so fair a morning. Has she the courage to cut a rose for him—one of those deep red ones, with rain diamonds on its closely folded petals—and to offer it to him as he comes in at the little gate? Flora would laugh, perhaps; but he would be proud enough. Ah, no, she has not the courage; she must not make confession; the white road is empty; and the day somehow changes in this wistful dream. There are dark clouds overhead now; and there are hurrying people at the quay; and a wild agony of farewell, and streaming eyes, and an aching heart. "Lochaber no more," the restless winds are wailing; "we'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." The black wall of mountains comes between; the fair and joyous garden-land, with all its new wonders and gladnesses of life, with all its secret hopes and thrills, is lost to her forever; there remains for her but a bewildering memory, and the hopeless desolation of Kirk o' Shields. These voices in the small parlor convey nothing to her. She is wondering what Flora is doing; what Hugh is doing; whether either of them ever thinks of her. And Ludovick?—perhaps there is a letter already on its way to her, with some word of kindness, of remembrance.)

Late in the evening the Corbieslaw people rose to go; and then it was, on her retiring to put on her bonnet and shawl, that the farmer's wife had an opportunity of talking to Alison alone. But Mrs. Cowan had a wholesome opinion of her own shrewdness, and considered that she knew a great deal better than her husband how to conduct this delicate negotiation. She had no intention of telling Alison that she ought to marry James for the greater good of the Free Church of Scotland, and in order to strengthen the elder's position in her father's congregation. That was not the kind of lure with which to captivate the imagination of a young maiden. She relied rather on the abundant store of napery at Corbieslaw, of which she kept an accurate list in her mind. But before coming to that she had to make some kind of apology for her vicarious interference.

"Ye see, Miss Blair," she said, when she had introduced the subject in a skilful and diplomatic manner, "a young probationer is naturally timid when he comes to a minister's house; and as for yourself, you are much looked up to by the whole congregation; and James is a modest lad, and maybe does not think of himself just what he might; so that if I speak for him ye'll no misunderstand his hanging back a little."

"I think if he was very anxious he would speak for himself," Alison observed, with much composure; "so wouldn't it be better to say nothing more about it?"

"No, no; don't put it off like that, and do the lad an injury because he is modest and well-behaved," the fond mother pleaded. "It's not the glib ones that can talk your head off that make the best and steadiest husbands. Of course he'll speak to you himself; but I thought I would like to have just a bit chat wi' ye; for it would be a great comfort to us to know that Corbieslaw would be well looked after when we are gone, even if ye selled the lease o' the farm and only kept the house. I couldna bear to think of my store o' napery being put to the roup and scattered among other folks' drawers and presses. Just consider this, Miss Blair—"

Here followed an imposing catalogue, to which Alison duly listened—and not without interest, indeed, for she was a house-mistress herself.

"Ye see, it is not as if ye were being asked to marry a young man with his way in the world to make," continued Mrs. Cowan, "and nothing to back him. I'm sure enough in my own mind that James will take a high position in the Church, for he is well grounded in the Latin and Greek, ay, and Hebrew too, and he's just that convincing when he brings his logic to bear; but in the mean time, while he is waiting, his father and myself will see that he doesna want. An only son too: I suppose ye hardly remember his brother Andrew, that was to have had the farm, poor lad, but was taken away in that terrible veesitation of diphtheria? Ay, he was a bonny boy, my poor Andrew; but he never had James's head: ye'll see what James will come to some day, Miss Blair: he'll make folks talk about him, I'm thinking."

"I'm sure I hope so, if that is his ambition," said Alison; "but really, Mrs. Cowan, I don't see why I should be ex-

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pected to marry Mr. James, or anybody else."

"Your father is an old man, Miss Blair," said the farmer's wife, significantly.

"I trust he may live for many years yet," Alison said; "but even if anything were to happen to him, I suppose I could earn my own living, like other people."

"How? Ye've been gently brought up, Miss Blair," her monitress continued. "I wouldna like to see you slaving away at needle-work, or teaching, or whatever a young lady could turn her hand to."

"I'm not afraid," Alison said, simply enough. "And anyhow I'd rather do that than marry in order to be well provided for."

"Not if it was your father's wish?—if he wanted to see you comfortably settled?"

Alison was perceptibly startled.

"Why, who said that?" she demanded.

And here Mrs. Cowan not only followed, but considerably bettered, her husband's instructions, and allowed her fancy a little range in interpreting the Minister's hopes and wishes in this matter. Alison was surprised; but she had no reason to disbelieve; for there was but little mutual confidence between her father and herself; and indeed this was about the last subject that either of them would have mentioned to the other. Alison was surprised, no doubt; but she was not alarmed; in fact, when, after some further representations and persuasions from the farmer's wife, they both of them returned to the parlor, Alison could hardly help regarding with a mild curiosity the young man whom they all seemed to wish her to marry. She felt no dislike to him at all; there was rather in her breast a kind of wonder; and when she shook hands with him at the door, as they were going away, she glanced at him again with not a little interest: was this her possible husband, then?

When she got back into her own small room, to think over this project, she was rather amused than disconcerted by it. It was too ludicrous to be possible. Wandering about her head was the proud fancy that if the whole congregation were banded together in a conspiracy to make her marry this poor lad of a probationer, she would be safe enough, for Ludovick Macdonell would come to rescue her. Nay, she could imagine the simple ceremonial about to begin; friends and relatives assembled in the largest room in her father's house; she and this poor lad, far more tremulous than herself, standing side by side; the Minister confronting them, and about to lecture them on the duties of wedded life. But behold! the door opens; Ludovick appears—regarding these people as if amazed at their astounding insolence; he parts them right and left with his broad shoulders as he makes his way to her; there is a laugh of recognition when he meets her eyes; he seizes her hand, and, without a word or a glance at any one but herself, leads her away.

Leads her away—but whither and to what end? And indeed she might have proceeded to ask herself what Ludovick could have to do with her at all, seeing that in her own mind she had already composed an answer to the letter which every morning she now expected to receive from him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF SO.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

IF so there were a spirit, poised in peace
Above all wind-gusts in the heavens high,
And he might mark us mortals laugh or cry,
According as the gloomèd clouds increase
Or suns beguile them into golden fleece,
Methinks he would be like to smile, to sigh
(So placid he, so far within the sky,
And knowing God's great love can never cease),
That we the puny yet the prideful race
Must change as skies change; be like babes that fret
Whenso their yearning mother moves her breast
To ease her mothering, or turns her face
Aside a moment, reaching out to get
Some wrapping soft to lull their limbs to rest.

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RUSSIAN CONVICTS IN THE SALT MINES OF ILETSK.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

THE salt mines of Iletsk are situated to the south of Orenburg, a thousand miles beyond Moscow, from which place our journey will appropriately begin, because to Moscow first are gathered the prisoners of European Russia, who afterward are distributed to various parts of the empire. They arrive at the "holy" city in gangs, and I have a lively recollection during my first visit, in 1874, of hearing, when seated at a meal, that a party of prisoners had just passed along the street. Knife and fork were dropped immediately, a drosky secured, and in two minutes my travelling friend and I were in pursuit to overtake what was then to me one of the saddest sights I had ever seen—a company of prisoners on the way, as we supposed, to Siberia! The grim procession was headed by mounted soldiers, and similarly brought up at the rear, whilst on either side were guards with bayonets fixed. First among the prisoners were men with fetters on their legs, and linked together in pairs, the clanking of their chains making a lugubrious noise. Next came batches of half a dozen men each without fetters, but secured by the hands to a long iron rod. Then followed female prisoners, and after them—the most affecting part of the whole—the wives and children who chose to accompany into exile their husbands and fathers; whilst behind them rumbled *telegas*, or rough wagons, wherein are transported young children, baggage, and those prisoners who are too old and infirm to walk.

To those living in Moscow, such sights, occurring in summer at least twice a week, are common enough; but to me it was most affecting, especially as I had heard only a few days previously from an Englishman born in Russia that the worst of Russian criminals were put down in quicksilver mines in Siberia, where they were speedily killed by unhealthy fumes. Like many others, I at once believed the story, but little thought I should one day have the satisfaction of kicking the bottom out of it, by proclaiming, after crossing the country myself, that there are no such things in Siberia as quicksilver mines, and challenging any one to bring proof that there ever have been. As an instance, however, of the pertinacity with which a false idea continues to spread, and be believed, I may mention that after my return I was speaking with the editor of a leading Petersburg journal, who assured me that I was quite mistaken in supposing there were no quicksilver mines in Siberia. Upon my maintaining the contrary, he declared that he could bring me proof on the spot, which accordingly he left the room to do, but returned begging my pardon, and saying that they were *silver* mines. Thimblefuls of argental mercury have been found, no doubt, here and there in Siberia, as at Kolyvan; and a released political exile told me that he heard, many miles distant, that there was a small quicksilver mine at Nertchinsk, but too poor to be worth working. When, however, he was deported to four places in succession about Nertchinsk, he heard nothing more of the said "quicksilver" mine, and neither he nor another released exile who had worked there in the silver mines, and whom I questioned, perceived, they said, any objectionable "fumes."

Another point on which false information has been spread relates to the manner prisoners wear their chains, which some, like the author of *Called Back*, would have us believe is under their trousers. But this is purely a hoax. I have in my possession pairs of Russian handcuffs and leg chains, and a prison suit which I obtained in Siberia, where also I saw scores, not to say hundreds, of leg chains. The last consist each of two rings, to be riveted round the ankles, and attached by a chain thirty inches long, which, for convenience in walking, is suspended in the middle by a strip of leather from the waist. Between the rings and the prisoner's skin there is worn, first, a coarse woollen stocking, and over that a piece of thick linen cloth; then come the trousers, over which is bound round the shin a leather gaiter. How, then, *could* these chains be worn under the trousers? The chains in my possession weigh five and a quarter pounds, the handcuffs two; but of these latter I should observe that in going across Siberia and through its prisons I saw only one man manacled, and he a desperado, who, to the crime for which he was judged, added that of murder in the prison.

The suit of clothes alluded to, for sum-

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mer wear, consists of a shirt and pair of trousers of linen, and a peasant's coat of camel's-hair, which last cost five shillings. The convicts condemned to hard labor wear two yellow diamond-shaped patches sewn on the back; those without labor have one piece only; whilst other marks of a similar character indicate the province whence they come. At the Kara gold mines I learned that a coat of felt is given yearly. A shirt must last six months, and is washed once a week; whilst in summer a pair of rough leather shoes is served out every twenty-two days. Those working in the mines are provided also with gloves, the annual cost there of a man's clothing being four pounds. In a convict village near Vladivostock they told me that on being settled as colonists they receive monthly seventy-two pounds of flour and fivepence a day. Every year they receive a *shuba*, or sheep-skin coat, under-linen, two pairs of winter boots, three pairs of summer shoes, and once in three years a long coat.

Four years after my first visit to Moscow I returned, and visited the Central Prison, where in summer the convicts from various parts of the country are gathered. The building was arranged for 1100 prisoners, but could be made to hold (I suppose by fitting up tents) as many as 3000. On the morning of my visit 700 had been sent away, and 700 more were to start shortly. The men were placed in two yards, those in the one being unfettered, those in the other having their hair cut and legs chained. In a third place were nearly 300 women and children, not, for the greater part, criminals, but those waiting to accompany the prisoners. The government provides prison food and accommodation to a wife who is willing to accompany her husband, but should a husband desire to go with a convict wife, he does so at his own cost. Should a wife be unwilling to accompany a convict husband, she is legally free to marry another, but to the honor of the Russian women it may be added that the proportion of men accompanied by their wives and families is one in every six.

When thus on the march each prisoner is allowed three pounds of bread and half a pound of meat a day, besides which they are not forbidden to receive the alms of those who choose to relieve them on the way.

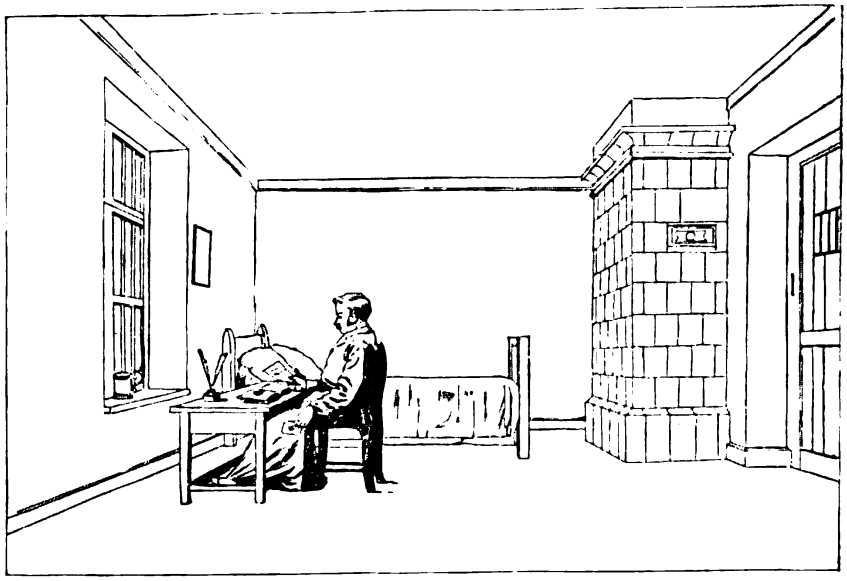
I noticed several persons doing this in the streets; and a Finnish prisoner who had escaped from Siberia, whither she was exiled five-and-twenty years ago, told me that the money given to her company of 156 prisoners during their three days' stay in Moscow amounted to about thirty shillings each. Much less, I believe, is given now.



CHAINS AND SUMMER COSTUME OF SIBERIAN PRISONER.

When in Moscow in 1885 I drove out with my travelling companion and an American, a former Governor of Virginia, to see the new Central Prison, recently built in the suburbs. We arrived, however, "after the fair," for it was at the end of August, and most of the companies of exiles had started, 500 only remaining,

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CELL IN THE ALEXEIEFSKY RAVELIN.—From a pencil sketch by a political prisoner.

of various categories, including, I think, wives and children. We went over the building, which was a great improvement on the old one. The wards were very large and lofty, reminding one of extensive city warehouses, and detached from the main building were towers with small rooms for political prisoners.

The rooms certainly were not large, but they appeared reasonably comfortable, or at all events had nothing about them to recall the sensational "damp," "fungus-covered" cells into which certain writers on Russian prisons are fond of thrusting their political prisoners, especially in the Alexeiefsky ravelin of the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg. I did not secure a photograph of the new Central Prison at Moscow, but had unexpectedly become possessed of a sketch of a cell in the Alexeiefsky ravelin made by a political prisoner who occupied it. This prisoner, on my second visit to Siberia, heard me narrating to a friend that I had been permitted to visit the Peter and Paul fortress, whereupon he drew me aside and told me that he had been a prisoner therein, and would tell me his experience if I would call upon him privately. I did so, but was rather behind the time appointed, and whilst he was waiting he made for me a pen and ink sketch of his cell or room, which measured 18 feet 8 inches long by 16 feet 4 inches broad and 9 feet 4 inches high. It was furnished with table, chair, commode, and a bed with two feather pillows, a pair of sheets, blanket, and woollen coverlet. Mezentseff, chief of the secret police, who was assassinated by the Nihilists in 1879, asked him on one occasion whether he would like to smoke, in which case he should be supplied with a quarter of a pound of tobacco for cigarettes every other day. He was also asked if he would like to paint or write, and drawing materials were brought to him, as also books from the library. It was in this fortress-prison, he said, that he read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

How far this state of things prevails in the new prison at Moscow I am unable to say, but I should imagine not to a great extent, because the Moscow cells are intended for "politicals" on their journeys. At the time of my visit there were but two political prisoners among the five hundred others. They were in separate cells, one having, I noticed, quite a little library of books, and among other things a scent bottle, but containing whether eau-de-Cologne or *vodka* I was not sure.

The small proportion of political prisoners to criminals just mentioned will not coincide with the popular idea as to their number, but in fact much nonsense has been written and more believed respecting the number of Russian *political* offenders sent into exile. One writer talks about a calculation that in eastern Siberia alone there were from 30,000 to 40,000 Polish political exiles, whereas, in 1879, for instance, 898 was the total number of Polish criminals exiled, and criminals outnumber the politicals by more than ten to one. Others, when they heard prison statistics quoted that from 17,000 to 20,000 Russians were exiled yearly, jumped to the conclusion that these, or a large portion of them, were political offenders, whereas the deportation of *political* offenders, until recent years, did not come

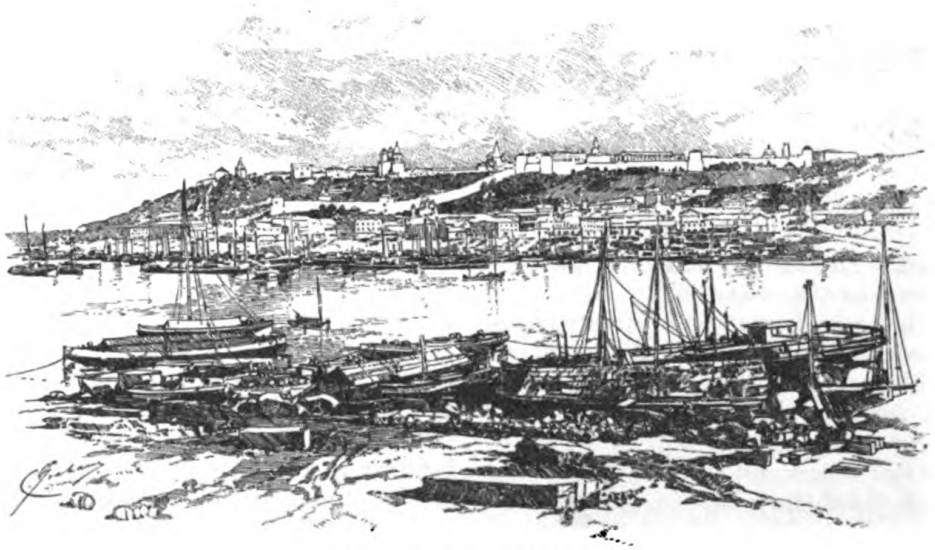
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under the ordinary *prison* administration at all, but was separately managed. The "political" travelled alone, and was usually kept in prison alone, specially guarded; and under these circumstances from time to time I saw them in the prisons of Russia and Siberia, but it was always in ones and twos, and as rare birds among a whole flock of others. I do not think I met with fifty in going through nearly all the principal prisons of Siberia; and this impression receives support from such information as I could obtain from an official I know, high in the prison administration, who told me in November, 1881, that the total number of political offenders of all kinds sent to Siberia that year was seventy-two, of which number, however, about half had been condemned to the mines in four previous years, but detained in Russia; so that even the year of the late Emperor's assassination sent into exile only about thirty political prisoners, and this, so far as I have means of judging, would be above rather than below the average of ordinary years.

In days gone by, when the exile had to walk all the way, his journey was long and dreary enough. Now his first stage eastward is by rail from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod, a journey of a dozen hours I have thrice accomplished. The line, on passing out of the Moscow government, runs through that of Vladimir into the government of Nijni-Novgorod, the last having an area about the size of Denmark, one-third of which is forest, whilst a large proportion consists of marshes. In point of fertility the north is comparatively sterile, the central districts give a fair harvest, and the south is fertile, so that whilst in this last more corn is grown than the needs of the people require, the middle yields enough, and in the north they have to purchase flour for about half the year.

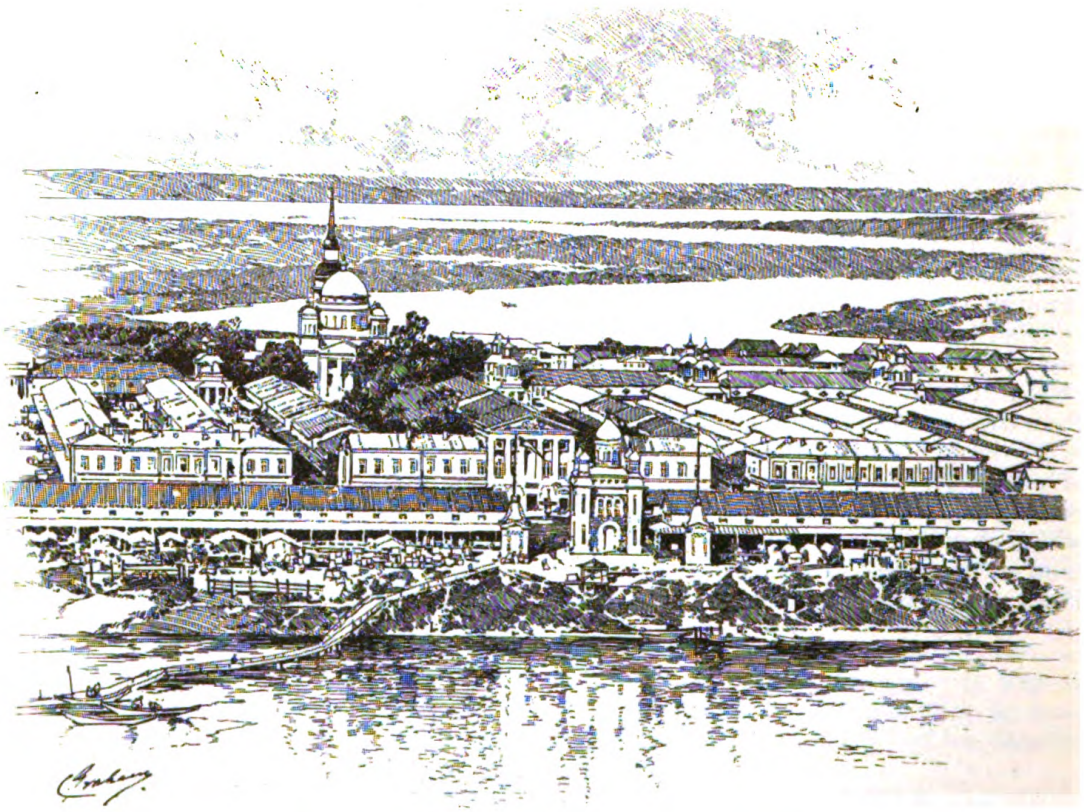
The forests abound in wild animals —bears, wolves, foxes, polecats, badgers, hares, elk, and deer. It was not long ago, in fact, that in the district of Sergatch were trained bears, which, having passed under the tuition of a dancing-master, were sold to promenade the streets of Europe.

Forest products, moreover, furnish employment to a considerable number of the inhabitants. Near the rivers many are employed in cutting and floating timber. At Balakhna they build vessels varying in size from the enormous Volga barges down to little fishermen's boats for use on the Caspian littoral. In the district of Semenoff they make wooden spoons, cups, and platters. The making of spoons is carried on in about sixty villages, by some 4300 individuals, who prosecute their work for about 150 days of the year. A good workman can turn out 150 a day, or nearly 25,000 a year, and each week there are sold in the market in Semenoff more than half a million spoons. One may



TOWN OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE NIJNI-NOVGOROD FAIR BUILDINGS.

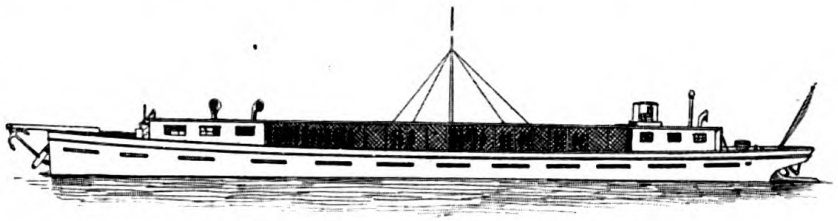
well find them, therefore, in all the prisons as well as the peasants' houses.

But that which makes Nijni-Novgorod best known to the world is its enormous fair, which at the time of my 1885 visit was in full activity. It is held on the tongue of land that separates at their confluence the Volga and the Oka, the waters of which flood the place in spring. On my first visit, in May, 1879, the lower stories of the houses were full of water, and I was rowed in a boat over the site of the fair through streets called after the commerce carried on therein, to the Chinese quarter with its pagoda-looking buildings, the Persian and Armenian quarters, and various others. There were also the Governor's house, Russian churches, and a Tatar mosque, all closed when the fair is not going on. In July the merchants come, bringing goods to the value (in 1884, to which my figures refer) of about £20,000,000, of which only three and a half per cent. had to be taken away unsold in autumn. Of these twenty millions, cotton stuffs represented nearly a fourth, and woollen goods two millions. Furs were valued at £800,000, articles of crystal and glass at a quarter of a million, corn and fish each at half a million, and tobacco at three-quarters of a million.

My friend and I visited the fair in 1885, with its 3000 shops in the central bazar, and perhaps 3000 others run up temporarily. We were taken to the Siberian landing-place to pass through streets of chests of tea to the value of £2,000,000, and of which 100,000 chests are still brought overland from China through Siberia. Next we walked through acres upon acres covered several feet deep with iron, in bars, sheets, and pigs, to the value of more than a million pounds. Let it not be supposed, however, that the goods of the fair were confined to things of the rougher sort, for diamonds, pearls, and precious stones also figured there to the value of £60,000. I was on the lookout for an alexandrite, a good specimen of which I found for a friend who has a collection of all the precious stones mentioned in the Bible, and who wished to add thereto this bicolored gem.

Such a dread of fire have the authorities of the fair that no private person is allowed to do his own cooking. There is

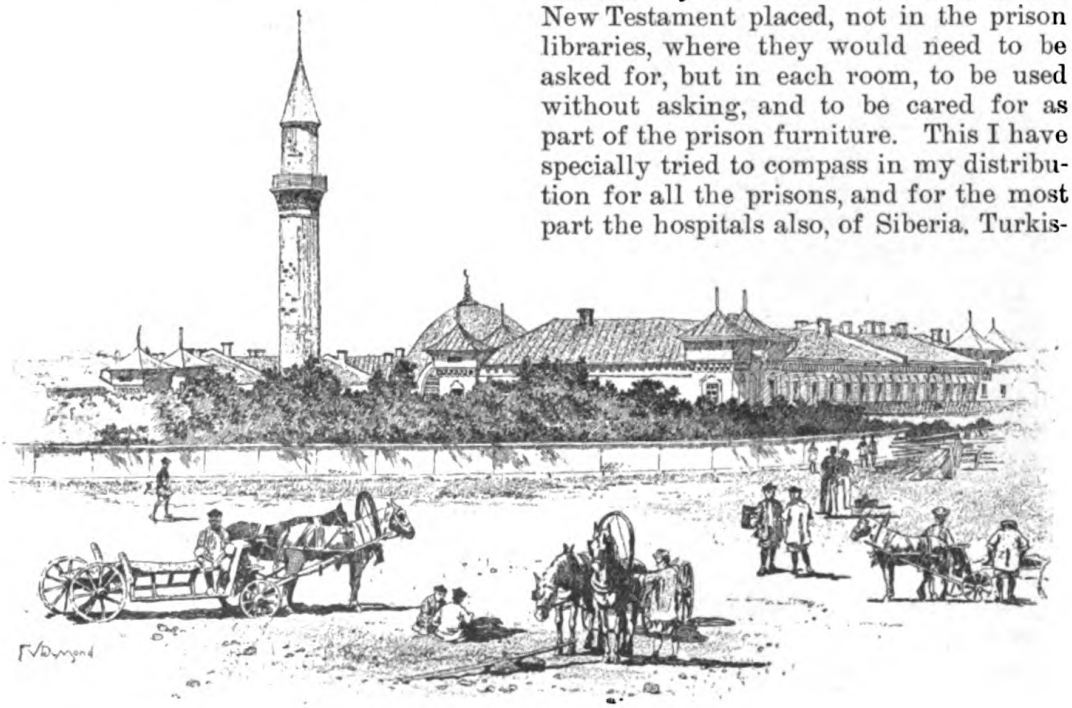
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PRISONERS' BARGE FOR CONVEYANCE OF EXILES.

no lack, however, of restaurants, and to one of these we went for dinner, having first selected from a tank where fish were swimming a sterlet, which is one of the dainties of the Volga. The fish for which we paid twelve shillings at Nijni would have cost one pound at St. Petersburg. It was of delicate flavor, but not better, to my taste, than a good salmon.

So far back as the ninth century a fair was held on the Volga at its confluence with the Kama, where Arabs, Persians, Armenians, and even Indians traded with nations of the West. The destruction of the Bulgarian Empire caused the fair to be removed to Kazan, after which Nijni became the advanced post for the Westerns to meet the people of the East. One is reminded somewhat of its antiquity on looking from the boats and bustle of the fair across the Volga to the upper town with its walls, built in the early part of the sixteenth century. On the hill, too, is the Kremlin, enclosing the courts of law, the barracks, arsenal, and the house of the Governor. I called upon the Governor to present my credentials, and ask permission to visit the prisons. His Excellency had heard of me and my distribution in the prisons, of the Scriptures, of which he spoke approvingly. I was able to answer that I too had heard of him as the hero who blew up a Turkish gun-boat in the Danube during the war; to which he replied, "Yes, but that my work was the better, his being *de*-struction and mine *con*-struction." I went next morning to see the prisons, and was honored with quite a crowd of municipal and prison officials to conduct me over the buildings, in favor of which I can say but little; for if my memory serves me rightly I thought the sooner they were replaced by new ones the better. My visit, however, was very hurried, for the steamer was to start at noon, and I have no notes, except that less men could read than we had found among the prisoners of Moscow, and of the women scarce one. Also that I told the procureur of the town of my desire that there should be a New Testament placed, not in the prison libraries, where they would need to be asked for, but in each room, to be used without asking, and to be cared for as part of the prison furniture. This I have specially tried to compass in my distribution for all the prisons, and for the most part the hospitals also, of Siberia, Turkis-



MARKET-PLACE, ORENBURG.

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tan, and a large part of Russia in Europe; but such is the carelessness, or in some cases the fear, of under officers, that they shall be called to account if the books are torn, soiled, or missing, that my stipulations have not always been carried out.

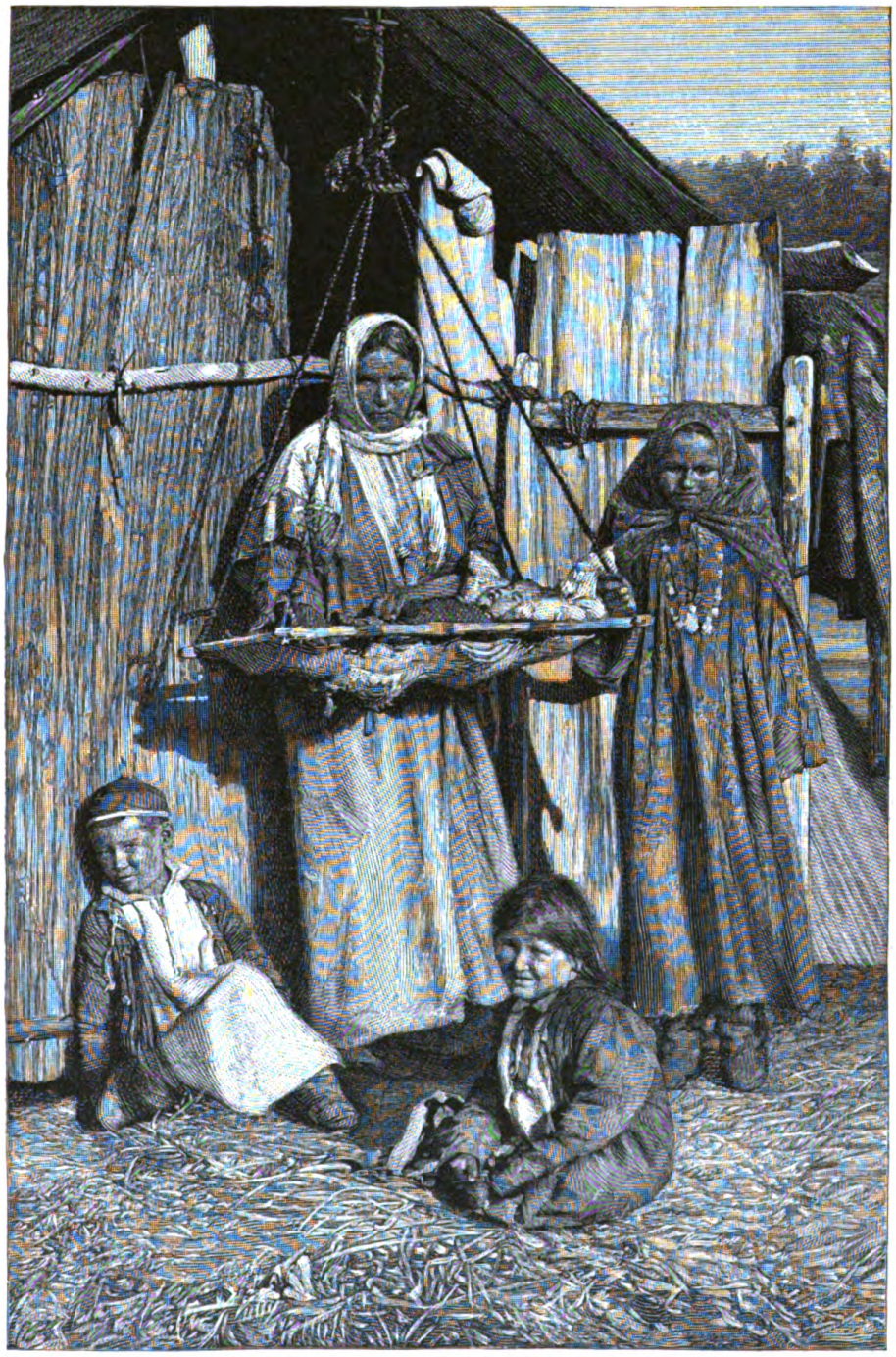
From Nijni-Novgorod the exiles are embarked on the Volga in convict boats constructed for the purpose, and towed by Messrs. Kourbatoff and Ignatoff's steamers. The same firm have similar barges to convey the exiles from Tiumen to Tomsk in Siberia. I have inspected two or three, and being unable to get a photograph, was driven in self-defence to attempt a sketch of one of them. It was 245 feet long, 30 feet beam, 11 feet high from the keel to the deck, and with a 4-feet water-line. It was constructed to carry 800 prisoners, with 22 officers. Below, it was fitted with platforms for sleeping, like those in the jails, whilst at either end of the craft were deck-houses eight feet high, containing a small hospital, an apothecary's shop, and apartments for the officers and soldiers in charge. The space between the deck-houses was roofed over, and the sides closed by bars and wires, painfully suggestive of a menagerie, or recalling the cage cells of the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. I have seen some strong statements alleging the extreme unhealthiness of these barges, that the little hospital is always full, and so on; and I do not suppose that they are as healthy as a first-class sanatorium; yet I may mention that on meeting by chance an officer who had charge of the prisoners between Tiumen and Tomsk (a voyage on the Obi about twice as long as that of prisoners on the Volga), he mentioned incidentally in the course of the evening how little sickness there had been on the barges during that season of 1882. Eight barges had carried 6000 prisoners a voyage of nearly 2000 miles, yet only two (and one of them a child) had died on the passage, while only twenty had been delivered invalided at Tomsk.

Our voyage from Nijni-Novgorod down the Volga, if it could not be called pretty, was certainly not devoid of interest. The



PUBLIC GARDEN AND STREET, ORENBURG.

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BASHKIR HUT AND CRADLE.

first large town we came to within twenty-four hours was Kazan. Here we were transshipped to the *Missouri*, a magnificent steamer built on the pattern of the American river boats, wherein to descend, if we chose, to the Caspian. A few hours' journey below Kazan brought us to the confluence of the Kama, up which passengers and prisoners for Siberia steam to Perm, and thence cross the Urals by rail to Tiumen. Continuing south, however, we came on the next day but one to Simbirsk, where, on September 1st, we bought our first watermelon. The Volga seemingly is a very old fruit-growing region, for in Russian poems of a thousand years ago the maiden whose neck was like that of a swan and whose lips were like cherries

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had cheeks like a Volga apple. In the southern part of the government of Kazan, through which we had passed, there are twelve villages where the peasant proprietors are apple-growers, and so hardy are their little trees that they are often loaded with fruit after a winter when Fahrenheit's thermometer has sunk to more than 50° below zero.

In the public square at Simbirsk, with a climate as severe as that of Quebec, the wild pear is a fine ornamental tree, and is cultivated around in orchards, to the number, it is said, of 10,000 trees. Russia's cherry district we had passed between Moscow and Nijni, the Vladimir cherries being known all over the country. More than 100 growers each had 15,000 trees, and sometimes entire railway trains are loaded with this one product. Cherries are grown also in villages of the Volga, and plums likewise. About Moscow and Vladimir the plum-trees are dwarfs, often bushes, which seems to be a provision of nature; for if a plum-bush is killed by cold to the ground, new shoots soon grow and bear.

One of the drawbacks to autumn travel on the Volga is the paucity of water, and the consequent grounding of the steamers, some of the largest of which, however, draw only from four to five feet of water. I am told that the captains in doubtful cases sometimes put on steam and endeavor to dash through mud and all. Others take a number of third-class passengers free, on the understanding that in cases of necessity they shall get into the water and help push the vessel off. We were delayed for some hours below Simbirsk by a sunken barge, but on the fourth day from Nijni-Novgorod we arrived and disembarked at Samara. To this place we could have come also by rail from Moscow, and my seeing, on the return journey, some prisoners in specially constructed railway carriages, suggests that sometimes convicts may be brought to Samara by rail.

From Samara to Orenburg is a journey of 260 miles in fourteen hours across the steppes of the Bashkirs, one of the oldest of the native races of this region. They live in the veriest shanties, constructed of poles and boards, with the baby's cradle suspended, as I often saw it in Siberia, from the end of a pliant pole, by means of which a vertical instead of a rocking motion is used to induce baby's sleep.

The Bashkirs are renowned for their skill in making *koumiss*, or fermented mares' milk, which is now extensively consumed by patients suffering from dyspeptic and wasting diseases, and so easy is it of digestion that invalids drink ten, fifteen, and occasionally even twenty champagne bottles a day, whilst a Bashkir is able to overcome a couple of gallons at a sitting, and in an hour or two to be ready for more. To insure good koumiss it is essential that the mares be of the steppe breed, and fed on steppe pasture. They are milked from four to eight times a day, the foal being kept apart from the mother, and allowed to suck only in the night-time. The mare will not give her milk, however, unless at the time of milking her foal is brought to her side, when such is the joy of reunion that after sundry acts of loving and smelling and kissing, the maternal feeling shows itself by her sometimes giving milk from both nipples at once.

Milking is done by the Bashkir women, who, taking a position close to the hind-legs of the mare, rest on one knee, and on the other support a pail directly under the udder, pulling at each nipple in turn, and receiving from three to four pints each time of milking. To make koumiss the milk is beaten up in a churn (but not sufficiently to produce butter), and by fermentation is converted after twenty-four hours into weak koumiss, from which condition after twelve hours more it passes into a medium degree of strength, whilst strong koumiss is produced by assiduous agitation of the milk for two or three days, and it is then said to be slightly intoxicating.

We met at Orenburg Dr. Carrick, physician to the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, who was superintending an establishment in the steppe for condensing mares' milk for babies' food. They take away nine parts of the water by boiling the milk *in vacuo*, and preserve the remainder with glycerine, after which, by restoring the nine parts of water, milk can be remade for immediate use or fermented into koumiss. Mares', asses', and human milk, it seems, are much alike, but each differs chemically from cows' milk. In Russia the medical faculty have spoken very highly indeed of the results obtained by the use of this mares' milk as infants' food, but in England it is as yet not much known, though visitors to the "Healtheries" Exhibition will remember the in-

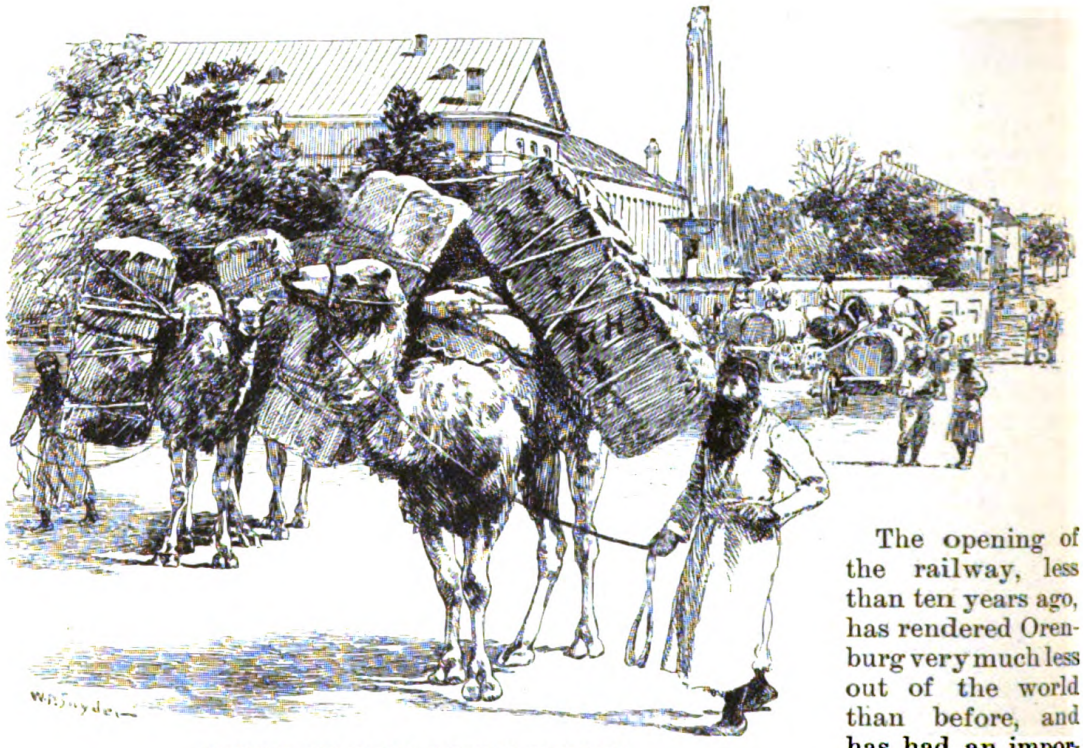
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BASHKIRS MILKING MARES.

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troduction there of a number of Kirghese and Bashkirs with their mares, all brought over by Dr. Carrick.

Orenburg is a Russian "Botany Bay," whither are temporarily banished offenders of various kinds not coming under the category of prisoners. About forty miles southward in the steppe is Iletsk, where are the salt mines worked by convicts. Between the two runs the river Ural, which is here the conventional boundary between Europe and Asia, so that one meets in going south representatives of both continents. Most of the streets at Orenburg are thoroughly Russian in appearance, one of them having a public garden, paved footways, extensive shops, and Greek churches, whilst the Asiatic element is represented on the market-place by a minaret and domed mosque surmounted by the crescent. Near at hand are some of the government offices, and standings for a primitive kind of Russian cab, closely resembling a longitudinal seat on wheels. The place is unpaved, for which I gave thanks when, driving across the square at night without lamps, our vehicle dashed into another, and I suddenly discovered myself flat on my back in the road, happily, however, unhurt. Another feature that unmistakably reminds the traveller of the proximity of Asia is the camel caravans passing to the Asiatic bazar. At the time of our arrival the Governor was not at home, but on presenting my letters to the Vice-Governor, and expressing a wish to go to Iletsk, he kindly lent us a carriage, gave us a non-commissioned officer as an orderly, and in an hour or two we started.



THEATRE AND CAMEL CARAVAN, ORENBURG.

The opening of the railway, less than ten years ago, has rendered Orenburg very much less out of the world than before, and has had an important influence in the development of agriculture in the province. The railway receipts for carriage of merchandise the first year amounted to £100,000, whereas in seven years receipts had increased to about half a million. During the first five years the bread-stuffs carried weighed 650,000 tons, of which more than three-fourths were wheat. More land has since been brought under cultivation, so that the total sowing of the province in the year before my visit reached 860,000 quarters, and the harvest yielded 4,320,000, which gives about thirty-five bushels to each inhabitant.

The increased trade in wheat has of course increased the demand for labor, and raised the price of cattle, in connection with which camels are sometimes put to a new use. As we drove across the steppe we met from time to time, from

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CAMELS PLOUGHING, NEAR ORENBURG.

Central Asia, caravans of camels bearing their loads, which is common enough; but in some parts of the Orenburg province they harness the camel to the plough, as do the Kirghese to their carts, attaching the shafts by cords fastened to the foremost hump. When so made use of the camel will draw 700 pounds, the weight by this method being thrown on the back; but when harnessed to a properly constructed cart, a camel can easily draw from 1800 to 2000 pounds.

We left Orenburg after lunch for *Iletsk-Zashchita*, or fort, as distinguished from *Iletsk-Gorodok*, which latter is situated at the confluence of the Ilet and Ural. Our journey lay over a vast plain, sometimes undulating, whereon few persons are met with except leaders of caravans or drivers of carts loaded with leather or salt. We changed horses twice, and toward evening reached Iletsk, on approaching which is seen a hill of gypsum, whereon is a ruined castle or prison, probably in early days a fort, which I suspect gives its name to the place. Near at hand are masses of rock-salt, some of it being quarried, and piled in bunts or stacks, the whiter-looking heaps representing the chips or rubble.

On the west of the town is a small river called the Elshanka, and also, within about a quarter of a mile, a small lake of clear but densely salt water.

The Kirghese had learned before the Russians came the value of bathing therein for the cure of certain diseases. The strata or layers of water vary considerably in temperature, and are full of animalcules, which when dead sink to the bottom, and with the subsidence of the salt form a slime wherewith the bathers rub themselves, and which is also sold at the adjoining *Kursaal*. There is likewise not far distant a koumiss establishment. The export of salt is the chief occupation of the 6000 inhabitants of the place, but there is also a brick-making establishment in the neighborhood. The town is considered pretty and clean. It has two churches, public offices, a public garden with a lake of good water, and a prison, to the visitation of which we proceeded next morning.

The building is rectangular, long and low, with the central doorway opening on to a public square, with gymnastic apparatus for the exercise of the soldiery, whilst above the central portion of the building is a watch-tower. On walking from ward to ward the place looked old and dingy, the boards shining and grimy with being long rubbed against, rather than with actual dirt upon them, though here, again, the place sadly needed pulling down and rebuilding. In the office we were shown the prison books, statistics, and photographs of the prisoners, one of which last I begged, to illustrate the Russian manner of half shaving the head of a convict. The number of prisoners at the time of our visit was 231, but they sometimes had, they said, 400. This agrees with the printed statistics given me for 1883, whence it appears that the total number on the 1st of January was 334 men, but no women. In the course of the year 264 were added, and 305 went away, leaving on the following 1st January 293. On the census day there were 335, and the total number of days of imprisonment undergone by prisoners of all sorts amounted to 91,033, whilst the average number of days' incarceration endured by each was 250.

Of the 598 prisoners who passed through in 1883, 39 were at some time under treat-

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CONVICT WITH HALF-SHAVEN HEAD.

ment in hospital, the total number of days thus spent being 1265; that is, the days spent in hospital were in proportion to the days in prison as one to seventy. During the year three deaths occurred, and at the time of our visit there was only one hospital patient. When conversing at Moscow upon the false notions current abroad respecting Russian prisons, and the lot of the prisoners, or, as they are locally called, "the unfortunates," our American companion went so far as to remark in general that he had never seen one of those condemned to Siberia whose face did not betray that he deserved all he got. What the ex-Governor of Virginia would have said at Iletsk I know not, nor whether the gloomy aspect of the prison helped to disfigure the prisoners' faces, but my notes remark that some of them were very horrible-looking, and though many came from the Caucasus, they certainly did no credit to the alleged beauty there of the women.

A small proportion only of the prisoners could read, and of the Caucasians scarcely one. This preponderance of exiles from the Caucasus led me to suspect that Orenburg is in a manner *their* Siberia, which is rather confirmed by the paucity of the same races I remember seeing in prison when crossing Siberia proper.

From the prison we went to the salt pit or quarry. The quantity of salt at Iletsk is enormous. The superficies was measured in 1852, and estimated by a mining engineer named Reinke at more than a square mile. The thickness of the deposit has not been exactly determined, for the boring, having descended to nearly 500 feet, had to be stopped because of the extreme hardness of the salt. Down the entire depth there was pure rock-salt, with very rare and thin beds of gypsum and red clay. To extract the mineral the superimposed earth is cleared away and the surface is levelled. Then longitudinal and transverse cuttings, about six inches wide and twenty-eight inches deep, are made with axes, thus cutting the salt-field into large "kosiaks," or blocks, detached on all sides except at the bottom. To detach a block completely a large iron-capped beam, like a battering-ram, swung from a tripod and worked to and fro by a company of miners, is made to jar violently against the salt, which is thus quickly severed from the parent mass. Or, again, from seven to ten holes are pierced in the lower portion and wedges placed therein; a workman stands at each wedge, and with a 25-pound hammer strikes, and so detaches the mass, which is hauled aside by a crane, and with the hammers broken into pieces of from 70 to 180 pounds weight. Many splinters are thereby made, called rubble, which is very cheap, but the blocks are valuable. Both sorts are piled in bunts from 70 to 100 feet long, 35 wide, and from 14 to 20 feet high, which weigh about 1000 tons.

The walls of the bunts are built regularly as with stones, and the top is thickly thatched with reeds or straw, so that with a well-constructed roof the salt may be preserved for years without much loss; but when kept so very long it sometimes forms a compact mass, which has to be rebroken with hatchets, wedges, and hammers.

On walking into the quarry we saw a salt-field being cut away in layers, and learned that a day's work for eight men was to cut and detach a block measuring 18 feet long by 3 feet square. The blocks were taken away in regular rows, so that the field presented the appearance of a succession of steps, down which, by means of ramps and planks, the salt was wheeled in barrows. The adjoining walls were of solid salt, that on the west being fairly clean and white, but the south wall was discolored like a piece of grained timber.

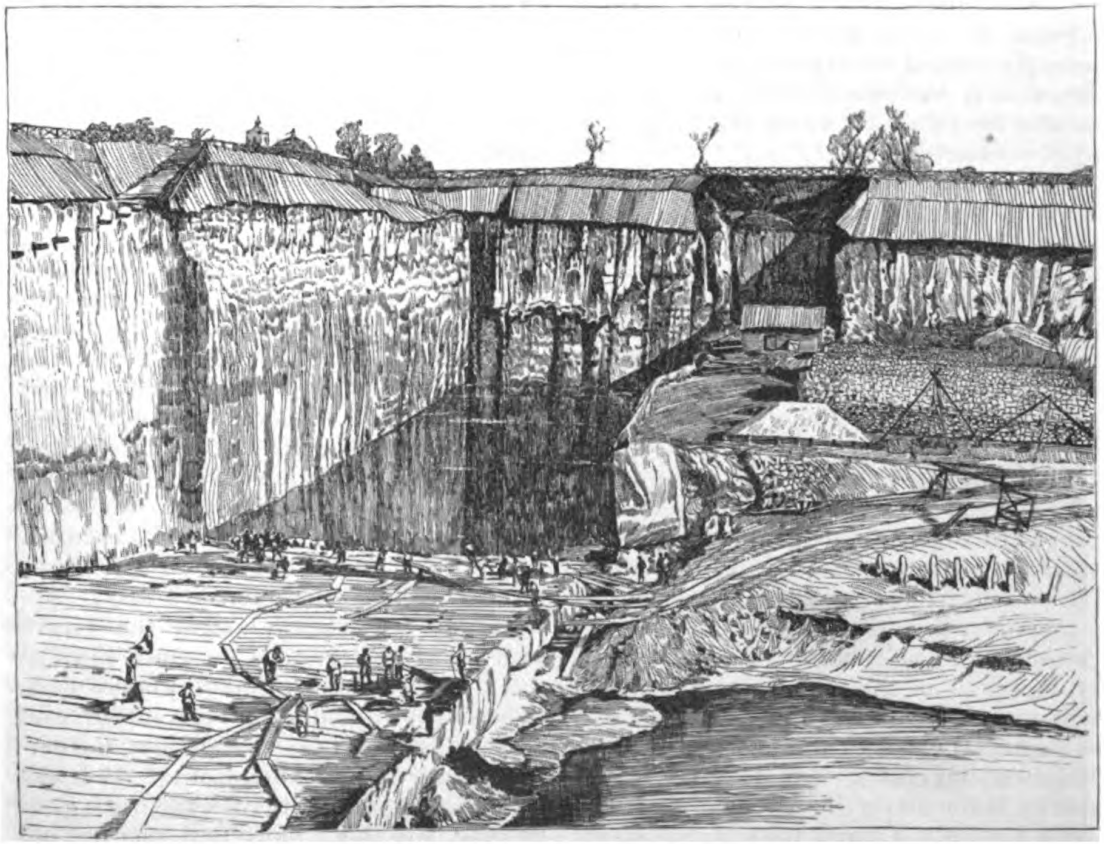
The Iletsk salt is coarse-grained, with very dense crystals, and viscous. Sometimes there are found in a crystallized mass of it separate and rather large pieces of transparent salt called "hearts." These have in most cases not regularly formed

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but cube-shaped crystals, with pointed sides. Often, too, there are within them hollow places filled with brine having gas bubbles.

Vegetable remains likewise are sometimes found in the form of reddish-brown carbon, which, on being broken, emits a strong smell of naphtha. The salt is white with a grayish tinge, the purer the whiter. The deeper it lies in the bed the more compact is the mass, emitting a metallic sound when struck, and changing downward to a leaden hue, with loss of transparency. They get from the quarry, according to my notes, 2,000,000 poods, *i. e.*, about 32,000 tons, of salt in the year. On turning to an opposite portion of the quarry, at a corner formed by a west and north wall, we were shown a pit in some places seven feet deep, and flooded artificially with water, which does not freeze, and in which a man cannot sink. In several parts of the Orenburg government, especially the district of Tcheliabinsk, many lakes occur whence the salt is collected in spades, shovels, sieves, troughs, and boats, and placed on the banks for twenty-four hours to dry. It is then carted, weighed, and piled into bunts, in making which a shallow rectangular hole is dug on the banks of the lake, and the salt piled therein nine feet high, and thatched; but the quantity obtained from these lakes is not so great as from Iletsk. I did not learn that in either place artificial evaporation is resorted to.

But we had not seen the salt mine proper, and to this we drove next. Thus far we had not been particularly successful with our linguistic arrangements, for none of the officials about the place spoke French or English. A mining engineer spoke a little German, which was helpful, but presently we found among the prisoners a Pole who knew French, whom I immediately asked to accompany us as interpreter, placing him on the box during our drive to the mine. I took the opportunity to ask him if the prisoners were well fed; he said they were; and in reply to my inquiry whether the work was hard, he said they could, and willingly would, do double the amount if they might be paid. He spoke well also of the inspector, and said nothing of an adverse character. I



QUARRY, POOL, AND SALT BUNTS, ILETSK MINES.

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suppose the Nihilists would say he did not dare to do so, but I may add that there was no one in the carriage but ourselves and the driver, the latter of whom could not speak French. The man might easily have made complaints therefore unknown to the officers had he chosen so to do, and as I desired, if he had any to make. Next day I spoke to one of the authorities at Orenburg about the men's willingness to do more work if paid, whereupon he informed me it was against the law, which, however, was sometimes relaxed, and the prisoners were allowed to do overwork, and to receive about fifteen per cent. of the profits.

At the mine proper two shafts were sunk in 1879, which swallowed up a good deal of money without yielding an adequate return, for during the five years following, the output did not exceed 6500 tons of dirty salt, and that smelling so strongly of smoke and powder that scarce any one would purchase it. The shafts are sunk vertically to a considerable depth, and resemble ordinary wells with horizontal passages run out. Having dressed for the occasion, we descended, whereupon it soon became evident that salt was got from underground at much greater expense than on the surface, since the passages needed strengthening with timbers, and it was necessary to provide apparatus for pumping water and supplying artificial ventilation.

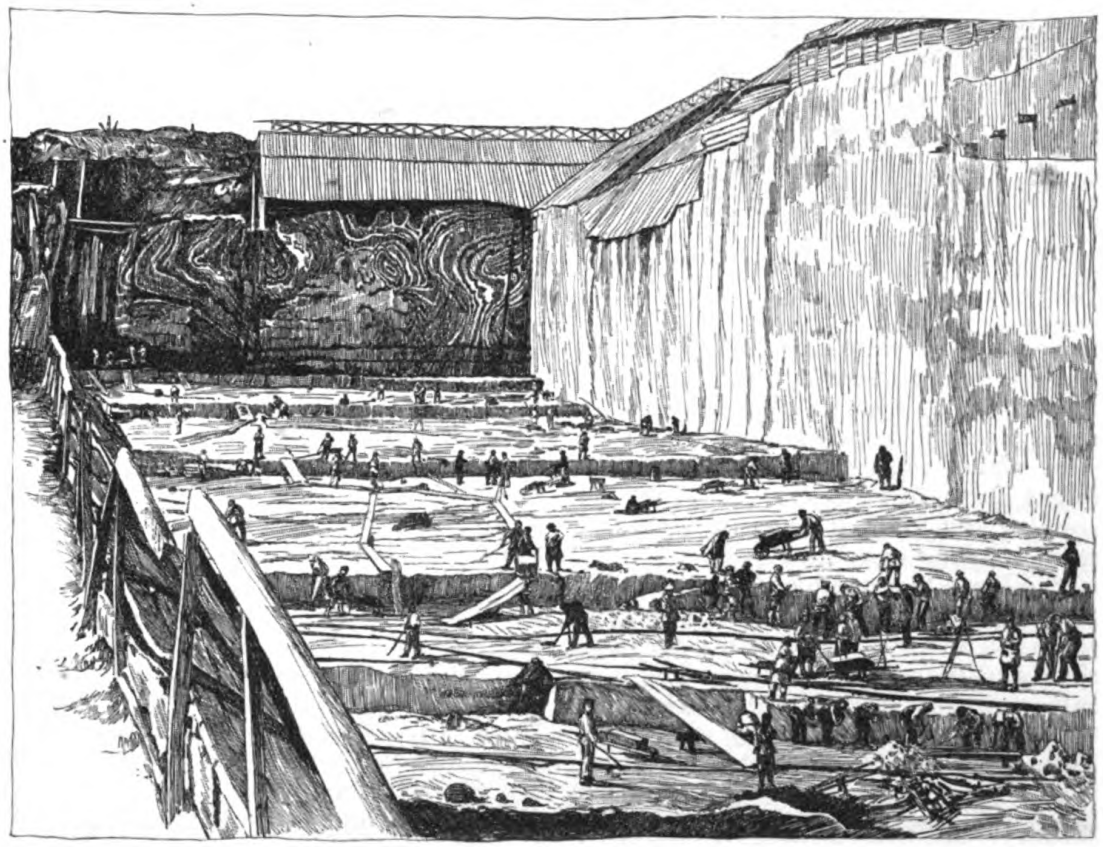
It was not surprising, therefore, that few men were at work in the mine. Nevertheless, certain of the convicts had been sentenced to work underground, and to carry out the letter of the law, there they were, in number perhaps a dozen, but certainly, I think, not a score. A mendacious article on "Conspiracies in Russia" was palmed off upon the *Contemporary Review* in September, 1879, which purports to give a description of a convict mine by a Mr. Lemke, who "went to Tobolsk, and afterward made a long, dreary journey, until a high mountain rose before him." (This is sufficiently vague as to place, but I may mention that the nearest underground mine to Tobolsk I know, worked by convicts, is this at Iletsk.) "In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it." Mr. Lemke then walks down with a guide, and "entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil lamp, the visitor asked, 'Where are we?' 'In the sleeping-room of the condemned. Formerly it was a gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter.' The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work; over each cell a cramp iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs."

Mr. Lemke leaves the mine, and speaks to one of the officers about the convicts' rest. "Rest?" said the officer. "Convicts must always labor. There is no rest for them; they are condemned to perpetual forced labor, and he who once enters the mine never leaves it."

This extract may be appropriately followed by another from an article "On the Road to Siberia," in the *Echo* of May 5, 1881. "The silver mines are now not far distant, immense caverns illuminated by torches of pine, peopled by men with leaden-hued faces caused by exhalations from the copper ore in which the silver is found embedded, inhabited too by women and children, who share in the unhealthful labor, and contribute their quota to the terrible totals of mortality living, dying, and being buried often far below the light of day."

Such are some of the stories of Siberia convict mines set before the noble and intelligent English public, and a curious feature of the matter is that, by many, such stories are rather liked, for, as one gentleman, strongly prejudiced against Russia, quietly observed to me, "They may not be altogether true, but on the whole it is safe to believe them." When I read Mr. Lemke's description to a released exile, who by bitter experience had known work in the silver mines of Nertchinsk, he laughed outright at its absurdity. According to his account, and all that I have seen or heard, convicts no more sleep in the mines than I do; and they come up to their meals like any English collier, and that too probably after much less, and certainly less disagreeable, work. At Iletsk they were blasting the rock-salt with gunpowder, but the atmosphere was not objectionable, and I should think would be

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CONVICTS AT WORK IN THE SALT QUARRY AT ILETSK.

preferable in winter to work in to that on the surface. In fact, to me, who had been down the salt mines at Hallein, near Salzburg, and Wieliczka, near Cracow, the underground part of the business at Iletsk struck me as on an exceedingly small scale, nor did I see or hear of anything abnormal in their working of the mines.

It was not until I had written thus far that I succeeded in unearthing a letter about the Orenburg prisons, which I remembered to have seen at the time I was writing my *Through Siberia*, from a M. Birwanski, an alleged commissioner sent to investigate and report upon the imperial tribunals in the province of Orenburg. The letter professed to have been published in the *Sjeverny Viestnik*, and after appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* (June 28, 1881), was repeated in other London papers. M. Birwanski is made to pose as a compassionate and conscientious man, and says: "Words fail me to describe the impressions made upon me by my first visit to the state-prisons. Hundreds of human beings find a premature grave in these loathsome dens.... Draped in a few rotten rags, the merest mockery of clothes, they grovelled in hideous caverns, the roofs of which threatened to fall in upon them."

After this statement, so deficient as to locality, M. Birwanski mentions "the town jail of Ileyk," where he *heard* that "two months previously all the prisoners had been led out to a small open space outside the town gates [I did not know, by-the-bye, there were any "town gates"], and there, in the presence of the Governor and of a large number of the inhabitants, had been beaten by the warders.... until they lost consciousness; then water was poured over them till they came to themselves; then the warders began knocking them about with whatever came to hand, belt buckles, prison keys, iron chains, and butt ends of rifles."

These instruments of flagellation are truly curious, and so, to those who know Russian prisons, will be the next statement: "One of the punishments most commonly practised is the following: The delinquent is tied to a horse's tail and

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THE PRISON AT ILETSK.

flogged with thorny rods that have been steeped in a solution of salt, receiving from 35 to 125 blows. This is a punishment usually inflicted upon prisoners who, whilst addressing the jail officials, forget themselves so far as to use the popular and familiar form of 'thou,' instead of 'you,' prescribed by law."

The foregoing statements are tolerably "strong," but M. Birwanski outdoes himself when he says, "I took down the depositions of peasant women who had been subjected to torment; their flesh pinched with red-hot tongs by order and in the presence of the Chief Commissary of the Police, merely because they had presumed to plead on behalf of their unfortunate husbands."

Now it so happens that in Russia it is comparatively easy for the humblest to prefer their petitions in person to the highest. A peasant woman in England would not generally find it an easy matter to get an audience, say with the Home Secretary, whereas in St. Petersburg the Minister of the Interior and other ministers have certain mornings in the week when they receive, without introduction or favor, any who like to visit them. It was in this way I first gained access, among a crowd of petitioners, to General Trepoff, the head of the police, to ask permission to visit the Petersburg prisons; and I have been similarly to other ministers. How strange, then, is it that whilst at the capital wives can go with their petitions to the minister's presence without so much as sending in their name, yet at Orenburg for doing the same thing they have their "flesh pinched with red-hot tongs"!

Verily these "red-hot tongs," the "horse's tail," and the "solution of salt" savor to my mind very much of the mythical, and I am quite at a loss to recognize M. Birwanski's prisons and caverns, either at Iletsk, or in the two town prisons of Orenburg which I visited on the day following, and in doing which I noticed nothing abnormal as to dwellings, clothing, or food. Concerning food, however, for Russian convicts in the mines, I would fain expose one more mendacious statement, this time from the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph* of December 3d and 6th of the same year as before mentioned, wherein readers are informed that the Russian government takes from Sheffield five tons per week of horse-flesh, to be forwarded as food for the convicts in the Siberian mines. The price named for a carcass is 30 shillings, and the lowest cost of carriage known to me from Petersburg to the Siberian frontier is £5 a ton, or let us say meat and carriage from Sheffield to the Urals cost 1½*d.* per pound. We are then only half-way to the mines, but strange to say have reached the steppes, where live-stock in autumn can be purchased at less than a halfpenny per pound! This horse-flesh contract, then, with a vengeance is "carrying coal to Newcastle"; after which the article goes on to speak of the prisoners working in "quicksilver mines, where the mercury produces an artificial leprosy that rots blood, bones, and skin."

Piteous truly! But what colossal falsehoods! Some may urge that the temperate account I have given of my visit to the mines of Iletsk will lead persons to think them less severe than they are. If so, this perhaps may be a part of the Nemesis brought about by writers of the foregoing extracts, and implied in the homely proverb that "lies are like chickens, which generally come home to roost." That prison abuses, wherever they exist (and there are plenty no doubt in Russia as elsewhere), should be investigated, and if desirable exposed, will be allowed by all, but to do this unfairly is reprehensible, whilst the writer who deliberately invents falsehood and prostitutes his pen to its reproduction deserves the contempt of all right-thinking men.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TWO MEN.

BY JULIA D. WHITING.

JONAS CARDS had been absent from his native place for some years, when he suddenly returned. As both his father and mother had died during the time, there was really no reason for his coming back, except to carry out a plan of his own.

The towns-people had not known where he had been, and were now anxious to find out, but to all inquiries he gave the general answer, "Out to the mines."

It was understood, of course, that he meant California, but he did not explain. The next question was, had he made his fortune? That also he declined to answer.

"There's only one person I think of tellin'," he said.

"Well," said one of the group that were eagerly listening, "any one of us is standing ready to be the one."

"But I claim the privilege of picking that one out, and I don't see her." As the loungers stared at each other he added: "When I git me a wife I'll tell her; until then I conclude that in earnin' what I hev—be it little or much—I earned the right to keep it to myself. I don't mind lettin' you know what I'm goin' to do, though. Ever been out to Iowy? There's good grazin' there, but no sheep. My plan is to buy a drove of sheep, and start on and realize on 'em when I git to Iowy."

There were some long whistles and snickers from the group, and old Ben Stevens spoke the mind of the rest when he rejoined: "Well, I am beat! Well, go ahead. I'll bet you I'll make more money whittlin' here to home than you'll make with your sheep. I'll be willin' to lay you somethin' on't."

Having made up his mind on the sheep question, Jonas went to a farmer to buy his flock. On concluding his bargain, the grazier felt privileged to offer a word of caution.

"I hear, Jonas," said he, "that you're thinkin' of drivin' these poor critters away out to Iowy?"

"Yes, I am."

"It 'll be a 'nation lot of work, and I'm afeard they won't stan' it."

"Hmh!" said Jonas; "sheep is good travellers."

"Maybe they be, though it ain't my belief; but they won't hold out for such an Israelitish journey as that. You'll lose on't."

"You think so?"

"I know you will."

"Well, if I do I'll punish myself by comin' back here and settlin' down to cobblin' into Nahum Brown's buildin', and that 'll do for me."

Jonas and his sheep began their journey under the gaze of the assembled towns-people. Nothing was known of how he fared, though many wondered.

However, in something less than two years, those that were out early of a certain brisk December morning were rewarded by seeing, over the door of the shop where Nahum Brown had been, a new sign:

JONAS P. CARDS, COBBLER.

He had a host of callers, but to all inquiries he responded: "You remember what I said when I left with them sheep? Well, here I be; that's enough."

He cobbled on for a while, doing very well too, and then took to himself a wife, Miss Lorinda Day—a maiden lady who obtained a scanty subsistence by knitting stockings.

The courtship was slight. Miss Day, coming one day to have her winter shoes half-soled, Jonas looked up as he took them from her hand and said, "You foller my trade, I believe?"

"Why, I don' know—I do knittin'."

"Well, why not jine the business together, and we two see to the footin' of folks altogether? What do you say?"

It appeared, after some hesitation, that she did not object.

"I'll see to alterin' the sign. You might set in the shop if you liked."

They were presently married, and got on nicely. The sign now reads:

MR. AND MRS. JONAS P. CARDS.
COBBLING AND KNITTING,
MENDING AND MAKING. DONE HERE.

Mrs. Cards had had, when a child, a passion for dolls, which had led her to improve on their construction, until to have a doll made by "Lorindy Day" was a most desirable thing for any little girl. They were only rag dolls; but she had a knack of cutting them out and an artfulness in

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stuffing them that gave a plumpness and roundness not to be found in other dolls. When it came to painting them, there was the delicate point, and there she excelled.

The pinkness of their cheeks was delicate; not a staring blot of red. Their eyes might be saucery, but the blue she used was of a light and milky hue—"none of your indiger eyes for her"—and altogether the dolls were delightful.

It so happened that when she had been married for some years the little village began to be frequented by summer visitors. A child from some city family chanced to come in for a bit of mending when Mrs. Cards was putting the finishing touches on a doll.

The little girl said nothing at the time, but returning in the afternoon, requested to see Mrs. Cards, and with some hesitation asked if she, Mrs. Cards, would make her a doll. Mrs. Cards "allowed that she did make dolls for little girls she knew," but added, "her time was full of knittin' just now."

"But my mother wants to pay for it," said the little girl.

"Oh," said Mrs. Cards. After a pause she added: "I never made none for pay. I shouldn't know how to."

"You would if you tried it," said Jonas. "'Twouldn't hender your fingers none."

"Well," said Mrs. Cards—"well, then, I would, but I hain't no pieces for clo'es. If your ma will pick up some pieces for a dress I'll make. I sha'n't set a price. Your ma can pay what she thinks is right."

In this manner did Mrs. Cards embark in the business. Her dolls became quite the rage, and the knitting was partly laid aside.

The only trouble was "the pieces." Her stock soon gave out, and she was obliged to beg of all her neighbors, and even seek new acquaintances with that end in view.

There came exciting occasions when as many as six dolls were ordered at one time, and she was busy and flurried to the last degree, and called on her husband for help.

"I don't see, Jonas," she said, at such a crisis, "but what you'll hev to go out and scour round and see where you can git some, for I don't see wherein I can, I'm so drove. Will ye?"

"S'pose I *could*," said Jonas. "Don't hanker arter any sich tin-peddler business; but, as you say, you've got to hev your pieces. Well, what shall I say?"

"Why, just ask if they hev pieces—pooty ones. You might let 'em think I was piecin' quilts, if it galls you so to ask."

"Jonas!" she called after him. "You might call to the Chases'. She's a reel dressy woman."

To the Chases' Jonas went, and standing on the back door-step, made known his errand.

"Mis' Cards she wanted to know if you hed some pieces you could let her hev—middlin'-sized ones," he added, thinking of dolls' skirts.

"Why, is she making star pattern?" inquired Mrs. Chase, who thought nothing strange of the request.

"Well, no," said Jonas.

"Rising sun, then?"

"It's for them dolls of hers," said Jonas, feeling driven to explain; "and she wants reel pooty pieces—pink and yaller and red." Having opened the subject, he enlarged upon it to such good effect that he returned to his wife with a rainbow-colored bundle of pieces, enough for many dolls.

"Rindy," he said one day, while watching her efforts, "I know I ain't only a man, but I've had experience more than what you have, and I've travelled, and travellin' opens up one's ideas."

Rindy looked up wondering what this was leading to.

He added, "I've been thinkin' on how troublesome 'tis to dry them dolls when they're painted. What henders ye from pinnin' 'em onto the clo'es-line?"

"Why, they'd git all out of shape, Jonas; I should hate to spile their figgers twistin' on a line; and how they would look!"

"Look! That's no matter. They'd dry quicker, and be out the way; and as for lookin', I can tie strings onto their necks, and hev a gineral hangin'."

He rose as he spoke, and gathering up the freshly painted dolls, went out to the back yard, and presently they dangled from the line, each one with its head helplessly lopping on one side, and their painfully straight arms and legs sticking out at right angles.

Jonas came in and led his wife to the window to view them.

"What do you think, Rindy?" he asked, with solemnity.

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"Why, Jonas!" she gasped.

He looked at her, and shook his head. "They do look outrageous, that's a fact! Can't they be fixed somehow?"

"Why, I s'pose I could git some of my old handkerchiefs, and pin 'em up all but their heads, Jonas. 'Twon't do to leave 'em like that."

Having put his hand to the work, Jonas did not draw back, but aided his wife in other directions.

"Tell you, Rindy, I feel so interested sence I had the hanging of 'em, that I'd like to have a hand in makin' of 'em, and I don't believe but what I could stuff 'em."

"Why, Jonas!" said his scandalized wife; "it's took me pooty much all my days to learn to do it right, and you hain't never tried."

"Rindy," he replied, with conviction, "I'm a man, and when a man sets to work, there ain't nothing he can't do."

"I don' know, Jonas," she said; "you 'member them sheep."

Jonas winced. He had told his wife the story of that most lamentable venture, because it was his belief he had no right to keep anything back from her knowledge, but it was a sore subject.

"Yes, I remember them sheep well enough, Rindy; but they were critters that could ail and die, and did it. But these are different, and I can do 'em." And he did, and became a full and accepted member of the doll firm; so much so that when there was a call for a doll, Lorinda would look across the shop to where Jonas sat on his cobbler's bench, and say:

"It depends on whether Mr. Cards can find time to do the stuffin'. How is it, Jonas? Do you think you and me could git a doll done between now and to-morrer night for this little girl?" and Jonas, pushing up his specs, would make serious calculation, with his finger on his lip, would finally concede that, laying aside the shoe he was then at work upon, they could, providing the weather was favorable for drying.

"Rindy," he said, at the close of a long meditation, "how many years is it now you've been makin' dolls?"

"You know how old I be, Jonas," was her reply.

"H'mm—and I've been aidin' ye this five or six year. How many year is it, Rindy?"

"Why, it's six."

"What I wanter know is, how is it you never made alterations in 'em? Never see a black-eyed doll?"

"No, I don' know as I ever did, and I shouldn't favor 'em, I don't believe."

"Well, I believe you would, and I'll fix some paint, and you make one black-eyed doll, and see how it 'll take next summer."

The experiment was tried, and Jonas, looking at it with the eye of an artist and inventor, was satisfied; and his ideas were proved correct, for it did take with the children; and now, when an order was taken for a doll, Mrs. Cards always asked if they would "have a light or a dark one?"

They made some changes in their shop, in the making of a show-case, where Mrs. Cards kept slate and lead pencils, thread, needles and pins, marbles, and a little paper and a few bunches of envelops, and had quite a trade. Behind the show-case was put up one shelf, where was displayed four glass jars. In one of them was peppermint-stick candy, in another "Jackson balls"; the other two held limes—limes in their usual sour pickle, and limes that had been simmered in molasses by Mrs. Cards, and regarded by her as being more wholesome than the sour ones.

She proved an obliging shopkeeper, and if a child found, after the first taste, that its lime was not from the jar it preferred, Mrs. Cards was always willing to take it back, and putting it into the jar again, substituted one of the other sort.

She was cautious also, and never encouraged the little boys to gorge themselves on her dainties, absolutely refusing to sell more than three limes a day to the same child, and always gave a slate-pencil with the hope that "Bub" or "Sis" was good, and never chewed his or her pencils.

One day, as dusk came on, Jonas and Lorinda were sitting in their shop enjoying a little rest before lighting their lamp, when a man came up the street on the other side, paused opposite their door, and looked hard at the sign, then crossed over, mounted the steps, and halting on the top one and looking in, said, in a hesitating tone, "Does Jonas Cards—"

Jonas sprang up before the man could finish his sentence, and grasped his hand, while he exclaimed, "By Jerushy! if that ain't Lem Post! How are you?" pumping his hand vigorously all the time.

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"Well, I am beat! Rindy, Rindy, fetch the lamp here, so's't I can see."

The lamp was brought, and Jonas held it high above the stranger's head, and looked him sharply over. "Well, well, how did you know I was here, anyway?"

"Well," responded the other, lounging against the door-jamb, "I just happened to be in the place, and I accidentally heard your name mentioned, and come and hunted you up. You're jess the same as ever," he added; "hain't changed a hair. This your wife?" nodding toward Rindy, who had set the lamp on the counter, and was watching them.

Jonas, recalled to himself, made the formal introduction. "Let me make you acquainted with Mis' Cards," and added, in an aside to her, "He was one of my mates when I was to the mines."

"Come, Lem," he said, in a state of great delight, "set down and let's hear how 'tis with ye. Minin' yet?"

Thus urged, the stranger proceeded to give a fragmentary account of himself. As he went on, Rindy, though interested, remembered the "stint" set for that evening, and motioned Jonas to get to his stuffing. He hesitated, but finally took up his basket of cotton and the doll body, went behind the counter, and sat down on his wife's stool, and keeping his work well out of sight, busied himself with his doll. Lorinda wondered at him, for he loved to sit at her side, and always called for help at critical moments. An instant's reflection told her he was ashamed to stuff dolls before the stranger, and she forebore to comment.

The visitor grew inquisitive as to what his old friend might be doing, and rising, strolled across the little shop, and leaning both arms on the counter, looked over at Jonas's work. When he saw what it was, he straightened up, and burst into a volley of "ha, ha's!" that could be heard far down the street.

When he could speak he cried, "Well, Jonas, I've heerd of men turning into milliners; but I never believed it; but for you to take to makin' doll-babies beats all that ever I heerd of! Why, who would s'pose, to see you, that you ever see a spade or swung a pick? I wish the boys could see you same as I do!"

"I don't blame ye—don't blame ye a mite!" said Jonas, laying his doll down on the counter, prepared to make the best of it. "I should 'a said so once too; but Rindy here took to doll-makin', and I was interested, seein' her to work, and kinder slid inter it, and I've got so used to't that I'd jest as soon folks should know it as not. If folks don't like the looks, they can look the other way."

As Jonas flung down the gage in this determined way, his old friend apologized. "Don't you get on your ear, Jonas. Easy, now. Why, 'twould tickle a dead man, and it came on me so sudden!" and he relapsed into another fit of laughter; then became extraordinarily sober at once, and went on with his narrative, keeping an attentive eye on Jonas, who had come out from his hiding-place and boldly stuffed away.

When their guest rose at last and bade them good-night, Jonas, saying "he'd walk a piece with him," took his hat and saw him to his boarding-place. It was a house kept by an old couple who tried to help themselves by taking a few boarders, but being both incompetent and niggardly, it was a poor place, and the low state of Lem's finances was at once apparent to Jonas.

"You ain't calculatin' to remain, are ye, Lem?" he said.

"Why not?"

"Oh, well—"

Urged by his friend, Jonas went in to sit awhile.

"Now, Lem," he said, "you and me is alone together, and I just wish you'd run over what's happened to ye since we cut company, a leetle more than what you did to my house. I s'posed you felt kinder bashful before Rindy, so I thought I wouldn't pester ye then. You was allus sech a hand for adventers, and I thought likely as not you wouldn't want to harrer a woman's feelin's up tellin' anything very severe."

"Well, perhaps I hadn't any more to tell. A miner lives about so, after all, you know."

As he spoke he ran his hand through the grizzled hair that hung heavily down the side of his face, and Jonas was sure he saw something strange.

"What's the matter of your ear, Lem?"

"Oh, that! Look, and see what you think."

Jonas responded at once, carefully adjusting his spectacles to see the better, and touching the ear softly with his stubbed forefinger as he gazed, while Lem obligingly held the hair aside. "Looks as

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if it hed been bit off or tore off. I never knew you to git inter any of them gougin' fights, and I can't see inter it. How come it?"

"'Twas shot off," said Lem, "by an Indian arrow."

"By Jerushy!" said Jonas, falling back into his chair. "Well!—some of them Apaches, I s'pose. Well!"

"I had a narrow chance for it, that's a fact," said Lem; "but that's all they got of me, and I stretched three of them."

"Good *for* ye!" said Jonas, with pride. "But come now; I wanter have the rights of it. How did it happen? I thought you allus calculated to keep on the other side of the Injuns—not to wake 'em up."

"You may know I didn't begin it," said Lem, who seemed by his manner loath to tell whatever story there might be. "Well, it's a long story," he said, after a pause, "and it was the ruin of me too, Jonas."

"You had your dust with ye, then?" said Jonas, compassionately.

"No, nothing."

"Then haow?"

"I can't tell you anything without telling you everything, and I never have told any one, but I know you, Jonas, and I'd just as lieve you'd know, after all. But first—" Here he rose, and bringing out a bottle and glass, poured out some spirit, which he handed to Jonas.

Jonas pushed back his chair. "How many years was you and me pardners in Californy?"

"Four—no; five. Why?" said the other, holding the rejected glass.

"I told you then that I was teetotal, and you said you was, and you *was*. For all the drinkin' that was round us, you and me never tasted it; but here you be offerin' of it to me and intendin' to drink."

"I forgot," answered Lem, with regret in his voice—"I forgot, as I've forgotten a good many things since then. I've had a hard time, and to be unhappy and have no home makes most men take to drink; it did me. But I don't get drunk. Would you have thought of my drinking if you hadn't seen me pour out the liquor?"

"No, I shouldn't, and I wish I didn't now. Look at it any way, it would take more trouble than I ever see to excuse me drinkin'. And I've had trouble too," he added, thinking of the sheep venture.

"If I had a home like you, with a good woman like yours in it, I'd never taste another drop."

"Well, well," said Jonas, regarding his old friend kindly, "I wish ye hed."

Lem put down the glass untasted, after all, and abruptly began to speak.

"When you left the mines, Jonas, I got tired of the place, and when I heard they'd struck it richer farther south, I followed on, and finally located, and did fairly well. The Indians were pretty thick, but I didn't mind them, for I didn't carry anything with me that they would want but my revolver, and I handled that myself. I said I did fairly well; I made my pile; I thought I was going to make my fortune. Well, you know how 'tis—dull enough when you're laying off work; and there was one of those Mexicans set up a sort of a saloon, and I used to hear the boys tell how pretty his daughter was, and so I strolled over one night."

"I never see one of them, male or female, that was fairly good-lookin'," observed Jonas, incredulously.

"She was handsome," went on Lem, beginning to walk up and down the room, unheeding Jonas's glances that followed him. "She was the most beautiful woman in the world, and the only one for me," he added, in a half-whisper.

"Hey?" said Jonas, who had not heard his words. The other stopped short before him, quite discomposing Jonas, who said, in an explanatory tone, "I lost your last remark."

"Well, she was a little thing," went on Lem, "with hair that hung to her knees, and a pair of eyes that would drive any man mad. She liked me from the first, and many a night we danced together, she in black with a rose behind her ear, or walked out of a morning on the plain. The old father favored it too, and I was the happiest man living. I wanted to 'realize,' and bring her East, and live like folks, but when I found she didn't like it, I gave that up, and agreed to buy a place near there that used to belong to a priest, and fit it up Mexican fashion, and stay by her father. Manuel wasn't out of the way; he was fond of the girl, and she was of him. Well, I hadn't bought the place yet, but I was just going to when we met to walk together. I knew it wasn't safe—I knew it. For a band of Apaches was harrying around the neighborhood, and I never thought of asking her to walk out in the evening

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before. But the devil managed it, for we went out, and through a grove out of sight of the settlement. We were talking about how I'd repair the old house, when, first I knew, there was a yell, and all of them were on us!"

"Who?" said Jonas.

"The Apaches, man! I put Sanchita behind me, and made play with my six-shooter; but I couldn't save her. When my bullets were gone, they fell on me; one of them gave me a clip over the head, and when I picked myself up they were off, and Sanchita was gone."

"Sho!" said Jonas, who was leaning forward, with his hands pressed hard upon his knees, listening with deep interest. "That was tough."

"I stood there, and heard her cries, and saw those red devils carrying her away," said Lem, in a tone that made Jonas let his feet fall from the chair round to the floor, with a clatter that frightened him, "and couldn't save her."

"What did ye do?" said Jonas, breaking the silence that followed.

"I roused up the men, and got out the horses, and followed, but there was no chance. All that night we followed. We had Manuel's dog to scent the track. In the morning, when the sun rose, I looked around; I could see for miles and miles, but there was nothing there but sand and cactus. We rode all that day, and at night the dog laid down, and wouldn't get up again. We rested our horses, and tried to get up the dog, but he was old, and had given out, and we had to wait till dawn. We went on all that day, through the sand, with the sun beating down on us, and no water; and at last the men halted, and said they'd go no farther. Manuel and I took out our revolvers, but you can't argue with men that have given up a chase, and you can't force them." He gave a great sigh, dropped into a chair, and covered his face with his hand.

"You had lost her, sure enough," said Jonas. "What did ye do?"

Lem returning no answer, he repeated the question.

"We went back," said Lem.

"And never heerd anything more about the girl?" said Jonas.

"I went back," answered Lem, as if talking to himself; and after a pause he continued: "I staid at Manuel's, and when the men used to come in I'd find out if they'd ever heard. Well, finally some men brought me a story of a girl that had been brought to a fort and left there by some Indians. That was enough for me, and I started on the chance. I wasn't afraid of the Indians, and I didn't care if they took me, for I didn't have any hope it was Sanchita, and I dreaded to see her too: I knew what she must have gone through with—it was eighteen months since they'd carried her off. But I couldn't rest, and I started."

"You didn't cal'late to go alone, did ye?" asked Jonas.

"I had a tough Mexican pony, and plenty of ammunition, and some of their jerked beef. I travelled nights mostly, to be as safe as I could," went on Lem, as if to himself. "It was slow work. I used to ride across the plains with nothing but the stars for company, and the sand stretched away before me as if it would never end, and I felt like a man in a nightmare, and wished the end to come—I didn't care what. Well, I reached the fort. I never shall forget—I can't forget it!" he said, springing to his feet; "for there, in the morning light, just outside the walls, sat Sanchita on a stone, playing with some flowers. I don't believe any one else would known her, not even her own father. But I knew her—I knew her."

"Well," said Jonas, "did she recognize you?"

"I called her. I said, 'Sanchita,' softly, for I was afraid to startle her. She heard me and came up, called me 'señor,' and said I should have a room ready soon. I guessed how it was; but I tried hard to get her to know me. It was no use."

"Ravin' crazy! Oh dear!" said Jonas to himself.

After a pause, Lem added, "I led her into the fort, and told the commandant how it was, and who I was, and he was very kind."

"What did they tell ye?" inquired Jonas.

"What the men had told before," said Lem. "Some Indians came to the fort, and when they had gone it was found they'd left her behind. They tried to find out who she was, but she couldn't tell them. They were very kind, especially the colonel's lady. I thought—and the surgeon said it was the only thing—that I had best try to get her home, and see if she wouldn't come to herself when she saw her father and the old place. I kept

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with her all day, talking with her, and trying to call back her memory, but it was no use."

He ceased speaking, and remained silent so long that Jonas, who wanted to hear the rest, thought best to rouse him. "How long did you stay to the fort?" he inquired.

"The next morning I led her out to the spot where I found her when I came, and made her sit down by me, and spoke about the priest's house, and Manuel, and all the things she knew so well, and I thought she remembered a little, for I felt her trembling. I talked on and on, hoping any moment she'd give some sign. She didn't answer me, but presently she began to sing a little song I used to be fond of; there was a long note like a call in it, and she gave it, low and clear, broke it off with a little cry—and fell over against me—"

"Well, I vow!" said Jonas, softly. Having uttered this involuntary tribute to his friend's sorrow, Jonas sat patiently by, waiting until such time as Lem should see fit to continue his tale. He glanced at his friend from time to time, but Lem had lain his head upon the table and was silent. Jonas longed to ask what he did next, how he lost his money, and a dozen other questions, but restrained himself. Presently a clock in the room below struck eleven, and for the first time he wondered what Rindy would think. He rose, and after bidding Lem "good-night," with assurances of seeing him next day—which courtesies passed all unheeded by Lem—he went out and hurried home. As he turned the last corner he heard in the silence the grating of a door cautiously opened, and recognized the noise as belonging to the shop-door hinges, and knew that Rindy was looking out for him. A feeling of thankfulness swelled in his heart as he contrasted his happiness with Lem's forlorn state, and he murmured, "I wish he was as rich as I be." As he placed his foot on the door-step Rindy put her head out, and said, "Jonas, is that you?"

"Here I be," responded Jonas, and hurried in.

"Where have you been, Jonas? Do you know what time it is?"

"I know I hain't been up so late this six year; but you see, Rindy, I was so bound up listenin' to Lem that I never mistrusted it was so late till I heerd the clock strike. He's been a dreadful unfortnit man."

Rindy, who felt that she had spoken hastily, said, "I shouldn't minded, but it put me in a reg'lar tew thinkin' maybe you'd fell in that old suller-hole, or somethin'. If it hadn't been I was a female, I should gone out and looked for ye."

"Would ye? Well, I was safe enough."

"What was't you heard?" asked Rindy.

"If 'twa'n't so late I was calculatin' to tell you, Rindy."

To which she rejoined, "After I've set up to after eleven, I can jest as well set up another hour, I s'pose."

Permission thus granted, Jonas and his wife sat down in the shop, and the story was told.

"Lem's had a sight of trouble, accordin' to his account. Made a heap of money in the first place, 'n' got on first rate, and then he took a notion to one of them Mexicans—'Greasers,' they call 'em out there—to one of their females, 'n' she was carried off by the Injuns, 'n' he took after 'em, and couldn't ketch up with 'em, and he'd to come back, and leave her with 'em."

"Was she good-lookin'?" inquired Rindy, with interest.

"Well, *I* never saw a 'Greaser' that I called fair to middlin' in their looks, but according to Lem she was most amazin' good-lookin'."

"I guess *he* looked consid'able different when he was younger," half soliloquized Rindy, "or a pretty girl never'd took a notion to him. If you'd had such a great baird onto your face, I never should have liked you, Jonas."

"Shouldn't you, Rindy?" said Jonas, secretly flattered. "Well, when Lem see he couldn't get her, he lost all his interest, and didn't settle to anything, but just hung round waitin' to see if he could git news of the girl, and finally he did, and took after her, and went off over the plains to a fort."

"How did he go?" said Rindy, who had very vague ideas of her native country outside of her own county.

"He went a-horseback, to be sure. How did you s'pose he'd travel? There ain't no roads, nor no tracks to speak of. You have to go by the north-star, same as runaway slaves do. When I heerd him tellin' 'bout that ride, I felt as if I hadn't ever done anything to speak of."

"I don' know. That was consid'able of a journey out to Iowy—if the sheep hadn't

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died so," said Rindy, who considered that disastrous pilgrimage as also a very daring thing.

"It would have been for most folks, I s'pose," admitted Jonas, who had fallen in his own esteem as an adventurer as he listened to Lem, but yet was glad to see how Rindy viewed it still; "but you come to ride across them plains, Rindy, with nothin' but the sand as fur as you can see, 'n' so still you could hear a sound for miles, 'n' no water to drink, so's't you have to keep chewin' somethin' to keep your mouth wet, 'n' knowin' like as not them Injuns is hangin' round, thinkin' how your horse may give out any minute, 'n' night jest as bad as day, hearin' them durn coyotes all the time too then; 'n' keep on like that day after day, 'n' it gits so tejus that you don't know how to stan' it."

"Well?" said Rindy, who was deeply interested.

"Well, he got to the fort, 'n' he found her; but she was a ravin' lunatic. Them Injuns is dreadful, Rindy, 'n' I s'pose they'd used her awful. Anyway, he said she'd changed consid'able. He knew her, but she didn't know anything. Finally she died."

"Poor thing! I s'pose she didn't realize anything," said Rindy. "What happened afterward?"

"I don' know. I didn't find out. He got so overcome tellin' about her last moments that he didn't seem to say anything more, 'n' then the clock struck, 'n' I come home. I don' know as I ever felt sorrier for any one than what I did for him."

"I should think he *hed* been reel unfortunate," said Rindy, who now rose from her chair, and proceeded to lock the shop door, and advanced to take up the lamp preparatory to leaving the room.

As she came near him, Jonas, who had been holding his chin hard with one hand, while with the other he drummed a noiseless march upon his knee, looked up, straightened up his stiff back, and said, "I wish to the land them sheep hadn't gone back on me, Rindy!"

"So do I, Jonas; I always did," said Rindy.

"If I hed money, I should know what to do now," Jonas ventured.

"What should you do?" said Rindy, putting down the lamp.

"Well, I should take in Lem for a spell, and let him feel as if he hed a home. He hain't been so lucky as me, 'n' he 'ain't no home. Now I've got a home, 'n' a good one, but no money."

"Where did you git acquainted with him?" inquired his wife.

"Out to the mines. I don't know as I took to him first off; but he was always doin' any one a good turn, so's't you couldn't help it; 'n' come to hev sickness, he was a hull team. 'Tended on a man as if he was their mother. That time I told you of that the bear chawed up my shoulder so, he jest took me right through it. Never despised nothin' if it was in trouble. 'Member one time they was a camp of Chinamen jest above us, 'n' one of 'em got himself all smashed up, 'n' Lem he heerd of it, 'n' went right up 'n' see to that man as if he was a Christian. He's modest too, Lem is."

Rindy said nothing, but regarded Jonas with a gaze that he knew meant only preoccupation of mind, but was as distressing to him as if it had been an accusing glance, and he felt impelled by it to say what he had been holding back.

"There's another thing, Rindy. You know how I feel about drinkin'? Well, come to set with him, I see that he drunk some, 'n' you've no idee how it come over me. All that time him and me was together he never drinked anything, any more'n I did, but this trouble has kinder onhinged him." He waited for some comment, but none coming, he went on with almost as much shame as if he had been confessing a crime of his own committing. "When he wanted I should take some—"

"Why, Jonas!" said Rindy.

"I couldn't help his offerin' it to me," said Jonas, in defence. "Well, when he handed me a glass, I put it right to him, 'n' he heerd me, 'n' sez he, 'If I had sech a house and sech a wife in't as *you* hev, I'd never drink another drop,' 'n' I tell you I felt it."

Rindy said nothing, showing what Jonas called "ruther a hard streak"; but the next morning at breakfast she looked up from her plate and said, "Is he one of them great eaters?"

"Why, I don't know. No; guess not. Never had much, when he was to the mines, *to* eat."

"I don't know but what we *might* take him in for a spell, and I don't know *as* we could. You know what we hev to live on, Jonas."

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"I know there ain't no extrys in it, Rindy."

"Well, I should like to please you, Jonas, and I presume he's a likely man; but if you and me was to take him in, we'd have to give up somethin'."

"Well, if there's anything to give up."

She went on without heeding: "Now, if you'll give up your tobacco, I'll give up my tea, and I guess you and me has clo'es to last for a spell, and we could see how we got on. But then—there's his drinkin' habits. I should want you to git his promise to quit drinkin'. I couldn't stan' it, Jonas, to think of his staggerin' round like old Jake Dean."

"He ain't like that!" said Jonas, quite disgusted at the picture called up to his mind. "I don't believe," he added, "but what you'd get so as to like him real well, after you was used to him."

So it was settled, and Lem came to them. Lorinda reconciled herself to her tealess suppers, and Jonas chewed sweet-flag root vigorously to make up for the loss of his tobacco. The old miner did such light tasks as his lameness allowed, and caused their evenings to fly by like dreams, as he told them wild adventures, partly familiar to Jonas, but as fresh and wonderful to Rindy as fairy tales. There was but one drawback to this pleasure. "Do you s'pose these stories he tells is true, Jonas?" she inquired of her husband; "I never heerd such nor read such. Cap'n Cook's adventers seem reel common 'side of his'n."

"I'm willin' to swaller 'em," said Jonas.

They made a happy family, and after some months of trial Rindy declared "she believed they was full as well off as they had been," which set Jonas's heart at rest. Mrs. Cards was at first very watchful of Lem, fearing to see him "staggerin' round," but her closest scrutiny revealed no cause for apprehension on that score, and her fears were quieted.

It was discovered that in Lem's wanderings he had somewhere picked up a recipe for blacking that was marvellous, and added the "crownin' tech" to the mended shoes.

As time went on, and Rindy became more acquainted with the old miner, she occasionally reverted to his past life, and sometimes asked a question or two, but not many, being very tender-hearted, and loath, as she would have said, to "tech the quick."

There were some essentials, however, on which she ventured to make an inquiry, as, when one afternoon he had related an incident, and Jonas going out immediately afterward, Rindy looked up, and catching Lem's eye, suddenly asked, "Was *she* a papist?" and was sorrowfully confirmed in her surmises by his quiet "Yes."

Rindy often wished she knew of something that might please him, and having ascertained that "tortillias" was a Mexican dish, managed to get some idea of their construction, and selecting the best beans and red peppers from her own garden, with much labor and many misgivings secretly concocted some cakes, and baked them in the oven. They looked oddly, and tasted rank with the strong green pepper-pods, but she said to herself, "I made 'em careful, and I guess they're right."

When set upon the table, Jonas peered at them through his glasses, and said, "What be them?" and even Lem seemed not to know what to make of the dish, and Rindy was obliged to explain.

"I thought maybe it would seem more like home to you if you had some of them tortilyes you was tellin' of. I don't know as the beans was the right kind," she added, apologetically, as Lem essayed a mouthful.

He got it down, and even another, but was obliged to say, "I don't know but the kind of beans does make a difference, and I guess you didn't knead 'em on the hearth-stone, nor bake 'em in the ashes; *that* kinder flavors 'em different, Mis' Cards."

"Rindy don't flavor her victuals with any sech dirty ways; do ye, Rindy?" said Jonas.

"I guess I've lost my appetite for such eatin' since I come here," said Lem. "Your cookin's spoiled me for coarse victuals. I used to like 'tortillias' well enough, but I'd rather have your rye-and-Injun, Mis' Cards; not but what you'd make a first-rate hand at tortillias," he added, seeing her look of mortification. "But it takes them Mexican women all their time. They don't do much of anything else."

"Well, I don't know how they stan' it," said Rindy. "It made my eyes water consid'able makin' 'em. I'd jest as soon wet up Injun bread."

Mrs. Cards had never thought life dull, but was indefinitely conscious that with

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Lem's advent it had assumed a more exciting aspect.

And now Mrs. Cards fell ill, and though Jonas did his best, he made a poor nurse and an indifferent house-keeper; but his friend offering to take that work on his shoulders, everything was changed.

He sat up of nights, cooked, "did up" the house, and as weeks went by and Mrs. Cards still languished, her greatest comfort was in him.

"I hain't never been sorry we asked him to stay," she said. "And I hain't missed my tea—bad. If he could only make dolls, now! But then men can't."

Indeed, the doll business had come to an ending. At first Mrs. Cards could sew a little sitting up in bed, but that was not for long; afterward they tried the experiment of hiring the sewing done, but that took all the profits.

Then in desperation the two men, under Rindy's direction, did their best at it, but the result was woful, and she laughed and then cried over the awkward creatures that were produced by their efforts, and it was given up entirely.

"There never will be any one to take my place, Jonas," said Mrs. Cards, with mournful conviction. "This will be the end to dolls being made as they ought to be. But I can say that I never scrimped a doll. Stuffin' and paintin' was jess so, and the clothes would put on and off."

"You'll git better again, I hope, Rindy," said poor Jonas, "and make more than ever, so there'll be as many as a dozen swingin' on the line at once."

"Maybe I will; but if I don't—and I don't feel as if I should—I wish you'd keep one to remember me by. That one I made for a little Robinson girl that hain't never been called for is a pretty one. I wish you'd keep it."

"I kind o' hate to go," she admitted to Lem one day as he sat by her bed, "though I've got to be an oldish woman too; but he seems to take it so hard, and he's used to things going on about so. It's been reel pleasant having you here," she added, looking up with a smile; "and it makes it easier leavin' him, your bein' with him. I guess you'll get on reel comfortable."

Jonas and his friend did what they could, and so did the village doctor, but, in spite of all their care, Mrs. Cards faded away, and finally died, leaving the two men most disconsolate, but not solitary.

At the funeral it was a great gratification to Jonas to see how many came in, and he greeted each one warmly. "How are ye? It's real good to hev so many come, and some of ye have bought her dolls years back, hain't ye? How pleased she *would* 'a been!"

When the room was full, while all were waiting for the services to begin, he rose and said: "She and me was happy together, friends. We never had a harsh word together, and she had only one wish ungratified as I know of, and that wa'n't my fault. She wanted some grape jell, dreadfully, along back, but I couldn't git it; it's too early in the season. If she'd 'a hild on a little longer—but it wa'n't to be, and there it was."

JUSTICE AND LAW IN RUSSIA.

BY ALBERT F. HEARD.

THE treaty in negotiation between Russia and the United States for the extradition of criminals suggests a study of the judicial system of Russia, and I propose to attempt a summary sketch of the reforms made in this department of the government from 1862 to 1864, and of the modifications more recently introduced.

In the tenth century Yaroslav promulgated the "Rouskaïa Pravda," or "Russian Law." When the independent principalities were united under Ivan III., in the fifteenth century, and under Ivan IV., the Terrible, in the sixteenth, the statutes of the various appanages were consolidated in a single code. This was revised under Alexis Romanoff, father of Peter the Great, and the "Oolozshenie Zakonov," or "Collection of Laws," established by him in the seventeenth century, is the basis of modern Russian legislation. Under Peter the Great and his successors the influence of western Europe was paramount in Russia, and was felt in the modifications of the statutes, as in all branches of the government. Foreign ideas were engrafted

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on the native, and the judicial system, in common with all other institutions, was subjected to a double pressure—one from within, in accordance with the wants and requirements of the people; one from without, suggested by comparison with more civilized countries. The confusion already existing in consequence of arbitrary enactments called forth by special emergencies, or issued from caprice by an irresponsible autocrat, was thus enhanced by the introduction of this foreign element. Peter the Great appreciated the difficulty and projected a remedy, but never had time to elaborate it. His edicts and regulations, borrowed mostly from abroad, at variance with the habits and customs of his people, contradictory of old laws, and frequently inconsistent with themselves, without unity of plan or any guiding principle for their base, aggravated the evil. His successors followed his example. Each sovereign abrogated and altered the decrees of his predecessors, promulgated new ones of his own, until the chaotic whole was unworthy of the name of code. It was a huge shapeless mass of contradictory, confusing, bewildering enactments, defeating the ends of justice, and affording every opportunity for judicial tyranny and venality.

The necessity of a codification of the laws became yearly more imperative, and the longer it was delayed the more difficult the task. Catherine II. attempted it, and in her celebrated "instructions" laid down the principles which should guide the assembly she convoked for the purpose. Wars with Turkey and Poland interrupted the work. Alexander I. resumed it, and Nicholas concluded it.

Instead of making clean sweep, and establishing, as did Napoleon, a new and homogeneous code, complete in itself and in accordance with modern ideas, Nicholas preferred a systematic codification of existing laws. Commencing with the Oolozshenie Zakonov of Alexis, the statutes of the empire were classified in forty-five quarto volumes, comprising 1500 chapters, with 45,000 articles, called the "Svod Zakonov," or "Code of Laws," in three divisions—civil, criminal, and commercial. Many changes and modifications have been made since the reign of Nicholas, and the power of an autocratic sovereign to make and alter laws at his pleasure may seem to militate against the possibility of having a fixed and permanent code. This power, however, exists in every government, and the obligation of giving stability to existing institutions is as imperative in an absolute as in a constitutional monarchy, and offers a guarantee generally sufficient against abuse of this prerogative.

With the establishment of a regular code the necessity of honest judges, competent tribunals, and impartial administration of the laws arose. At this point commenced the reforms of Alexander II.

Prior to his reign the dispensation of justice had been as defective as the management of other departments of the government. The procedure was secret, and this secrecy served to maintain, in legal matters, the evil which for centuries has been the curse of Russia—venality. Justice was bought and sold, the tribunals were shops, and the scribes were brokers, dealing in the property, liberties, and lives of men. Judicial sentences were put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. The judges were neither competent nor honest; they were poorly paid, and eked out their livelihood by bribery. Public opinion was not shocked at the exhibition, but rather approved of the custom which laid the expenses of the law upon the litigants.

The first measure of the government to arrest this scandal was to authorize the election, by the local population, of the judges of the lower courts. Although this was apparently a concession to liberal ideas, it proved utterly inadequate. The choice generally fell on the poorer members of the noble class, who sought the position as one of profit, and so long as the proceedings were secret, the electors had no control over the action of the judges.

A second remedy attempted was to multiply the forms and formalities to be observed, in the hope that they would afford checks and counterchecks against abuses. This served only to increase delays and expense. It placed all power in the hands of the scribes and subordinate officers, who alone were competent to follow the multitudinous ramifications of the procedure; they accordingly dictated to the judges the sentences they were to render, and shared the spoils with them.

The emancipation of the serfs increased by millions the numbers of those possessing legal rights, and the existing evils were correspondingly intensified. Radical reform became imperative. An

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imperial commission was charged with the study of the subject, and the institutions of France and England were especially investigated.

Starting from the immutable principles of right, and following the well-defined maxims of European law, as elsewhere tested and proved, the judicial reform has been more thorough and more successful than all the others attempted by Alexander II. Without aiming at originality, or aspiring to be peculiarly Russian, it is based on fundamental truths, and has been elaborated in accordance with and profiting by the experience of other countries.

It recognizes the separation of the judicial from the administrative and executive authorities, and the independence of all magistrates of government control; the equality of all persons before the law, with the abolition of all privileges and the suppression of all distinctions of class or caste; publicity in all proceedings; the substitution of oral for written testimony; trial by jury; and popular election of judges for certain courts. The tribunals are classed in two categories, according to the nature and the importance of the suits to be tried by them; the two divisions are not superposed one over the other, but are independent each of the other, with separate courts of appeal, and are both subject, in last resort, to the Senate.

Before considering this judicial organization, complete in all its parts, we will glance at other institutions of similar nature existing alongside of it, and operating in the same field. These institutions are what remains of the old Russian system, preserved intact in principle, although somewhat modified in detail.

The first in importance, as affecting the great mass of the population, is the Mir, or peasant self-government, in its judicial capacity. It is of very ancient and popular origin, and for centuries has, with undisputed authority, regulated peasant life and administered justice in peasant communities according to peasant custom and tradition, without regard to any written code. The imperial government deemed it unwise to disturb its jurisdiction, or to attempt any radical change other than to modernize its patriarchal methods, and to somewhat curtail its attributions. It is by law now restricted to cases in which peasants are parties, and, except by common consent of the litigants, to such as involve amounts less than 100 rubles.* In point of fact its jurisdiction is generally invoked by peasants where larger sums are at stake. Corporal punishment is, with certain exceptions, abolished by law throughout the empire, but while it may still be inflicted by this tribunal, functionaries, women, and men over sixty years of age are exempt, and twenty stripes is the maximum allowed. Peasants usually prefer this summary mode of punishment to the penalties authorized by the code. The judges are peasants chosen by the township Mir, which is composed of heads of peasant households: the rude patriarchal justice they administer is more acceptable to the people, because it is better understood, than the strange and foreign procedure of the ordinary tribunals. It is often imperfect, from the ignorance of the judges and from the undue influence of the scribes who have charge of the records, but, notwithstanding its defects, it responds more fully to the exigencies of peasant life, and the system has been preserved to satisfy the rural population, who testified in its favor before the imperial commission by an overwhelming majority. Those who object to it can escape its jurisdiction, as the legal tribunals are open to all, and litigants may also, by mutual consent, submit their cases to referees, whose decisions are by law made binding. There is no court of appeal, properly so called, from these peasant justices, but their sentences may be referred to a body specially charged with the administration of the rural communes, called the "District Commission for Peasant Affairs," and if they are found to be illegal or informal, they are invalidated, and a new trial is ordered.

Next in importance to the Mir are the military tribunals, to which all belonging to the army are amenable. They had originally also jurisdiction over all cases involving crimes against the Emperor or the state, and in recent years their attributions in this direction have been widely extended. Procedure in them has shared in the general reformation; their sessions are public, the accused is heard in his defence, and penalties have been mitigated. Flogging has been abolished, save in disciplinary regiments, but capital pun-

* The mint value of the ruble is $65\frac{8}{10}$ cents; by depreciation it is now worth about 50 cents.

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ishment, prohibited to all other tribunals, may be inflicted by these.

Finally, ecclesiastical cases are judged by ecclesiastical courts. The clergy are subject to them for all matters of discipline, and for all others not comprised in the penal code. They have jurisdiction in all affairs pertaining to marriage, divorce, and separation, although certain offences, like bigamy, may also be tried before lay tribunals. In this branch of the judicial system secrecy and old forms of procedure are maintained, doubtless from reluctance to meddle with so venerable an institution as the Church; but change in this respect, to accord with the general spirit of the reformation, has frequently been under consideration.

It will thus be seen that three of the five classes composing the population, and which together comprise more than five-sixths of the whole, are, save in exceptional cases, exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals; two only, the noble class and the inhabitants of towns, are subject to them.

These tribunals are of two categories, which may, for distinction's sake, be called the inferior and the superior courts, in view of the extent of their respective jurisdiction; the superior, however, have no control over the inferior, and they both are subject to the Senate. They differ not merely in their attributions, but also in their composition, their methods, and in the mode adopted for the selection of judges.

The inferior courts take cognizance of cases of minor importance, both civil and criminal. They are, as in England, presided over by justices of the peace (mirovoï soud), but, contrary to the practice in England, the justices are limited strictly to their judicial functions. They are elected for three years, from among the local landed proprietors, by the district rural assemblies (Zemstvos), or in large cities by the municipal councils (Doumas). It is worthy of notice that Russia is the first of the great European states in which a portion of the magistracy has been left to popular choice. It is not the least remarkable of the singular anomalies to be found in the empire, where an autocratic monarchy not only accords to the great bulk of the population, the peasantry, the privilege of self-government, but also thus concedes to the entire nation, in cases of minor importance, which are vastly the most numerous, the right of self-justice.

No special legal education is required in order to be eligible as justice of the peace, but the candidate must be in possession of a certificate, about equivalent to the graduating degree of our colleges, and have, either himself or his family, property to a certain amount, which varies according to the locality; in the rural districts it ranges from 400 to 900 dessiatines* of land, or immobilized property worth 15,000 rubles; in the cities, real estate valued at from 3000 to 6000 rubles. The educational qualification may be deemed sufficient, as the justice has little or nothing to do with strictly legal questions, and for the most part has to decide in equity; it is necessarily low, for otherwise it would in many districts be impossible to find the requisite number of individuals competent to fill the post. The property qualification is intended to secure men of sufficiently independent means to be above temptation and to insure impartiality. For this purpose it is inadequate, and affords no real guarantee. Not only is the amount reduced to a minimum, but there are no restrictions against its being mortgaged or pledged. Many Russians advocate the suppression of all conditions, preferring to trust to the good sense of the assemblies for the selection of fit and proper men, and the government has yielded in so far as to abrogate all qualifications in the rare instances of election by a unanimous vote. While conceding the principle of popular choice, the imperial administration may exercise very great influence over the selections made, inasmuch as governors of provinces make reports on the candidates, and the elections, to be valid, must be ratified by the Senate. The frequently incomplete nature of Russian legislation is signalized in this special reform: an elective magistracy is restricted to the provinces of the empire where Zemstvos and Doumas exist, and consequently it is withheld from Poland and Lithuania.

In the selection of justices the law makes no distinction of persons, but in the rural districts the real estate qualification and the usual preponderance of nobles in the assemblies practically limit the choice to them. This circumstance, however, is not accompanied by abuses

* A dessiatine is about $2\frac{7}{10}$ acres.

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of class favoritism. The noble class in Russia differs widely from the nobility or gentry of other countries; it designates those who, belonging to the fourteen grades of the tchin, or official tableaux of rank, are exempt from certain degrading penalties; most of its members are hardly distinguishable from the common people, and the most enlightened are generally, in theory at least, imbued with liberal ideas. Those among them who are willing, in view of its modest retribution, to accept the office, are usually of the humbler grades, and have few prejudices of birth or caste. The stipend ranges, according to locality, from 1500 to 2000 rubles, out of which rent, salaries, and all expenses of the court are to be defrayed.

To the justices in active service the law adjoins others called "honorary," who are also elected, and in the same way, but who can sit only in civil cases, and then only when requested to do so by the parties to the suit, or as assistants to the acting magistrates. Their number is unlimited, they receive no pay, and the position, purely honorary, is conferred and accepted as a compliment upon the most notable personages of the district. They rarely take part in the proceedings of the lower court, but by their high social or official positions they add dignity to the office, and their influence, though seldom directly exercised, is felt more especially in the "assemblies of peace," which are the courts of appeal from the lower tribunals, and in which they, in common with the active magistrates, have a voice.

Justices of the peace have jurisdiction over cases involving sums less than 300 rubles, and penalties not exceeding a year's imprisonment or a fine of 300 rubles. To these are added such as by common consent are referred by peasants to their tribunals in preference to the Mir. The proceedings are public and oral; they are characterized by the least possible formality, and attended with the least possible expense. The plaintiff enters his complaint direct to the justice, who is bound, first, to exhaust all conciliatory methods, and failing them, to decide according to common-sense and equity rather than by law. Witnesses, duly sworn as required by their religious beliefs, are subjected to direct and cross examination. The parties to the suit may plead in their own behalf, or be represented under a power of attorney. Professional lawyers are sometimes, but not usually, employed, and their place is assumed by irregular practitioners, without diplomas, education, or even honesty, who throng about these petty tribunals, and live by their wits at the expense of a litigious and credulous public.

Cases involving over thirty rubles, and penalties exceeding a fine of fifteen rubles or fifteen days' imprisonment, may be appealed to the assemblies of peace. They are composed of the justices of the district, and hold sessions monthly. Three justices, one of whom acts as presiding officer, are necessary to constitute a court, and the magistrate from whose decision the appeal lies is excluded. An attorney, officially appointed, represents the government, and assists the bench on points of law. The case may be heard again upon its merits, and be decided accordingly, or, if it is simply sent down, another justice is designated, before whom it must be brought. There is a further appeal from this tribunal to the Senate, which, however, does not reopen the case, but may order a new trial in another district if it finds the previous decision to be illegal or informal.

The wholesome influence of honorary justices is perceptible chiefly in the assemblies. As they have had generally no part in the primary proceedings, and are by their social position raised above suspicion of being unduly biassed, their presence on the bench, when they can be induced to act, is a guarantee of uprightness and impartiality.

Equity as between man and man, common-sense rather than law, are supposed to govern the decisions of the inferior courts which deal with cases of minor importance, and consequently by far the most numerous. It is otherwise with the tribunals of the second category, which adjudicate matters of graver nature, and may inflict penalties of the heaviest description.

This section of Russian jurisprudence is imitated in great measure from the French. There are district courts, or courts of first instance, courts of appeal, and, supreme over all, the Senate. This latter body is divided into two departments—one having authority over the assemblies of peace or inferior, the other over the regular legal or superior tribunals. In each department the attributions are the same: they both hear appeals

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on points of law only, and do not reopen cases, but simply confirm or invalidate previous decisions, in the latter event sending them down for retrial. The functions of the Senate correspond to those of the French *cour de cassation.*

The judges of the superior courts, from the highest to the lowest, are appointed by the crown for life or during good behavior, and some consideration is paid to the opinions of the members of the bench. Life tenure of office is one of the surest guarantees of impartiality and independence, but in Russia the efficacy of this guarantee is not absolute. In filling vacancies for the courts of first instance and the courts of appeal, the magistracy of each district is permitted to present candidates for the simple judgeships, but not for the offices of president and vice-president; these candidates must be approved of by the attorney of the government; but the crown is not restricted to them in its choice, so that this right of presentation is of little effect against arbitrary action, and for membership of the Senate it does not exist. While judges may not be removed save for cause, government has strong hold upon them from its power of advancement and displacement. The pressure which it may thus exert, by appealing to the ambition of some or by acting on the fears of others, in a country where there is such wide choice of residence, from the centres of civilization to the wilds of Siberia, is very great.

The district courts are few in number—about seventy in all—and the jurisdiction of each one embraces vast tracts of territory, while the courts of appeal, of which there are nine, are located only in the large centres of population.* The delays from accumulation of business that might be anticipated from the small number of these tribunals is diminished by the existence of the inferior and the peasant courts.

A single judge never sits alone; the presence of three, of whom one is the presiding officer, is necessary. District courts may try both civil and criminal cases; the former they decide without appeal, but they can take cognizance of the latter only with the previous authorization of the upper courts, to which there is an appeal on the part of the accused. An attorney, appointed by the crown, is always present, and generally exercises great influence, not only from his official position, but also from the fact that as yet great difficulty exists in finding competent men, with proper legal education and training, to discharge the duties of judge, and the incumbents often depend for their law and their opinions upon the official representative of the government. While this obstacle is of temporary nature, there is another and more serious one, affecting the character of the judiciary. The tendency of liberal studies is to enlarge the mind and to encourage the growth of liberal ideas; men issuing from universities and imbued with modern theories seldom sympathize fully with the principle of autocratic rule, and, viewed with suspicion, are neglected by the government in its choice of magistrates. The official bar, which corresponds to the French *parquet*, is completely under the control of the administration; its functions were originally limited, but during the reactionary tendency of recent years it has acquired a preponderating influence; the highest judicial dignities have been filled from its members, and in them the government has found able and devoted agents, willing often to bend the power of the law in support of arbitrary and repressive measures.

The right of pleading before the courts is open to all. No diploma nor special legal education is requisite, but simply an authorization, which is granted by the tribunals theoretically to such as are deemed competent and worthy; practically to those who can pay the heavy tax exacted; women are not excluded. This wide latitude was rendered necessary, when the judiciary reforms were commenced, by the non-existence at that period of any legal profession. Above this motley crowd of licensed practitioners, a properly constituted bar, from which women are excluded, has since been established. It is composed of regularly sworn advocates, educated in law schools, holding diplomas authorizing them to practise throughout the empire. This body has a corporate existence, and for admittance to it five years' study and a successful examination are necessary. The bar of each city elects its governing council, which has power of reprimand, suspension, and expulsion over its members. There is no such distinction as exists in England between barrister and attorney; a lawyer is, as in America, both one and the other.

* At St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kasan, Saratof, Odessa, Kiev, Smolensk, and Vilna.

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The legal profession, thus systematized, opened to aspiring and educated youths of every class a new career, of which they have eagerly availed, as frequently, however, from pecuniary as from ambitious motives. Law is an expensive luxury in Russia, and one of which the people are fond. Fees are graduated on the greater or less measure of success, and cases are undertaken on speculation. While this custom tends to debase the dignity of the profession, it must be acknowledged that the Russian bar has given ample proof of courage and independence. No political criminal, even in the late years of conspiracy and rebellion, has been left without an advocate, although to speak boldly in his defence might involve a broken career and exile. The advanced opinions generally held by its members, and their readiness to plead on behalf of political offenders, have aroused the hostility of the government toward them as a body. To the detriment of public service it has interposed obstacles to their entrance to the magistracy, and restricted their advancement therein. A lawyer can be called to a judgeship only in the district courts, and that only after ten years' practice. Measures of this nature simply deprive the judiciary of the men who are by education and training the most competent to discharge its duties.

The section of Russian jurisprudence most seriously modified by the decrees of 1864, and the one in which reform was most urgent, was that of criminal law.

Prior to the reign of Alexander II., all crimes were dealt with exclusively by the police. This body, notoriously dishonest and venal when all the departments of the administration were rank with corruption, ransomed the innocent and was bribed by the guilty. Torture was abolished only under Alexander I.; arbitrary imprisonment and flogging existed under Nicholas, and, even after the edicts of 1864, were of common occurrence in remote provinces, where reforms, though proclaimed at the capital, were slow to penetrate. These corrective measures, however, struck at the root of the evil by recognizing the principle that the accused must be deemed innocent until proven guilty, and by allowing him in certain cases to remain at liberty under bail.

Criminal procedure is, as in France, divided into three sections, independent each of the other—the accusation, the examination, and the trial—thus acknowledging the separation of the executive from the judicial authority. The guarantees thus theoretically established are still often evaded in practice—sometimes on the plea of necessity for speedy action, frequently in consequence of long-continued exercise of authority by officials and their reluctance to surrender it, aided by centenary habits of submission on the part of the people, but especially from the incapacity and subserviency of the examining magistrates. They are by law independent and permanent, but the security of life tenure of office is nullified by appointing them temporarily, and requiring long service before confirmation. The office is ill paid, and therefore acceptable only to common and ignorant men, full of deference for and under the control of the police and government authorities; the latter thus practically both unite in their own hands the power of arrest and the management of the preliminary examination, and also strongly influence the decisions of the courts.

Trial by jury, as instituted in 1864, is limited to criminal cases. It was the most radical measure sanctioned by the great reformer, and was an extraordinary concession on the part of an absolute monarch. It goes farther than the recognition of the principle that men should be tried by their peers, and establishes the equality of all in the sacred temple of justice. The noble, the merchant, and the peasant are indiscriminately called upon to serve together, thus effacing before the law all distinctions of class or caste. Only such restrictions upon the choice of jurors are imposed as are deemed necessary to insure a certain degree of competency, and those restrictions are applicable to all, without respect of persons. The exceptions and exemptions are not peculiar to Russia; the army, the clergy, the magistracy, and the police are precluded, and the five upper classes of the tchin are exempted from service. The first who are qualified are all officials of the government, and all local functionaries, peasant or other, who hold office by election; to them are afterward added every year from the population such resident male adults as are designated by the district rural assemblies (Zemstvos), and the municipalities (Doumas), and who, in the provinces, are owners of 100 dessiatines of land, and, in the cities, of property valued

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at from 500 to 2000 rubles, or have as income or salary a revenue of from 200 to 500 rubles, according to locality. From the entire list, thus representing every class of the whole population, juries are drawn by lot at each session of the tribunals. At the trial thirty-six jurors are summoned, and each side may challenge six; if the prosecution is content with a less number, the accused may challenge so many more. While so wide an extension of this franchise frequently admits to the jury-box incompetent men, experience has shown that, upon the whole, the sturdy honesty and good sense of the muzhik may be trusted as implicitly as the greater intelligence of the educated classes. The jury has to pronounce on questions of fact and not of law, and in Russia, as elsewhere, knowledge of the penalty has often biassed its decision in spite of evidence; by thus tempering the severity of the code, its action has had effect upon the spirit of legislation, and is also indicative of progress in the power of public opinion.

The judicial edifice of 1864 thus summarily sketched still exists, theoretically, as perfect and as complete as from the first. Subsequent edicts, closing some of its doors, and modifying its fair proportions, have been issued in self-defence, as measures of necessity, which knows no law. By their terms they are of temporary duration, but they depend on the will of an autocrat, and their abrogation can hardly be expected until the nation throughout recognizes the obligation of pursuing redress by legal means instead of violence, of trusting to reason rather than force, and, possessing itself in patience, will believe that truth and right are mighty and must prevail.

The edicts to which I allude have been called forth by the revolutionary outbreaks and outrages of the past ten years.

In the enactments establishing legal reform a reservation was made for crimes against the Emperor and the state; they were withdrawn from the ordinary tribunals, and tried by special courts. Besides this guarantee against political offenders, the government retained in its hands, as a weapon of defence, an institution which deserves especial mention. This was the political or secret police, commonly known as the Third Section of the imperial chancellery.

The police in Russia, as in all absolute monarchies, has had to combine the duty of preventing crime and watching over the people with that of supervising officials and protecting the government. Alexander I., in imitation of Napoleon, made it a department of the state. Nicholas, refining thereon, divided it into two sections—the ordinary police, under the Minister of the Interior, and the secret police, under the Emperor in person. The latter was a privileged body, above all law, responsible only to the Tsar, and with almost unlimited authority. Its head was member of the Committee of Ministers, and by his intimate relations with the sovereign and freedom from other control became the most powerful personage in the empire. This institution was preserved by Alexander II. with its attributions intact. Although by law subjects of the Tsar could no longer be arrested and condemned without legal process, the Third Section could seize, incarcerate, or deport at will, and even secretly. By a jesuitical distinction it did not pretend to punish or to interfere with the course of justice against crime; it merely suppressed indefinitely individuals who were deemed a danger to public order. Its existence after the inauguration of the reign of law presents an anomaly similar to that of *lettres de cachet* in France, of which the King could avail at pleasure, despite tribunals and statutes.

During the early years of Alexander II.'s reign, when Russia seemed progressing toward a new and glorious future, it was seldom resorted to. An attempt upon his life in 1866 restored it to favor and activity. Notwithstanding its irresponsible character and its almost unlimited powers, it was worsted in the duel with nihilism from 1870 to 1878. Of its last chiefs, General Mezentsof was assassinated, and General Drenteln, severely wounded, resigned. Its inefficiency caused a change in its organization; a double police led at times to absurd results, and the public agents of one department often wasted their efforts in pursuing the emissaries of the other, acting in secret. After the explosion of the Winter Palace, in 1880, the Third Section was abolished, but in name only; it was removed from the imperial chancellery and united to the ordinary police, in order, by giving the whole service a single head, to increase its efficiency. Both departments were placed under General Loris Melikof, upon whom, as Minister of the

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Interior, almost dictatorial powers were conferred for the preservation of public order. While this change made no alteration in the attributions of the secret police, it was a slight gain in principle. The Third Section was no longer under the personal direction of the Tsar, but became one of the departments of government, and as such was subject to administrative control.

The unreasoning violence and monstrous atrocities of the radical party not only led to the revival of this tremendous engine of despotism with increased powers, they have also turned the wheel of progress backward, deprived the nation of liberties accorded, and destroyed the hope of further concessions for years to come.

Modifications in existing statutes were commenced in 1878, after the celebrated trial of Vera Sassoulitch. By the penal code of 1863 flogging was abolished, save in disciplinary regiments and for insubordination in prisons. General Trepoff, the able and energetic prefect of the capital, irritated by the insolent demeanor of a political offender, Bogoloubof, detained in the St. Petersburg jail, ordered him to be flogged. Vera Sassoulitch, a young woman in a distant province, who had herself been a victim of police tyranny, confined arbitrarily for two years without being charged with crime, only just released, and still under surveillance, without personal acquaintance with the prisoner, but sympathizing with his political opinions, determined to avenge the insult. Hastening to St. Petersburg, she gained access to Trepoff and shot him. Arrested and arraigned, she avowed the deed, and regretted only its partial success. She was defended by able advocates, whose eloquence electrified audience and jury, and she was acquitted almost by acclamation. An appeal, entered by the government prosecutor, was granted by the court, although contrary to the code. A new trial was ordered in a distant city, but friends, aided by an excited and defiant populace, kidnapped her on her way to confinement, and hurried her over the frontier.

Bogoloubof's flogging was in accordance with the law, but Trepoff's action was condemned by public opinion; its manifestation in Vera Sassoulitch's acquittal despite law and evidence, the loudly applauded speeches in her behalf, and her rescue, aroused the apprehensions of the government. The Tsar, by successive ukases in 1878 and 1879, first transferred temporarily to special tribunals all crimes against public functionaries, thus amplifying the existing statute, and exempting the whole class of officials from the ordinary operation of the law; then all crimes against the state and state functionaries were deferred to military courts, where the process was summary, and the death penalty, prohibited to other tribunals, could be inflicted. Nihilists retaliated by increased boldness and audacity. Prince Krapotkine was murdered by them at Kharkof, General Drenteln, chief of the Third Section, was wounded, and Solovief attempted the life of the Tsar. The government responded by a ukase, in 1879, authorizing governors-general of provinces to deport suspected individuals without trial, and to bring all offenders, without distinction, before drumhead courts-martial, have them judged without preliminary examination before magistrates, condemned without hearing, and executed without appeal.

A year or two of comparative tranquillity ensued, but the explosion of the Winter Palace and the assassination of the Tsar induced Alexander III., shortly after his accession, to issue the famous ukase and manifesto of 1881. He therein solemnly asserted the principle of autocratic rule, established the conditions of a minor and a major state of siege, prescribing the measures to be in force according as the one or the other might by ministerial decree be declared to exist in any portion of the empire. This enactment extended the powers of provincial governors, and enabled them arbitrarily to close factories and industrial establishments, to deport individuals from any locality, and to remove them from the jurisdiction of ordinary tribunals; it authorized the police to arrest and imprison all persons suspected of treasonable practices or belonging to prohibited societies, to make perquisitions anywhere at any time, and to affix seals sequestering property. When and wherever the major state of siege was proclaimed, the powers of the governors were increased almost indefinitely; they could at will fine and imprison such persons as they deemed it injudicious to bring to trial, suspend all publications, close all educational establishments, and sequester property, not merely when the owner was suspected of offence, but whenever, in their opinion, he was culpable of negli-

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gent administration thereof, prejudicial to public order.

Equality before the law was violated by permitting persons of high rank to testify in private without appearing in court. Publicity of proceedings was first evaded by holding sessions in small rooms packed beforehand with government agents, and with no accommodation for the public. Subsequently political trials were held with closed doors; the accused might claim the presence of three of his family or friends, and this privilege was finally restricted to his wife or a direct relative, and limited to one person for each prisoner. The press was muzzled, and allowed to publish only the reports of the official gazette. For banishment to Siberia, however, the approval of a special tribunal, formed by delegates appointed by the ministers of Justice and of the Interior, was necessary, and it could not exceed five years; this concession was one more of name than of reality, in view of the usual subserviency of state officials.

These measures were the response of the government to the successive attacks of the revolutionary party; assassination following closely upon ukase, and ukase upon assassination. In the early stages of the struggle, when frequent cruel and murderous attempts upon high officials, and even upon the sacred person of the Tsar, seemed to inaugurate a reign of terror, the nation recognized the necessity for energetic action, and public opinion was hostile to the pestilent disturbers of social order. An editorial of the *Golos* (Voice) declared "that these men have themselves shown the way to deal with them; their arms are the dagger and the pistol; it is meet that they should be judged and perish by martial law." Society, terrified and bewildered, was impatient of the inefficiency of the police, and early in Alexander III.'s reign organized a kind of vigilance committee to co-operate with the authorities. This Holy League (Sviataïa Drouzshina), or League of Safety (Drouzshina Spassenia), accomplished but little; its creation, however, was a manifestation of sympathy from all classes with the efforts of the government to repress anarchy and maintain order.

The terrible severity of the measures adopted in self-defence is due to the rancorous hostility and savage violence of the nihilistic party blindly butting against a stone wall. It has no affiliation with the people whose cause it pretends to espouse; it presents no comprehensive plan, no scheme for the regeneration of the nation, to rally in its support the partisans of wise reform. Destruction is its motto, and chaos its millennium. Arbitrary and tyrannical as the ukases of the Tsar may appear, they are directed against political offences, and their action, abrogating all law, is restricted to them. They mark by their terms progress in the influence of public opinion; in deference thereto they are declared to be of temporary duration, war measures to be in force so long only as violence is resorted to. Whereas formerly the exercise of irresponsible power was the rule and natural condition of things, it is now tacitly acknowledged to be the exception, and the reign of law to be the normal state. Other countries have resorted to similar expedients in similar crises, as in Germany against the socialists, and in England against the Irish, with, however, the grave difference that their application depended on popular assemblies and not on personal will.

For the present, victory remains with the *gros bataillons* of autocratic power; but the end is not yet, and the remedy has aggravated the evil. It has nourished a spirit of universal suspicion, consequently of frivolity, throughout society; it has crushed interest in public affairs, and paralyzed free and serious discussion of national matters. Russia is turning in a vicious circle: the impatience of radicalism induced repression, repressive measures were followed by resistance, resistance by tyranny, which begat violence. The empire is divided into two hostile camps, arrayed in irreconcilable opposition, the one armed with all the might of absolute power, the other, like a wolf at bay, animated with a fierce and savage resolution, born of despair, but fanatical and determined.

Never in any Christian country have so many and such great changes been peaceably accomplished in so short a period as in Russia by Alexander II. One of them alone would have immortalized a reign, yet they have been followed by his murder, and a worse state of affairs than before. This strange and melancholy result is due to the exuberant nature of the Russian people, excessive in all things, and to the timid spirit of Russian legislation, halting in its onward course, and curtailing with one hand what it granted

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with the other. Too much was perhaps attempted at once, and hopes too extravagant were aroused. The radicals, disappointed, turned in fury upon their masters, and, like the ancient Jews, would stone the prophets.

The strength of the government lies in the loyalty of the masses; this is yet unshaken, but the peasant's mind is sore perplexed, and, as usual, seeks in pious legends and parables, generally, like the following, the product of its intense devotional feeling, an explanation of the mysterious events which disturb its veneration for the sacred person of the Tsar. "When God heard of the fourth attempt to assassinate Alexander II., He called St. Nicholas and said to him, 'If the people are so much incensed against my servant the Tsar, he must be guilty of grievous sin; protect him yet one time more; but if he do not amend, then leave him to his fate.' St. Nicholas accordingly saved him when the palace was blown up, but apparently he did not repent, for St. Nicholas then gave him over to his enemies, and he fell."

This instinctive confidence of the people was not misplaced in the case of the last Emperor. The wise and beneficent measures which inaugurated his reign were to be followed in due season by others still more profoundly modifying the institutions of Russia. While deeming it necessary to curb the irrational haste of extreme radicals, he was anxious to satisfy the aspirations of the nation, and to establish reform upon a sure and settled basis. With this end in view, the convocation of a national assembly, to be elected by the provincial assemblies and city municipalities, was decided upon in principle early in 1881, with the approbation of Alexander III., then Tsesarevitch. It was to be a deliberative and consulting body, and final decision upon the measures it recommended was to be left with the Tsar. The scheme was thoroughly elaborated in committee, and on the morning of his assassination the Emperor authorized its publication in the official gazette. Before leaving the palace, he said to the Princess Iourievski, "I have just signed a paper which I hope will produce a good impression, and show Russia that I wish to grant all that is possible." Making the sign of the cross, as was his wont on solemn occasions, he added, "To-morrow it will be proclaimed; I have given the orders." A few hours later he fell a victim to radical hatred. Alexander III. was at first inclined to persevere in the liberal policy, which had his sympathy, but other counsels soon prevailed. Before his father's mangled corpse he declared war to the death upon radicalism and nihilism, and issued his manifesto of 1881.

For political offenders in Russia there is neither law nor justice; the way of these transgressors is hard, and their lot deplorable. They are not only subjected to penalties of especial severity, but their sufferings are increased by the animosity of all in government service. These enthusiastic partisans are, with the exception of the rabid anarchists, animated by noble motives, and belong generally to the better classes. Statistics reveal the fact that four-fifths of them are either nobles, sons of priests or officials, or well-to-do citizens who have had a liberal education, and that of the entire number only one per cent. cannot read. They are the more keenly sensitive to convict life and to contact with common criminals.

For the rest of the nation, wise laws, regular courts, trial by jury, and fair administration of justice exist.

The penal code is one of the mildest in Europe as regards its enactments. Capital punishment was abolished by Elizabeth in 1753; it has since been revived for cases of high treason, but can be inflicted only by military tribunals. Under the laws of Finland, which recognized the death penalty, not an execution has taken place since its cession to Russia in 1809; and by the present code established there it is now restricted as it is in the empire. The knout was abolished by Nicholas early in his reign, and flogging was suppressed by law in 1863; it can now be legally inflicted only in disciplinary regiments, for insubordination in prisons, and by peasant courts. This mode of punishment has been so long and so universally applied that it is not surprising to find it yet frequently, though illegally, resorted to. The proprietor from time immemorial has flogged his serfs, the government in patriarchal fashion has flogged its subjects, with scrupulous observance of the Scriptural injunction. No class was exempt, and the great reformer Peter never hesitated to apply the rod with his imperial hands to the highest of his nobles; the peasant still prefers it to other penalties, and in spite of the law it is constantly abused.

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The lenity of the law is counteracted by the abuses of the prison system, which are a disgrace to humanity, and have been reprobated by none more severely than by Russians themselves.

The heaviest penalty that may be decreed by the ordinary tribunals is exile to Siberia, with hard labor, for twenty years. Siberia has been a penal colony since the sixteenth century, and to it have since been added the Caucasus, Turkistan, and the island of Saghalien. Exile was first resorted to as a means of ridding society of troublesome members, and of pacifying conquered countries. Whole districts of schismatics were deported to stifle heresy, and whole provinces were depopulated to insure submission. The hardships of a Siberian life are not in themselves excessive, especially to those accustomed to Russian winters; the climate is not more inclement than that of a large portion of the empire, nor as deadly as that of the penal colonies of France, more recently established. For the great majority of the exiles there is no great change in this respect from the homes they leave. Convict life is, however, made terrible from the outrageous cruelty and venality of officials. They are generally petty tyrants, exempt from any supervision, and free to exercise their power to oppress and plunder without control.

Exile as punishment for all criminals, from the mere vagrant to the murderer, dates from the commencement of this century. The condemned may be divided into two classes: those sentenced to hard labor with total or partial loss of civil rights, and those who for minor offences are simply deported to reside in Siberia as forced colonists. The latter class comprises also those who are arrested by administrative order, and compelled to reside in remote localities of the empire under police surveillance. During the reign of Nicholas, and until within comparatively recent times, conviction to exile and hard labor was condemnation to a life-long lingering torture. The convicts, assembled at central stations, were heavily ironed and chained together in gangs; the journey of from 4700 to 5200 miles was performed on foot, and occupied from two to two and a half years of daily agony. Once condemned, the victim was dead in the eye of the law; his heirs inherited his property, if it was not confiscated; his wife might remarry; he lost name and identity in a living tomb; he toiled in the mines, in iron and salt works, suffering every conceivable privation, exposed to harsh and brutal treatment from irresponsible overseers, until he welcomed death as a relief. The wretched fate of the "Decembrists" of 1825 aroused a throb of sympathy throughout the empire; no one dared murmur against the iron rule of Nicholas, but public distress found a voice that echoed through the world in the devotion and self-sacrifice of Russian women, of whom hundreds, of highest birth and tenderest nurture, craved as a boon permission to accompany their fathers, husbands, and brothers. The stories and traditions of that dreadful period still cast their shadow over Siberian exile.

Severe as the penalty now is, it has been greatly mitigated. Harshness and cruelty on the part of officials who know no restraint other than that of their own pleasure are only too common, but the present law makes ten months count as a year, the journey is made during the summer, and the exiles, no longer chained together, are transported most of the distance by rail and by steamers. The mines, of such evil report, are now abandoned, and the hard-labor convicts are employed on roads or on public works; they are confined in the prisons only during the first quarter of their sentence, and afterward lodge in the villages; they may receive money and relief from friends, and when their sentence has expired they are embodied among the forced colonists, but cannot return to Russia.

The second class of exiles, the forced colonists, come chiefly from the lower ranks of the people, for whom Siberian life is not exceptionally hard. They comprise offenders condemned, for minor offences, to periods seldom exceeding five years, suspicious persons deported by administrative order, and troublesome members of rural communes, expatriated as such by the authority of peasant tribunals. The latter are frequently accompanied by their families as willing emigrants from wretched homes, to whom any change is welcome, and who by their numbers largely increase the aggregate total. They are restricted to special localities, and are under police surveillance; they depend for a livelihood upon their own exertions, and if they have or acquire means, may evade irksome police control by bribery.

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AN UNPROMISING MARRIAGE.

BY ANNIE BIGELOW.

I.

IN the year 1860 there came to the little town of Bicester, down in Oxfordshire, a young clergyman, Reginald Templeton by name, bringing with him his young wife and one little daughter, Hildegarde, named after the father's only sister.

There never was a more helpless little wife than the Rector's, and there never was a more easily imposed upon young divine than her husband. Very sweet she looked playing about the lawn with her little daughter, her bright eyes, fair hair, and ringing laugh causing her enamored husband to leave his theology and come to the door that he might watch the pair.

As years passed and the family increased, the mother grew pale, and the father began to wonder what would become of his six daughters and one son.

In the midst of poverty and worry Hildegarde grew up, and at the age of twenty-one was her father's secretary, mother's adviser, sisters' instructor, family dress-maker, milliner, and main-stay. Her father was too busy and her mother too indolent to observe it, but the girl was beautiful, with a beauty that neither of these rather narrow-minded worthies could appreciate.

Mrs. Pierre De Brett, Hildegarde's aunt, was visiting her friend Mrs. Chesham down in Oxon. Mr. Pierre De Brett had a house in town and a shooting-box in the country, and was well known in sporting circles. Perhaps it was *ennui* as much as anything that caused Mrs. De Brett suddenly to remember her brother, whom she had not seen for many years. Here was a good opportunity to show a little interest in her own kith and kin, and she asked her dear Marie to lend her a trap that she might drive over to the Rectory.

Rather surprised at never having heard of this brother, Mrs. Chesham willingly consented, and in a few moments Mrs. Pierre, luxuriously muffled in sable, was being bowled along the hard smooth roads, and finally drew up before the Rector's humble residence, and tripped into the drawing-room unannounced. There, with the full glow of the setting sun lighting up her bright hair and delicate skin, stood her eldest niece, her back turned toward her aunt, beating time and correcting one of the little Templetons as it struggled through a piano-forte exercise for beginners. The room was a confusion of music, books, toys, and very bare it looked in all other respects; but there was something that room contained which was not to be found in her friend's house, or in any other house of the county, and this fact the worldly little woman realized as she watched her niece, herself unobserved, and a plan formed itself in her mind which was worthy of the woman, and for which she mentally hugged herself on the spot.

The consciousness of being observed forced itself upon Miss Templeton; turning, she met the eyes of her speculative aunt, and the exercise closed with a discordant crash. Mrs. De Brett's smile of polite insincerity returned to her face, and she advanced to the little group in the window with her usual well-bred grace.

"I am glad to meet you, my dear," she said to Hildegarde, after kissing them both. "I am your aunt De Brett; and now will you tell your mother that I am here and want to see her?"

The Rector's wife was much surprised by a visit from her fashionable sister-in-law. The latter was charmingly garrulous, and announced that she had come for tea.

When Hildegarde had left the room, Mrs. Pierre's manner changed, and turning upon her poor sister-in-law, she said, rapidly: "My dear Constance, why did you never tell me what a beauty your daughter was? I have seen nothing to compare with her in London, or indeed anywhere, and it is a shame to keep her buried down here teaching her sisters music."

The little woman answered, peevishly: "Yes, Hildegarde is pretty; but really you need not reproach me. I am sure I cannot help it if dear Reginald's talents have never been duly appreciated, and he consequently is unable to give the children any advantages. Goodness knows Reginald and I both are completely lost down here, for if ever two people were made to shine in a more enlarged sphere, we are those two people."

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Pleased to see what a willing instrument she had before her, Mrs. De Brett proceeded to disclose her plan, which kept them talking long and earnestly.

The result of her aunt's talk with her mother became partially known to Hildegarde the next day, when Mrs. Templeton called her into the drawing-room, where she was in earnest discussion with her husband over the tea-things, and informed her that she had a pleasant surprise in store for her.

"Your aunt has made you no less an offer than to chaperon you through the London season, and you are to go up to her house just as soon as she has paid one or two more visits down in the country."

Hildegarde was as much delighted at the prospect as any girl of her age would have been, though she wondered how her mother could afford all the thousand and one luxuries that would be necessities when she was once launched.

II.

The season had been an unusually gay one, everybody said, but it was now drawing to a close, and people were beginning to long for the moors; and mammas with marriageable daughters were wearing an expression of disappointment and hope deferred. Mrs. De Brett was far too wise to allow any expression so unbecoming to disfigure her pretty face, but she was beginning to feel a trifle anxious. Every one said she had chaperoned by far the most attractive *débutante* of the season. She knew that without being told. At no house was there any one more beautiful than Miss Templeton. No one was more admired or had more partners. No girl had a more exquisite variety of toilets, and although rather frightened at first by their number and costliness, she was too much a girl not to be reassured by her aunt's constant protestations that she was doing exactly as her father and mother would have her do. Most thoroughly she enjoyed, night after night and day after day, putting on clothes that set off her delicate beauty to the utmost, and gave her the satisfaction of feeling that she was one of the best-dressed women in London society.

Great as had been her success, she had not had a single offer, and with her youth, beauty, and grace this seemed singular, but considering that it was only her first season, her chances need not have been considered wholly destroyed; yet the beating of that organ Mrs. Pierre called her heart was anything but calm. Why should she sit with that little pucker between her highly arched brows this late summer afternoon, as she leans back in her low-hung victoria, taking a last turn before going in to dress for dinner?

Surely the facts of which we are aware with regard to her pretty charge cannot be of sufficient import to disturb her serenity? Whatever they may be, they are sufficiently irritating, and it is with a slight sharpness in her usually soft voice that she calls to Hildegarde, who is standing at the window watching the passers-by.

"Come here, child, I want to look at you. Remember we go to the Mellors' to-night; that Abyssinian envoy is to be there to enlighten our British ignorance, and I want you to make yourself a counter-irritant. You know what I mean."

Mrs. Mellor's fashionable soirées were deservedly popular. Any novelty in the literary, theatrical, or political line was sure to be there, and the foreign element always abounded. Mrs. De Brett and her niece were among the last to arrive, but they were immediately given chairs in the front ranks of those already seated, to observe Captain Hurry's movements. Hildegarde, as was her wont, gazed with the deepest interest, thereby flattering the performer not a little, who noted the beautiful girl's attentive attitude.

The programme duly gone through with, the Captain singled her out, and became a conspicuous figure in her little court at the end of the room, his gorgeous green and yellow robes mingling well with her long gown of primrose-colored satin, clasped at the waist with a gold belt surmounted by a sumptuous bunch of palest pink roses. With her delicate skin and crown of brown gold hair she looked more like Guido's Aurora than a young lady of the present century.

From a distant corner Mrs. De Brett surveyed her niece's conquest with satisfaction, though she was too sensible to allow that satisfaction to appear in her face. But she had another cause for triumph, for there at her side sat a greater lion than the envoy, and quite as conspicuous in his own way, namely, the great and hideous Sir Charles Wynning, well known as not only one of the most remarkable men in London, but also as, without exception, the

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ugliest. She had seen him with his eyes upon Hildegarde during the performance that occupied the first part of the evening, as that young person sat erect in a stately carved arm-chair placed for her in a conspicuous position by their attentive host.

As soon as Captain Hurry had done imitating the roar of the African lions, Sir Charles had spoken a few words to his hostess, and been brought by that lady and presented to Mrs. De Brett. Gladly she made room for him among the cushions in the pink shaded nook, and with discreet glee answered his questions about Hildegarde.

What did it matter to her that his ugliness almost frightened her? Was he not distinguished, a baronet, and above all rich?—rich with all the mines of India, people said, to back him. "Hilda must have a rich husband," she repeated to herself, "and, unless I am much mistaken, here he is."

Why did her mind dwell so much more upon the fact of his being rich than upon any of his other qualifications?

So interested was her auditor in all she found to say about Hildegarde that it was a late hour when Mrs. De Brett rose to go, and then Sir Charles, bending low over her extended hand, said: "Madam, grant me one favor. I call to-morrow. Let me see you alone."

Half divining his reason, Mrs. Pierre made a graceful inclination of her shapely head, and he was gone.

Driving home that evening, Miss Templeton had much to say, but her aunt was singularly taciturn, and only half heard, as Hildegarde, with a quaint humor all her own, repeated bits of her conversation, and told how Captain Hurry had offered her an Abyssinian lady's entire costume, which he was going to bring her the next day at three.

"Did you ever hear of Sir Charles Wynning?" suddenly interrupted her aunt.

"Yes, often, tante: why? Isn't he the great Indian celebrity people are talking about?"

"He was at the Mellors'," quietly responded her aunt, "and I met him."

"Did you really? I never even got a glimpse of him," said Hilda.

"Surely the capture of one lion should content such a little mouse," replied Mrs. Pierre, affectionately tapping her on the cheek, pleased to know Hildegarde had not seen him.

Sir Charles came the next day to the little house in Curzon Street, as he had promised, and the next day, and the next. At every dance, garden party, or race meeting Mrs. De Brett was aware of his presence, but never could she prevail upon him to be presented to her niece, and finally she demanded the reason of his extraordinary behavior. They were walking under the trees of the Lovers' Walk in Holland Park—this being the third and last of Lady Holland's series of garden parties.

Sir Charles stopped short in his walk and confronted her. "You wish to know why, madam, I have never solicited the honor of being presented to one whom I would rather take by the hand than any woman I have seen. Sit here a moment and I will tell you. Look at me well; do not shrink; and tell me what you would say were I to ask you now to become my wife, supposing yourself free."

Mrs. Pierre was puzzled and interested. What manner of man was this? Rich, distinguished, influential, and afraid to offer himself to a penniless Rector's daughter, because, forsooth, he was the ugliest man she had ever beheld. In his excitement he had risen, and was pacing the gravel-path. Looking out from beneath the deep fringe of her parasol, where her face had been hidden pending these reflections, Mrs. De Brett motioned him to the seat beside her.

"Sir Charles," she began, "you talk like a madman. Excuse the phrase, but the occasion demands plain-speaking. Do you suppose a woman cares a snap of her finger whether a man be handsome or otherwise? Do you think the most perfect piece of man's flesh alive could satisfy an active, intellectual, ambitious woman if he be inactive, unintellectual, and unambitious? But there is one insuperable obstacle to your union with Hildegarde, beside which those of your imagining are utterly absurd."

"No! Hildegarde is not in love!" he exclaimed.

And now this clever little diplomate paused, for she was about to do a difficult thing, and did not wish a hasty word to spoil the plot she had so carefully thought out under her umbrella, during Sir Charles's promenade. Summoning a look as full of contrition as she was capable of, she began, her eyes fixed on the toe of her boot:

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"Sir Charles, I have innocently done the child an irreparable injury—one that I would give all my happiest days to undo. You know, of course, that she is one of seven children of a clergyman down in Oxon, my brother. They are very poor, and being fond of both him and his wife, I naturally wished to do something for them. Hildegarde grew up a most noble girl, teaching her little sisters music and everything, so far as I could judge, an attractive girl, as you know, but absolutely without advantages. What more natural than that I, her aunt, should take her as my own daughter to London, and give her some of that excitement so necessary to young people?"

Mrs. De Brett raised her head and looked her listener straight in the eyes.

"And now I come to the serious part. I said her father was poor, very poor. I was rich, or rich enough, I thought, to do as I did, and I undertook to dress Hildegarde and supply her every want from my purse. I treated her as my own child, lavishly; but within the last few weeks Pierre has had the most serious losses on the turf and the Exchange, and ruin stares us in the face if Hildegarde does not marry a man who will pay the debts I have incurred for her. What man, I should like to know, would ask a girl in marriage who not only brings him no money, but asks him to make good her liabilities at the outset? I know I acted thoughtlessly, but I erred generously. I have told you what is a secret from every living soul but yourself; even my husband is not aware to how great an extent I am ruined." She ceased, and with her head bowed looked like a pretty criminal awaiting judgment. Sir Charles knew enough of women to know that one-third of this woman's tale was false. Looking at her narrowly, he said, "You are quite sure Miss Templeton knows nothing of this?"

"Oh, quite sure," she replied, fearing lest she had perhaps miscalculated the effect of her words; but, with new life in his face, and a radiance shining from his eyes, he exclaimed, "If that is the case, you little comprehend the love I bear your niece if you think a few dress-makers and milliners are to stand between us."

Hardly believing her senses, she rose in her glee, crying: "You really mean to ignore all I have told you, and make Hilda the happy woman I know she will be? Oh, Sir Charles, when I think from what you save us all—my proud brother and his poor wife the consciousness of never being able to repay me, and above all, the living death to Hildegarde it would be to return to that dull place, which of course she would insist upon doing if she knew all!"

"My dear madam," he replied, quietly, to this burst of gratitude, "Miss Templeton is a treasure in herself that a man would be glad to pay any price for. And now tell me when may I see her? Prepare her for my appearance, I implore you. Years ago, when I was still a mere boy, I fancied myself in love, and on telling the object of my affection, was greeted by a burst of derisive laughter. She then told me plainly the idea of a man with my face to think of love was too absurd to be treated seriously. Since then women have been hateful to me, and a dread of treatment, not unfeeling as my first experience, but infinitely more painful to me, makes me beg you to prepare Miss Templeton."

"One week from this time, Sir Charles, I promise you shall see her, and find her all you could desire. And now shall we return? My carriage must have been waiting for me a long time."

That night Mrs. Pierre laid her head upon her pillow with an easier mind than she had felt for many a night.

The news was too good to be kept. The next morning Mrs. De Brett announced to Hildegarde her intention of going to Bicester for the day. The latter, always glad of a chance to carry sweets to the children and gossip to her mother, readily assented. Once seated in the railway carriage, Mrs. Pierre settled herself in her corner, and without any preliminary began: "Hilda, you have had an offer."

On being addressed in this startling manner, Hildegarde ceased looking out of the window, and laughing, said: "Indeed! I must have been asleep."

"Of course I should have said I have had one for you, to be as exact as you demand; and it is a good one; and you must accept it."

"But, tante, do not run on at such a rate. Who is he? What does he look like?"

"Well, my dear, to answer the last question first—it is the most difficult—I do not know whom to compare him to in appearance. I don't think"—slowly—"I know any one whom he exactly resembles; but he is distinguished-looking. As

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to position, he is everything *I* can desire, and volumes could not say more. And now we arrive at the vital question, Who is he? Oh, my child, I am so delighted I don't know what to do!"

"Well, then, do hurry, please. Do you suppose it is a matter of no importance to me?"

"Guess. I will give you three."

"Nonsense, tante, you know I should never guess in thirty; so save time by telling me at once, please."

"Well, then, Hildegarde Templeton, place before the matrimonial retina of your mind's eye Sir Charles Wynning, Bart., G.C.S.I., and allow me to salute your ladyship," and lightly kissing the astonished girl's hand, she leaned back to enjoy the effect of her communication. Hildegarde said nothing, but sat, her arms dropped at her side, surprise and consternation in every feature. Her vivacious *vis-à-vis*, tiring of this mode of response, ejaculated, impatiently:

"Why don't you say something? Don't sit there like a fine-looking goose."

"But, tante, I think it so funny," replied the young person thus addressed, bending forward and taking her aunt's hand. "It's too absurd. I have never even met him; you hardly know him; he is so old and distinguished. I am young and a goose, as you very justly remarked. Why, it is too ridiculous."

"Not at all, my dear. Sir Charles could never be ridiculous. A little Quixotic he may be, but never ridiculous."

"Forgive me, tante, for speaking disrespectfully of your aged friend. I should remember that he must have outgrown all the faults of youth."

"Hildegarde, I am not at all pleased with your present tone and style. Remember you are talking of the man who is to be your husband, and you will be very sorry at some future time to think I had ever heard you express such sentiments."

Hildegarde dropped her aunt's hand, and drawing up her stately figure to its full height, said, "Aunt De Brett, no one but my own father or mother has the right to dictate to me whom I shall or shall not marry."

It was now Mrs. Pierre's turn to play the suppliant. She saw it would not do for her to continue to carry matters with such a high hand, so she set about to calm the evil spirit her words had aroused, but the irate girl would not be coaxed into good-humor, and for the rest of the ride the conversation on the elder lady's part was a monologue.

The Rectory closely adjoined the station, so Hildegarde and her aunt walked straight through the garden, and had knocked at the door before their arrival was made known by a scampering down-stairs of all the children, attended by their various cats and dogs. After boisterously saluting their aunt, they surrounded their sister and carried her off to view recent objects of interest. Aunt De Brett's present, a shaggy pony, the puppies, and tame toads—all were admired by Hildegarde; and it was long ere she went up to her own room to prepare for luncheon, attended by the two youngest children.

Hildegarde's room adjoined her mother's, and through the half-open door she heard Mrs. Templeton and her aunt in earnest conversation. Never thinking it could be of a private nature, it did not occur to her to close the door.

"Of course Aunt Pierre is telling mamma about Sir Charles," and the thought seemed to amuse her; but the next moment she stood aghast, for this is what she heard:

"She must marry him. If not, you are ruined. You know it is late in the season, and her milliners and dress-makers will not wait another week. I promised them she should be one of the first to marry and pay up, but instead of that she is one of the last."

Hildegarde listened. She could not have moved; every muscle seemed to hold her fast.

"Well, sister," she now heard her mother say, "be sure Hilda knows nothing of this business, though goodness knows it is the best I could do for her, and when she is once married and has a comfortable establishment of her own, she will thank her poor mother. Good gracious! what's the matter?"

For there—two bright spots in either cheek, eyes dark and glowing, with her trembling young figure drawn up to its superb height—stood the girl of whom they had been talking.

With one hand she pushed aside the heavy portière that concealed the door, and now spoke in a low, tremulous voice:

"Forgive me, mamma, and you, Aunt De Brett. I accidentally overheard the last few words of your conversation. When you are planning my future wel-

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fare and happiness, and wish to keep the means a secret from me, you should either see I am out of my room or close the door. But, after all, there is no reason why I should not hear. Do not worry, mamma. Surely I can bear as well as you the knowledge that I am miserably in debt, and am therefore to be sold to the first bidder willing to pay expenses. You say you did it for the best. May your hopes be fulfilled! Do not be afraid: I shall not be the means of ruining you and the children. It is a great punishment for my heedless extravagance, which something kept telling me was wrong. But you," turning to her aunt—and before her glance Mrs. De Brett quailed—"you I blame chiefly, though before the world you are my benefactress. Think you I can ever hold up my head before this man, though I should loathe the sight of him? Do you not see that now I am his slave, bought by his gold, and bound hand and foot to his every wish and whim?"

"Oh, Hildegarde!" groaned Mrs. Templeton, "you will kill me;" and she violently inhaled sal volatile.

"Never fear, mamma; I shall try to remember my duty to you, and to feel grateful for your manner of carrying it out toward me. I shall return with Aunt De Brett, and marry this check of her endorsing as soon as she wills it. Henceforth she cannot be in a greater hurry than I, for our position will be decidedly strained until we separate for good and all. Good-by, mother. I shall be at the station on time, and at our next meeting will come to you Lady Wynning—in other words, Hildegarde Templeton checkmated."

The mother shrank into the corner of her sofa as the daughter, looking more beautiful than she had ever seen her, mockingly spoke these words.

The bright spots in her cheeks had deepened, her eyes with dark circles about them shone almost black, her whole frame was strung up to its utmost pitch of excitement and power; lightly kissing her mother's forehead, she was gone.

It is difficult to describe the mental torture poor Hildegarde endured as she closed the door behind her with more than her usual emphasis, and unattended tore down the path, through the garden, and so out into the fields. Not only was a frightful and uncertain future before her, but all her ideals seemed to have been shattered at a blow. Her aunt and her mother—two women in whom she had firmly trusted—had cruelly wronged and deceived her, and left her no alternative but to marry this man who had opportunely stepped in to save her father from ruin and her aunt from social disgrace. Hildegarde felt years older as she once more joined Mrs. De Brett at the Rectory just in time to meet the train.

As may be imagined, few words passed between the aunt and niece, the former being for once completely silenced, and she could not but contrast the light tone of their morning's journey with the present indescribable feeling of sinister foreboding. A furtive glance at Hildegarde frightened her. Her eyes shone dark and ominous beneath their level brows, while the dark circles had deepened. The bright spots in her cheeks burned fiercely, and the lines about the mouth were set firmly. Mentally the poor girl was resolving to obey her aunt to the very letter. After all, marrying a man she did not love was better than again perhaps being subjected to such duplicity.

In this frame of mind they reached Curzon Street. They were met at the door by Mrs. Pierre's husband, who said: "Here's Sir Charles Wynning been waiting no end of a time for you upstairs. He says you told him to come this afternoon."

"I quite forgot," replied his mental better half, nervously glancing at her niece. "You, dear child, are worn out, and had better not see him this evening."

Here was a chance to escape the dreaded ordeal; but that would only defer the evil moment. No; she would see Sir Charles without delay.

Mrs. De Brett had planned the meeting very differently, but there was something about Hildegarde to-day not to be contradicted, and although frightened at what might be the consequences, she led the way upstairs.

Hildegarde stopped behind a moment to answer some of her uncle's commonplaces, and when she crossed the threshold the pair were earnestly conversing, with their backs toward her.

She was quite close to them before they both turned, the full light from the western window streaming upon the distorted features of her future husband—his squinting eyes, made more repulsive by the love they tried to convey; his monstrous red nose; his mouth one shape-

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less expanse. Oh, it was too horrible! No one had told her this was to be added to her bitter trial. As one in a dream she heard her aunt say, "Hilda, have you no word with which to greet Sir Charles Wynning?" Her only reply was to gasp for breath, clasping her hand to her side as a sudden sharp pain seemed to cut her very heart-strings, and unconscious she sank to the floor, the blood issuing in a tiny stream from between her teeth.

III.

Straw lay before the little house in Curzon Street, and sympathetic inquirers were informed that Miss Templeton was very ill. Sir Charles, when he left the house that fatal afternoon, was quieted by Mrs. De Brett's assurances that the excitement of the season, and probably inherited consumption from her mother, had been the cause of Hildegarde's spasm, and not, as he at first dreaded, fright at his personal appearance.

Poor Sir Charles and poor Hildegarde! how they were both cozened by this arch schemer! Some men might have relinquished their claim at finding such a state of health in the woman they loved, particularly when they remembered the nature of the compact; but not so this gallant knight: the more helpless his lady, the more bound he felt to shield and guard her.

Long Hildegarde lay deliriously tossing to and fro or sleeping restlessly. One hot, drowsy day she slowly opened her eyes, and thought she was back in her little room at Bicester, and heard the bees humming beneath her window. She soon became aware, however, that the humming was made by her aunt and a man whom she recognized as the doctor. They were talking in low tones.

"Most unfortunate," she heard him say. "She is well over this one, but I only give her two more—mind you, two more—and he will have to be very careful of her. No excitement. She must see no one but him."

No one but him, she thought—no one but him. Oh! why had she not died? How was she to live, dragging out a life of suffering, with this creature her only companion! A low moan escaped her as she turned in her bed.

They were immediately at her side.

"I heard what you said, doctor," she whispered, slowly and with difficulty. "Is it right such a helpless creature as I should keep him to an engagement he must be anxious to break?"

"But he is not anxious to break it," quickly responded her aunt, kneeling beside her; "he will not hear of such a thing. Do not say another word, darling, or it will make you worse." And so they left her, while she turned wearily on her pillow and tried to forget.

This was the beginning of Hildegarde's recovery. Every day she grew a little stronger, and every day a box of superb flowers, a book, or a picture was laid before her, and she knew, without being told, who was the sender. In spite of herself she could not help admiring his choice, though her loathing of the man grew with her returning strength.

One morning, just after the arrival of a basket of hot-house grapes, she turned to her aunt, who was sitting at the window making an impossible garment for an East End charity, and said, "If you please, aunt, I would like to speak about my wedding."

The lady thus suddenly addressed would not have been more surprised if the speaker had gone into the middle of the room and stood on her head. She controlled her emotion, however, and answered, quietly, "We can talk of that, my dear, as soon as you are well enough to see Sir Charles and talk the matter over with him."

"But I do not wish to arrange the matter with him"—and a shudder passed through her whole frame. "Will you do me a great favor, Aunt De Brett?"

Of course her aunt said "Yes."

"Promise me"—leaning forward and speaking eagerly—"Promise me you will hurry this matter so that my wedding shall take place on the very first occasion I could possibly see any one. Will you do this, aunt? Let my—let Sir Charles see me first at the steps of the altar. Oh, Aunt De Brett, if you knew how I wished it!"

The earnestness of the girl's manner could not but have its effect on the aunt, who reluctantly consented to her appeal.

The cards were duly despatched, and society was looking forward to quite the most unique wedding of the season. Beauty and the Beast, as they were called, were the talk of every one.

Hildegarde, although she could barely walk down-stairs without assistance, had never looked so beautiful, her aunt

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thought, as, tall and fair, she stood before her arrayed in the bridal white. The lace veil hung close about her face, its yellowness making her skin appear all the fairer. She had never seemed more restless and excited, and she noted the throng that stood eager to catch a glimpse of the bride as she stepped from her carriage. She even handed some of her flowers to a girl at the entrance, and told her as she did so to try and get a rich husband. One instant she hesitated as she stood at the threshold on her father's arm, and the blood seemed to fly to her fingertips; but, controlling all desire to scream aloud, she walked boldly up to the altar, head erect, and her whole body seemed inspired by the music rolling from the organ.

"Beautiful!" "Exquisite!" were murmured on all sides. "What a pity!" a very few muttered. But she was indifferent to it all. Her one thought was, "When will it be over?" There he was, and a shudder convulsed her whole frame as Sir Charles eagerly stepped forward and took the hand offered him by her father.

The clergyman had blessed them, and the congregation rose eagerly, for the bride and groom were coming back, and every one would have a chance to see their faces. Slowly Hildegarde rose, turned, and took her husband's arm. Proudly she faced the congregation, and then, for the first time that morning, looked at him. Those near by saw an expression of deadly loathing come over her face, which grew ashy pale as she clasped her hands over her heart; and the next instant the bride lay prostrate upon the steps of the altar.

Mrs. De Brett proposed to take Hildegarde back with her, but this offer Sir Charles politely but firmly declined, saying, "She is now my wife, and I claim the privilege of nursing her back to that health which may be granted her." So the sad little party—for of course the doctor had been summoned—drove in all haste to the house. Sir Charles had prepared for a very different home-coming. Tenderly he lifted her from the carriage, carrying her in his arms up the stairs, never pausing until he had laid her upon her own bed; then, with one long look at her unconscious face, left her, not to see her again for three long months.

That day his eyes had been opened. Only too plainly could he read the expression of those clear blue ones, as they looked into his at the altar steps. He now understood the cause of that first dreadful seizure, and all the consequent haste which had been so satisfactorily explained by some more of Mrs. De Brett's lies. But now, now he saw it all, as with a groan he buried his face in his hands, and felt life was harder than he could bear. After the first agony came calmer thoughts. At least he could do all in his power to make the short life remaining to her a bearable one; and if his presence was so hateful, she should never be troubled by it. Faithfully he clung to this resolution. Day after day, week after week, passed; everything was done for her comfort, every want, every luxury, supplied, but none of the personal attention he had shown her during the illness previous to her marriage.

As Lady Wynning returned to such health as was to be hers she wondered at this. Then with a bitter smile came the thought: "Perhaps he cares no more for me than I do for him. It may all have been a fabrication of that creature's." She could think of her aunt only with abhorrence. One day the pretty little maid and constant attendant came in, bearing a huge folio volume, saying it was sent by Sir Charles, who thought the sketches might amuse her. He had made them on his foreign travels, and many more, if Lady Wynning cared to see them. She took the book indifferently, rather piqued at his neglect, and carelessly turned to the first page. There she read her name, Hildegarde Wynning only, with the date. No allusion to her as his wife.

The room was very dark, but Lady Wynning did not care for any light but that of the fire. The rain was falling slowly—drip, drip, drip—and in a few moments its monotonous music succeeded in lulling her into a deep sleep. How long it lasted she did not know, but when she opened her eyes they were met by her husband's, who, sitting opposite her, was regarding her intently, his hand shading his face. Perceiving that she was awake, he rose quietly, and advancing toward her, said: "I beg your pardon for thus intruding. I should not have taken the liberty had I not known you were asleep, and would thus be unconscious of my presence."

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The woman thus addressed felt a sharp pain at his words, though she would have been at a loss to describe her sensations. Whatever they were, she only replied, courteously: "I beg you will be seated, Sir Charles; *any* society cannot fail to be agreeable to one that has been debarred all social intercourse for so long."

After the interchange of these mutual civilities there was an awkward pause. Both had been politely unpleasant, and, as is usual in such cases, both felt an increase of dignity and frigidity which was not conducive to any feeling of harmony. Woman-like, Hildegarde took refuge in her infirmity. A look of acute suffering, which might have arisen from mental or physical causes, contracted her features, and, gentleman-like, Sir Charles immediately condemned himself as a selfish brute, coming here to add to her suffering.

"Forgive me," he cried, springing toward her. "I am going, and I swear I will never return unless you wish it."

Her only answer was to hold out her hand, which he pressed in both his own, and with a look at her averted face he left the room.

The next day and the next went by, leaving Lady Wynning free from all interruptions of an exciting nature. Sir Charles, the maid informed her, had gone away, not to return for several weeks. Each day found her stronger, and finally, one bright afternoon early in January, the doctor told her she might go to the sofa in the drawing-room.

Hildegarde was surprised and fascinated with the appearance of the house as she was slowly helped down the stairs, and anything more exactly to her taste than the drawing-room she could not conceive of, as she sank back in the midst of her luxurious cushions with a sigh of satisfaction. Then she thought of the man who had done all this for her, and a feeling of gratitude for his love and of respect for his delicacy rose up in her heart. After all, was he not her husband? Had he not a right to at least toleration on her part? The next time they met she would be at least civil, and she thought of their last interview.

These thoughts chased one another through her mind, and had quite taken possession of her, when suddenly she heard wheels at the door, then footsteps in the hall, and in a moment the door was opened by the maid, who announced, "Sir Charles, my lady," and immediately closed it behind him.

Here was a chance to put her resolution to the test. Raising herself gracefully on her elbow, and extending one hand, she said, softly: "I am glad to see you, Sir Charles. You must be tired. Won't you allow me to ring for some tea? It will do you good."

He could hardly believe his senses. Was this winning creature, with the gentle eyes and adorable voice, the same woman who had repulsed him on so many occasions? Still, he made answer: "That is what I should enjoy, were I not afraid it would be more agreeable to you should I take my tea elsewhere."

"Not on any account," she replied, sweetly; and after giving her order to the maid who answered her summons, said, "My life is not such a gay one that I should wish to estrange my only companion."

Sir Charles was dumfounded. What did it all mean? He almost felt like pinching himself to make sure that he was awake. Here was this beautiful creature in the pale blue gown, whom he had schooled himself to think as unapproachable as the stars, actually challenging him to a *tête-à-tête!*

"You know I am celebrating a great event to-day," she went on, her color rising, "and you must help me. This is my first tea-drinking in the drawing-room, after—after—" Here her flow of words forsook her, as she suddenly remembered that she had never been in that room, and the reason why.

But Sir Charles came to her rescue. He was too much a man of the world to allow his embarrassment to be more than momentary; and entering into the spirit of the situation, said, glibly, "Twenty-one years, I think, it must be."

At that they both laughed, and consequently felt better, and now, the ice being broken, the conversation never flagged.

Sir Charles, with tact, kept the ball from touching dangerous ground, and having established an advantage, never lost it. He made his wife feel the power of that mind and tongue which in all circles had never failed to charm. First he told her amusing stories of his experiences the past few days, when he had been doing a bit of electioneering for a friend down in York. From that he turned to his travels in India, when his wonderful powers of

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description called before her as if by magic the snowy heights and glowing rocks of that imperial land, and finally succeeded in absorbing her so completely that the maid entered, despairing of being heard, and informed her mistress that it was past her usual hour for retiring, ere Lady Wynning took her eyes from her husband's face. Only three months before, the very sight of that face had filled her with horror and loathing. This thought must have occurred to them both, for they were visibly embarrassed at finding themselves mutually so agreeable, and it was with a slight accession of stiffness that Sir Charles stepped forward and offered Hildegarde his arm. Silently she took it, and he left her at her door without the interchange of another word. Mechanically she went through the process of undressing, and fell asleep with a contented smile playing about her lips; while he returned to the drawing-room, and sat late into the night in the same chair he had sat in all the evening, gazing at the spot recently occupied by Hilda's graceful figure.

IV.

The next morning Hildegarde awoke with an unaccountable interest in life. She really felt there was something to get up for, though she hardly acknowledged the feeling to herself.

Sir Charles had sent to inquire after her health, and if she would be down that morning. She, in return, hoped he was quite recovered from the fatigues of his journey, and said that she intended being at luncheon. Slowly she dressed, anxious yet almost dreading it. She did not send for her husband to help her, as he had requested, but descended the steps aided only by her maid. At the foot of the stairs was a tightly closed door.

"What room is that?" she inquired, softly.

"The master's study, my lady."

Impelled by she knew not what motive, Hildegarde turned the handle and slowly pushed open the door. The light from the opposite window threw a perfect radiance of glory over her hair and shining gown of blue as she stood lightly resting on her stick. Like one of Fra Angelico's fairest creations it seemed to the weary man who looked from his table, where he had been writing since early morning. "I beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you," she began. But he cut short her speech by stepping to her side and leading her to the sofa that lay across the low broad window.

"Why my pardon? Is not every room in this house yours?" and its master too, he might have added, but refrained. "Instead of granting pardons, I shall pray for repeated offences."

The words were gay, but the voice was terribly in earnest, and Hildegarde realized it with a strange feeling of satisfaction.

"You will give me a little of your society here, will you not? I have a few odds and ends I should like to show you."

Lady Wynning complied without a word. "After all," she said to herself, "I came of my own free-will, and it is but just I should bear the penalty of my rashness."

So she seated herself among the cushions Sir Charles had brought for her, while he proceeded to put before her the choicest bits from his literary, artistic, and historic stores.

When we remember that Sir Charles was inferior in talents to few English statesmen of his day, and that these talents, owing to their owner's immense powers of concentration, had been cultivated to the utmost, we may imagine the enthusiastic interest that began to grow in the breast of his wife for the man who on his knees laid all his heart, soul, and intellect at her feet. This man was her husband, not a man that she must strive to win by her own efforts. What had he seen in her to admire? And now that he knew her, was it not more than likely that, wearying of her, he would seek the companionship of others more his equals? The thought made her miserable, and she was not made happier by his suddenly pulling out his watch, exclaiming as he did so: "Twelve o'clock, and I have an appointment at a quarter to one in Downing Street! I must be off. Will you remain where you are, or shall I escort you back to the drawing-room?"

"I will go to my own sofa, of course," she replied, rather icily.

He was coolly leaving her to lunch alone, when she had so counted on taking that meal with him—thought her conduct forward, into the bargain, probably. A muttered word of farewell, and he was gone.

The next day passed, and the next, without so much as a line.

The third morning after his departure Lady Wynning was taking her first turn

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in her little pony-chair, when suddenly she was startled by a voice at her elbow. It was her husband close beside her.

"May I accompany you? I should like to have this one walk with you. I have something of importance to say. Certain great persons have seen fit to choose me from among their friends to fill a small office in India that lies within their gift. They offer me an honor that is a burden. They exile me from what is dearer than home. They make me a king while robbing me of my queen."

Lady Wynning could hardly believe her ears. Here was this man walking quietly beside her, and talking of filling one of the highest positions in her Majesty's greatest possession as if it were a thing to be despised.

Then came the thought: if he went, would her life be what she had learned to love? But she only said, "Of course you accept."

"My decision depends upon you. I must speak plainly, for now I can keep silent no longer. You know this existence is unbearable. When they first offered me this distinction I immediately thought of you, as I always do, and the thought of leaving you was bitter; but then came the reflection, to her it will be but a happy release. My presence, I cannot but see, is hateful to you, and the iron entering my soul, I felt that to stay would be far more bitter than to go."

"Since you had so fully made up your mind, Sir Charles, I wonder you thought it necessary to go through the empty form of asking my consent."

The minute she had said this she could have bitten out her tongue. Oh, why could she not say the word she would have given worlds to say?

The man she thus heartlessly wounded let go of her carriage, his arms dropping heavily to his side, and muttering, "Doubtless, Lady Wynning, further assistance would be irksome to you," lifted his hat, and was gone.

Like one in a dream the poor woman drove on. It seemed to her she would have given every moment of her life to have been able to spring from the little carriage she loathed, and run to her husband's side, beseeching his forgiveness.

"Alone and like this," she murmured, "are the next weary, weary years to pass? It is more than I can bear. Oh, why cannot I die?" and the tears started to her wide blue eyes. With difficulty she kept them from falling until she reached her own drawing-room, where, after giving orders that she should not be disturbed, she buried her face in the cushions and sobbed as if her heart would break. They brought her a morsel of dinner, and still she lay, gazing out of weary eyes into the great scorching fire. The clock struck ten—eleven—twelve. She would not go to bed, was her answer at each timid suggestion of her sleepy maid. The thought of bed before she could speak the word she so longed to say was hateful to her. What if he never should return?

Suddenly there came to her recollection a song she used to sing. Slowly she walked to the piano, sat down, and began to sing, heart and soul lending the burden of their woe to a voice clear and pure as a woman's may be. Impelled by a feeling that was carrying her with resistless force, she sang:

"He thinks I do not love him,
He believes each word I said,
And he sailed away in sorrow ere
The sun had left its bed."

At the same moment that Hildegarde rose to go to the piano, a broken-hearted man stood in the street before the door, slowly put his key into the latch, and heard the voice as softly he stepped to the door, that was slightly open, to listen. Unconscious of any presence, sang Hildegarde:

"I'd have told the truth this morning,
But the ship is out of sight.
Oh, I wish these waves would bring him
Where we parted yester-night!"

Softly he pushed the door open until he stood in the room, but concealed by the heavy drapery and the screen before it.

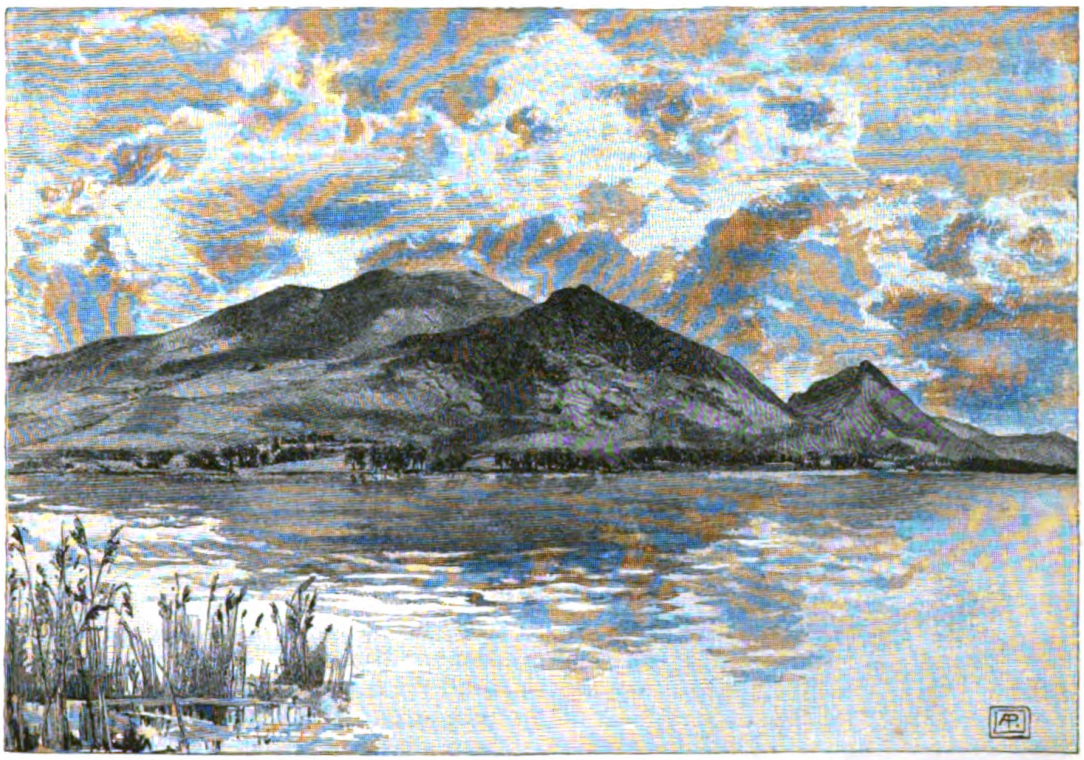
With a voice choked with sobs, the singer moaned forth the sad story of the poor fisher-maid who finds her dead love at her feet, brought by the very waves whose aid she invokes, and her voice rang out in a passion of love and longing:

"The angels must have told him,
For he knows I loved him now"—

the last note ending in a sob as her face, buried in her hands, sank upon the keyboard.

But the song had done its magic work. The word was said, and the man who adored her was beside her. Never more to leave her, for had he not seen her beautiful face full of love, and her voice of longing, and her tears of anguish as she bade him come?

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MOUNT SKIDDAW.

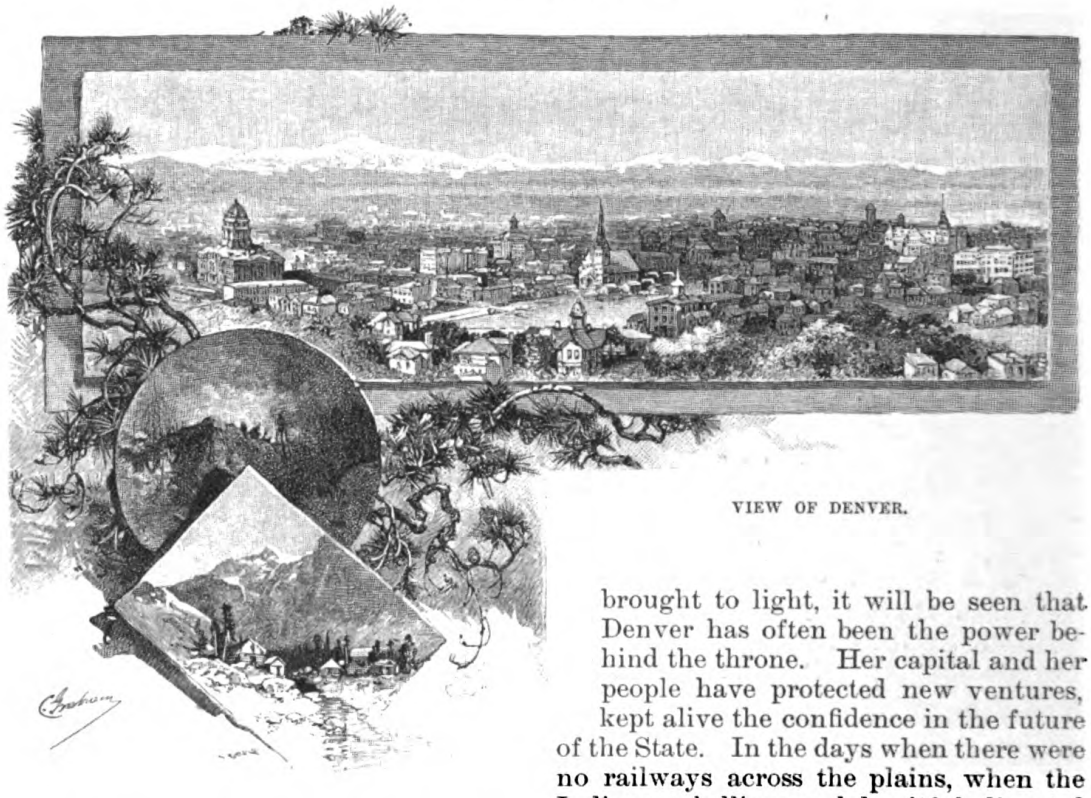
BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled;
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds.
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

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THE CITY OF DENVER.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.



VIEW OF DENVER.

NEARLY six hundred miles west of the Missouri River, and almost in the shadow of the Rocky Mountain range, there has grown, from a small and insignificant settlement, a city that to-day is the largest and perhaps the most famous of any in the great middle West. No one would have dared claim for Denver, a quarter of a century ago, the proud position that it holds at this time. Then it was a mere village, without wealth, without influence, remote, and unsightly. Now it is a metropolis, a centre of refinement, a place rich in itself, influential, and the admiration of all beholders. More than keeping pace with the phenomenal growth of a region that is still in its infancy, so far as development is concerned, it has lost no opportunity, has neglected no chance. Active, keenly alive, progressive, and vigorous, it has turned to its own account the fortunes of the State of which it is the capital, and has secured for itself by every means in its power the reputation it to-day enjoys. When the history of the Far West is written, and the causes of that growth and development which we now applaud are analyzed and brought to light, it will be seen that Denver has often been the power behind the throne. Her capital and her people have protected new ventures, kept alive the confidence in the future of the State. In the days when there were no railways across the plains, when the Indians, rebellious and deceitful, disputed the progress of every emigrant train, Denver never wavered, and her handful of settlers never lost heart. Through days of financial disaster, through all vicissitudes, there can be found no diminution of the faith that at last has been rewarded by the growth of a great city in close proximity to the region that as long ago as 1806 tempted the valiant Pike to cross the unknown plains lying beyond the muddy waters of the Missouri. Like a romance is the story of Colorado's growth, and not less so is that of the growth of Denver. We miss finding in its history the fanciful doings of Spanish adventurer and pious padre. No fierce wars were ever waged for its possession, no glittering pageants were ever held in the long wide streets, with their vista of mountains and plains. There was little that was poetical, but much that was practical. Still the story is as interesting as though there had been these well-worn episodes to draw upon and to magnify and render picturesque, for the tale is of how man came to a wilderness and lived down all trials and all disappointments; how he fought against great odds and battled with hardships, and came out victori-

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ous. And if we are not satisfied with the practical realities presented, and still desire some glitter of gold to lighten the narrative, we have but to turn to the mountains. In their wild fastnesses will be found the foundation of all the romance we wish.

At Denver Junction, a little more than half-way between Omaha and Denver, the Union Pacific sends a branch line southward to Denver. It is now that one begins to look eagerly westward for a sight of the Rocky Mountains. At last they appear. First the highest peaks, each white with snow, loom into view, and then one after another of the great blue-hued shoulders of the range is seen. At last the whole bulky wall lifts itself high above the level of the far-reaching plains, and one is face to face with the mountains that have tempted so vast an army across the six hundred miles of rolling plains. No pen can ever do justice to the beauties of the Rockies; no artist can paint them as they really are. They do not impress one at first as being mountains; they are more like islands, with the prairie as the ocean. Their coloring is exquisite—a deep rich blue, with here and there a bit of crimson and snowy white. It was well toward evening before we were near enough to define the contour or separate the foot-hills from the main range, and the shadows of night soon shut from sight all but the higher summits. They, however, were rosy red in the rays of sunset, and stood gleaming out of the gathering darkness like huge heaps of phosphorus.

In going westward from the Missouri one constantly gains a higher elevation, until at Denver he is nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Each day the blueness of the Colorado sky becomes intensified. As we neared Denver the lights of that city blazed out at us from the top of the high poles from which they are suspended. It seemed almost impossible that the station we reached should be that of a place which so short a time ago was nothing more than a frontier town; and as we drove through the brilliantly lighted streets to our hotel, there was nothing to suggest that we were so far from home, and at last had reached the base of the Rocky Mountains.

It is not an easy matter to describe Denver. It is so similar to other cities, in many respects, that one feels doubtful about the propriety or the necessity of mentioning many of its prominent features, and is in danger of forgetting that what may seem only ordinary, is in reality most extraordinary. If the city were less substantial in appearance than it is, if it possessed certain glaring peculiarities, it would be much easier to describe it. But it so belies its age, and seems so much older than it really is, that one falls to taking



CITY HALL.

for granted that which should be surprising. Wide, shaded, and attractive-looking streets, handsome residences surrounded by spacious grounds, noble public buildings, and the many luxuries of city life, tempt one to forget that Denver has gained all these excellencies in less than twenty-five years. Every tree that one sees has been planted and tended; every attractive feature is the result of good judgment and careful industry. Nature gave Denver the mountains which the city looks out upon; but beyond those hills and the bright sky and the limitless plains, she gave nothing to the place which one has only to see to admire. The site originally was a barren waste, dry and hilly. Never was it green, except perchance in early spring, and not a tree grew, save a few low bushes clinging to the banks of the river. Surrounded on the east, south, and north by the extended prairie lands,

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fast being converted into productive farms, and having on the west the mountains with their treasures of gold, silver, coal, iron, and lead, Denver is the natural concentrator of all the productions of Colorado. From it are sent forth the capital, the machinery, and the thousand and one other necessities of a constantly increasing number of people engaged in developing a new country.

From Capitol Hill, a rounded height formerly on the eastern outskirts of Denver, but now not far from its centre, is obtained the best view of the city. The scene is one that will never change. Rapid as the progress in the State has been, the mountains remain, as of old, high, stately, beautiful, their loftier summits capped with snow, and their wooded sides rich with coloring. At one's feet, however, the contrast between the present and the past is most marked. Gone are the sanded gardens with their weeds; the cabins of earlier days are nowhere to be found. A city lies grouped around the hill —a city of wide, shaded streets and stately buildings. From the height you can look down upon the score of church steeples and the flat roofs of business blocks. The murmur of the activity below creeps up to you, and in the distance lie the sea-like plains, no longer dry and brown, but dotted with farms and the bright new houses of those who have come to the West and accepted it as their home.

The history of Denver is interesting rather than eventful. It was born of the first Pike's Peak gold excitement in 1858–9, and in 1860 was simply a straggling camp of log cabins and tents. From this time the population of what is now Colorado increased with phenomenal rapidity. In August, 1860, there were as many as 60,000 people engaged in mining, and 175 quartz-mills had been erected, at a cost of $1,800,000. Denver during this era became the acknowledged base of supplies. The camp was centrally located, and was, moreover, a station on the Ben Holliday route across the continent. When the mining excitement subsided, as it had by 1865, Denver was too firmly established to be materially affected by the change in the fortunes of the State. Its population, indeed, was considerably larger than when the excitement ran highest. While many of the districts failed to meet the expectations once held regarding them, there were a few that proved richer than had been anticipated. Among these was the Clear Creek territory, forty miles west of Denver. The towns, or camps, in that district continued to hold their own, and were the main-stay of the settlement near the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte. To Central City, Black Hawk, and Georgetown, Denver may be said to owe its continuance during that period when the future of Colorado was most uncertain. Had they failed, and had the mines there proved unproductive, it may well be doubted if Denver could have maintained its existence.

"The Queen City of the Plains," as the Denverites fondly call their much-admired city, has not escaped its trials and disappointments. In 1873 the financial shadow in the East swept across the plains and blackened many a Western project, and in '75 and '76 the grasshopper plague, by which all crops were destroyed, caused large sums of money to be drawn from Denver to pay for wheat and flour. The banks were seriously cramped during this unfortunate time, and all speculation ended. But the failures, after all, were few and unimportant, and the faithful only worked the harder to prove that Colorado was the centre of vast wealth.

In 1877 the cloud lifted. The harvest was abundant, the export of beeves was the largest ever known. More than $15,000,000 was added to the wealth of the miners, stockmen, and farmers. Speculation revived. Money became easy, and confidence wide-spread. Capital poured into the State, and there was a development of industries never known before. Leadville was born and flourished. Its fame was world-wide. Fortunes there were made in a day. He who had a dollar to invest sought Colorado securities. Railways fought for right of way to mining towns, and the plains were dotted with wagon trains again bearing people to the new El Dorado. For nearly six years the excitement continued unabated, and Denver, alive through all the activity to her own interests, which she carefully guarded and nourished, thrived as never before.

And then, in 1883, came the inevitable reaction. The pulse of trade and speculation had beat too rapidly. The pace could not be maintained. Some ventures failed, and others were abandoned because of these failures. The reckless suddenly became conservative. Investors hesitated to invest. Loans were called, and a de-

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CLIMBING THE ROCKIES.

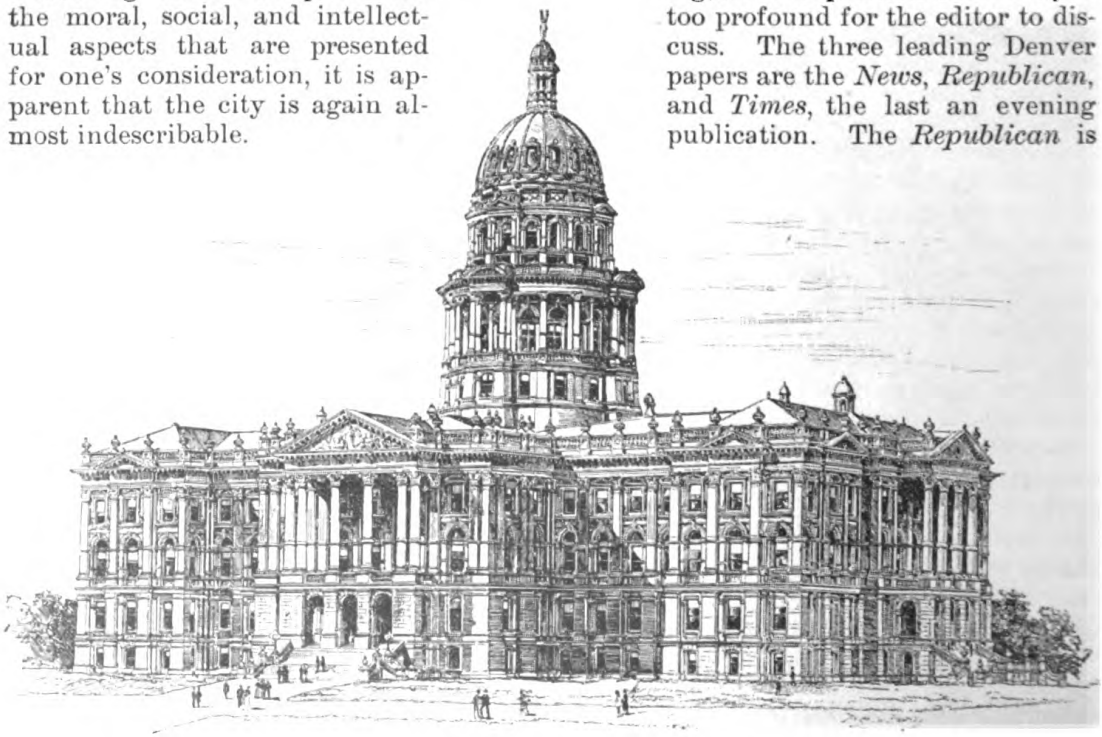
pression of values followed. But considering the advance that had been scored, the retrograde movement was immaterial. In the language of the stock exchanges, it was a "healthy reaction," and eventually did more good than harm. It enabled men to rest and to think. There was time given to study the situation. By the end of 1886 confidence slowly returned. In reviewing that year it was evident that the State had again entered upon a season of prosperity. And in sympathy Denver's sun shone once more, and its clouds were dispersed. By January, 1887, the tide had perceptibly turned. The activity in commercial circles became greater than ever. Old valuations were more than re-established, and the population was nearly 70,000. It was found that the mines had produced a grand total of over $26,000,000 in 1886, and therefore mining received a new impetus. In 1885 permits for the erection of 403 new improvements in Denver were issued by the Building Inspector; in 1886 he issued 709 permits, the cost of the improvements being $2,000,661. In 1885 the total valuation of the State was $115,450,193 90; in 1886 it was $124,269,710 06; and in 1887 amounted to $141,314,329, the greatest gain being in Arapahoe County. Among the banks of Denver the year 1886 showed

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the surplus funds and undivided profits had decreased $128,945 26 as compared with 1885, and the deposits had increased $2,107,633 02, or twenty-three per cent. The loans and overdrafts had also increased twenty-three per cent. The welcome facts giving assurance of progress, and which showed a more healthy condition of affairs in the various trades and mercantile institutions, afforded a promising outlook for the new year. Nor, as it proved, were the signs premature or misleading. The real-estate sales for 1887 amounted to $29,345,451 82, an increase of $18,324,242 91 over those for 1886. Six churches, three school-houses, nearly nine hundred dwellings, several new business blocks, and thirty-five miscellaneous buildings were erected. The total value of improvements in the city proper was $2,971,770, and for Denver and its suburbs was nearly $5,000,000. The recently completed business blocks, among which are the Henry Lee, C. B. Patterson, Tritch, and Patterson and Thomas, are among the largest and best in the city. The new high-school was dedicated in 1887, and work on the Capitol was continued. Many large residences were completed on Capitol Hill and elsewhere, the condition of all banks materially improved, and the year was one of phenomenal activity.

Coming to a contemplation of the moral, social, and intellectual aspects that are presented for one's consideration, it is apparent that the city is again almost indescribable.

It would be untrue to say of Denver that it was "literary to the core," or that it was the "Athens of the West." So far as I know, it never claimed such distinction. It is not a literary centre, and yet it does not want for literature. A lecture on "Burns" might not prove so attractive as one on "Our Mines" or "Our Commerce," but because this is so the inference need not be drawn that a Denverite never reads, or that he does not know who Bobby Burns was. The people of Denver have not yet gotten over being practical. There never has been a Browning craze, and Oscar Wilde was caricatured in the streets. There are ripe scholars and diligent readers in Denver, as in other places of equal size. Indeed, the claim is made that there are more resident college graduates than in any other city of the same number of people. Therefore one may be safe in believing that the literary sense is keener than would casually appear to be the case. And yet in the sense that Boston is literary Denver is not. Perhaps in the daily papers there is evidence at times of a lack of careful attention to Addison. But when it comes to news-gathering, let the journals of the East take notice. The history of the world's doings is laid beside the plate of every Denverite in the morning, and no question of the day is too profound for the editor to discuss. The three leading Denver papers are the *News*, *Republican*, and *Times*, the last an evening publication. The *Republican* is



STATE CAPITOL.

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FOURTEENTH STREET.

largely owned by ex-Senator Hill, and was established about ten years ago. The proprietor of the *Times* is F. S. Woodbury. The *News* was first published in 1859, its office being a rudely built log cabin. In 1866 the paper moved into quarters on Larimer Street, and remained there until 1880, when room was secured in the new Patterson and Thomas block. Closely identified with the history of Denver, it led an eventful life in the early days of lawlessness, and was more than once in danger of destruction by the calamities that threatened the young city. The present manager, editor, and largest owner of the *News* is Colonel John Arkins, a well-known journalist and an indefatigable worker.

Denver has not yet become so literary as to warrant the establishment of large publishing houses, but there are several wholesale and retail book-stores, and in one is a list of books as large as may be found in any New York book-store. This fact is not, perhaps, important in itself, but as evidence of the moral and intellectual growth of the city, it is. Denver is young in years, let us remember, and is the outcome of a place having little regard for things of a bookish nature. It is natural that many crudities should have been buried with the pioneers, and yet it is no less praiseworthy that Denver should so generally have accepted the more modern conditions of life.

Socially, Denver may be called a charming place. The security afforded by the active enforcement of good laws has drawn together a class of people such as is found in towns of a much more prosaic origin and greater age. Society, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. There are constant arrivals and departures. No titled foreigner feels he has seen the "States" if he omits Denver, and our own countrymen endeavor to visit the city during their tour of the West. People of refinement make Denver their home for a season, and often adopt it for a lifetime. It is astonishing at times to notice the effect of Western life upon natures long accustomed to self contemplation and esteem. It is the air of Colorado, perhaps, that so often changes the Eastern man, and leads him to appreciate the truth of the phrase regarding general equality which the signers of the Declaration framed. Or, if not this, then something else works the transformation, and gives us, most fortunately, a whole-souled being who is glad to see you when you pay him a visit, and who does all in his power to render your stay delightful.

It must not be imagined, however, that, with all the good-fellowship, there is not the proper amount of conservatism. One is not waylaid upon the street and presented with the freedom of the houses he sees. Shoddyism exists—as where does it not?—and there is a manifest delight in

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certain quarters to make a lavish display of newly acquired wealth. But circles within the circle may be found, and those with the shortest diameter are the most agreeable as well as less conspicuous. Proper presentation means as much in Denver as it does in New York or Boston.

The best known social organization in the city is the Denver Club. Among its members are a majority of the leading men in law, politics, and business. Once a year the club gives a reception to "society," which is an event of the season.

Among those who have helped give Denver its present reputation, and who now rank among the prominent men of the city and State, may be mentioned the names of Henry Wolcott, once a candidate for Governor, and a lawyer of highest standing; Edward O. Wolcott, his brother, and the attorney for the Denver and Rio Grande Railway; D. H. Moffat, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway; H. A. W. Tabor, who represented his State in the Senate at Washington, owns many of the largest buildings in Denver, and was once Lieutenant-Governor; ex-Senator N. P. Hill, closely identified with the Argo Smelting-Works, and prominent in social and political life; Senator and ex-Secretary of the Interior Henry M. Teller; James Belford, the ex-Congressman; Governor Adams, the Chief Executive, and many others. All are self-made men; many are self-educated as well. Hon. H. A. W. Tabor enjoys the distinction of having had the most romantic career. A country store-keeper in the ante-Leadville days, and "grub-staking" a prospector who discovered the "Little Pittsburgh" mine, he now counts his wealth by the millions, and has done more for the welfare of Denver than any other one man. With a strangely contradictory character, his liberality has never been questioned, and his "good luck" is phenomenal.

The three great industries of Colorado, mining, agriculture, and stock-raising, are those from which Denver derives its chief support. As a mining region, Colorado has made an enviable record. The total yield of the State in gold and silver now exceeds $200,000,000. It is estimated that 100,000 lodes have been discovered, besides numerous placers. Silver was not found until 1870, but in 1886 the yield of that metal amounted to $16,450,921. Among the ores produced are gold, tellurium, copper, iron, and lead. At Denver is made much of the machinery used at the various camps, and to its furnaces and smelters is shipped a large proportion of the precious ores. Shipments from the Boston and Colorado Smelting-Works at Argo, on the outskirts of Denver, amounted in 1887 to $3,767,685, and those from the Omaha and Grant Smelter in 1886 to $8,053,143. Still another smelting company has been formed, which uses every modern appliance and improvement. These three concerns make Denver the largest smelting point outside of Leadville, and afford employment to a small army of men.

As an ore market, Denver is important. For 1887 there were 15,806 car loads of ore received in the city. Allowing 13½ tons to each car, the daily receipts amounted to 584 tons. The deposits at the Mint during 1887 had a value of $1,843,891 90, a gain over 1886 of 28 per cent. The modern practice of buying and selling ore through men known as public samplers is constantly growing in favor. The Denver Public Sampling-Works handled and sold in 1886 over 44,000,000 pounds, or nearly 22,000 tons, as against 13,433 tons in 1885. The value of the ore sold in 1886 was $1,243,360 84—an average of $56 59 per ton. The ore which is received comes not only from Colorado, but from New Mexico and old Mexico, Montana, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, and even from South America. The public sampler is a commission man. He receives ore from the miner, samples it, and gives a sealed sample to each of the buyers, who are the smelter and ore brokers. The buyers assay their sample, and make sealed bids for the lot of ore. On stated days these bids are opened, and the ore sold to whoever bids the highest. The owner of the ore may see it sampled, and is even furnished a sample. The smelters prefer buying of the public sampler to dealing directly with the miner, as they have a larger line of ore to select from, and are saved from dealing with a number of different men.

Agriculture in Colorado is comparatively in its infancy. Not until later days has the industry been given much attention. Now, however, by a system of irrigation that renders long-neglected lands productive, it is fairly launched. The area of farming land has been widely extended. Immense tracts of government land have been put under water and cultivation. Wherever it was possi-

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GOVERNOR ALVA ADAMS.



HENRY M. TELLER.

ble, on the Arkansas, Rio Grande, San Juan, Dolores, Gunnison, and other rivers, canals for irrigation have been projected, and water taken out, to reclaim vast areas that were once considered worthless. In his surveys Professor Hayden estimated that Colorado contained not less than 6,000,000 acres of agricultural land. From reports made by the Land-office in Denver up to 1885, over 4,000,000 acres of that amount had been taken up. In 1885 nearly 900,000 more acres were added, and in 1886 fully 1,000,000 acres, thus making more than the original estimate. The crops for 1886 amounted to 2,100,000 bushels of wheat,



H. A. W. TABOR.



N. P. HILL.

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600,000 bushels of oats, 250,000 bushels of barley, and 175,000 bushels of corn. The total value of the agricultural products does not fall much below $12,000,000 annually. Seed is purchased at the Denver markets, agricultural implements are made and sold there, and the cereals are returned to the flouring mills that have been built.

The third source of Denver's revenue is from cattle and sheep. The herds are



WHITTIER SCHOOL.

raised in nearly every part of the State, and millions of money are invested in the industry. For 1887 the State assessors estimated the number of animals and their valuation as follows:

	No.	Valuation.
Horses	148,027	$5,042,480
Mules	7,560	544,865
Sheep	685,725	877,913
Cattle	894,439	10,634,355
Hogs	15,833	51,573
Other animals	....	56,963

According to other estimates there are fully 1,500,000 sheep in Colorado, the wool clip from which would be not less than $1,500,000. Exact figures are hard to obtain. Cattle are being constantly improved by the introduction of "blooded" stock. In 1886 there were 122,678 cattle shipped from Colorado to eastern markets, as against 75,579 head shipped in 1885. Denver capital is largely invested in the industry, and the fortunes of many of her people have been made in it. The city is the chief hide, wool, and tallow market in the State, and several of the banks are founded on capital made in former years by the cattle kings.

In addition to these sources of wealth Denver has her home commerce, foundries, street railway systems, and list of taxable property. The total revenue of the city for 1886 was $452,648 39, the item for taxes alone being $301,362 42. The assessed valuation of Arapahoe County, of which Denver is the seat, was $11,093,520 in 1878, $38,374,920 in 1886, and $47,037,574 in 1887. The rate of taxation in that time had been reduced from 20.9 mills to 9.7. The growth of Denver's manufacturing industries has been rapid. For 1887 the increase was between 20 and 25 per cent. In 1885 the total value of the product of manufactures in the city was $20,293,650. In 1886 the total value was $24,045,006. In 1886 Denver had 219 manufacturing establishments, employing 4056 men, the annual pay-roll being $2,100,998. As nearly as can be approximated, the statistics for 1887 will be as follows: number of establishments, 240; number of employés, 5000; amount of wages, $3,000,000; value of product, $30,000,000. The shops of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway at Denver employ 600 men, and the general offices of the road are in the city.

The water supply of Denver is more than abundant. In many instances water for drinking purposes is taken from artesian-wells, more than a hundred of which have been bored since 1883. Some are sunk to a depth of 1125 feet. The first flow was struck at 350 feet, the second at 525, the third at 555, and the fourth at 625. Six successful wells were bored in 1885, and eight in 1886. Water from these wells is deliciously pure and cold, and flows from the faucets with sparkling brilliancy.

For irrigation purposes water is brought by a system of ditches from a source twelve miles south of the city. For other uses it is taken from the Platte, and forced by the Holly system into every building. There are fifty miles of distributing mains, and the annual supply is seventeen hundred millions of gallons, an average of nearly 5,000,000 gallons per day. A company now proposes bringing water by gravity from Cherry Creek to a reservoir overlooking the city, thus obviating the necessity of pumping the needed supply.

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ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.

The material attractions of Denver have not been gained at the expense of the immaterial ones. The city prides itself upon its many churches, schools, and public buildings. Gas and electricity are both in use, and there is an extended horse railway system that connects all parts of the city and reaches far into the suburbs. The property of the Denver City Railway now includes fifty running cars, fourteen extra cars, and three hundred and fifty horses. One hundred and fifty men are employed. The cars make 883 trips per day, and there are twenty-four miles of track inside the city limits. The Circle Railway, narrow gauge, was built for the purpose of increasing the value of suburban property. It reaches the southern additions to the city and the outlying parks and race-course. In the city proper, cable and electric roads have recently been completed, thus giving Denver exceptionally good transportation facilities. Still another home comfort is afforded by a steam-heating company. Over one hundred thousand gallons of water are evaporated daily, and the steam is delivered through five miles of mains and three miles of service pipes.

As a city of churches, Denver ranks next to Brooklyn. There are sixty-two, all told, or one for every 1200 inhabitants. A new Unitarian church is being erected, which, with the land it occupies, will cost $55.000; the design is Romanesque. The Catholics propose to soon build a massive cathedral; a corporation with a stock of $50,000 has already been organized for a cathedral fund. St. John's Cathedral (Protestant Episcopal) is one of the prominent buildings of the city; the design of the crucifixion in one of the windows is said to be the largest in the world.

Next to her churches, the city is proud of her schools. They are numerous and ably managed. School district No. 1 includes that part of Denver lying east of the Platte and Cherry Creek, and extends four miles down the Platte and several miles eastward to the plains. It is of an independent character, and was chartered before the adoption of the State Constitution. The property has an assessed valuation of about $29,000,000. A special tax levy of four and a half mills is made for school purposes, and from 5000 to 8000 children are in daily attendance. A new High-School and Library building is now being erected. It will cost $200,000. There are fourteen schools in district No. 1, and 120 teachers are employed.

In West Denver are five school buildings and nearly 2000 pupils. In North Denver the several institutions have an enrolment of about 1200 children. Besides the public schools there is the Denver University, soon to have new quarters; Jarvis Hall, a private school for boys; St. Mary's School, under the direction of the Sisters of Loretto; and Wolfe Hall, an advanced seminary for young ladies.

As a railroad centre, Denver is fast becoming as important as either Kansas City or Omaha. The new Union Depot, where centre the many tracks of the various roads now extended across the plains to this seat of influence in the West, is one of the largest and handsomest buildings in Denver. It is built almost entirely of native stone, and is 503 feet long by 69 feet

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UNION DEPOT.

wide. The central tower is 165 feet high, and contains an illuminated clock. Two hundred thousand pieces of baggage were handled at the Union Station in 1886, and the passenger business was larger than ever before. The general passenger agent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, together with several other officials of the road, occupy one half of the second floor of the building, and in the other half are offices of the Union Pacific Company. The main floor is divided into spacious waiting, baggage, and dining rooms, and the grounds to the east of the depot are laid out in flower beds, lawns, and walks.

The first transcontinental railroad to reach Denver was the Union Pacific. It made its appearance in the year 1869, sending two lines across the plains, one from Omaha and one from Kansas City. The former was the first to arrive, and the latter followed the next year. Soon after the advent of the Union Pacific the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe extended its system westward toward the Rocky Mountains as far as Pueblo, and was soon connected with Denver by the Rio Grande road, a narrow-gauge which was rapidly built southward along the base of the mountains. In 1883 the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, generally known in the West as the Burlington, pushed on past the Missouri, and taking a path between that followed by the Union Pacific and that of the Kansas Pacific, came into Denver. The city had now three direct routes to the East, and the fact that the traffic of the several roads more than repaid them for the expense of building, offers conclusive evidence of the commercial importance of the city at that period of its history.

From 1876 to 1883 there was great activity in Colorado railway circles. More than one thousand miles of rails were laid over the mountains and through the valleys of the State. When Leadville was discovered, and a vast army of men surged toward that famous place, from which came daily tales of fabulous wealth, the Atchison and the Rio Grande were both at Pueblo. From here there was only one known route through the mountains to Leadville. This was up the cañon of the Arkansas. Both roads claimed the right of way, and each disputed with the other which should have it. Excitement ran high, and the employés of the two companies were transformed into two contending armies. There were daily battles, some resulting in bloodshed, and all fought with earnestness and grim determination. At last the Rio Grande was declared victorious, and the work of laying tracks through the deep and narrow gorge was begun. The rate of progress was marvellous, considering the difficulties encountered, and while Leadville was still in the first flush of its sudden renown, the plucky little narrow-gauge was at its door.

By the completion of this one and only railroad to what was then the most famous mining camp in the world, Denver became the chief seat of supplies for the newly opened region. Leadville drew upon her unceasingly; and in meeting all demands the commerce of the city was greatly increased, and the merchants enriched. More than all, Denver profited by Leadville's wealth. Fortunes made in the one place were spent in the other. To-day, even, some of the richest Denverites are those who made their money in Leadville. In 1887 the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe built its road from Pueblo to Denver, and gave the city a fourth line to the east. The new route closely parallels the Rio Grande road, and passes through Colorado Springs.

And it is now a settled fact that the Missouri Pacific will soon enter Colora-

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do, and reach Denver over the Denver, Texas, and Gulf road, now built as far south as Pueblo, and once known as the Denver and New Orleans. How many other lines will in the future make Denver their objective point, time alone can tell. One may safely venture the prophecy, however, that both the St. Paul and the Northwestern will eventually enter it and strive for its business.

The railway communication which Denver has with the different districts of the State has been considerably extended by the new Colorado Midland road, extending from Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles south of Denver, to Leadville. The road passes through the heart of the State. When completed beyond its present terminus, it will enter Utah, and connect there with the Utah Midland, a proposed new line to the Pacific. The Colorado Midland now uses the newly laid track of the Atchison road between Denver and Colorado Springs. Eventually it will use the Denver, Texas, and Gulf track, or possibly become a part of the Missouri Pacific system. The road has an important bearing upon the future of Colorado, and gives an additional route from Denver to the productive sections of the State. Still another road of direct benefit to Denver is the Texas, Santa Fe, and Northern. It connects the Rio Grande and the Atchison at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and gives Denver a nearly direct route into the Southwest —old Mexico and the cities along the Gulf of Mexico and in Texas.

Besides its successful attempts to obtain control of the country lying south and west, Denver was not so blind to its interests as to neglect the productive territory of its northern surroundings. It is this district which the Union Pacific controls. The Denver and South Park and the Colorado Central are both owned by the Union Pacific. The former extends westward to Leadville and the Gunnison country, and the latter to Idaho Springs, Breckinridge, and Georgetown. The two lines are important in their relation to Denver. As examples of engineering skill they are remarkable. The South Park crosses the mountains at an altitude of over 10,000 feet, and on the Central, near Georgetown, is the celebrated loop, where the road doubles upon itself in a manner which engineers never cease to admire. The favorite excursion for Denverites is over the Central. The road follows Clear Creek Cañon, a narrow gorge of wonderfully varied scenery, and places within easy reach of every lover of mountain scenery the famous health resorts of Idaho Springs and Estes Park. On the South Park road one gains an idea at least of the varied and picturesque beauty of Colorado. He sees its valleys and its mountains, and is made acquainted with the passes over which the emigrants of years ago used to drag their heavy wagons.

But it is not because of their scenic attractions alone that Denver is fortunate in being the centre of these two roads. The country of which they are the outlet



UNITED STATES COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE.

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is the first that was developed in the State. The old placer claims there yielded fabulous sums of money, and to-day the mines in and around Georgetown have a yearly output that adds materially to the wealth of Colorado. No better illustration of this fact can be given, perhaps, than by taking the report of the United States Mint at Denver for 1886. The total operations of that concern for the year aggregated $1,500,000. Of this sum Colorado furnished $1,303,807 87, the several counties contributing as follows:

Arapahoe	$292 86
Boulder	20,771 46
Chaffee	65,602 81
Clear Creek	18,575 31
Dolores	379 05
Eagle	670 04
Gilpin	686,793 15
Gunnison	2,447 46
Huerfano	115 83
Jefferson	2,854 20
Lake	80,631 01
La Plata	193 08
Mesa	111 08
Montrose	285 10
Ouray	1,973 28
Park	54,552 81
Pitkin	13,603 96
Rio Grande	57,210 39
Routt	17,279 31
San Juan	8,707 00
San Miguel	54,813 60
Summit	149,686 28
Unknown	66,258 80
Total Colorado	$1,303,807 87

From this table the relative importance of Boulder, Chaffee, Clear Creek, and Gilpin counties, which the Union Pacific system reaches, is at once apparent.

The Mint at Denver is only used for assays, and not for coinage. Ore is received from nearly every mining State and Territory in the West, California sending $2821 11 in 1886, Idaho, $16,869 39, and New Mexico, $108,849 34.

The trade of Denver for 1886, including the product of her manufactories, amounted to over $72,000,000. Of this sum the smelters produced $10,000,000. The real estate sales, as recorded, were nearly $11,000,000. Property, compared with that in Kansas City, is not high. Prices are not within a fourth what they are there, are less than a third those of Omaha, one-half those in Los Angeles, and one-seventh those in Minneapolis. Following the depression of a few years ago has come no "boom" or unwarranted advance. The sales for 1886 were large, but were the result of an active and legitimate demand.

The business portion of Denver is continually expanding, and every year creeps eastward and toward the north. It seems reasonable to suppose that the centre of trade in the future will be near the County Court-house, and eventually surround that spacious structure. Lands that a few years ago were looked upon as far outside the city limits are no longer so regarded. Capitol Hill, which in 1882 contained not more than one or two houses, is now nearly covered with the largest and most expensive houses in the city. Residence streets have been rapidly absorbed by business interests, and there is a continual pressure away from the old centre down by the junction of the Platte and Cherry.

The streets, houses, and public buildings of Denver are most attractive. Bright red brick and yellow stone are the favorite materials of construction, and the effect of this combination gives the city a peculiarly pleasing appearance. The number of public buildings is still limited, but is being rapidly increased. The City Hall, Tabor Opera-house, Duff Block, County Court-house, and mercantile blocks would be a credit to any city. None of the streets are paved, and at times are uncomfortably muddy. In the residence quarter rows of trees line each thoroughfare, and there are streams of water coursing past them. In a majority of cases the houses are surrounded by lawns and gardens. Especially is this true of those on Capitol Hill.

Besides its County Court-house, Denver will soon have the Capitol Building. It is now being constructed, and will cost a million of dollars. Ground for its reception was first broken on the 6th of July, 1886, and the foundations for the stonework were completed the following November. The Corinthian order of architecture has been adopted, and the stone for the front walls will be from the sandstone quarries of Gunnison County. Georgetown granite will be used in the foundations, and other portions of the building will be of stone obtained from the quarries at Stout, in Larimer County.

The Governor and other State officials will have apartments on the lower floor over the basement, and on the floors above will be the legislative halls, the Supreme Court rooms, and the private rooms of the judges. The legislative hall will occupy the west front, and will be 63 feet long, 52 wide, and 42 feet high. The building

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will be severely simple, having no dome or minarets, and will be 383 feet long and 313 feet wide. It is to stand on Capitol Hill, and overlook the entire city and its varied surroundings.



OPERA-HOUSE.

The climatic advantages of Denver, like those of Colorado in general, have often been described, and are now tolerably familiar to all. A clear, invigorating air, cool nights even in midsummer, mild days in winter, with now and then a season of extreme dry cold, are the chief characteristics of the highly favored place. One enjoying these blessings is loath to leave the city. Rarely is the sky obscured. Almost to a certainty one may plan for the pleasures of a week ahead. For sufferers from throat and lung troubles, Denver is a natural sanatorium, and now that it has every comfort of life, and has become staid, conservative, and stable, it will add to its population every year, and tempt to itself those who no longer are able or willing to brave the discomforts of older but much less favored centres.

WHY?

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

HEART of me, why do you sigh?
Why droop your eyelids, pale and shy,
Like snow-flakes that on violets lie?—
Why do you sigh, my heart?

Sweeting, wherefore do you weep?—
'Til the flowers that May winds steep,
When the day hath sunk to sleep,
Seem from beads o' dew to peep?—
Why do you weep, my sweet?

O my love, whence comes this glow,
Like the sunset on the snow,
Which on your fair face doth show?—
Why do you blush, my queen?

Must I speak your answer, dear?
Listen then, and you will hear
Why you sigh and weep and blush,
Why e'en now you bid me hush:
Sing, O sing, ye birds that be;
Answer, music of the sea;
Spin, old earth, to melody;—
For my one love loveth me—
Doth she not, my heart?

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THE MARRIED MAN.

I ONLY am the man,
Among all married men,
That do not wish the priest,
To be unlinked again.

And though my shoe did wring,
I would not make my moan,
Nor think my neighbor's chance
More happy than mine own.

Yet court I not my wife,
But yield observance due,
Being neither fond, nor cross,
Nor jealous, nor untrue.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE social records of Lent bear a general resemblance to those of the height of "the season," and irresistibly suggest "the season" in a garb of mourning which indicates mitigated affliction. The penances of Lent are much mitigated. Whether there be a Lenten number of guests at dinner, or a Lenten limitation of the *décolleté* dress suitable for the melancholy season, or a Lenten brand of champagne, is unknown to the Easy Chair. But that the Lenten mortification resembles reaction and lassitude from extreme dissipation has been observed by certain commentators, who in some instances add a foot-note referring to the French proverb, *Reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Certainly, if a fair average, or, more strictly, a fair spiritual balance, is to be preserved, it is evident that "the pace" of society, from the first great ball of the winter up to Shrove-Tuesday, requires, from sheer exhaustion, almost a full stop or halt when Ash-Wednesday dawns. If some beneficent relaxation of the social tension did not intervene, an appalling snap of some kind might be reasonably anticipated. The exigencies of the fashionable season impose duties upon young gentlemen which only heroes could contemplate undismayed or perform successfully. Nothing could compensate for them but the consciousness of great services nobly rendered, nor anything make them possible except the knowledge of the sure approach of Lent. To the youth who must breakfast at eight that he may report at the office at nine, to remain until five or six, Fashion proposes a nap from half past seven or eight until eleven; then dressing and hieing to the ball; then the dance until four; then another snatch at the sweet restorer until half past seven; then *da capo*, or, as Mr. Weller said at the slide, "Keep the pot a-b'ilin', sir."

There are "collaterals" also to this happiness—bouquets for partners, and carriages, and the minor decorations of the person—oblations upon the altar of the benign and beneficent goddess whom the youth serve with the devoted zeal of crusaders and of the Swiss Von Winkelried. For this fidelity Fashion points to Lent as the reward—beneficent Lent, which for balls substitutes small dances, and little dinners, and cozy theatre parties, and other such scourgings and macerations and subjugations of the flesh. The game is probably worth the candle, or it would not be so furiously played. If to be perfectly well dressed imparts a satisfaction which Heaven itself cannot bestow, the human soul which enjoys it must also enjoy the triumph of the superior toilet and of the outdazzling diamonds.

The scoffing philosopher in Central Park who observes the Lady Comme il Faut driving in her closed coupé at a stately pace, with a face whose bored pathos surpasses the poet's dejected 'havior of the visage, and who asks what conceivable pleasure can that poor woman be taking, and why should a woman who can do whatever she chooses choose such a dismal performance as this, forgets that the bored face is part of the paraphernalia of her pleasure, and that in a world where beneficent miracles might be wrought by money and intelligence and the human heart, this lady chooses to do this particular thing. Sympathy, at least, is wasted. You wonder at her, but she, in turn, wonders at Florence Nightingale. You pity her, perhaps, but she pities the Sister of Charity. She dresses and calls and shops and drives and dines and dances. She goes to the opera and to church. Then comes Lent, and she goes a little more to church, with a sense of doing her duty. Then comes Easter, and a new bonnet and new clothes. "Here we go backward and forward, and here we go round, round, roundy."

Democritus in the Park has been known to ask whether Lent had been observed to diminish the necessity for Lent; by which question he explained that he desired to know whether the meditations and mortifications of this year's Lent would modify the mad waste and whirl of next year's season; in other words, whether it is proved that as Lent has become a more rigorous fact, the pace of society has become proportionately less fast. If this has been the result, then our fathers must have been, in the sense of the play, truly "awful dads," and our mothers more astounding houris than their daughters. Lent is properly a season of reflection and good resolution. We withdraw to the closet to meditate

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upon our ways, and to devise how to mend them, and in the pulpit of an afternoon the good pastor points us to better worlds and leads the way. Now, then, what is the actual result? Do we bring the good man to shame? Do all our severe questionings, our self-confessions of our wickedness, end in something or in nothing?

For instance, shall we go to balls next season an hour or two earlier? Will the german begin before one o'clock in the morning? Will anybody abate in the least the extravagance of social entertainments unless he becomes bankrupt in the mean time? Shall we perceive, as we survey the glittering whirl, a visible diminution of reckless waste and ostentatious expense? Will our tongues stab less sharply? Shall we be more generous, more reasonable, more charitable? Will all the faithful mortification of Lent, the spiritual flagellation to reinvigorate conscience and chasten life, really strengthen Mrs. Grundy to show Mrs. Candour the door, and stimulate Mrs. Candour to defy Mrs. Grundy? Or when the abasement and self-discipline of Lent come to an end, and Mrs. Guy Flauncey rises, so to speak, from her knees, will her anxious heart flutter just as eagerly as ever about her Easter bonnet, and this dear old world seem only the dearer for her theoretical Lenten absence from its embrace?

These are the questions that Democritus asks of a fine morning during the season of mortification as he spurs along the smooth bridle-path in Central Park, and thinks of all the branches of the families Midas and Crœsus and Dives hastening to early prayers. He was known once to have joined a damsel of one of the golden houses on her way in Lent to her daily morning abasement, and as they emerged, when the good work was done, he said sententiously that he thought one fault might be found even with the most exquisite artificial flowers. As the damsel turned to him her soft, inquiring eyes, he responded to them by saying that the fault he meant was a want of fragrance. "The most retiring and unobserved violet in the field," he continued, "has a delicate odor—the breath of its life, and the breath that proves its life." The soft eyes of the damsel of the house of gold still inquired, and Democritus replied that the text of the morning, "By their fruits ye shall know them," was the test of Lent.

"I am now waiting," he said, at parting, "to see whether there will be any fruit; whether all those lovely flowers in the conservatory—I mean the chapel—are really flowers, or only muslin and paper and gold and silver foil."

Still the soft eyes inquired; but Democritus bowed low and laughed, and repeated the old lines as he went:

"The scentless flower holds up its head;
Its fragrant fellow droops instead;—
For you the proud Lucille may be,
But drooping Delia is for me."

THE performance of Wagner's trilogy at the Metropolitan Opera-house during the winter marked the highest tide of the new music in this country. By a pathetic coincidence, at the very time of this triumph the Italian opera was represented at concerts by Madame Gerster and Signor Campanini, whose voices were so recently the rapture of the town, but which are both *quantum mutatæ ab illis!* It was an unexpected following at the chariot wheels of Wagner. Only a very few years since, the great and charmed audience at the Academy, when the curtain fell upon *La Sonnambula*, could not turn away, but remained standing and shouting and calling, until Amina had put on her walking dress and bonnet, and Elvino had donned his cut-away and bright scarf, and hat in hand stood ready for Broadway, and in this prosaic attire both passed before the curtain, bowing and smiling and happy, and the future probably seemed to them a vista of endless recalls and enthusiasm and delight.

That vision has vanished, and it is with some courage that a veteran now confesses that he found pleasure, or even still finds pleasure, in the tum-ti-tum of the music which but now charmed the world. Two such veterans chanced to sit side by side at one of Thomas's unequalled concerts this winter, and after the exquisite G minor symphony of Mozart had been played they beamed at each other benevolently for a few moments, and then one ventured to say, "Charming." The response was prompt and entirely sympathetic, "Delightful." The open sesame had been correctly spoken, and instantly illuminated chambers of memory piled with rich and glittering treasures were revealed.

"Thirty years ago such a concert would

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have been impossible in this city or in this country."

"Certainly it would. Neither could there have been found then such an orchestra, nor would public taste have been equal to it. A symphony we might have had, but the garnishing would not have been another symphony and a Beethoven concerto and nothing more. In those days, too, we thought twenty-five pieces a fine orchestra."

There was bland silence for a while, and then, "We can never do that in this country."

The remark was apparently so detached that veteran number two looked interrogatively.

"I mean that although we may produce fine composers, the performers, the executants, the orchestra, will not be Americans," replied veteran number one.

The lifted brows and encouraging eyes of veteran number two plainly asked an explanation.

"Simply that we cannot practise to the necessary degree. Those people have all fiddled on two notes for twelve hours together. But no American would submit to do that. Something must be allowed to the spirit of liberty."

"Popular government, then, is incompatible with trained orchestras?"

Veteran number one smiled pleasantly, and replied, skilfully, "These performers are mainly Germans."

At this moment il Maestro Thomas raised his baton, and the fiddlers upon two notes burst into the concerto. With Bäermann at the piano, it was exquisitely played, and as it ended, the veterans beamed more benignantly than ever.

"Of course you remember Bosio?" said number one.

"Grant White's *Beaux Yeux*," said number two.

"Those were pleasant evenings at Castle Garden and Astor Place. Yes, and even Chambers Street."

"Should we think them so now?"

The other veteran did not answer immediately, and was quickly brought to book by his comrade by the question, "You enjoy Wagner?"

Number one answered at once: "He has revealed the resources of the modern orchestra, and his effects are prodigious."

Now number two felt that this answer would not have satisfied a trilological enthusiast, because it omitted to pay homage to the purpose for which the resources of the orchestra have been developed, and to the principle upon which the Wagnerian opera is constructed. He asked, therefore, with due gravity:

"Do you think that you hear music sufficiently with your mind? Instead of being absorbed in *Leitmotiven*, are you not really hankering for the flesh-pots of melody—of gross *tune*? Are you not in danger of preferring dime novels to the mystic wisdom of Jacob Böhmen? Shall we debase the soul by liking things that can be ground out by hurdy-gurdies? Orpheus lost Eurydice by looking backward. Beware, my friend, of his fate. No more 'Ah non credea,' no more 'Non mi dirs,' no more 'In questa tomb' oscura,' no more rippling Mozart and singing Weber, and no more longings for them, if you please. We are now to take our music seriously, as spiritual discipline, so to speak. Perhaps if we are truly penitent for having dallied with the smiling, graceful nymph of melodious song, we may be permitted to hear the new music, wrapped in sheets and holding candles."

But before the other veteran could respond there was the familiar tap of the conductor, and looking as if they heard the old German song "Denkst du daran," the graybeards were listening to Goldmarck's beautiful symphony *The Country Wedding*. In the instrumentation they remarked the breadth and effect of the Wagnerian treatment, while the cheerful, festal air of the whole work was a happy blending of the older and the newer spirit. Veteran number one was truly a soul of catholic tastes and sympathies. His romantic recollections of the refined and charming Bosio did not affect his sincere delight in the great music of an older day, nor his reverence for Beethoven disturb his appreciation and enjoyment of the genius that rules the hour. Yet he could smile at the exclusive enthusiasm which holds that to divide is to take away—a rule which, however true of gold and clay, is not true of the pleasures of the soul.

So to the other veteran who had come to hear the orchestra of Thomas, which under his quiet mastery was never so fine as it has been this winter—a fact of which the public seems not to have been conscious—the meeting with an old comrade of similar tastes and kindred associations was a happy chance. It is by the increase of such associations that time atones for his

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ravages, and as he steals away the future, enriches us with the past. The brown hair of to-day sees the artists and the audience of the hour, but the gray hair sees them and more, as in the old pictures of saints the form is drawn distinctly upon a background of dimmer figures, cherubs and angel faces. "I saw you first," said number one, "in the loveliest village of the plain, and you sang Uhland's 'Ferry,' and I sang a song of Herrick's." *Mein tapfrer Langkienka!* As he spoke, the panorama of how many years unrolled, and all their charm was added to the spell of Thomas's orchestra.

But at the opera an interesting question of loss and gain was submitted to the proprietors. Would they prefer to close the house and lose only a thousand dollars each, or would they open it and enjoy the music and lose some two thousand each? Who would not wish to be caught in such a delightful perplexity—a dilemma whose horns are solidly gilt, and to fall upon which is to prove yourself plated with gold! The question was answered as Jonathan usually answers it. Open the doors, summon Euterpe, and confound—or words to that effect—the expense. We shall have German opera accordingly, and German opera has never been presented, upon the whole, more satisfactorily than in New York.

It is a natural question why Jonathan, even when gold-plated, stifles his instinct for a bargain and consents to such apparently unnecessary extravagance. Why not say to the lovely Fräulein and Herren that they must subdue the voracity of their purses or they need not come? It is true that there is a government subsidy for many foreign opera-houses. But is it so large in the case of individual singers that it could not be equalled here at much lower prices? Jonathan pays well for his own generosity and the fame which it gives his country. The poor immigrant lands at Castle Garden, and confesses that he thought to pick up silver in the streets. The prima donna hears of Patti's five thousand dollars nightly, and longs to touch the soil and the dollars of El Dorado. Good-natured Jonathan bids her come, and flings her the dollars. Is he not a foolishly and needlessly extravagant Jonathan? Might he not satisfy the singers with fewer dollars?

The cost of supplying such music as New York now demands is so great that it cannot increase, and probably it cannot continue. There have never been fewer concerts or operatic performances than those of the winter. But doubtless they have been given at a loss to the managers. To supply music as an act of disinterested pecuniary loss and self-sacrifice cannot be expected for a long time, except of a very few musical, music-loving millionaires. One of the best of musicians said that he was willing to play for nothing, but not at a large loss every time that he drew his bow. Jonathan should not ask music as a charity, and especially should he not ask such charity of poor musicians. On the other hand, if fine music is to become a mere luxury, a kind of *pâté de foie gras* for a select and not especially musical circle, why, then, "Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

IT was pleasant to find recently in a Wisconsin journal a plea for good newspaper English. If our friendships must be kept in repair by care and attention, so must the simplicity and purity of the language. Lecky points out that the extravagant rhetoric of Irish speech is comparatively a modern corruption, and does not characterize Swift and Molyneux and the elder Irish leaders. Like all bad habits, extravagance and inaccuracy and vulgarity in a written or spoken style grow rapidly by indulgence. The phrase "newspaper English" has come to have a significance which is not flattering to newspapers, and yet which is extremely unjust to them. It would not be difficult to show that the increase in the importance of the press as a power in the state is the measure of advance in the general use of a clear and sound English style.

The reason is obvious. The press becomes a power by influencing the public mind, and thereby moulding public policy. To do this effectively, its statements must be clear and its arguments conclusive. The necessity of the case compels the first quality of a good style, which is lucidity. Simplicity, for the purpose of instant intelligibility, becomes imperative. Generally the paper is hastily read under conditions not favorable to close attention, and the article must be short. Surplusage, repetition, obscurity, and mere decoration of phrase are so much obstruction, which a constant natural selection tends to remove. The argument must begin at once, its course must

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be evident, and its conclusions necessary. To accomplish this result, precision, clearness, and conciseness are indispensable, and a writer who is exact, clear, and concise is master of a good style.

The leading articles in the leading papers of the great capitals in this and other free countries are generally excellent illustrations of such a style. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say the leading articles upon questions which command public attention. There is a certain space in every such paper devoted to editorial essays, and there is not always such a pressure of commanding topics as to compel the treatment which we have described. Then the trouble begins. Writing for "padding" is like speech-making against time. The language is instantly in great danger, and its forcible and lucid use will be abandoned for the time. The phrase "reportorial English" designates this situation. An editor who directs a reporter to "write up" an incident of any kind practically directs an abuse of the English language, of the public patience, and of his own trust. It is such "writing up" which results in the mischiefs denounced by Dr. Dix in a late Lenten lecture—mischiefs worse than the vulgarization of the language, and ignominious for the press.

But the newspaper writing which is characteristic and important, and for which the newspaper must be held responsible, is its editorial writing. The conditions under which this is generally done admit of little revision, and hence the more creditable is its character, and the more necessary constant watchfulness to maintain it. There are words and phrases which are the familiar tramps of the language. They present themselves incessantly to every writer, and as it is easier to yield to them than to resist, there is constant danger of their intrusion into an article. They try to cajole the writer by representing themselves as common phrases, popular phrases, children of the people, as it were, and not of your "stuck-up" scions of gentility and aristocracy. Not to use them seems to many a writer an over-sensitive, super-refined, finical pedantry, as speaking correctly to a man who mispronounces and mingles plural nominatives or nouns with singular numbers of verbs often seems to be a severe reproof which a good-natured man hesitates to inflict.

It is here that the rule of keeping friendships in repair must be applied. The writer must perceive that the use of slang and catchwords and common inaccuracies of speech will defeat his purpose, because they attract attention to themselves and divert the reader from the argument. Heat and vituperation produce the same effect. There is nothing less effective than blackguardism. The instant that the writer hurls an epithet, the reader exclaims: "Oh, I see! this is not an argument. It is a mere spirt of spite, an outbreak of ill-temper. The man is in the wrong, or he wouldn't lose his temper."

Some of the tramps, however, sometimes steal into the best society, and Mr. Bryant, when he was the editor of the *Evening Post*, is said to have prepared an *index expurgatorius* of words and phrases that must not be admitted into the columns of that paper. The Wisconsin journal says that under the sway of Mr. Bryant's benign English, when a lawyer made an argument, he pleaded, and not plead; when a gift was given, it was not donated; when a work was begun, it was not commenced. The same paper points out the misuse of the word "caption," which in legal procedure refers to a part of an official document, or to the arrest of a person, but which is now often used as descriptive of the heading or title of a newspaper article. In this sense Webster calls it an Americanism, and the philological sense of the editor is so offended by it that he states that it is not used by the best writers.

There is another word which has recently invaded the domain of good usage, which Mr. Bryant would certainly have inscribed upon his index in very large and very black letters. It is the word "voice" used as a verb, instead of express, as when an orator or writer avers that he "voices" a universal feeling, or "I wish to voice" the indignation, etc. This is a sturdy offender, who should not be tolerated in any good style. Webster gives the verb, but in this sense records it as obsolete. He cites one use of it in the obsolete form in Bacon, and one in Shakespeare, in the form "voiced," which indeed occurs twice. But it is obsolete because utterly useless, and it need not be revived. A man may "give voice" to an opinion if he will, but why not express it, or announce it, or proclaim it, declare, speak, utter, or assert it? Neither precision,

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force, clearness, picturesqueness, nor any advantage is gained by exhuming a form which has properly and happily become obsolete. Another tramp who has sometimes obtained respectable recognition is champion used as a verb. It is an ill-conditioned varlet who tries to take the place of his betters, and should be sternly reminded that he is a noun, and as a verb is wholly superfluous.

These are illustrations of the marauders who are always prowling about the newspaper, and, like sneak-thieves, hoping, in a moment of incaution, to pilfer something of the simplicity and raciness and elegance of a good English style. Whether, as some ingenious speculator now asserts, all language was originally slang, it is certainly not all slang now. Good sense and good taste, which are both instructive, must be the sentries at the door of the sanctum, and if any pen at the desk should attempt the phrase "voice the emotion" of the hour, shoot it in the proof.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE second volume of Mr. Henry Lea's *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* concerns the work of the Holy Office in Languedoc, France, Spain, Italy, the Slavonic countries, Germany, and Bohemia; and it traces, with the patience and temperance characteristic of his inquiry in the first volume, the growth and decline of that institution in the different states and the different conditions. It appears that the mediæval Inquisition was bad enough, but it is from the Spanish Inquisition, which succeeded it in Spain and her dependencies alone, that the popular impressions of inquisitorial atrocity are derived. The action of the former was shaped from Rome; it was not only directed against heresy, but it asserted a political pretension of the Holy See in the several countries; and wherever the local temporalities were sufficiently strong, or became so, the Inquisition of the Middle Ages submitted to their control, and finally lost its own potency in the sovereign will. This happened not only in Italy, Germany, and France, but in Spain itself, before bigotry became incarnated in the Spanish princes, and the lust of empire replaced the love of liberty in the Spanish people. Sadly enough, the mediæval Inquisition accomplished its aim thoroughly in Languedoc alone, where religious thought had first known freedom, and where civilization flowered earliest in the humanities, which then found a friendlier air beyond the Alps, in that Italy where the great poet was doubting whether to write his "Divine Comedy" in Provençal or Tuscan. This was partly because the Counts of Toulouse had not the force to maintain themselves against Rome, and partly because Catharism, the form of heresy commonest in Languedoc, was itself a belief which, as the world advanced, must cease to fortify its devotees against persecution. As Mr. Lea says: "The secret must be looked for in the hopeless pessimism of the faith itself. . . . Manes had robbed the elder Mazdeism of its vitality when he assigned to the evil principle complete domination over Nature and the visible universe, and when he adopted the Sankhya philosophy, which teaches that existence is an evil, while death is an emancipation for those who have earned spiritual immortality, and a mere renewal of the same hated existence for all who have not risen to the height of the austerest maceration. . . . The world was . . . . unconsciously preparing for the yet unknown future in which man was to regard nature not as an enemy, but as a teacher. Catharism had no possibility of development, and in that lay its doom."

It was doomed, and it was destroyed; but Mr. Lea never allows us to imagine that the guilt of the Church which destroyed the Catharists was the less because the error of Catharism was great, and because it had a truer faith and a saner philosophy. Even if the monstrous fables invented concerning the rites of the Catharists had been true, if they had really worshipped the deity with the obscene orgies attributed to them, still the system of persecution which wrung the confession of the enormities from accused heretics by torture was a far more damnable thing in the sight of God. It is possible that the inquisitors believed these lies; but as one of the things that were most apt to lead to the suspicion of heresy was

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a virtuous life, it is not probable that they believed them. In any case, however, persecution resulted in a type of character among Catholics which has been repeated in fainter lines among the zealots of every sect, and produced in its most impenetrable and inexorable form that bigotry which other Christians associate with the thought of Catholicism. This is an inevitable part of the retribution which the Catholic Church of to-day suffers for its past sins against human nature and the Divine mercy, in teaching that a heretic was by reason of his heresy destitute of those claims upon honor, love, and trust to which a righteous life entitled a believer, and that a good life in a heretic ought only to make him the more abhorrent, the more to be suspected and shunned.

II.

Of course it is impossible for unperverted human nature to receive and act upon these teachings; and the study of a case of perversion, which the Spanish novelist Perez Galdós makes in his recently translated romance of *Leon Roch*, is not the study of a character now common, we suppose, even in Spain. The fact that such talents as Galdós and Valdés are analyzing it so unsparingly, yet so justly, as they are doing, contains the promise of its disappearance, or at least its modification, in the course of time, and we may enjoy the pictures they draw with the reasonable hope that the original is never to be generally mischievous again. But we cannot hug ourselves upon the freedom of the Protestant faith from such forms of bigotry; it is the touch of poor foolish human nature in their heroines which makes them universally recognizable as portraits from life.

In *Leon Roch*, as in *Marta y Maria*, the name of the devotee is Maria, but in this case she is not an exalted sentimentalist seeking the fulfilment of her selfish pietistic dreams in a convent, but a loving wife whom her religious intolerance transforms into a monster of cruelty and folly.

The situation is simply that of a young scientific man, whom his great wealth has left to the unmolested study of science, till he marries the daughter of the insolvent and morally bankrupt house of Telleria. The Marquis and Marchioness of Telleria are a worthless couple, who have reproduced their qualities in a family of children amusingly self-satisfied, wasteful, and vicious, with a devotion to the offices of the Church unequalled but for their abandon to the corruptions of the world. The exceptions to their vices as well as their absurdities are Maria and her twin brother Luis Gonzaga, a young monk with whom she has passed her childhood in an atmosphere of the austerest bigotry, and whom she regards as a saint. Her husband, in the guilelessness of his gentle nature and the hopefulness of his tender heart, imagines that he is going to form Maria's character and make her over in his own ideal; but Maria's character is formed already, and she is made once for all. She looks upon her husband, who is a scientific agnostic, as an atheist; she always speaks of his attitude toward the Church as atheistical; and so far from lending herself to his plans for a union of aims and sympathies, she sets herself to save his soul in the manner advised by her spiritual director. Failing this, she relaxes him, as it were, to the secular arm; she upbraids him continually with his "atheism"; she spends half her time at church, and turns his house into a chapel of ease for her overflowing devotions; she schools herself to regard whatever is evidently good and kind and sweet and true in him as of evil; she steels her heart to his love as against a snare of the devil. In the end he abandons her, after a vain attempt to compromise with her by giving up his scientific studies if she will give up her week-day devotions. She consents; but when her sainted brother comes home to die in her house, and shows by his perpetual aversion of the man who tenderly nurses and befriends him that he regards him as a lost and perilous wretch, she cannot keep faith with him. She does what she can to break her husband's heart, but, in her way, she loves him still; she loves him enough to be madly jealous, and when she hears that he has gone into the country, near the woman who had loved him in their childhood, she follows him to denounce and reclaim him. He tells her that he no longer loves her, and her frenzy ends in a brain-fever of which she dies.

The excellent thing in the treatment of Maria's character is that her sincerity, deadly and pitiless as it is, is honored throughout, and the man whom she makes so entirely miserable never entirely loses his respect for it. She is the incarnation of the terrible spirit of big-

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otry, of Catholic bigotry, surviving in all its intensity into an age whose light shows the fashionable religiosity of her family comic. They are really a delightful group, with their several vices, their common willingness to live upon Leon, their patronizing deprecation of his "atheism," their frank denunciations of each other, and their collective resolutions to reform their extravagant and worldly life, which none of them ever begins to keep. Their friends of the aristocratic world are sketched with like mastery, and it is hard not to give one's heart to men drawn with such wonderful truth as the newly rich Marquis of Fúcar and his thorough scoundrel of a son-in-law, Federico Cimarra.

It is this worst of bad subjects whom Pepa Fúcar marries in her despair and rage when she hears of Leon's engagement to Maria. She pays for her rashness by a life of abject misery with him, but she never pretends that she has not brought her misery upon herself. She is one of those mixed characters who are beginning to get out of life into fiction; but no other sort seems to get into Galdós's book, and perhaps this is the reason why some of his most reprobate people have a hold upon our sympathies. Pepa, untrained, capricious, violent, and impassioned, has the brains and the heart to know Leon's rare goodness, and to be guided by it, when she would gladly have gone to ruin from her love of him. She is a modern woman, vivid, intuitive, brilliant, the truthfulness of whose portrait may be felt under these skies of ours—in which the sun is as high at midwinter as in Spain—no less than under her own, and she belongs to that order of women, rare in fiction, who, like Aurore Nancanou in Mr. Cable's *Grandissimes*, leave the reader with a sense of personal acquaintance. In fact, Galdós's people all do this in some degree, and the action in which they are concerned remains in the mind like something one has known in life.

We will not follow it in detail, or spoil the pleasure of those who like to come freshly to a story. It is one that satisfies the best feeling morally; the only lapses are artistic, and these are in the long letter with which the story opens, and the long speeches of the interview with which it practically closes. The letter, which is supposed to be Maria's, repenting to Leon her antenuptial jealousy of Pepa, is employed to introduce the situation and recount the preceding facts, much as the first dialogue of a play used to be; and perhaps the Spanish preach at each other as the persons of that interview do, but we doubt it. In these two places, however, the author seems to have deposited all that was mistaken and tedious in his method, and the conduct of the story between is as brilliant as perfect mastery of his material can make it. In fact, it is as much better than the conduct of most American and English stories as Spanish art is better than English art, than American art; though, after saying this, it seems too strong, and we should like to modify it by advising our novelists, if they would learn how to imitate nature, to go learn of the contemporary Spaniards—after they have learned all they can of the Russians.

III.

Which brings us, as usual, to Tolstoï, though not, unfortunately, to a novel of his, but only to his recently translated essay on Napoleon and the Russian campaign. We do not mean that every word of it is not worthy of the closest attention, both for the general theory of war involved and for the specific opinions from time to time advanced, but only that we would rather read a novel of Tolstoï's than an essay of his or of any one's. His notion of the Russian campaign is that it was in its details and final results the effect of a popular impulse blindly working to a divine end; one of those race movements from west to east, and from east to west again, by which, somehow and however terribly, mankind is advanced, and its conditions are ameliorated. The great man fades and dwindles in this conception, and has importance only as he embodies the common impulse; his will is accomplished only as a part of it, and can never be accomplished against it, and the hero is no more emancipated from his duty to other men and his responsibility to God than the meanest of his human instruments. The infernal pretension that "genius," of whatever sort, in virtue of being "genius," is a law to itself in morals and politics, has the dynamite shaken out of it forever, and is tossed aside harmless into the general dustheap of obsolete superstitions. It is not strange, then, that the quiet, patient, tire-

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less Koutouzof, waiting throughout for the stir of the great popular Russian impulse, should be the supreme figure of the campaign in Tolstoï's eyes, and not the dramatic, restless, wilful Napoleon, whose egoistic ambition was confounded in the calamity he had invoked.

"How was it that this old man," asks Tolstoï, in summing up his chapter on Koutouzof, "alone against many, divined with so much perspicacity the national import of events, and did not once contradict himself throughout the whole campaign? This power of insight had its source in the sentiment of the Russian people, which was carried by Koutouzof in his heart with undiminished vigor.... This sentiment and nothing else elevated Koutouzof to the height of human feeling....This simple, modest, and therefore truly grand figure was not cast in the ready-made factitious mould employed by history for the manufacture of European heroes. To the valet he is not a great man; the valet has his own conception of greatness."

Throughout, the words employed to characterize Koutouzof paint the portrait of Lincoln; and the student of men, who ought also to be their friend, may greatly interest and edify himself by comparing the passages relating to the former in Tolstoï's essay with the noble lines of the Commemoration Ode, in which Mr. Lowell has divined and imperishably fixed the touchingly homely yet majestic lineaments of the latter. Slowly but surely the stupid vanity, the cruel error, of the race is being enlightened, and we are learning that there is no greatness except that which lends itself with instinctive humility to the expression of the common-sense and the good-will of the masses of men. More and more the individual ceases in importance, and the time advances when no fortune and no grandeur shall seem desirable except such as all men can share, except such as gladly makes itself the servant of all, to help them, comfort them, enlighten them.

IV.

It is interesting to see in how many ways the prescience of this finds utterance. It illumines history; it shapes and colors all that is worth reading in fiction; it animates the highest poetry of our time, it redeems and ennobles its doubt.

One is sensible of it in the *Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real* which come to us from a poet of the West, of which the first and chiefest is the colloquy of "Pessim and Optim." These two voices speak of the becoming and of the being, here and hereafter, of our race, according to the differing natures intimated in their names, and the latter has the last word, employed to enforce the idea that heredity and immortality are one. It is a notion which hardly reassures the personal "dread of falling into naught," but it expresses unselfish trust and patience, and it has its suggestiveness. It is the poet's sweep of fancy, however, and the language which so strenuously follows its flight, which we wish to praise, rather than his philosophy of life and death. Here, for example, is a passage of luminous reach into heights and depths difficult for words to explore:

OPTIM.

"Ay, we are dreamed; and if ever the Dreamer
Wake from the sleep to remember the dream,
We of His waking shall thrill in the tremor,
Dawn with His memory, mingle and stream.

"What though He slumber through eon on eon?
When He has dreamed all the infinite full,
Dreamed all the worlds, and the lives there to be on,
Out to dreamed gravity's uttermost pull;

"Dreamed forth of matter and force interblended
(Storm-drifts of matter and torrents of force),
Cyclones of flame, globed, exploded, and rended—
Wide wild beginnings of Time's endless course;

"Dreamed out of chaos the suns in the spaces,
Dreamed down the suns to their white molten cores,
Dreamed off the worlds in their systemal places,
Over them dreaming the continent floors;

"Out of their pulps of fire dreaming the oceans,
Out of the rain from their heavens of steam,
And of their mad elemental commotions
Moulding the motions of life in His dream;

"Dreaming the marvellous atoms together
Into the miracles feeling and thought,
Hitching, with matter's mysterious tether,
Selfhood of sense to insensible naught;

"Dreaming the span of the measureless chasm
Yawning between the live and the dead—
Wonder of dreams in the organless plasm
Crawling to soul from the sea's oozy bed—

"Feeling to soul in the sea's vital foment,
Feeling to form and to faculties dim,
Till, at the touch of a consummate moment,
Loosed into freedom to rise and to swim—

"Swimming of dreams in the nightmare of waters!
Hydras, chimeras, and gorgons of sleep,
That by transitions of mutual slaughters
Play the dream-tragedy Life in the deep;

"When His long dream through the spawning and swarming
Sea-generations has passed into things

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Creeping aland, and has risen transforming
Into the slow apparition of wings;

"When from the budding of nerves in the banded
Spirals of earth-crawling pleasure and pain
Upward has issued His dream and expanded
Into the glorified blooming of brain—

"Flower of all the world's forces and ages,
Top-bloom of matter exhaling the soul,
Opening volume whose unopened pages
Yet of God's being shall utter the whole—

"Here from His dream shall He start into waking—
Dream of the universe waking in Me—
Me as a shore where the great billows breaking
Leap out of silence in sounds of the sea....

"When, through heredity raised and perfected,
Faculties now in the germ shall have bloomed,
All the forgotten shall be recollected,
All that is buried shall be disentombed.

"Whatso has ever with being been gifted,
Since the first givings of being began,
Living again shall be gathered and lifted
Into the sovereign consciousness, Man."

In this we perceive the presence of a true poet, and we welcome him none the less cordially because it is the late-coming of one who has lingered long in the repute won him by a single charming lyric. Mr. Coates Kinney, whom we have been quoting, is the author of "Rain on the Roof," which perhaps more people have got by heart than will care to read his "Optim and Pessim"; but now he takes a vast stride forward, and places himself with the few who think in the electrical flushes known only to the passion of most men. Throughout this poem there is a grasp of not easily tangible matter which cannot fail to strike any reader, and which will bring to some the thrill imparted by mastery in an art which has of late seemed declining into clever artistry. In other poems of the present volume the author shows a kindred power, more or less; and in that addressed to Tennyson on his becoming "My Lord," there is a rise on a narrower base almost to the level of the first; but that alone is enough to merit all our praise; and we may fearlessly allow for much indifference and mediocrity besides.

V.

It is a pleasure to recognize the intellectual force of this mature mind, and it is with equal but different joy that one finds both promise and performance, fruit and flower, in an unmistakably youthful book. Mr. Madison J. Cawein is another Western poet (but of Kentucky, whereas Mr. Kinney is of Ohio), and there is much that is expressive of the new land as well as of the young life in his richly sensuous, boldly achieved pieces of color. In him, as in his elder, one is sensible (or seems so) of something different from the beautiful as literary New England or literary New York has conceived it. Here is a fresh strain; the effect of longer summers and wider horizons; the wine of the old English vine planted in another soil, and ripened by a sun of Italian fervor, has a sweetness and fire of its own. This native spirit is enveloped in flavors too cloying for the critical palate at times, but one can easily fancy the rapture it must have for a reader as young as the poet. How can any reader, in fact, refuse the charm that is in such a gorgeously decorative thing as this which the poet calls "The Ideal"? Its very excess is refluent of one's own youth.

"Thee have I seen in some waste Arden old,
A white-browed maiden by a foaming stream,
With eyes profound and locks like threaded gold,
And features like a dream.

"Upon thy wrist the jessied falcon fleet,
A silver poniard chased with imageries
Hung at a buckled belt, while at thy feet
The gasping heron dies.

"Have fancied thee in some quaint ruined keep,
A maiden in chaste samite, and her mien
Like that of loved ones visiting our sleep,
Or of a fairy queen.

"Or one in Avalon's deep-dingled bowers,
On which old yellow stars and waneless moons
Look softly, while white downy-lippèd flowers
Lisp faint and fragrant tunes.

"Where haze-like creatures with smooth houri forms
Stoop through the curling clouds and float and smile,
While calm as hope in all her dreamy charms
Sleeps the enchanted isle.

"And where cool heavy bow'rs unstirred entwine,
Upon a headland breasting purple seas,
A crystal castle like a thought divine
Rises in mysteries.

"And there a sorceress full beautiful
Looks down the surgeless reaches of the deep,
And bubbling from her lily throat, songs lull
The languid air to sleep.

"About her brow a diadem of spars,
At her fair casement seated, fleecy white,
Heark'ning wild sirens choiring to the stars
Through all the raven night.

"And when she bends above the glow-lit waves
She sees the sea-king's templed city old,
Wrought from huge shells, and labyrinthine caves
Ribbed red with rosy gold."

For a fitting pendant to this the reader should turn to "The Mermaid," or to "A Guinevere," or to both rather than neither. "Guinevere" is not to be encouraged in

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all respects, perhaps, but it has touches of passion unquestionably graphic.

"Am I happy? Ask the fire
When it bursts its bounds and thrills
Some mad hours as it wills
If those hours tire.

"See! the moon has risen white
As this bursten lily here
Rocking on the dusky mere
Like a silent light.

"I must go now. See! there fell,
Molten into purple light,
One wild star. Kiss me good-night;
And once more farewell."

We do not find that Mr. Cawein echoes any of the poets who are apt to reverberate in the pages of beginners. There is something surprisingly authentic in his verse; and if he reminds you of any one, it is of Keats, and that rather by his point of view than by anything in his conception or execution. What you definitely feel is that here is the same love of beauty in nature and in art, the same divine intoxication with the music of one's own heart and the employment of one's sense, as in the earlier poet.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of March. —The following bills were passed by Congress during the month: To aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools, Senate, February 15th; urgent deficiency (for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888), House, February 17th, Senate, with amendments, March 7th; to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children, Senate, February 29th; to provide for the purchase of United States bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury (authorizing him to apply surplus money in the Treasury to this purpose), House, February 29th; military and postal telegraph, House, March 3d; dependent pension, Senate, March 8th.

A treaty adjusting the fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada, signed February 15th by the Commissioners of the United States and Great Britain, was sent by the President to the Senate February 16th, with a message recommending its ratification.

The decrease of the public debt during February was $7,756,366 67.

The County Option High License Bill was passed over Governor Green's veto by the New Jersey Assembly, February 29th, and Senate, March 6th.

The Crown Prince Frederick William (Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolaus Karl von Hohenzollern) became, March 9th, German Emperor and King of Prussia, under the title of Frederick III.

The Reichstag, February 17th, prolonged the Anti-Socialist Law for two years.

March 4th, the rebels attacked Suakim, and were repulsed after sustaining a loss of several hundred killed and wounded. Loss on British side, six killed and fourteen wounded.

A new Brazilian Ministry has been formed, with Señor Alfredo as Premier and Minister of Finance.

General Antonio Flores has been elected President of Ecuador for the regular term, beginning June 10th.

The Spanish Senate has approved a bill establishing trial by jury.

DISASTERS.

February 16th.—Forty persons killed by an explosion in a coal mine near Kaiserslautern, Bavaria.

February 19th.—A tornado devastated the town of Mount Vernon, Illinois. Over thirty persons killed.

February 25th.—The report confirmed that about four thousand workmen were engulfed while attempting to fill a breach in the embankments of the Yellow River, China.

February 27th.—Over twenty persons killed by an explosion on a Southern Pacific ferry-steamer at South Vallejo, California.

February 29th.—Several Alpine villages destroyed by avalanches, with large loss of life.

March 2d.—News in London of loss of French schooner *Fleur de la Mer* off Cayenne, French Guiana. Sixty passengers drowned.

March 3d.—Despatch from Tamatav, Madagascar, reported the devastation of that place by a hurricane. Eleven vessels wrecked and twenty persons killed.

March 9th.—Advices from China say that official reports of the Yellow River inundation place the number of persons drowned at over 100,000, and destitute, 1,800,000. Over 15,000 persons reported killed by the earthquake in the province of Yun-Nan, December 15th.

OBITUARY.

February 15th.—In Toledo, Ohio, D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), aged fifty-four years.

February 17th.—In New York, Alfred Smith Barnes, the publisher, aged seventy-one years.

February 19th.—In Rome, death announced of Count Corti, aged sixty-one years.

February 20th.—Rev. John Hewitt Jellett, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, aged eighty years.

February 21st.—News of the death, in Leipsic, February 10th, of Professor Heinrich Leberecht Fleischer, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.—In Providence, Rhode Island, George H. Corliss, aged seventy years.

February 24th.—In Washington, William Wilson Corcoran, in the ninetieth year of his age.

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February 28th.—James Cotter Morison, the author, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

February 29th.—Death announced in London of Count Wilhelm Karl Eppingen de Sponneck, Danish statesman, aged seventy-three years.

March 3d.—Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, aged sixty-seven years.

March 4th.—In Boston, Amos Bronson Alcott, aged eighty-eight years.—Charles Cecil John Manners, Duke of Rutland, in the seventy-third year of his age.

March 5th.—In London, Mrs. Procter, widow of Barry Cornwall, aged eighty-eight years. (This announcement was not received until after the article entitled "London as a Literary Centre," in this number, was off the presses).

March 6th.—In Boston, Miss Louisa May Alcott, aged fifty-five years.

March 7th.—In Charleston, South Carolina, C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, aged eighty-five years.

March 8th.—In Charleston, West Virginia, General D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), in the seventy-second year of his age.

March 9th.—In Berlin, William I. (Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig von Hohenzollern), German Emperor and King of Prussia, in the ninety-first year of his age.

March 12th.—In New York, Henry Bergh, aged sixty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.

HEREDITY is a puzzle. It seems to be easier in this world to inherit bad qualities and traits than good, but both sorts make such leaps and jumps, and are so inclined to go off on collateral lines, that the succession is difficult to calculate. The race is linked together in a curious tangle, so that it is almost impossible to fix the responsibility. Defects or vices or virtues will not always go in a straight line. The children of deaf-mutes, for example, are not apt to be deaf-mutes, but the cousins of those children may be deaf-mutes, showing, it is said, that some remote ancestor of both had some mental or physical defect, which has been transmitted to his posterity, though not in the form in which he was afflicted. In most cases we cannot do anything about it; the older our civilization becomes the more complicated and intricate are our relations, so that it has already become a dangerous business to be a human being at all. It is not always certain that if a man eats sour grapes his children's teeth will be set on edge, but the effect of the sour-grape diet may skip a generation or two, or appear in a collateral line. We try to study this problem in our asylums and prisons, and we get a great many interesting facts, but they are too conflicting to guide legislation. The difficulty is to relieve a person of responsibility for the sins of his ancestors without relieving him of responsibility for his own sins.

However, we were making some progress in ascertaining limited cause and effect, if not general law, when there comes in a new element in human speculation. This is the law of Karma. If this law were recognized only in Boston we might surround it and study it. But the recognition has become to some extent continental. There are Esoteric Buddhists of the Society of India in the State of Ohio, and Karma may be said to be as well understood there as the odic force. The appearance of Karma in Ohio is almost simultaneous with that of Natural Gas, but the coincidence is simply accidental. There is no analogy between the two except that the gas may be considered a conservation of energy, a transmission of force from other material forms. But with the gas we have nothing to do now. The notion of the Theosophists, or Esoteric Buddhists, or Occultists (of India, Boston, and Ohio), needs a little explication in order that we may understand its bearing on heredity. The notion is that all human beings in this world undergo successive incarnations, preserving, unconsciously, the personal identity in all the changes of condition. Therefore every human being is the result of all the influences in all his previous conditions; that is, as we understand it, he is not the result of ancestral influences imposed upon him by descent, but of conditions in his former incarnations. The form in which he shall reappear in the world, that is, is not determined by his visible ancestors, but by his conduct in his former lives. He may have been born into wealth or into poverty; in those lives he may have been an African savage or a Roman dandy, a king or a beggar, or even a woman. But whatever he was, now in this present incarnation he suffers the penalty of all his misdeeds in all former states of being, or he enjoys the reward of good conduct in any of them. And it behooves him now to live the higher life—perhaps of expiation—in order that he may rise into a still higher life in the next unknown incarnation, and not sink into a lower. Therefore no effort is thrown away, and no act is without its infinite personal consequences. The law of Karma, it is explained, is the law of the conservation of energy on the moral and spiritual planes of nature. Psychic knowledge is, it may further be said, to be pursued for itself, and not in order that we may gain a vulgar control over nature, although it is asserted that the adept Occultist has a power over matter; he can by his will

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transmit a material object from Calcutta to London in a second, or he can crush a tree with a wave of his hand. This, however, is a detail that does not concern us. If we understand the position, a man, as to what is most important in his incarnation, does not take from his physical ancestors, he only inherits from himself. What he was in his former states he cannot know except by observing what he himself is now. If he is very low down, it is likely that in a former incarnation he had what is called a "good time," which he must now expiate; and if he finds something noble in himself, he may conclude that it is a conservation of good efforts and tendencies in his former existences. In this way the responsibility is shifted from our grandfathers to ourselves. The Drawer, of course, has nothing to do with an investigation of this theory of life; it simply notes it in reference to the prevalent study of the doctrine of heredity.

AFTER THE FAMILY REUNION.

THE daylight has come again, Dorothy dear,
And last night seems so long, long ago,
It might be a dream but for mem'ries that come,
And—a troublesome *gout in my toe.*

Did I say I was gouty? Ah! well, then, let be;
The bandage and salves they can wait.
When clouds have rained sunbeams, who talks about pain
When he finds they have dropped in his plate?

Ah, then, how we danced! How the magical spell
Of Sir Roger de Coverley's tones
Swept the harp of my heart (held the gout, if you will),
And thrilled through and through my old bones!

And what though the turn of my toes (Charles remarked)
"Could not challenge a French dancer's art,"
I had the old tune, and I knew the old swing,
And I felt that I *must* do my part.

You won my old heart again, Dorothy dear,
As, with manner so stately and staid,
You wound through the minuet's mazes, serene
In the wealth of your damask brocade.

The times have changed somewhat since we were both young,
All the dances and dancers too, dear,
But we played the old tunes and we sang the old songs,
And last night felt the old-fashioned cheer.

Who said we were old? Though Mehitabel teased
(She was always a mischievous elf),
And traced out the crow's-feet between your dear eyes,
Young Mehitabel's *fifty* herself.

And Charlotte peeped over her glasses to count
The gray hairs on these temples of mine;
And Charlotte, dear Charlotte, she laughed—though she took
To a brown wig at *forty-and-nine.*

But the dream and the picture fade, Dorothy wife,
And I look in those eyes, soft and blue;
Mine own eyes are blurred as I read on thy brow
A signature noble and true.

A laugh with the hearts *young* in spite of the years,
And a tear with the *old* hearts that pass;
There's many a poem unwritten, unsung,
Hid behind the gold rims of a glass.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

THE WITTY NOBLEMAN.

AN American girl recently had the honor of meeting an English nobleman, Lord E——, at an entertainment in London. He opened the conversation by asking if she had heard the story about the man who wished to cross the river with his donkey, there being no bridge, and only a small skiff as a means of getting over. The young lady adroitly avoided saying she did not know how the party managed to cross, whereupon Lord E—— condescended to try her on another tack.

"Are you the head of an awse?" said he.

"No," replied Miss P——.

"Are you the tail of an awse?"

"Certainly not," answered the lady, rather provoked.

"Then," said his lordship, "you're no end of an awse."

DR. W——, a hospitable physician of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, is in the habit of entertaining his neighbors at his house without regard to their social standing. One day, while one of his humble friends was dining with him, he informed the doctor that he hadn't a tooth in his head.

"Why, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Dr. W——, "how do you manage to masticate your food?"

"Ah, doctor," replied Mr. Smith, "I 'ain't got no teeth, but you see I've got a *powerful good swallow.*"

THE darky stories in the Drawer for January reminded the writer of the following incident:

A few years after the war he had occasion to visit Richmond with his family, and living at the time in the county of Patrick, fifty miles from any railroad station, very few of the darkies in that county had ever seen a railroad train. A nurse was a necessary part of the family equipage, and he had secured the services of a coal-black specimen, about fifteen years of age, who was as quick-witted as usual, but was as veritable a Topsy as ever "growed." The party took the train at the nearest station, and after a few hours' run a broken rail threw the train off the track. Some of the cars made a revolution down an embankment, and some were lodged on its incline at an angle of forty-five degrees. Great consternation, of course, ensued: the men were shouting, and the women and children screaming. After great difficulty our party scrambled out of the coach on the steep incline of the embankment. Finding no bones broken with wife or little one, the writer, who was surprised at the placid, undisturbed appearance of the nurse, who, holding the baby in her arms, looked upon the scene as if nothing had happened, said,

"Milly, were you much frightened?"

"No, sah," she said; "*I thought it had to stop that way.*"

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GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.—By Albert E. Sterner.

SWELL. "I am going to resign from my club."
FRIEND. "I thought you liked it so much."
SWELL. "Used to be all right, but society is getting too mixed. Why, I met my pawnbroker there the other night!"

JOE, the colored waiting-man, came in early one morning to make a fire for Elisha Carr, a sort of evangelist, who was stopping with Joe's master. It was cold, and the ground covered with snow.

"Have you got religion yet, Joe?" asked Mr. Carr.

"No, sir."

"Well, don't you want to get it?"

"No, sir; don't know as I does."

"Well, you'd better want to get it. You'd better want to get to heaven, where it will be warm, and you won't have to make fires on cold mornings."

The idea struck Joe with force, and he "studied" over it for a while; then, looking up with a puzzled expression, he asked, "Tell me, Mr. Carr, is dey any white folks up dar?"

"Yes."

"Well," sighed Joe, "you nee'n't ter tell me, *ef dey's any white folks up dar, dat niggers won't have ter make fires fer 'em!*"

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG."

IN one of the coast States there lived two men of very dissimilar positions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailors' loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Suson?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court!" cried the judge, sternly.

The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Suson is looking

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at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked, "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?"

"It is, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers: "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour."

RELATIVE VALUES.

So Jim has retired from bachelor life,
And married a widow. Why not?
Do tell me about it; I'm anxious to know
What sort of a wife he has got.

She's worth twenty thousand, you say. I declare,
That's a stroke of good fortune for Jim.
Worth twenty— What's that? Say it over once more.
"She's worth twenty thousand—*of him!*"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NED was a bright little tike, but he could not comprehend the justice of his mother's oft-repeated admonition, "Ladies first, Ned." His good behavior, Ned argued, did not warrant sister Ruby in having "the first say" in all things. One fine afternoon Ruby and Ned displeased their mother by joining a "bobbing" party on a neighboring "hill" street.

"I must whip both of you for your misbehavior," the mother concluded, after telling the little ones how they might have been mangled by one of the swift "bobs," or have been hurled against the icy pavement by a collision with other sleds.

Ned was sorely grieved because he had displeased mamma. Suddenly his face brightened, and coming close to Ruby, he exclaimed, triumphantly, "Please, mamma, ladies first!"

IN THE CLOUDS.

He mused—the old professor—
Before his midnight fire;
The cat—that bold aggressor—
His choicest morsels stealing,
The while the bells were pealing
From out the neighboring spire.

"Fire!" clanged the rocking steeple,
And fiercer grew the roar;
"Fire!" screamed the frightened people;
"Come out, O man of learning,
Come out, your barn is burning!"
They thundered at his door.

His face his fears reflected.
"Why, bless my soul! that noise!
Yet stay—I'm calm, collected;
I've left my Plato in it;
Just wait a half a minute,
I'll get my lantern, boys!"

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

LONG PIG.

THE early missionaries to Polynesia found a great difference in the resisting power of the various kinds of savages to their efforts. In the Hawaiian Islands, for instance, all went well. Nine-tenths of the natives were converted; they went to school and to church; they wore clothes on Sundays, went naked and caught colds on Mondays, and generally took to their beds so soon after their conversion that there was very little time for backsliding, which was mostly confined to the younger and friskier converts. The spiritual crop was thus gathered in as soon as it was ripe; it was the surest and the most satisfactory way; and the Board of Missions felt that a great work had been accomplished, especially as no trouble had then been made about the probation of the heathen.

But affairs did not move so happily as this in all the missions. The Feejee group, in particular, was inhabited by a stubborn and unregenerate race, and they held on to their own things with great perverseness. There were some sad backslidings.

About the year 1865 there was much rejoicing over the conversion of the little island of Pili-Poli—I think I have the correct name—in the eastern Feejees. It had been a hard pull; the people had resisted long and stoutly; but the most virulent opponents of the new creed, having been persuaded to wear red flannel shirts for eight or ten months, had succumbed to pulmonary disease; and the other natives were very tired, for they had a persistent Calvinist from New Jersey among them, a Mr. G——. The remnant gave up resistance at last; they put up a church, and a little jail for Sabbath-breakers, and all went well for nearly a year. Sunday services were held regularly, the natives were awakened to the impropriety of going without clothes, and that unfortunate old habit of cannibalism was not so much as mentioned among the faithful. The missionary reported a most promising state of spiritual things, and sent all the Pili-Polian idols home to Boston by Adams's Express.

Who could have foreseen what was about to happen? About fifteen miles to windward there was an unconverted island called Lani, and the Lanians had an ancient feud against the Pili-Polians. Hearing that the latter had been decimated by disease since the arrival of the missionaries, the Lanians planned a raid upon the remnant, and they timed the attack so that they landed while the Pili-Polians were to a man inside of the thatched church, singing the last hymn of the morning service. But as the discourse had been very long, preached as it was by a young Feejeean student in the absence of the pastor, the congregation was restless and hungry, and had begun to let their eyes wander out of the windows. The enemy was promptly espied by the head deacon; the alarm was given, and the converts got out-of-

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doors between two verses. Led by the deacon, they fell upon the enemy with wild yells. It was a lively fight; but after a time the church-militant prevailed, and smote the pagans hip and thigh under the cocoa-nut trees.

Then, alas! came a sad relapse. The rapture of battle was still burning within the victors; they were atrociously hungry after the long sermon, and it was dinner-time anyway. What did these reckless savages do but roast their enemies on a fire of drift-wood? Then they spread fresh *ti* leaves on the very steps of the church door; the senior deacon, forgetting nothing, had prepared a good sauce with shrimps and salt-water. This, I should explain, is the correct thing in the cannibal islands for "long pig," as the natives call their favorite article of food, while for the farm animal, which they distinguish simply as "short pig," a plain sauce of green sea-moss with limpets is considered quite sufficient. Almost before they knew what they were doing these forgetful pagans had devoured all of their enemies except a few very tough old warriors, whom they reserved to put into the fish-ponds; for your Feejeean of the good old times well understood Lucullus's methods of fattening lampreys.

The festivities were greatly enjoyed. All was over by half past four. Then, like a glint of lightning, this recollection flashed into the mind of the head deacon: the New Jersey missionary had said that he would return at five o'clock to hold an afternoon service.

All those happy cannibal faces were instantly clouded. Every one made haste to clear up the remains of the banquet before Mr. G—— should arrive; and the time was short enough. At five sharp his canoe touched the coral beach. He thought he noticed a certain constraint in the manner of the deacon; this, however, would not itself have given the combination away, for he was not a man of very sharp perceptions. But how hard it is for mortals to cover their tracks! *The missionary saw a shrimp on the door-step.* One only; but that was enough.

All was up. Mr. G—— put the head deacon and the older warriors into the calaboose, and the work of grace in Pili-Poli got a set-back from which it did not recover in six weeks.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.



FOND MOTHER. "You behaved very well at dinner last night, Percy."
PERCY. "That's because I was so sleepy, mamma."

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THE LATEST OUTRAGE ON POOR IRELAND.

NORA (*under the mistletoe, Christmas morning*) FALLS A VICTIM TO ENGLISH COERCION.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. HOWELLS has certainly something in common with the great Russian novelist whose work he holds in such high esteem; for in each of his own stories he has made at least one pair of shoes—rights and lefts—which scores of his readers have tried on, and found to be a perfect fit. There is not a young journalist with whom Mr. Howells has been brought into personal or professional contact who does not believe that he is, in some way or another, the prototype of Bartley Hubbard; there is not a middle-aged young bachelor among Mr. Howells's chance acquaintance who does not feel that he figures, directly or indirectly, in the pages of the "Indian Summer"; while in a certain inland town among the New England hills lives a brave and honest orthodox young clergyman, who is not afraid to do what he believes to be his duty to his God and his fellow-men at any cost to himself, and who confesses that he

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turns to every new story of Mr. Howells's in fear and trembling for the picture of a country minister who is to possess all his own characteristics, good and bad. If Mr. Howells has not shod all of his readers in the books that have gone before it, he has without doubt hammered on his lapstone in *April Hopes*[1] the double-uppers of many a pair of boots which are to pinch somebody else's corns, if not our own. He not only makes us see and hear ourselves as others see and hear us, but he shows us others as they see and hear themselves. His Boston matron, who pronounces "can" as it is spelled and "can't" as it isn't, ought to be made as conscious of her own peculiarities of speech as his young woman from New York who is guilty of "the New Yawk liquefaction of the canine letter," and who would fail ignominiously if put to the test in the familiar Boston sentence over which so many New-Yorkers stumble and fall: "Girls, girls, come out on the curb-stone and see the birds fly over the church." Miss Anderson says that "Alice isn't moybid in the usual sense of the woyd," while Alice's mamma confesses that she herself is all intensity, talks of old Boston families, of Harvard indifferentism, and of the artistic temperament, says "Really?" patronizes Chicago, and calls a certain railway station in Boston the "Providence Daypo." Both Miss Anderson and Mrs. Pasmer are sure to hand the shoe-horn to each other, even if they do not put on the slippers made for themselves.

All of the scenes in *April Hopes* are very natural, all of the men and women are very human. The Class Day at Cambridge has never been better described than in the early chapters of this story, and very, very like the experiences of all young lovers are the interviews of Daniel Mavering with the different members of his own family, when he tells his old, old story in his own home, and when he expects so much sympathy and finds so little. That cherished photograph is not a very good one—they never are; it was taken several years ago—they always were; she does not photograph well, anyway—they rarely do. And on all similar occasions that counterfeit presentment is sure to carry about with it more of the odor of the tobacco of its present possessor than of the fresh sweet fragrance so peculiar to its adored original. Oh, sisters, sisters, the world over, Mr. Howells has made to order a pair of gaiters for you! When your brother comes to lay bare to you his heart, see that you put them on!

NARKA is a woman who would be more dear to the heart of Mr. Howells's inspired cobbler, if he had time to read the novels of other people, than the Scottish-American Nan MacDonald whose story is told below, or even than the every-day New York and Boston girls of Mr. Howells himself. The scenes and incidents of Miss O'Meara's tale are purely Russian, and the time is the present period of which Tolstoï treats. Naturally they suggest the marvellously realistic pictures of the author of "Anna Karénina," although it would be very unjust to the younger novelist to compare her work with his. Tolstoï is always introspective; he deals rather with character than with the incidents which develop character. *Narka*[2] portrays an involved and ingenious complication of events which hold the interest of the absorbed reader until the end is reached. Tolstoï's stories, even when he has a story to tell, are simply the intuitive outgrowth of the thoughts and actions of the real men and women he draws. His *dramatis personæ* make his plots, while Miss O'Meara's plots, on the other hand, make her men and women; and if they are not actual flesh and blood like the personages Tolstoï creates, they are sufficiently alive to serve all the purposes of fiction, and to help, in their way, to point the moral he is striving so nobly to point in his own writings and in his own every-day life.

Narka Larik, a low-born Russian Jewess, is a peculiar product of Russian soil and of autocratic Russian rule. She is possessed of a beautiful person, a glorious voice, and a strong moral and mental constitution; she is suspicious, as all Muscovites are, a thorough and consistent hater, a devoted friend, truthful to a degree; and she calmly swears on the holy image of the blessed St. Nicholas to an utter falsehood in order to screen her lover and to aid his cause. Her father and her brother were murdered—or sent to Siberia, which is worse than death—by one Larchoff, who claimed to be a descendant of Peter the Great, and who could have been born and reared only in the Russian Empire; he was a liar and a hypocrite, as cruel as a tiger and as greedy as a wolf, as cowardly as a rat and as dishonest as a monkey; he had all of the bad instincts of man and beast combined, and according to the sentiments of his neighbors—he had no friends—he was only fit company for the devil who finally came to claim him. These are the extremes of Russian character in Miss O'Meara's tale; the scenes are laid among that curious mixture of Oriental magnificence and barbaric discomfort, of lavish expenditure and shabby makeshift, to be found in a Russian castle, with its splendid vastness, the immensity of its grounds, the immensity of the forests on all sides of it, and the general scale of immensity on which everything about it, and within it, are invariably conducted. Add to these, Russian prisons, Paris *salons*, French convents, the lyric stage at Milan, Socialists, Nihilists, priests, patriots, and vivisectionists, and it will readily be seen how strong and effective a story can be made by a woman so gifted in the telling of stories, the weaving of plots, and the study of

[1] *April Hopes.* A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Narka, the Nihilist.* A Story of Russian Life. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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character as Miss O'Meara has already proved herself to be. Narka Larik is a better woman morally than Anna Karénina, intellectually she is the superior of Katia, and she is quite worthy to stand by the side of these two illustrious countrywomen of hers as the exponent of all that is true and womanly in modern Russian life.

In the closing paragraph of "Narka" M. de Beaucrillon says: "She is a noble woman. I hope some Crown Prince will fall in love with her and marry her." *Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth*,[3] was noble not only by birth but by nature. She married the heir-apparent of a margravate, and her Memoirs will show that her wedded life was almost as happy as if she had been a Harvard Annex Girl and had married an author of books proper to literature. She was one of the most gifted women of the eighteenth century, and was distinguished by her goodness of heart, her sincere friendships, and her self-sacrificing devotion. Carlyle, who did not say many pleasant things of her sex, says she was always true, lucid, and charmingly human; and her kinswoman the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena of Great Britain), who has translated anew and edited this volume of her Memoirs, says that her influence upon the intellectual development of her country was untold, and that she formed at Baireuth a centre of culture and learning which had before been undreamed of in Germany. All readers of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" will remember how powerful was her influence upon her brother, and how that influence was exerted always for Frederick's good, he himself confessing that to her he owed all his taste for study, all his love of work, and that habit of never being idle which distinguished him from the general run of kings. When she died in 1758 he mourned her sincerely, and the temple dedicated to "Friendship" in his garden at Sansouci was erected to her memory. That it stands near to the graves of his favorite dogs is evidence enough of the warm place she held in his heart.

The Margravine was born at Berlin in 1709, she married her Crown Prince in 1731, and she died twenty-seven years later at a comparatively early age. This fragment of her autobiography which the English princess has just given to the English-speaking world ends abruptly in 1742, and the only records of her life as given by herself during the fifteen or sixteen years that followed are contained in her correspondence with Frederick the Great, continued up to the time of her death, and in her letters to Voltaire, which latter were published in Germany in 1865 and form an interesting sequel to her Memoirs.

This last addition to the already long list of Royal Authors in her six or eight pages of Introduction, modestly and smoothly written, gives a clear although brief account of the personages who figure in the work itself, and of the period of time it covers; and she presents her reasons—which are good reasons—for believing that the Memoirs of the great sister of the Great Frederick are of sufficient value to be translated and preserved in English prose. The students of the history of Europe during the eighteenth century will agree that her work was worth doing, and that she has done it well.

In the land of plain living and high thinking the story of *Captain MacDonald's Daughter*[4] begins and ends. Nan, the minister's niece, was a member of the large family of Scottish boys and girls who helped to humanize, and sometimes to terrorize, the manse of Strathlowrie. Strathlowrie was "no' that bad off" for places of worship. There were the Established Church, the Original Secession Church, the Independent Chapel, and the sanctuary of that band of worshippers whose strict observance of the Sabbath and of Fast Days led a certain English commercial traveller to remark, after his first trip over the border, that the religion of Scotland was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but something they call "Free Kirk!"

To which body of Presbyterians Miss MacDonald's uncle belonged the text does not say, and the reader will not stop to ask. It is enough to know that "he was a man who feared his God and executed religion," a good man and a just, a man to be obeyed and loved; and if obeyed, a most genial companion, whose most charming ways were always reserved for his own wife and bairns. Delightful anecdotes and useful bits of knowledge he constantly poured forth, and his children absorbed wisdom and information as they absorbed the light and the caller air, learning a thousand things without ever being made to realize that they were taught at all. The manse itself was a square structure, plastered, gravelled, and whitewashed, cold and hard without, warm if sometimes hard within. The house and the household are drawn by one who well knows the scenes and men from which and whom auld Scotia's grandeur spring, and the Scottish episodes are perhaps the brightest and best in the book. Nan found and felt the difference when she was transplanted to the little Virginia town of Willoughby one sunshiny afternoon in the dog-days, at the hour when its lawyers—and nine-tenths of the gentlemen in little Virginia towns are lawyers, the writer says—sit tilted back in their chairs trying dangerous experiments in equilibrium, while the Virginia ladies enjoy their siestas; and she felt it still more

[3] *Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth.* Translated and Edited by Her Royal Highness Princess CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Captain MacDonald's Daughter.* A Novel. By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL. 16mo, Cloth. $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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when in her long pilgrimage she reached the district known as Starkses, in Florida. How and why she went back to the manse of Strathlowrie, and of all that befell her in the old home and the new, *Captain MacDonald's Daughter* herself must tell in the pages of the touching little romance devoted to her career.

THE fact that there are birchen sticks with crackling sound sending forth a rich and ruddy light in the bright open fireplace of the *Old Homestead*[5] of Mr. Wallace Bruce, and that his loved ones of the long ago rest beneath the maple's glow, is proof enough that the stern and wild Caledonia cannot have been the direct nurse of the poetic child whose name suggests so strongly the Scottish Chiefs and the field of Bannockburn. Those pleasant dales and hills, and cliffs and glens and laughing rills, where dream-like passed his early days, must have been far away from the parish of Strathlowrie, which burns not birches in its ingle neuks, and has no glowing maples to shade its honored dead; but Mr. Bruce could not have written as he did of "The Land of Burns" if he had not inherited more than his name from a Homestead older than that which gives its title to his collection of verses. Every son of St. Andrew will enjoy his address of the Wizard of the North to the bard from the banks of Ayr when first they met—in bronze—in Central Park; and there is something very quaint and fitting in Sir Walter's formal introduction of Steele's Burns to Ward's Shakspere that will appeal even to those who have never seen "Will" and "Robie" under the birches and the maples of the new land where "pith o' sense and pride o' worth" make men of men for all that.

Mr. Bruce does not devote himself entirely to Scottish and Scottish-American themes by any means. He celebrates "The Yosemite" and "The Hudson," "The Wisconsin War Eagle" and "The Club of Tahawas" once more on the shore of the Upper Ausable, and he sings of "The Silent Soldier" dying at Mount Mac Gregor, as well as of "The Pioneers" from bleak Iona's pebbled strand who helped to build the government for which Grant fought. The many illustrations scattered throughout its pages add greatly to the charm of *The Old Homestead, and Other Poems* as a holiday book.

MR. LAFFAN'S beautiful volume devoted to the *American Wood-Engravers*[6] and their works is not only the most important art book of the year, but is one of the most important contributions to the history of American art that have yet appeared. In a few forcible words, not one of which has been thrown away, he tells the story of the rise and wonderful progress of Engraving on Wood in this country—a branch of art which he shows to have achieved a character more original and pronounced and more nearly national than any other; for while a painting or an etching by an American artist differs in no very essential quality from the similar work of European origin, an engraving made in America is always to be distinguished from one that has been produced elsewhere. Its principal characteristic, according to Mr. Laffan, is its simplicity, its sincerity of purpose, and, above all, the cheerful self-effacement of the engraver himself. His only endeavor is to reproduce what is before him—whether it be his own creation or that of another—as faithfully as is possible, to adapt as far as within him lies all the means he controls to that one end, and to make his reproduction give a maximum of the qualities and distinctive features of the original. How brilliantly he has succeeded the illustrated books published in this country during the last ten years, and the decided growth of our illustrated periodicals during the same brief period, are proof enough. The publisher, the printer, the maker of paper, and the manufacturer of ink have worked together with the wood-engraver in accomplishing this admirable result. Blocks of such exquisite fineness and delicacy command and inspire the aid and co-operation of the best of materials and of the greatest technical skill; and there is nothing in modern Europe to-day to compare with the artistic and mechanical perfection of the American magazines. To the enterprise, the encouragement, and the liberality of American publishers in contributing to the development of this art in the United States Mr. Laffan does full justice, but no more than justice; and speaking for every American wood-engraver, he offers a special meed of praise and thanks to Mr. Charles Parsons, of Harper's, and to Mr. A. W. Drake, of the Century Company, to whose fertility of suggestion and invention, and to whose wise and intelligent criticism more than to any other individual influence, so much of the credit of this remarkable progress is due.

The illustrations of this volume, engraved with but one exception from the works of well-known American painters, speak for themselves even better than Mr. Laffan has spoken for them. They tell the story of their worth to the unpractised as well as to the critical eye. Each artist has presented what he feels to be his own most important and most ambitious work, and that which, in his own particular fashion, gives most emphatic expression to his own particular bent, and the result is a collection of the best wood-engravings of the best wood-engravers of the present day, presented in the highest form of mechanical finish.

[5] *Old Homestead Poems.* By WALLACE BRUCE. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Engravings on Wood by Members of the Society of American Wood-Engravers.* With Descriptive Letterpress by W. M. LAFFAN. Popular Edition. Large Folio, Ornamental Covers, $12 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

TWO of our latest cruisers lay off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, one bright afternoon, not very long ago, bowing in the rapid currents of the Piscataqua River as gracefully as their awkward lines would permit, to the shattered hulk of the frigate *Constitution*, resting calmly now at the Kittery Navy-yard after her hard-fought fights, and with her tattered ensign waving still on high. It was the proper tribute of youth to age, of the modern to the ancient, of the raw recruit to the battle-scarred veteran, of the new-fangled to the old-fashioned. For many years the stirring song of a patriotic poet has saved this superannuated warrior from the almshouse of the junk dealer, and from the Potter's Field of the trader in old iron. Let her not wear out her heart of oak in rotting uselessness, even in her present Sailors' Snug Harbor, but refitted and restored and anchored in the bay of New York, under the great statue of that Liberty she helped to win and preserve, let her ever remain a monument to the American navy far more noble than the granite shaft at Bunker Hill, which commemorates an honorable defeat instead of a glorious victory.

This wonderful age of improvement has seen no changes so great and so decided as those between the war vessels of the present and the past. Model, material, machinery, armament, equipment, and rig are all altered; and the *Constitution* of 1812 has almost nothing in common with the *Atlanta* of 1888 but the element upon which she floats and the flag that floats above her. In the introductory chapter to *Modern Ships of War*,[1] Lieutenant J. D. J. Kelley, U.S.N., shows that this wonderful process of evolution covers but the short period of the last thirty years. The vessel of the class called *naves liburnicæ*, long, narrow, low in the water, modelled for speed and quick manœuvre, with its *rostrum*, its bulwarks, its *hortator*, its *rector*, and its banks of oars, to one of which Ben-Hur was chained during the first decade of the Christian era, differed less from the frigate of Buchanan's administration than that frigate differs from the ram or torpedo-boat of to-day. So radical are these differences, and so sudden have been their development, that the authorities of the present are widely separated in opinion even upon such a primary question as an universally accepted system of classification.

The reader who has not followed the progress of naval construction in this country and in Europe, as well as he who is more or less familiar with the subject, will find much to wonder at, and if he be an American, much to deplore, in the story told in this volume by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., and Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, U.S.N., authorities of the first rank, clear and careful writers, and each in his own land an important influence in modern naval armament and design. Very few changes of any moment have been made in the text of these papers since they appeared serially in the columns of *Harper's Magazine* and attracted so much attention; and nothing has been inserted, because, alas, there is nothing to insert which is at all likely to restore our national pride in our own maritime department. To those who read between the lines, writes Lieutenant Kelley, there awaits a mortifying realization of our inferiority in this respect. During all the years that this country—masterful beyond compare in other material struggles—was so successfully neglecting its navy, foreign designers were achieving triumphs which are simply marvellous; and it is to be hoped that this work will have the effect of awakening the American government and the American people to the absolute necessity of creating a modern fleet of war ships which will compare in strength and numbers with the fleets of the Old World. In a non-technical, straightforward, seaman-like way the history of this evolution is here set down; Sir Edward J. Reed writing of the British and French Navies, and Admiral Simpson of the Navy of the United States. Not the least important portions of the work are the Introductory and Supplementary Chapters, and the notes, furnished by Lieutenant Kelley, a practical seaman, who in his "Armored Vessels," and "The Question of Ships," has shown his familiarity with the subject and his ability to express what he knows.

THE Portuguese Man-of-War (sub-kingdom *cœlenterata:* class *hydrozoa*) is described in Chapter IV of Miss Sarah Cooper's *Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land*[2] as a creature as in-

[1] *Modern Ships of War.* By Sir EDWARD J. REED, late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and Rear-Admiral EDWARD SIMPSON, U.S.N. With Supplementary Chapters and Notes by J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant, U.S.N. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land.* A Zoology for Young People. By SARAH COOPER. Profusely

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nocent and as unwarlike, as graceful and as defenceless, as the American war ships with which it would seem to have so much in common. Miss Cooper tells her young pupils how they will be delighted with its beauty, and how they will wonder that so frail a bark can withstand the waves at all. She draws its hull as "a transparent pear-shaped bladder," and she explains that attached to it and floated by it is a little colony of separate animals which have various uses, and each of which contributes its own share to the general good. Some produce eggs, some do the swimming, some are provided with lasso cells to procure food—and some do the eating.

Miss Cooper's Zoology for Young People starts with the sponge, and goes systematically through the animal kingdom, tracing the gradual development from the simple forms of life up to the highest, and selecting such subjects for the purpose as the author considers to be of most general interest. She has given especial attention to the structure of animals and to the wonderful adaptation of this structure to their various habits and modes of life. The book is simple but accurate, and is made perfectly intelligible to the class of pupils for whom it was written. While it is carefully brought up to the present condition of the science of zoology, all scientific terms have been avoided whenever others could be substituted for them; and dry classifications have not been made prominent, although they are never ignored. It has many illustrations scattered through its pages which aid materially in making clear its text, as well as serve to familiarize the budding naturalist with the personal appearance of the creatures it is to be hoped he will study from real life on the land and the sea.

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakspere," written in 1630, and prefixed to the second folio edition of the plays published in 1632, would seem to imply that even honest, incorruptible John Milton was in the conspiracy to fix upon the ignorant player of Stratford the authorship of the tragedies and comedies which Bacon wrote. This was boldly set down within fourteen years of Shakspere's death, only four years after the death of Bacon, when Milton himself was but twenty-two, and when Bengemmens Jonson, John Heminge, and Henrie Condell, and their fellow-plotters, were still combining to deceive their own generation and all posterity. This verse on Shakspere, ending with the familiar line,

"Kings for such a tomb would wish to die,"

was the first English poem of Milton's that appeared in print. From the facts of his extreme youth, of his honesty of purpose, and his sincerity of character, already established even at that early period, it is at least to be hoped that he meant and believed what he said when he called Shakspere that dear son of memory and great heir of fame who has built himself a living monument in the wonder and astonishment of all the world.

Master John Aubrey, a contemporary of Milton, and author of "The Lives of Eminent Persons," in describing Milton's school-days, says that "in those yeares [when Milton was but ten] he composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age." None of these, however, have been preserved, and the earliest of his poetical writings that have come down to us was the paraphrase of the Hundred-and-fourteenth Psalm, done, according to Milton himself, "at fifteen years old," but printed many years afterward. It is contained on page 117 of *The Minor Poems of John Milton*,[3] edited by William J. Rolfe for the "English Classic Series," and is chiefly notable because of its date. The ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which Hallam and Landor have praised so highly, was begun on Christmas Day in 1629, as he was entering his twenty-first year, and is proof enough of the maturity of his thought even before he put himself on record as the opponent of what has since been termed the Baconian theory.

Mr. Rolfe in this present volume has included "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," the "Mask of Comus," the Sonnets, and all of the Minor Poems of Milton in English, except such as Milton himself termed his "translations." "The Introduction" and "Notes"—the latter all together at the end of the book — which comprise more than one-half of its bulk, have been prepared with all of Mr. Rolfe's scholarly skill and care, and are of the greatest value.

Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time[4] is the initial volume of Mr. Rolfe's "English Classics for School Reading." Its contents are condensed extracts from the novels of Sir Walter Scott, with explanatory Foot-Notes as well as more elaborate Notes by way of Appendix; and it is introduced by an account of Scott's early life, chiefly drawn from the fragment of autobiography, written in 1808, which Lockhart found in an old cabinet at Abbotsford after Scott's death. The story of the author of "Waverley" is itself a Tale of Chivalry, and no School Reading can be more instructive or entertaining. His physical lameness, which those who have painted him either with pen or with brush, from Lockhart and Raeburn down, have so persistently ignored, he himself emphasized, and no doubt intentionally. It meant a great deal to him, and had great in-

[3] *The Minor Poems of John Milton*. Edited, with Notes, by W. J. Rolfe, A.M., Litt. D. With a Portrait. Square 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time*. Selected from the Works of Sir Walter Scott. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., Litt. D. With Portrait and Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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fluence upon his after-life and life work. It interfered seriously with the robust exercise of boyhood, spurred the ambitious youth to greater mental exertion, led him, as he confessed, to strive to supply his disadvantage by making up in address what he wanted in activity; and to it, probably more than to any other mental or physical cause, the world owes the romances in prose and verse which have added so much to the world's pleasure, although it is safe to say that not one reader of Scott in fifty remembers, or ever knew, that Scott was lame at all.

There is no deed of all the Olden Time more chivalrous than Scott's struggle to pay the business debts of the publishing house with which he was so disastrously connected; and not one of his own heroes ever died more gloriously or more bravely than the grand old poet, broken down by his hard fight, who whispered to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear," a few short moments before "his oldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S essays on many topics relating to *Women and Men*,[5] and contributed to the columns of *Harper's Bazar* during the past year, he now collects in book form and dedicates to Mr. Brander Matthews. Although they were written for a journal devoted especially to the tastes and interests of women, men will find in them many things upon which to ponder, and not a few things they never thought of thinking about before. In his chapter on "The Creator of the Home" he utters the startling truth that as men and women grow old in years it is the man who becomes dependent and the woman who is to be envied as the free agent in life. She can get along very comfortably without him; he cannot get along at all without her. A household of women is contented and self-sufficing; a house full of men is anything but a home. An old bachelor is always a pitiable creature; most of the old maids are the happiest persons in the world. It is to be regretted that Colonel Higginson does not give the name of the "some one" he quotes as putting it all into the one terse, proverbial, and philosophical sentence, "A bachelor's life is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper." What is to become of the bachelor *after* supper, when the lights begin to grow dim and to go out, even Colonel Higginson's epigrammatic but unknown philosopher sayeth not.

In this little volume the author talks to *Women and Men* in a most delightful and entertaining way about "The Humor of Children," "The Organizing Mind," "Mice and Martyrdom," "Vacations for Saints," "The Nervousness of Men," "The Discipline of Dolls," etc., and in his introductory chapter he explains that the phrase "men and women," or its more common form, "gentlemen and ladies," is comparatively modern. He might have added that by the fathers of the Church, when mothers were only fathers' wives, they were addressed collectively as "Beloved Brethren"; that by the fathers of our own government they were alluded to jointly as "all mankind"; and that in the cheap eating-houses of the present, even in Boston, they are spoken of separately as "ladies and gents." Such is the progress of the age!

Bayard Taylor's translation of the close of Goethe's "*Faust*," "The Woman's Soul leadeth us, Upward and On," is the key-note of all Colonel Higginson teaches in these papers. He does not stoop to defend woman; he merely places and leaves her where he feels she belongs.

IN his chapter upon "Men's Novels and Women's Novels" Colonel Higginson says it is plain that women novelists, like men, incline sometimes to one branch of the art, sometimes to another, and that the accident of personal preference or the fashion of the period has more to do with the decision than any tendency growing out of sex. A careful study of what has been called "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," as Mr. Charles W. Coleman, Jun., discoursed upon it in *Harper's Magazine*, some eight months ago, would seem to prove that the accident of locality, particularly when that locality is south of Chesapeake Bay, is the most important factor of all. Miss Julia Magruder's home is in the neighborhood of Winchester, and she has been for some years a resident of Washington and Baltimore. Her *Magnificent Plebeian*[6] might have been born in any State of the Union, but, as she depicts him, he could only have lived and suffered in one section of the country. Miss Helen Mayne of Salem, or even Miss Helen Mayne of Philadelphia, would have married her base-born lover, with his beauty of person and his wonderful intellectual endowments, with very little thought of his pedigree, and despite his sister with the false frizettes, and notwithstanding the bright pink stockings of the little niece; but Miss Helen Mayne of Virginia, whose people for generations have been people of importance in their own little city, with her unusual distinction of manner, with her inherited wealth, her family tree, and her unquestioned social position, found social barriers built up between her and the cultured gentleman whose sister was a factory hand, that nothing but a whole house on fire could entirely burn away. Despite its unconscious localism, however, Miss Magruder's story is a pleasant and a healthy one. Her heroine is an honest, womanly woman, and her Plebeian himself is Magnificent in his unselfish moral heroism.

[5] *Women and Men.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *A Magnificent Plebeian.* A Novel. By JULIA MAGRUDER. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

ABOUT sixty years ago an English woman of undoubted ability published a book entitled "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in which she said, and with no little truth, that the whole country was local, and the whole people, South and North, provincial. Her observations were universally read and individually resented by the provincial society she portrayed; and they passed current as the par of British Exchange until "The American Notes" of Charles Dickens, some ten years later, drove them out of general circulation. Her eldest son, Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, at the end of half a century, says: "Unquestionably the book was a very clever one, and written with infinite *verve* and brightness. But, save for the fact that censure and satire are always more amusing than the reverse, an equally clever and equally truthful book might have been written in a diametrically opposite spirit." Mr. Trollope himself met many Americans, at that early period and later, and he speaks of them and of their country in anything but a satirical or censorious way. His *What I Remember*[1] is an amiable, if somewhat garrulous, bit of autobiography which covers a considerable area of space and no ordinary period of time. He was born in London in 1810, he has seen the greater part of the civilized world and most of the interesting men and women in it, and in this work he records his impressions of them and of it, from his earliest recollections until the death of the first Mrs. Trollope in 1865; promising, at the end of another ten years, "please God, if the public lives"—as he quaintly puts it—to tell the further story of his life, from the period of his beginning it a second time and with a second wife.

What he Remembers during the half-century he touches is most entertaining reading now, and some of his sketches of character are very valuable. He describes Lady Lytton Bulwer, for instance, upon one occasion in Florence as being "furiously angry with all things in heaven above and on the earth below, *simply because she was for the moment inconvenienced*"; the italics, which are not his own, explaining a very great deal to those who have only heard her side of the story of her unhappy married life. In Italy the Trollopes knew, and intimately, the Brownings, the Dickenses, the Marshes (George P. Marsh, the American Minister to Rome), when they all were young, in the beginning of the thirties, and Landor when he was young in spirit but old in years; and in Italy and in England they saw much of George H. Lewes and of "George Eliot," whom Mr. Trollope always calls "Mrs. Lewes," who signed her letters to the Trollopes "Marian E. Lewes," and whom Lewes himself called "Polly." The accounts of "George Eliot" in her social and domestic life, scattered through many pages of this memoir of her friend, are the most complete and comprehensive yet given to the world; and personally, in voice, manner, and appearance, she will never be better known to that part of the world which knows her only in her books than as Mr. Trollope shows her. He says he never met so impressionable and so delicately sensitive a mind as she possessed, using the word "sensitive" in the sense in which a photographer uses it in speaking of his plates. Everything that passed within the ken of her wonderful organism, whether a thing or a combination of things seen, or an incident, or a trait revealing or suggesting character, was instantly reproduced and fixed; the operating light being the wonderful native force of her intellect. She was indeed "wax to receive and marble to retain" as he describes her. One can almost hear the sound of her voice as he makes her talk in the pages of this book; and when he says that she looked like "Dante's aunt," he presents probably the best physical portrait of her ever painted by the hand of observing man.

Mr. Trollope relates more of what he remembers of other persons than of himself; and—as except in the early chapters which treat of his school and college life at Harrow, at Winchester, and at Oxford—he is modestly silent about his own endeavors and his own accomplishment, some few details of his literary career, not to be found in his autobiography, will perhaps help those who only know him as Anthony Trollope's brother to a better understanding and more thorough enjoyment of it. He went to Florence in 1843, and has since made that city his home. In 1840 he published his first book, "A Summer in Brittany," which was edited by his mother, and was received by the press as the work of a clever and intelligent young man. His "Decade of Italian Women" (1859) was very highly praised at home and abroad. It was preceded by "The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici," and followed in rapid succession by the "Life of Filippo Strozzi," a history of the last days of the old Italian liberty; "Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar," a romance which tells the story of the great quarrel between Venice and the Papacy in the beginning of the seventeenth century; a "History of the Commonwealth of Venice," which has been used as a text-book, and many romances of Italian and English life, three of which, "Lindisfarn Chase," "A Siren," and "Durnton Abbey," have been published in "Harper's Library of Select Novels."

The first Mrs. Trollope, Theodosia Garrow, was a very highly accomplished woman as artist, musician, and writer of prose and verse. She died in 1865, and Mr. Trollope was married the next year to Miss Ternan, with whom began and continues that second life of which the public is to hear more anon. If it prove as entertaining as the first, it will be pleasant reading indeed.

[1] *What I Remember.* By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. FRITH has drawn in his *Autobiography and Reminiscences*[1] as many figures as are crowded together on the canvas of his famous "Derby Day." They are, however, more familiar and more important figures, and they are, taken as a crowd, perhaps more worthy of preservation. An English critic has just said of this volume that it has a better chance of immortality than all of Mr. Frith's pictures put together. This is claiming a great deal for the literary work of the man whose paintings have given so much pleasure to the English public for so many years, and whose "English Merry-Makers in the Olden Time," "John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots," "The Road to Ruin," "The Railway Station," "Coming of Age," and many others, have already more than outlived the usual span of popular works of art. What Mr. Ruskin wrote in his "Modern Painters" of "The Derby Day," when it was first exhibited in 1858, may be paraphrased slightly here in describing what Mr. Frith has written of himself and of the men of his time. Great ability there is assuredly involved in the production of such a picture—or series of pictures—long and careful study—of men and of things—considerable humor, untiring industry, all of them qualities entitled to high praise, which no doubt they will receive from the delighted public. The drawings of the distant figures seemed to Mr. Ruskin especially dexterous and admirable; and he concluded by calling the picture "a cross between John Leech and Wilkie; with a dash of daguerreotype here and there, and some pretty seasonings with Dickens's sentiment." What he said of the distant figures on Epsom Downs is particularly true of the distant figures in the "Autobiography," of men like Jacob Bell and old John Landseer, father of Sir Edwin, and even of Wilkie and of Haydon, who are merely outlined on this canvas, but very clearly. Jacob Bell is sketched as an art student of little promise and of less performance, who was expelled from Sass's School of Art in Bloomsbury for impertinence and incompetency, and who went to make a large fortune in a druggist's shop in Oxford Street, and to bequeath his art treasures, the works of other men, to the National Gallery; doing more good to the world than if he had painted a thousand pictures, and never fairly seen until now by the world he has so greatly benefited.

The cross between Wilkie and Leech in Mr. Frith's composition is shown in the happy domestic scenes scattered throughout his pages, which are as sympathetic and true to every-day life as are "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Cut Finger"; and in the story of the young painter who drew Charles the Second from nothing—that is, without a model—"and made him very like!" The dash of the daguerreotype appears in the picture of Turner making his famous and single after-dinner speech; and requesting in his old age to be buried in the canvases of his own "Carthage" and "Sun Rising Through the Mist"; while that pretty seasoning with the sentiment of Dickens with which Mr. Ruskin closed is seen in the pathetic account of Turner crouching over a morsel of fire, muffled and miserable, in the long, paperless, desolate, mouldy room in which he kept his pictures, "wishing to Heaven he could get rid of them," and refusing the check of the Scottish laird for twenty-five thousand pounds for the lot.

Turner died in 1851, and was buried, according to his expressed wish, not wrapped in his own immortal paintings, but beside the remains of Reynolds in the crypt of St. Paul's; the Royal Academy at the end of fifteen months electing Mr Frith to fill the place in its body made vacant by the death of the man whom he believes to have been without doubt the greatest landscape-painter that ever lived; although he is free to confess his wonder at the admiration expressed and the enormous prices realized for those mysterious productions of Turner's later days, which have no top and no bottom, and neither beginning nor end.

Mr. Frith is always amiable and just; he remembers only what is pleasant and creditable in his associates in the Academy, and in the men with whom he has been brought in contact during his long professional and social life. He has no sympathy with the dishonest dealers, or with the grasping buyers who have thronged his studio; and his words of counsel and advice to art students should be printed in letters of gold. Like Mr. Eccles in the comedy of "Caste," he is a thorough believer in work—"for the young"; and unlike that Costigan of dramatic literature, he has practised what he preaches not only in his youth, but in his splendid maturity. While accepting with a shadow of doubt the aphorism that "genius

[1] *My Autobiography and Reminiscences.* By W. P. Frith, R.A. With Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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means the power of taking great pains," and quoting the remark of Reynolds that industry will improve great talents, and will supply the deficiency of moderate abilities, he does not believe that the author of either statement intended to be taken seriously or literally. The severest application could not have produced a Raphael or a Hogarth; but neither Raphael nor Hogarth could have done what they did without the exercise of painful industry, and in the proper time for that exercise—healthy youth.

If "autobiography is what biography ought to be," and if biography is one of the most enduring, the most instructive, and the most delightful forms of literature, then Mr. Frith's "Autobiography" is one of the most long-lived, the most edifying, and the most entertaining volumes that has appeared in our own generation at least, and since the days of Raikes, Greville, and Henry Crabb Robinson.

MR. JAMES PAYN calls his latest novel *A Prince of the Blood*,[2] and dedicates it to his fellow-novelist Mr. Walter Besant. In its plot and construction he has taken a leaf out of the novels of Mr. W. Clark Russell, and a paragraph or two out of the romances of Mr. H. Rider Haggard. It is a sea story, full of storms and fury, wrecks and mutinies and dreadful hardships; and it describes a mysterious race of beings upon a fruitful island before unknown to the world. At the same time it is no more like to the stories told "Round the Galley Fire" or to the marvellous adventures of "Mr. Allan Quatermain" than it is like "The Talk of the Town" or "Carlyon's Year" of its own author. It combines with all its charm of novelty all of the quick perception of character, the freshness of style, the fertility of imagination, and the keen sense of humor that distinguish his earlier tales. And at the end of a "thrilling" chapter, in which the Prince of the Blood holds the burly, murderous villain of the book by the thick coarse hair of his head over a yawning chasm, as an ordinary hero would hold a rabbit by the ears, we find the following remark: "A bad man's life is like a bad novel; the third volume is generally the worst part of it; and there is little cause for regret if its conclusion is what the reviewer describes as 'hurried.'" In this story Mr. Payn has a word to say in defence of the heroines of romance and real life who manifest anything like common-sense in their love affairs, declaring that the love which is really genuine has always somewhere a substratum of this kind; and expressing his pity, not only for the young woman who insists upon marrying the man of her choice when she knows that he has barely money enough to support her through her honey-moon, but his sincere sympathy for the young man himself.

[2] *A Prince of the Blood.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. 16mo, Cloth, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Payn, some three or four years ago, printed a fragment of autobiography which he called "Some Literary Recollections." It is as pleasant reading as is most autobiography, and as are all of Mr. Payn's own works of fiction. It contains no dates, but while its author is perhaps younger than Mr. Frith in years, they are certainly contemporaries and men of the same reign, living in intimate personal relations with all of the prominent Englishmen, and most of the distinguished foreigners of their own day. If not a full member of the Royal Academy of British Letters, Mr. Payn is at least an Associate and in good standing. His works have been hung on the line for many years, and his "Lost Sir Massingberd" came very near being a "Derby Day." In view of these facts, it is curious to read what he has to say in his memoirs about the relative profits of literature and art, and to compare the prices he receives for his books with the sums paid to Mr. Frith for his paintings. For a series of three pictures, to be called "The Streets of London," Mr. Frith records that he refused ten thousand pounds sterling in 1868. How many novels of Mr. Payn's, or of anybody else, can be purchased outright for fifty thousand dollars it is hardly necessary to compute here. And yet Mr. Payn has worked as hard, and as diligently, and as long, and as intelligently as the successful painter, and in his own branch of art has met with, and deserved, almost as much artistic success. To quote Mr. Eccles again, "Society, is this right?"

NEITHER Mr. Frith nor Mr. Payn was among the marvellously precocious youths whom Mr. Smiles describes in that chapter of his *Life and Labor*[3] which is devoted to "Great Young Men," although their motto, written and expressed, is that which points its moral on the title page of Mr. Smiles's new volume, and which may freely be translated as signifying that Labor conquers everything in Life. This collection of characteristic anecdotes of men of industry, culture, and genius which the author of "Self-Help," "Character," "Thrift," and "Duty" has just given to the world is written on the familiar lines of his earlier and now famous books, and contains many fresh examples of the glorious results of the exercise of honesty, of the force of will, and of steady perseverance. Dr. Smiles is a Scotchman who has practised medicine, edited a newspaper, been active in the management of great railroad corporations, and has distinguished himself as a moralist, as an essayist, and as the writer of books which have done great good to more than one generation of young men, and in more than one-quarter of the globe. His "Self-Help," first published in 1859, has reached a circulation of many thousands of

[3] *Life and Labor; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius.* By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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copies in his own language, and has been translated into several foreign tongues. Many an English and many an American boy, and many a boy on the great continent of Europe, has risen from its perusal determined that his own life should be formed from the examples Dr. Smiles has set before him. His advice is marked by thorough good sense, and is presented in the clearest and most forcible way; he rarely sermonizes, but he has the happy gift of presenting texts which preach themselves to young and old.

The most valuable chapters to mature readers in "Life and Labor" are those which relate to the Conditions of Health, and to that fashionable literary ailment which is styled "Overwork." They are addressed particularly to those who exercise their brains too much and their bodies too little, and are based, Dr. Smiles declares, upon his own personal experiences. He believes in that healthful idleness which is not all idleness; and he advocates any sort of rest and recreation that leads to change of thought, citing the examples of Lord Brougham, who amused himself in his old age by the study of mathematics, varied by optics, light, and natural theology; of Sir Isaac Newton, who dabbled in ancient chronology and the mysteries of the Apocalypse when exhausted by severe study; and of Mendelssohn—whether the great musician or his grandfather, the celebrated linguist and philosopher, he does not say—who gave his mind a rest when he felt fatigued with overwork by counting the tiles on the roof of his neighbor's house. What is one man's play in these instances would certainly prove another man's labor; but in pleading for more play and less work in this serious age, and among the solemn Anglo-Saxon, in proving that Labor is not all of Life, Dr. Smiles will put many a worn-out worker in the right way to exercise the best of "Self-Help."

In her *Family Living on $500 a Year*,[4] Miss Juliet Corson dwells upon certain serious topics of Domestic Economy, which Dr. Smiles, with all his varied experience, has entirely forgotten to touch. She addresses herself to quite as large and to quite as important an audience as that for which his "Life and Labor" was intended; and what his wholesome works have done for young men for the past thirty years, she has been doing in the columns of *Harper's Bazar*, and during twice as many weeks, for all young women, and for those old women who are young in the experience of keeping house.

The series of articles upon which this volume is based is too familiar to the generality of American matrons to require much notice here. They have been read and studied and followed from week to week, and from month to month, they have been asked for and waited for in book form, and nothing more is needed than the simple announcement of their publication now. Miss Corson requests her readers to study the *whole* book with attention as a complete record of those things in house-keeping which are most necessary to success, but which young housewives generally have to attain only through many trying experiences; and she warns her pupils—for such her readers very soon become—not to attempt to comprehend the system in detail by selecting at random any portion which might fix the eye during a careless or a hurried examination. It is only by a thorough understanding of the entire plan that it can be practised successfully.

To the average male reader who is more familiar with the science of mathematics than with the cooking of macaroni, who knows more about the Apocalypse than about aspic jelly (pp. 234, 240), and who would find more rest and amusement in counting the bricks in the chimney over the way than in making huckleberry spider-cake in an old-fashioned frying-pan with short legs (p. 109), this work will be as trying as the study of natural theology, but its applied results in his own household will comfort him more than optics, or light, or than ancient chronology itself.

The literature of our own language devoted to the Inquisition is remarkably limited in view of the great interest the subject has always excited and of its historical importance; and in comparison with the number of works devoted to other periods, and to other political and religious movements. Llorente's "History of the Spanish Inquisition," printed in Paris in 1815, was translated into English and published in London twelve or thirteen years later. Antonio Puighblanch's "Inquisition Unmasked," from the Spanish, appeared in London about the same period, and Rule's "History of the Inquisition from the Twefth Century to the Present Time," was published in 1868. While these works are out of print, or generally inaccessible, Van Limborch's "Historia Inquisitionis" (Amsterdam, 1692), and the Abbé Marsollier's "Histoire de l'Inquisition" (Cologne, 1693), based upon it, and Hoffman's "Geschichte der Inquisition" (Bonn, 1878), Rodrigo's "Historia verdadera de la Inquisicion" (Madrid, 1876–7), and Orti y Lara's "La Inquisicion" (Madrid, 1877), do not appear to have been translated into English at all.

It will therefore readily be seen how serious and how important has been the task Mr. Henry Charles Lea has undertaken to perform in preparing the three large volumes of his comprehensive work entitled *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*.[5] He has devoted

[4] *Family Living on $500 a Year.* A Daily Reference-Book for Young and Inexperienced Housewives. By Juliet Corson. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.* By Henry Charles Lea. Three Volumes, 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3 00 per Volume. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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many years to the thorough study of his subject, and has collected an enormous mass of material, much of which has never been in print before. He has been aided in his researches by sympathetic scholars and specialists, who have ransacked the libraries and archives of Paris, Florence, Naples, and Venice for the valuable manuscripts which have lain forgotten there for centuries, and which throw so much light upon the Inquisitors and their deeds. Mr. Lea may well congratulate himself as being the first writer who has had the courage and the patience to investigate the social, the spiritual, and the intellectual conditions of Europe in the Middle Ages, out of which arose what he calls that portentous institution which for so many hundreds of years sought, with more or less success, to fetter the human mind.

As the author of "An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy," "Superstition and Force," and "Studies in Church History," Mr. Lea has already shown himself to be an earnest student of mediæval institutions, and has proven himself fitted particularly for his present great undertaking. In his first volume he treats of the "Origin and Organization of the Inquisition"; the second volume relates to "The Inquisition in the Several Lands of Christendom"; and the third is devoted to the exploration of "Special Fields of Inquisitorial Activity." In his Preface he says that the Inquisition was not an organization arbitrarily devised and imposed upon the judicial system of Christendom by the ambition or fanaticism of the Church. It was rather a natural—and he is disposed to believe an inevitable—evolution of the forces at work in the thirteenth century; and he adds that no one can rightly appreciate the process of its development, and the results of its activity, without a somewhat minute consideration of the factors controlling the minds and souls of men during the ages which laid the foundation of modern civilization. To accomplish this in a manner at all satisfactory he has felt it necessary to pass in review nearly all of the spiritual and intellectual movements of the Middle Ages, and to glance at the condition of society in certain of its phases. At the commencement of his historical studies he became convinced that the surest basis of investigation for any given period of time lay in an examination of its jurisprudence, which naturally presents, and without disguise, its aspirations and the means regarded as best adapted to their realization. Accordingly he has devoted much space to the origin and development of the inquisitorial process, feeling convinced, as he says, that in this manner only can the operations of "The Holy Office," and the influence which it exercised on successive generations, be properly understood. By the application of the results thus obtained it has seemed to him that many points which have hitherto been misunderstood or imperfectly appreciated can be elucidated. And if he has occasionally been led to conclusions differing from those currently accepted, he begs his readers to believe that the views presented have not been formed hastily, but that they are the outcome of a conscientious survey of all the original sources accessible to him.

That Mr. Lea is tolerant and impartial as compared with other writers upon the subject all of his readers will confess. Mr. Motley, in the "Dutch Republic," says that the Inquisition taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity; that the fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy; that it was a court owing allegiance to no temporal authority, and superior to all other tribunals; that it condemned, not deeds, but thoughts; that it arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire; that the rack was the court of justice, and that the criminal's only advocate was his fortitude. But then Mr. Motley was an honest hater, tyrannical sometimes in his judgment of tyranny, and often intolerant of intolerance. Llorente, in the first volume of his history, says that during the eighteen years of the administration of the Dominican Torquemada (the first Grand Inquisitor), appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1478, ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals were burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one were punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment. And Llorente is believed to have been accurate and reliable.

Mr. Lea, in quoting St. Bernard and other witnesses as to the pride, the wickedness, the ambition, and the lust that reigned everywhere in the twelfth century, confesses that the picture he has drawn of the Church in its relation with the people is perhaps too unrelieved in its blackness. All Popes, he concedes, were not like Innocent IV. and John XXII.; all bishops were not cruel and licentious; all priests were not intent solely upon impoverishing men and dishonoring women. In many sees and abbeys, even in those dark ages, and in thousands of parishes, he has no doubt that there were prelates and pastors earnestly seeking to do God's work, and to illuminate the darkened souls of their flocks with such gospel light as the superstition of the time would permit. Yet the evil was more apparent than the good, the humble work passing away unnoticed, while cruelty and vice and avarice and all unrighteousness were demonstrative and far-reaching in their influence.

Founded as far as possible upon a conscientious examination of the original sources, Mr. Lea's "History of the Inquisition" will contain much that is novel even to the well-read historical student, and will be accepted by all scholars as the standard work, the most complete, thorough, and accessible of authorities upon its subject.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. KINGLAKE may be said, in legal parlance, to hold a brief for Lord Raglan. His history of *The Invasion of the Crimea*,[1] now brought to a conclusion at the end of a quarter of a century, is virtually an effort to clear the memory of the British leader from all responsibility for certain disasters suffered by the British troops in the Russian campaigns of 1854–5. In many respects his vindication of his client is complete, and during all these years it has remained unrefuted, if not unanswered. His "opening" is a masterpiece of special pleading, and his "summings up" is thorough, comprehensive, and effective.

The Crimean war was undertaken by her Britannic Majesty's government in a magnificent spirit of faith in Great Britain's political omniscience and military invincibility, and in a blind confidence that what her armies had done in Spain from 1809 to 1813 she might succeed in doing in Russia in 1854. But there was no Wellington to lead the British forces on to victory in the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century, and the English had no army, in the proper sense of the word, for any one to lead. Lord Raglan, who was appointed to a high command shortly after Wellington's death in 1852, was a soldier of no little experience, as will be shown below. From the very outset he realized fully the military position, and particularly the absence of a reserve force, the want of a proper medical department, of a satisfactory commissariat department, and of any corps decently equipped for army transportation; but his repeated remonstrances were ignored, and only the scantiest preparation had been made for a winter's campaign when winter came down like a wolf on the fold of the allied armies, shivering on the bleak heights of Mount Inkerman and Victoria Ridge. Then the British nation, which had been passing through one of its periodical war crazes, howling for Russian blood on any pretext and at any cost, felt a very sudden and very uncomfortable reaction, which was quite as irrational as the fever itself, and which impelled it to go about blaming anybody and everybody but the right body. It demanded the sacrifice of some one upon the altar of popular fury because some one else had blundered; and it threatened vengeance upon the leaders in the field because its army was suffering from want of the food, and the clothing, and the supplies of all kinds which its departments at home had neglected to forward. It cried for a domestic victim as loudly as it had clamored a few months previously for foreign gore; and Lord Raglan, the most shining mark, was naturally selected as the target for its vituperation, until Mr. Kinglake saved the victim's reputation, and suggested in the most eloquent and forcible of words that if the nation felt that somebody must hang, the nation had better go out and hang itself.

Lord Raglan was sixty-six years of age when the Crimean war broke out. The younger son of a Duke of Beaufort, he entered the army in 1804. He was on the staff of Sir Arthur Wellesley during the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807, and during the entire Peninsular war he was at the right hand of the commander-in-chief, first as aide-de-camp, and then as military secretary. He married a niece of Wellington's in 1814, he lost his right arm by a shot at Waterloo, and for twenty-five years—from 1827 until Wellington's death—he was military secretary to "the Duke" at the Horse-Guards. He became a full General in 1854, and he died of dysentery, on the field, in 1855, worn out by exposure and anxiety, done to death by slanderous tongues. He will live in the hearts of his countrymen as the original wearer of the Raglan cape, and he will march down to posterity arm in arm with Mackintosh and Cardigan as having given his name to a garment which keeps out the cold and keeps off the wet.

It will be seen that for almost half a century Lord Raglan's life was passed under the immediate guidance of the great Duke; he was his intimate and constant companion from the very beginning of his fame in Europe; he rode at his side and carried his orders throughout all his great campaigns; and during the long periods of peace he was his confidential aid. This must have been an excellent school for an apt and earnest scholar. Mr. Kinglake describes the younger man as having "a subtle power to draw men along with him, and as being gifted with a diction peculiarly fitted for the transaction of public business, and of a kind very rarely found in Englishmen. .....Whether he spoke or whether he wrote,

[1] *The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With many Maps and Plans. In Six Volumes. 12mo, Cloth. Vol. I., pp. 712; Vol. II., pp. 632; Vol. III., pp. 342; Vol. IV., pp. 310; Vol. V., pp. 242; Vol. VI., pp. 280. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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whether he used the French tongue or his own clear, graceful English, it seemed that there had come from him the very words which were the best, and no more. It was so natural for him to be prudent in speech that he avoided dangerous utterance without seeming cautious or reserved." His counsel adds that "his manner was ofsuch a kind as to be—not simply ornament, but—a real engine of power. It swayed events. There was no mere gloss in it. By some gift of imagination he divined the feelings of all sorts and conditions of men, and whether he talked to a statesman or a schoolboy, his hearer went away captive." (Vol. I., chap. xxix.)

Such was the hero of Mr. Kinglake's book. The leading villain was the Third Napoleon, while the heroine, "the Lady-in-Chief," was perhaps the best-loved English woman who ever lived, and she receives this just tribute from Mr. Kinglake's pen: "If the generous women thus sacrificing themselves were all alike in devotion to their sacred cause, there was one of them—the Lady-in-Chief—who not only came armed with the special experience needed, but also was clearly transcendent in that subtle quality which gives to one human being a power of command over others. Of slender, delicate form, engaging, high-bred, and in council a rapt, careful listener so long as others were speaking, and strongly, though gently, persuasive when speaking herself, the Lady-in-Chief—the Lady Florence, Miss Nightingale—gave her heart to this enterprise in a spirit of absolute devotion.....But with all the rare attributes that made her gracious presence a blessing at the patient's bedside, this gifted woman, when learning how best to compass the objects of a largely extended benevolence, had become well practised, well versed in the business of hospital management; and none knew better than she did that, if kind, devoted attention will suffice to comfort one sufferer, or even perhaps four or five, it is powerless to benefit those who number by thousands, unless re-enforced by method, by organization, by discipline. She knew that for affording due care to a prostrate soldiery, laid out before her in ranks so appallingly long as to bear being reckoned in miles, an administrative mechanism both impelled and controlled by authority was a condition of absolute need, and far from being a spurner of rules, she had so deep a sense of their worth as to be seemingly much more in danger of proving too strict than too lax." (Vol. IV., chap. xi.)

These two extracts, quoted somewhat at length, but intended to show the matter rather than the manner of Mr. Kinglake's long narrative, will give a fair idea of the literary style of Mr. Kinglake's great work—a style which, with one very notable exception, has been highly praised by cultivated critics both in England and in America, and even in the France from which the history was banished by a decree of the Emperor and the Empire it so bitterly assailed. In the chapter entitled "The Literary Influence of Academies," contained in Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," first published in 1864 or 1865, "The Invasion of the Crimea" was called the most successful work of the preceding season, and its style was considered "one of the most renowned things about it." What Mr. Arnold had to say then about "style" is worth repeating here, not only for its own sake, but as showing what one master of style thinks of the style of another: "Mr. James Gordon Bennett [the elder], of the New York *Herald*, says, I believe, that the highest achievement of the human intellect is what is called 'a good editorial.' This is not quite so; but if it were so, on what a height would Mr. Kinglake stand! I have already spoken of the Attic and the Asiatic styles; besides these there is the Corinthian style. That is the style for 'a good editorial,' and Mr. Kinglake has really reached perfection in it. It has not the warm glow, blithe movement, and soft pliancy of life as the Attic style has; it has not the overheavy richness and encumbered gait of the Asiastic style; it has glitter without warmth, rapidity without ease, effectiveness without charm. Its characteristic is that it has no soul; all it exists for is to get its ends, to make its points, to damage its adversaries, to be admired, to triumph.....A style so bent on effect at the expense of soul, simplicity, and delicacy, a style so little studious of the charm of the great models, so far from classic truth and grace, must surely be said to have the note of provinciality. Yet Mr. Kinglake's talent is a really eminent one, and so in harmony with our intellectual habits and tendencies that, to the great bulk of English people, the faults of its style seem its merits."

All this, no doubt, is Attic in style, for it has warm glow, blithe movement, and soft pliancy; but it is not always true of Mr. Kinglake's style, and it is not altogether just. Perhaps it is tinged by something of that over-heavy Asiatic richness of national irrationality which chafed in those days at the Corinthian, soulless directness of the man who recomended the self-immolation of the British nation.

Mr. Kinglake has devoted over thirty years to the preparation of his history, Lady Raglan placing in his hands as early as 1856 all of the great mass of papers which her husband had with him at the time of his death, not only the Military Reports addressed to him by the officers under him, but his official and private correspondence with sovereigns and their ambassadors, with ministers of state, generals, and admirals, with the French, the Turks, and the Sardinians, with public men and official functionaries of all ranks, with adventurers, with men propounding wild schemes of attack, and with faithful and devoted personal friends. In addition to all this, he has himself since examined the actual scenes of his tragedy, and has received information of the utmost value from many public and private sonrces, the very

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quantity of his material serving perhaps to delay and embarrass his work.

The first volume of the American edition of Kinglake's "Crimea," published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in 1863, contained volumes one and two of the edition printed in England in the same year; in like manner the American second volume (1868) was the English third and fourth. The fifth British and the third American volumes appeared in 1875, the sixth British and the fourth American in 1880, and the work is now brought to an end by volumes seven and eight in England and five and six in America, which bear date the present year, 1888. The later editions of the early volumes are enriched by copious Notes and Appendices; and an excellent Index to the entire work adds greatly to its value as a book of reference. With its wonderful minuteness, its marvellous care and accuracy, and its honesty of purpose, it is probably the best record of any short period in the history of modern affairs to be found in the literature of the world.

THE seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth volumes of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*[2]—from December, 1886, to November, 1887, inclusive—lately issued in bound form, seem to be unusually rich in contributors and in contributions. Besides Mr. Howells's "April Hopes," Miss O'Meara's "Narka," Miss Howard's "Tony the Maid," Mr. Blackmore's "Springhaven," and other completed works already noticed in these columns, these numbers contain poems by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Aldrich, Mrs. Moulton, and Mr. Lang; and essays, sketches, and tales from such well-known writers as Miss Amélie Rives, Miss Kate Field, Mr. Farjeon, Mr. Millet, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Bowker, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Gen. Lew Wallace; to say nothing of the regular monthly papers in "The Easy Chair," "The Study," and "The Drawer," which form in themselves unquestionably the most remarkable combination of editorial talent the periodical world can show to-day. Mr. Curtis, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Warner, each in his own delightful way, discourses upon the topics of the time—literary, political, social, and artistic—each in his own particular department appearing to excel all other writers in similar departments, and each, despite the strong intellectual family likeness between them, so distinct in thought and expression from the other two that he might easily say of his colaborers what the New England woman in the horse-car is quoted in "The Drawer" for May as saying of her sisters: "Them and me ain't no more alike 'n ef 'twa'n't us. They're jest ez different ez I be t'other way."

In reviewing the twelve numbers of this "Magazine" which have been printed during the past year, it is not an easy matter, particularly in its own columns and with the limited space at command, to say what a constant and conscientious reader would like to say of their contents, and it is not possible to say more of the "Monthly" than it says of itself from month to month, and than it has said of itself, in its letter-press and illustrations, for four hundred and fifty-four months consecutively.

The first number of "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" was issued in June, 1850. It had a circulation of seven thousand five hundred copies, increased at the end of the sixth month to fifty thousand copies, and where it is likely to stop no man can say. "The Historical Record," at first under the charge of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, was a feature of its contents from the beginning, and "The Easy Chair," originally filled by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, was first rolled to the desk in the editor's room in November, 1851, and, although it has changed occupants, never, happily, has it been vacant since.

A list of contributors to the "Magazine" for the past thirty-seven years would be a list of the most popular of English novelists during that period, including Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, and it would include most of the American authors of historical, romantic, and scientific books that the last half of the century has produced.

WHILE the idea of the "Magazine" sprang from the brain of Mr. James Harper, Mr. Fletcher Harper was father of the thought which gave its younger brother, *Harper's Weekly*,[3] life and being in January, 1857. How much this latter "Journal of Civilization" has done for national unity, for political purity, for domestic morality, and for every phase of that civilization it preaches and teaches, all apostles and all students of American civilization know. Mr. Curtis has stepped out of his "Easy Chair" in the "Monthly" to deliver every Saturday in the columns of the "Weekly" a discourse that has been eagerly waited for and earnestly listened to in almost every congregation of the land; while Mr. Nast has made all the world laugh at his pictured jokes, and all of his own particular quarter of the globe reflect, by reason of his patriotic and political cartoons. For very many trying weeks and months this journal was literally a pictorial history of our civil war, containing as it did every variety of illustration, from the glimpse of the stray picket who breathed out all alone his death-rattle on the banks of the quiet Potomac, to the stirring and glorious picture of the two armies, when peace was proclaimed, turning their backs upon each other for the first time in four years—as General Horace Porter so gracefully puts it; and no war an-

[2] *Harper's Magazine.* Vols. LXXIV. and LXXV. Cloth, $3 00 per Volume; Half Calf, $5 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Harper's Weekly for* 1887. Vol. XXXI. Cloth, $7 00; Half Morocco, $10 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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nals gathered in these days of peace can be more complete or more full. To these must be added a comprehensive record of all passing events in every part of the world, and illustrations, with pen and pencil, of every current topic that interests mankind, prepared by the most cultivated of writers and the most skilled of designers. The present volume contains engraved portraits of hundreds of eminent persons, from Professor Youmans to the late Mrs. Astor, and from Captain Samuels to Max O'Rell, all of them excellent as works of art, and some of them of great value for their rarity's sake, and it is bristling with facts and fancy, humor and sound sense, from the beginning of the first editorial page to the comic drawing on the last sheet.

The wonderful progress of engraving on wood in this country, to which Mr. Laffan lately called public attention in his Introduction to the sumptuous volume of the "Society of American Wood Engravers," will nowhere be more apparent than in a careful study of the files of the "Weekly" during the thirty years of its existence. The finest examples of the art which this country afforded, or which the whole world afforded, in 1857, looking strangely crude and rough by the side of the blocks printed in the same journal in 1887 and 1888; and while we were then far behind foreign countries in our wood-engravings, both in quantity and quality, to-day we are confessedly unrivalled and unapproached. "Harper's Weekly," if it has done nothing more in recording and preserving the history of modern civilization, has by its object-teaching in its own columns shown civilization what has been accomplished, during its own lifetime at least, in the illustration of periodicals and books.

Harper's Bazar,[4] ten years younger than the "Weekly," and seventeen years younger than the senior member of the group of periodicals emanating from Franklin Square, first saw the light on the second of November, 1867, and was hailed by the other two as a pretty little sister to be petted and to be proud of. It has been in society long enough now to have established itself as a decided social success, and as an indispensable drawing-room companion. It is the recognized American authority upon fashion, social etiquette, domestic affairs, and all kindred matters; its columns are filled with economical suggestions concerning personal and household adornment, the management of servants, and the care of the sick; and it commends itself to the provider as well as to the provident and the improvident provided. For four dollars *per annum* Miss Juliet Corson in the columns of the "Bazar" has taught her thousands of readers how to set the family table on "Five Hundred a Year," and in the same open and catholic pages Colonel Higginson has talked wisely and well, in his "Women and Men," to men as well as women, who no doubt have profited by what he had to tell them. The "Bazar," to say nothing of that awful mystery the "Pattern-sheet Supplement," is unexcelled in this country in mere literary and artistic merits by any journal of its class; the best American and foreign writers are engaged to furnish it with stories, sketches, and poems, its editorial management is excellent, and in a pictorial way it rivals the seniors of its own family.

THE bound volume of *Harper's Young People*[5] which bears the date 1887 has as a frontispiece a full-page engraving by Goetze of Ludwig Knaus's famous painting "The Children's Party," and on its title-page is a portrait of "His Majesty in Private Life," a crowing, kicking babe in a wicker cradle. The infant in arms is hardly too small, and even if he be a crowned king, he is hardly too grand, to attend the delightful parties to which all children are invited every week with the compliments of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, and with the brightest of authors and the most clever of draughtsmen especially engaged to cater to their amusement and to provide their instruction. "The Young People," as its name would imply, is the youngest of the group; and it was born on the fourth day of November, 1879. It is a sturdy, healthy juvenile, strong and wise for its years, full of life and frolic, and meriting all of the good marks it brings to so many homes every Tuesday. During the past year it has told its young readers the story of "The Colonel's Money" and the personal history of "Derrick Sterling"; it has introduced them to "The Home Fairies and Heart Flowers" which Mr. Frank French has drawn so tenderly and of which Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has sung so sweetly; it has wound up and set going for them Mr. Howard Pyle's "Wonder Clock," with its marvellous tale for every hour in the day, and its charming illustration for every five minutes in the hour; it has given them simple essays and pleasant tales from Miss Sophie B. Herrick, Mr. John Habberton, Mr. William O. Stoddard, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mr. H. C. Bunner, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, and scores of writers who know so well what young people want to know, and who have the happy gift of telling it; and to crown all, it has, in the most kindly way, thrown open to them its weekly "Post-office Box" for their own original contributions, which no doubt they find the most fascinating literature ever put into print. A glance at this correspondence will show the far-reaching popularity of the little paper; one week's "mail," opened at random, containing letters from Bohemia, Austria, from Constantinople, and from Glasgow, Scotland.

[4] *Harper's Bazar for* 1887. Vol. XX. Cloth, $7 00; Half Morocco, $10 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Harper's Young People for* 1887. Vol. VIII. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"AS thou quotest Scripture to me, select thy texts with greater care; to my mind there doth come one more suiting; for even as Job 'I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.'" So spake Lord Denbeigh, in the Red Deer Inn at Pebworth, to good Anthony Butter's own sweet lady in 1586; or, at least, so Anthony reported him. Anthony's memory must have been at fault, however; for it is hardly probable that the version of the Bible which was printed in 1611, and was appointed to be read in churches when James the First was King, could have been familiar in the mouths of Queen Elizabeth's subjects in the preceding century. In the first English Bible (1535) the patient Job is made to say, "I am a copanyon of dragones, and a felowe of estriches." In the version variously known now as "The Geneva," "The Puritan," or "The Breeches Bible," published in 1560, which, by-the-way, was the first edition in English that was divided into verses, and also the first that was printed in Roman type, the twenty-ninth verse of the thirtieth chapter of Job reads, "I am a brother to the dragons and a companion to the estriches"; while in the "Big Bishop's Bible," sometimes called "The Treacle Bible," first published—in black letter—in 1568, and the version which Lord Denbeigh would have been most likely to quote, the verse is translated, "But nowe I am a brother of dragons, and a felowe of estriches." The owl therefore had no place in Job's particular social circle until long after Lord Denbeigh's time, although the dragon is as old as English itself.

A Brother to Dragons[1] is a pleasant tale nevertheless, and its title is as happy and as quaint as the language in which it is written. While it will not do, perhaps, for the close student of Elizabethan prose to look too critically at Miss Rives's maiden effort in fiction, it is fairly free from anachronism, and it displays a familiarity with the period in which its scenes are laid, and with the common tongue of the sixteenth century, which is remarkable in one so young—Mr. Coleman in his article on "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," in a late number of the Magazine, describing her as having "just entered upon her twenties." The three stories in this little volume to which "A Brother to Dragons" gives its name are all told in the first person, and by men and women who spoke the speech of Christopher Sly or Dame Quickly, rather than that of Hastings or of Katherine wife to Henry the Eighth. The Lady Margaret of the first tale sometimes swore "i'fecks," after the manner of King Henry's younger daughter, but her head was set high and light on her shoulders like a bird that floats on a wave, she swam like a sea maid, fenced even better than her brother, and, as it seemed to her faithful servitor and truthful historian, she was the best shot with a long-bow (in the literal sense of the words) of any woman in all England. Her contemporary and neighbor "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," on the other hand, swore "bodykins," which would appear to be quite as profane as, and much less refined than, "i'fecks" itself; and according to this same Anthony Butter, she was a jade with a low name, a bitter tongue, and a peppery temper. She was a heroine, for all that, and well deserved to be called Keren Happuch, after Job's third daughter, which is not so bitter a name as goodman Butter thought it; for it signifies "a child of beauty," and was to be found, thus spelled, in the Tindal and Coverdale Bible of 1535, long before the Farrier Lass was born.

"Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story" which closes the book. Nurse Crumpet lived during the reign of the first Charles, and fifty years later than Anthony Butter or Humfrey Lemon, who tell the tales that precede hers; and the serious matters 'twixt the Cavaliers and the Roundheads were beginning to wax hotter and hotter in England, when her mistress prevented her master from going to fight for his king; thereby, from the most affectionate of motives and with the most unwise and original of devices, breaking the hearts of both master and mistress. It is not so cheerful as the other narratives, but it is quite as naturally and as truthfully told; and as showing the power of the writer and her invention as a novelist, it is a very surprising production for a woman comparatively unpractised in the art of fiction, and unfamiliar with the ways of the great world outside of her Virginian home. That they recall the works of Blackmore is not too high praise for any of her performances; and it is safe to assert that these tales under consideration here, and others equally as quaint and imaginative, which have appeared in prose and verse in American magazines during the past few months, promise a brilliant future for their author when custom

[1] *A Brother to Dragons, and Other Old-Time Tales.* By AMÉLIE RIVES. Post 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and experience shall have freshened and ripened her infinite variety.

A NOVEL of later days and of other lands by Karl Emil Franzos, translated by Julie Sutter, under the English title "For the Right," and published in January, 1888, inaugurates the new series of THE FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. These volumes are now published in monthly instead of weekly numbers, and in *octavo* instead of *quarto* size. They are simply the old "broadside" sheets folded once again, and presented in book form, with neat paper covers. They contain the regulation title-page, a table of contents, dedication, etc.; so that those which are considered by their purchasers to be worthy of a better outer dress may be reclad in half-calf, tree calf, muslin, or sheep. As the golden rule of bibliophilism says that books worth reading are worth keeping, very few of the present series will not assert themselves as good enough to stand among the standard works of the language in suitable covers on book-lovers' shelves; the desire of the publishers being to circulate a higher class of literature than it is possible to collect for weekly presentation, and to issue it in a more popular and a more enduring form.

George MacDonald, out of pure admiration for Franzos's story *For the Right*,[2] which he had read in the original, volunteered to write a preface to the translation, which he had never seen, saying that seldom, if ever, had any work of fiction impressed and moved him so much as this, and entreating the reader not to come to a conclusion before he has come to the end of the book; "not to imagine that now or now he may condemn, but to wait until the drama is played out." It is certainly a very strong and a very uncommon story, although it would seem to appeal to the admirers of Tolstoï rather than to the lovers of "A Quiet Neighborhood" or "The Seaboard Parish." The scene is laid among the lower Carpathian Mountains, the time is between 1835 and 1840, and the hero is a Christ-like man born of the people, and with a stain upon his birth, low as it is. He can neither read nor write, he has no particular inclination or personal aptitude for social or public affairs, and he attempts the most magnificent of impossibilities for the sake of his fellow-men, and from a spirit of simple reverence for justice, giving up everything that is most dear to him—wife, child, home, friends—making himself an outlaw, living an outlaw's life, dying an outlaw's death, and all for what he considers "The Right." He is an Austrian John Brown, who sometimes goes the wrong way to reach the right ends, who sometimes does what should not be done in order to accomplish that which ought to be accomplished. He is a curious anomaly, at one moment divinely meek, giving his coat without a murmur to the authorized tyrant who has taken his cloak, turning both of his own cheeks to receive the blows of the oppressor, standing the next moment like a martyr between the strong and the weak, and like a Brutus slaying with his own hand the comrade who was unfaithful to his trust and a traitor to his cause. He is the Man for the Hour; and if he did not exist save in the brain of the novelist, which Dr. MacDonald is inclined to question, that novelist deserves no little praise for having created such a man.

Karl Emil Franzos is only beginning to be known to English readers. The son of a Jewish physician, he was born about forty years ago in Russian Podolia, close to the Austrian frontier. He received his early education at a cloistral school in the Polish-Jewish village of Czorskow, and he greatly distinguished himself as a classical scholar at the University of Vienna, where he translated the Eclogues of Virgil into the Doric dialect of Theocritus long before he was out of his teens. After practising law in Vienna for some years, he determined to adopt the career of a professional writer, commencing as a journalist at the capital in 1871. By the end of 1874 he was enabled to support himself entirely by his books, which deal mainly with the Jews of the Podolian Ghetto and the semi-barbarous civilization of northern Europe, his earliest published work, "Aus Halb-Asien," literally "From Half Asia," indicating this. It is a series of pictures of life in Galicia, Bukowina, Southern Russia, and Roumania. It was followed by "The Jews of Barnow," a collection of short stories—many of which were written while he was at the university—by "From the Don to the Danube," "The Witch" (1880), and "The President" (1883). "The Jews of Barnow" was translated into nearly all European languages, as well as into Hebrew, long before it was done into English a few years ago, and it at once attracted the universal interest of the serious readers for whom this his latest book "For the Right" is intended, and whom it cannot fail to interest and attract.

THE Emperor of Austria, whose final decision confirmed the sentence of death upon the man who died For the Right in 1840, had retired from the throne before the author of *Monarchs I Have Met*[3] made the acquaintance of his nephew and immediate successor in 1867. Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston passed eight of the busiest and most interesting years of his active life directly and indirectly in the service of Francis Joseph First, the reigning Austrian Kaiser. He saw him crowned King of Hungary, with all the quaint pomps and ceremonies hallowed by the traditions of a thousand

[2] *For the Right.* By KARL EMIL FRANZOS. Given in English by JULIE SUTTER. With a Preface by GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. 8vo, Paper, 30 Cents; also, 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Monarchs I Have Met.* By W. BEATTY-KINGSTON. Illustrated with Portraits. 8vo, Paper, 50 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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years; he was present at his first meeting with the Third Napoleon, when that august potentate from Ham in the Department of Somme, and from Staten Island in the State of New York, was welcomed as "friend and brother" by the head of the house of Hapsburg in the archiepiscopal city of Salzburg; he stood by the side of the Austrian Emperor when he opened the World's Fair in his own capital of Vienna; when he received the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia; and he accompanied him on his first visit to Berlin after the great war that annihilated his "Corsican Brother," and saw the end of the influence of his own empire in Germany; and, with the true instincts of a born journalist, in a most entertaining way he chronicles fully all he saw, and heard, and was a part of on these occasions. Mr. Beatty-Kingston has known and been familiar with more kings and queens than any man of his generation who is not himself a professional monarch or a professional gambler. In the course of his travels through Christendom and Heathendom it has been what he calls his privilege to be presented to sovereigns, European, African, and Asiatic, past, present, and potential, and his republican readers in America will be pleased to hear that some of these exalted personages, with whom he has been brought into contact by circumstances of extraordinary importance and interest to themselves, have deigned to bestow upon him marks of their especial grace and favor: some have entertained him in their palaces with splendid and kind hospitality, and by one and all he has been treated with the utmost politeness and consideration. Which was very good of the monarchs he has met.

Despite that divinity with which he hedges all his kings, and which will amuse rather than impress a race of monarchs "created free and equal by Act of Congress," his gossip about his emperors and princes, their homes, their habits, and their surroundings, is very pleasant reading, even in this disrespectful land and in this irreverent age. For thirteen years he was the Continental representative of a great London journal—years that were very fruitful in the making of recent history, and in the revision of geographical lines; he saw crowns lost and crowns won, and many crowns broken in the operation; and he records it all in a way that is as diverting as he declares it to be true. In his brief preface he makes the positive assertion that he has in no single instance drawn upon his imagination for his facts, or derived his descriptions of events and places from his inner consciousness; and it is certainly worth something to be taken into the confidence of a man who has rubbed shoulders with royalty in times of peace as well as war, who has seen royalty christened, married, and buried, who has watched its demeanor in the throne-room and in the banqueting hall, and who has even taken note of its behavior upon the field of battle.

Besides the Austrian Emperor and the French Pretender, the monarchs he has met include the Emperor of Germany, the King of Greece, the King of Roumania, the Emperor of Mexico, the Pope of Rome, the Prince of Servia, two Kings of Italy, two Khedives of Egypt, and three Sultans of Turkey. Of his own monarch, the Queen of England and the Empress of India, or of the members of her family, he does not speak at all; even dedicating his book to a rival monarch, Elizabeth of Roumania, actuated, no doubt, by that innate reserve which deters the ordinary fashion reporter from commenting upon the costumes and jewels of his own wife and daughters. Mr. Beatty-Kingston is simply the Society Editor Extraordinary to the Royal Courts of the World, and he is the absolute monarch of his own realm. In his present work he has done as much for kings and queens, singly and in pairs, as did our own representative to the court of St. James some years ago in the famous treatise he wrote upon their use and abuse.

THE first chapter of *The Colonel's Money*,[4] by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, was printed in *Harper's Young People* early in January, 1887. Its heroine is a Little Lady Fontleroy from Massachusetts, who goes to England to take possession of the Colonel's estate, to bring harmony into the Colonel's disunited family, to live down tremendous prejudices, and to make herself dearly loved of the Colonel's natural heirs, disinherited on her account. While she bears a romantic English name, Gladys, she has a practical Yankee disposition, and her adventures among the new scenes of the old home are very entertaining.

The characters of certain of her cousins—notably the children of "Mrs. John"—are admirably drawn; and "Mr. John" and "Mrs. John" themselves, while they are the peculiar product of English social life, must amuse and interest, by reason of their very contrasts, a community familiar only with Dukesborough, on Duke's Creek, Georgia, or with the Pigwackett Centre, in which Elsie Venner's Bernard Langdon once taught school. Every intelligent American child who has gone to England, under no matter what circumstances, has felt as Gladys felt when she first saw the streets of London, and when she got her first scent of the spring in a hawthorn hedge; and every American child, familiar or strange to English scenes and English ways, will follow Gladys happily and cheerfully from Sandy Hook to the Devonshire Manor-House, hoping in a later volume to hear still more of Gladys, and of what the Colonel's money brought her when she finally came into her kingdom.

Mrs. Lillie is the niece of Gerald Griffin, a very brilliant young Irishman, who died be-

[4] *The Colonel's Money.* By LUCY C. LILLIE. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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fore the world could afford to lose him, and who was the author of the once famous but now forgotten "Collegians," a tale upon which Mr. Boucicault founded his "Colleen Bawn." Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," speaks in the highest terms of Griffin's personal character, and pays a strong tribute to his genius; and the stories from Mrs. Lillie's pen which have appeared in "Harper's Young People Series" during the last five or six years show how much of the talent and grace of style which distinguished her relative have come down to her. Her books are pure and healthy in tone, fresh and original in construction, full of interest, free from morbid sentimentality, and perfectly safe for young readers.

THE young reader who is familiar with Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Wakulla" and "The Flamingo Feather," in earlier numbers of "Harper's Young People Series," will follow his *Derrick Sterling*[5] through all that befell him with equal interest and affection, and will find that the every-day experiences of a coal-miner in Pennsylvania are quite as fascinating—in books—as are life and adventure in the Florida swamps and glades. He will learn from Derrick something of the surface working of a colliery, of the construction of the great pumps which keep the mines free from water, of the great swiftly revolving fans which draw all foul air from them, of "breakers" and "crushers" and "jigs" and "chutes," and as a moral lesson he will be taught the fallacy and folly of the local doctrine that "mules won't work without they hears the peculiar langwidge they's most fond of, which is cuss-words." Derrick was better educated and more refined than the majority of boys with whom he was brought in contact in his daily task; he hated dirt, and he loved the sunshine, the fields, and the woods; but from seven in the morning until six in the evening he had to breathe the dust-laden air, and to hear nothing but the clang of machinery, while in a cramped position he helped to sort the shallow streams of dirty coals which constantly flowed from the crushers and screens above him. He was toiling to lighten the burdens of a good mother, however, and he was as great a hero as the beautifully clean young French boy who became an Indian chief in the land of flowers three hundred years ago, with the plume of the scarlet flamingo as his unspotted badge. Derrick won and wore a moral feather in his miner's cap by the side of his safety-lamp, and the feather he showed when he saved his crippled comrade in the burning breaker, and when at the risk of his own life he brought life to perishing men, was in more ways than one anything but white.

Mr. Munroe's style is easy, pleasant, and simple. His stories are full of charm, interest, and sound sense, signifying nothing that is unhealthy or impure.

"Derrick Sterling" is a story for boys, with labor for its theme, but a story in which the "Knights of Labor," so called, play a small and insignificant part. *Big Wages and How to Earn Them*[6] is a serious work for mature readers, in which "The Knights of Labor," if they could be made to listen to it, would hear something to their advantage. The writer is himself a laborer, whose purpose is to say a word to his fellow-laborers upon labor associations, upon wages, and kindred matters; and the audience he addresses is made up of those members of Labor Unions who are at present dissatisfied with "Union" tactics, which they have tried and have found wanting, unprofitable, and oppressive; of men who need no help from the Labor Unions, which they have joined simply to help others; of men who remain in these Unions because they do not wish to embarrass their fellow-workmen, their employers, or themselves, and who do not dare to oppose the despots now in power.

The book is plainly and forcibly written by an earnest man, who knows of what he writes, who is impartial in his statements, and who is willing to do full justice to the capitalist as well as to the working-man, to the man who labors with his brains as well as to the man who toils with his hands. Capital, he says, knows no sentiment, has no feelings, cares for nothing but safe and profitable investment, but it reads everything which attacks or defends its interests. On the other hand, the ultra Labor-Union man never reads, is full of sentiment and prejudice, and will not listen to argument, either to refute or to endorse it.

The best chapter in the book perhaps is that which is headed "What the Leaders of Labor Unions ought to tell you," and which contains the hypothetical address of a newly elected president to his fellow-members. This ideal Master Workman, after giving an account of the objects and accomplishments of the organization he represents, asks if all history can show any tyranny equal to theirs. The leaders of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages had a tangible reason to offer for their cruelty to their victims, in a vital difference of religious faith; while the Holy Office of the Labor Unions proposes to starve men and their families who fully agree with them in everything, but who do not choose to belong to their particular protective association of working-men. This is the speech that never has been made, and never can be made until the arrival of the millennium of common-sense; but it is the shell that contains the kernel of the whole matter, and it will petrify and become infrangible before the Knights of Labor are willing to attempt to crack it.

[5] *Derrick Sterling.* A Story of the Mines. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Big Wages and How to Earn Them.* By a Foreman. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE very sensitive and very sympathetic little boy who for years was unable to read the story of the Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of the Original Robinson Crusoe, because he always broke down at the harrowing description of the Original Robinson's farewell to his mamma, will not have to skip the opening chapter of *A New Robinson Crusoe*[1] which Mr. Alden has "endeavored" for the Young People of the present day. There is not a tear, or a suspicion of home-sickness or of sea-sickness, in Mr. Alden's work from the first page to the last; and to paraphrase Defoe's Preface to his wonderful book, if ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account has every reason to think that this will be so. In a glass case in the British Museum is carefully preserved the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe." It bears date 1719, and is so rare that only six copies of the first volume—printed some months before the appearance of the second—are said to exist, of which two, at least, are in the city of New York. It bears no name upon its title-page, although the fact was very soon established that it was the "delectable Offspring of the teeming Brain of Daniel Defoe, a Writer famous in his Generation for Politics and Poetry;" and the author in his Introductory Note goes on to say of his work what Mr. Alden might well say of its sequel, that the Story is told with Modesty and with Seriousness; that he believes the thing to be a just History of Facts, neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it; and that in the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion, as to the Instruction of the Reader, he thinks, without further Compliment to the World, that he does them a great Service in the Publication.

The temptation to discourse here about Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, of Largo, in Fife, the account of whose solitary life upon the island of Juan Fernandez, between 1704 and 1709, inspired Defoe's book, and to gossip about the book itself, its different editions, the various early claimants to its authorship, the question of its veracity, and the history of its immediate success and of its lasting popularity, is very strong, but must be resisted. Still, as Mr. Alden, without knowing it perhaps, and without meaning it, will have led many readers of all ages to turn to the work upon which his own is based, there can be no harm in saying that of the hundreds of editions of "Robinson Crusoe" printed during the last century and a half, hardly one has given the correct text of the author, each new edition seeming to be based upon the mutilations, expurgations, and alterations of its immediate predecessor, with certain "improvements" of its own, and without any reference whatever to the style or the contents of the original itself. "The Serious Reflections during the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with his Visions of the Angelic World," intended as a third volume, and published in 1720, was never popular from the beginning, and containing as it does homilies upon "Solitude," upon "The Proportion between the Numbers of Christians and Pagans," and the like, it is naturally never reprinted now.

Mr. Alden's hero is a certain Mr. James Robinson Crusoe, a very charming lunatic, who was cast away upon a desert island in the Pacific Ocean in 1884. He fancied himself, with a total disregard of the possibilities of time, to be a grandson of that famous mariner of England whose experiences under similar circumstances in 1660 were described by Defoe; and he did all sorts of absurd things, simply because he had read of his grandsire's doing them before him—things which then were reasonable enough, but which in his case were exceedingly irrational and amusing. By cutting notches in the traditional stick he recorded the days as they passed, making these as many times a day as it occurred to him to do so, until his improvised log showed that he had been upon the island more than two hundred and fifteen years. He upset all the laws of nature and science as well as those of chronology, although he never attempted to fill his pockets with biscuit when in a state of absolute nudity, as his ingenious forebear did (pp. 55–6 of the original edition), no doubt to the great delight of the contemporary critics, and to the consequent confusion of Defoe himself.

Mr. Alden's story is told in the first person by one Michael Flanagan, a native of Cork, Ireland, who was forced, much against his own inclination, to play the part of Friday to the hero's Robinson Crusoe. The modern Selkirk was a most irritating creature, not half so entertaining to him as to the audiences he addresses, and his utter seriousness and his lack

[1] *A New Robinson Crusoe.* By W. L. ALDEN. "Harper's Young People Series." Illustrated, Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of perception of the absurdity of the situations he describes are among the greatest charms of the book. Those older readers who remember the "funny editorials" of the New York *Times* a few years ago will understand how much Mr. Alden has been able to make of this subject; and while they may not "buy the 'Life and Adventures' and leave it as a Legacy with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Practice of Piety,' and 'God's Revenge against Murther,' to their Posterity," as all the old women from Tuttle Street to Limehouse-hole are said to have done in the middle of the last century, the younger readers will hand it down to their succeeding generation with the same author's "Moral Pirates" and "Adventures of Jimmy Brown."

"Robinson Crusoe," in its original state, is sparsely although finely illustrated; it contains ornamental head-pieces and tail-pieces and initial letters; the first volume has a steel portrait of its hero as a frontispiece, and the second volume a folding Map of the World, on which are Delineated the Voyages he undertook. Mr. Alden has been fortunate in the co-operation of Mr. Frederick Barnard, who is to-day unrivalled in his line as an illustrator of books, and who has furnished a drawing for each of the ten chapters of the little volume. Mr. Barnard has been particularly happy in his conception of the character of the central figure, whose eccentricities of costume and conduct are pictured with all of this artist's keen sense of humor, and remarkable correctness and felicity of expression.

THE influence of Defoe upon the English authors who immediately followed him is shown frequently, and sometimes quite unconsciously, in their writings. Dr. Johnson, who was ten years old when "Robinson Crusoe" was published, and just the age to enjoy it most, "allowed," in his maturity, "a considerable share of merit to a man who, bred a tradesman, had written so variously and so well"; and on another occasion declared that "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were the only things ever composed by mere men that he wished might be longer; Charles Lamb confessed that Defoe was "always his darling"; and Dr. Primrose found his Olivia, in the days of her happy ignorance of the wicked world, reading the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage, as well as the same author's "Religious Courtship," a book published in 1722 to show the unhappy consequences of marriage between persons of opposite persuasions in religion. When the portrait of the Primrose family was found to be so large that there was no place in the house to fix it, and too large even to be taken through the doors of the vicarge kitchen, in which it had been painted, Dr. Goldsmith compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, which the builder was never strong enough to push into the water. In the whole range of fiction it will not be easy to discover a more artistically natural scene of domestic simplicity than the account of the painting of that family group. Mrs. Primrose was portrayed as Venus, with a great display of diamonds in her stomacher and hair; Olivia was an Amazon; Sophia a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the artist could put in for nothing; Moses was dressed out with a hat and white feather; while the little ones, as Cupids, sat by the side of the beautiful Aphrodite as she graciously accepted the books on the Whistonian Controversy presented by the Vicar, her husband, in gown and bands.

"Robinson Crusoe" had been before the world for almost fifty years when "The Vicar of Wakefield" was written, and it was as natural for Goldsmith to quote it as it is for our novelists of to-day to quote Sam Weller or Becky Sharp, or to allude to Moses Primrose and his adventures at the Fair. Like "Robinson Crusoe" it has passed through many editions, Mr. John P. Anderson giving at least one hundred—British and American—in the Bibliography attached to Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful "Life of Goldsmith," published a few months ago; but, unlike "Robinson Crusoe," it has suffered little at the hands of the expurgators and restorers. Peter Cunningham, in his edition of *Goldsmith's Complete Works*,[2] reprinted the text after that of the fifth edition (1773), the last which Goldsmith lived to see published; and the few alterations made were those made by Goldsmith himself, who was unusually careful in the correction of his own writings, and who had the rare posthumous good luck to fall into the hands of an editor equally careful and conscientious. Peter Cunningham, the son of Scott's "honest Allan Cunningham," was the author and compiler of a number of valuable biographical works, and of a "Hand-book of London," a marvel of patient topographical and literary research, which has never been surpassed among works of its kind. His edition of Goldsmith was a labor of love. It contains not only more of his writings than any other collection, but it is the only one in which Goldsmith's works appear together, exactly as the author left them. Cunningham compared them carefully with all of the editions which Goldsmith could possibly have seen, and for the first time—except in Bolton Corney's volume (London, 1846)—"The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" are presented as finally corrected by the author. He put in a distinct place the doubtful "Essays," so that the reader can tell without confusion all that Goldsmith really wrote, or at least thought worthy of reproduction. "The Bee," with the exception of "Voltaire's Letters," he printed entire; he admitted a few selected

[2] *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.* Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. With Portrait on Steel. Four Volumes, 8vo. Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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passages from "The History of Animated Nature," the best and most congenial piece of "hack-work" Goldsmith ever did; and he introduced a number of his Letters to Various Persons, many of which contain some of his happiest touches and cleverest strokes of character, despite the fact that Goldsmith told Dr. Grainger, author of "The Sugar-Cane," that he never wrote a letter in his life; a statement Grainger was quite ready to believe—"unless, faith, it be to a bookseller, for money."

Cunningham's "Goldsmith" is contained in four octavo volumes, with a portrait on steel after Sir Joshua Reynolds; it has copious Notes and an unusually complete and satisfactory Index. Printed with clear open type upon a broad-margined page, it is pleasant to the eye as it is satisfactory to the mind.

THE third Napoleon put his shoulder to the long-boat built by the Robinson Crusoe of the Southern Confederacy, and very nearly succeeded in getting it into the sea. If it had been launched, and had been stanch enough to float across the ocean, the results of our late civil war might have been very different. This was at an exceedingly trying time for the Northern cause. Foreign intervention was more than threatened; the leaders of the South were ready to make any desperate sacrifice in order to secure their independence. As the price of recognition they offered to Spain to guarantee to her the possession of Cuba; to France they expressed themselves as ready to insure the sovereignty of Maximilian in Mexico; and it was even insinuated that England was promised allegiance and a return to the old colonial state, if the government at Washington could be overthrown by British aid.

In September, 1863, the Hon. John Bigelow, at that time American Consul at Paris, learned that several vessels, some of which were armor-plated, were in the course of construction at the ports of Nantes and Bordeaux for the Confederate States of America, and that the official authorization for the building, arming, and equipping of these men-of-war had been issued from the French Department of Marine. The story of this conspiracy to violate the neutral obligations of the Imperial government in sending out ships to prey upon the commerce and to ravage the seaports of a friendly nation, and of the means by which the danger was happily averted, is told by Mr. Bigelow in his *France and the Confederate Navy*,[3] just issued from the press. It is a very interesting chapter in recent American history, written by a man whose word may be relied upon, and who, as American Consul to Paris, and later as American Minister to France, is thoroughly familiar with the subject of which he writes. He testifies only to those matters which came within the sphere of his own observation; and upon those of which he has no personal knowledge he merely touches.

In conclusion, Mr. Bigelow draws a very startling picture of "the what might have been" if the French ships had been ready for sea as early as their contract called for, and before our own government had had a chance to interfere. He believes that they would not only have opened every Confederate port to the commerce of the world, but that they might have laid every important city upon the Federal seaboard under contribution, with the result, perhaps, of a peace on the basis of a separation of the States, not only the North from the South, but of the States of the North Atlantic from the States of the Northwest. He believes, if the war had continued but one month longer, that the *Stonewall* of the Confederate navy, built at Nantes, in France, would have had possession of Port Royal, and that in still another month New York would have been at her mercy; the French government only waiting for a reasonable presumption that the formidable vessels ready for the disposal of the Confederates should find a moment ripe enough for their actual presence in our waters to decide the contest in their own favor. Happily for the maintenance of the Union, that decisive moment never came; and out of fear of the strength of the North, not out of respect for his obligations as a neutral, the French Emperor deserted the Confederates as he deserted Maximilian, after acting with the most systematic and deliberate treachery throughout the conflict toward the Federal government as well.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON and Count d'Orsay were probably the only two men in England, when the present English Queen was crowned in 1837, who believed in "the destiny" of the third Napoleon. The former was a constant guest at Gore House, where the latter was an unpaid *attaché*, but in his wildest thoughts neither anticipated for a moment the wonderful intimacy that was destined to exist between the heads of the families of Guelph and Bonaparte—an intimacy which is one of the most curious facts in the history of our own times, only equalled by the fact that Thackeray resigned from the staff of *Punch* because he was not pleased with the attitude of enmity displayed by that journal toward the hero of the *Coup d'État*. But *Punch* was not in existence, and Thackeray—"that tall young man with a broken nose"—was only known to fame as the author of a story called "The Fatal Boots" in "Tilt's Annual" at the period described by Mr. Walter Besant in his contribution to the Jubilee Literature, which he happily entitles *Fifty Years Ago*.[4]

[3] *France and the Confederate Navy*. By JOHN BIGELOW. 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Fifty Years Ago*. By WALTER BESANT. With One Hundred and Thirty-seven Plates and Wood-cuts. 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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It may be said of Mr. Besant as it was said of Mr. Weller, that "his knowledge of London is extensive and peculiar." He writes of the London that the Wellers knew, the London of "The Pickwick Papers," of "Tom and Jerry," of Cruikshank's "Comic Almanac," of "The Adventures of Titus Ledbury," and of "London Assurance." He pictures life, high, low, and medium, with its manners, customs, costumes, business, and amusements, as they were at the very outset of the Victorian Era, when the influence of the eighteenth century, which was long-enduring, was still felt upon the Church, the State, and Society in England. He describes London when it was as far away from New York as it is from Pekin to-day; when steel-pens were precious and costly things; when wax matches and "fusees" were unknown luxuries; when freedom of speech was limited; when the majority of the common people could not read nor write; when rank was held in reverence; when there were no competitive examinations; when Jim Crow Rice was dancing "nigger break-downs" at the Adelphi, and Kean was electrifying the audiences of Drury Lane; and when all the gowns of all the women on both sides of the Atlantic had hooks and eyes down the back.

The work is profusely illustrated with the caricatures and portraits of Fifty Years Ago, the early sketches of Leech, the quaint street views of Cruikshank, and particularly those semi-serious, semi-comic, always correct, likenesses of literary men and women known as "the Fraser Gallery," and contributed by leading contemporary artists to *Fraser's Magazine*; portraits of men like Sydney Smith, who wrote our books for us at a time when nobody—in England—read the books written here, the men who thought for us before we began to think for ourselves and for England too. And it is pleasant to read that Mr. Besant attributes much of the moral enlightenment of the British Empire during the last half-century to its familiar intercourse with what he calls "the conservative republicanism" of the United States, to that American influence which is now filling all peoples with new ideas. And strange to say, while this influence is growing stronger and stronger in England from year to year, America each year is becoming more un-English. When William the Fourth died the population of the States, except the negroes and the few descendants of the Dutch and the Swedes, was chiefly of pure British extraction, the emigration of the Irish, the Germans, the Italians, and the Norwegians to this country being as yet very light; and despite the feeling of animosity engendered by the war of 1812, and notwithstanding the absence of steam and of submarine telegraphy, we were nearer to what was still the Mother Country in 1838 than we are to-day. Boucicault and Dickens and Cruikshank therefore drew better pictures of American manners and customs than do the novels of "The Duchess," the drawings of Mr. Du Maurier, or the comedies and dramas of the authors of "Caste" and "The Silver King"; and Mr. Besant's story of England Fifty Years Ago is more the story of ourselves than will be the local and personal reminiscences of the Englishman who may write of his own country fifty years hence.

MR. BESANT probably prepared the story of *Herr Paulus: His Rise, His Greatness, and His Fall*,[5] for the instruction and enlightenment of "The Society for Psychical Research"; and undoubtedly it is founded upon its author's close intimacy with the late Edward Palmer, Oriental scholar, linguist, intrepid explorer of unvisited deserts, writer of leading articles, translator of the New Testament, *raconteur*, poet, mesmerist, conjurer, and magician. Professor Palmer, as shown in Mr. Besant's biography of him, published some four or five years ago, was a very remarkable man. Among his other accomplishments—if it may be called an accomplishment—he possessed to an extraordinary degree the mesmeric power, without knowing how, or why, or what it meant; he studied the art of legerdemain in a thoroughly scientific way, and with most astonishing results; and he was able to perform all of the feats of the ordinary mediums much more cleverly than the mediums themselves, rapping tables, materializing spirits, and the like, of course always by trickery, and with no pretence of anything else; he also became proficient in "thought-reading," so called; and if he had not been capable of very much higher things, he might have been the most finished sleight-of-hand performer of his time. What he did in his moments of recreation, and with no intention to defraud, the hero of Mr. Besant's novel does as a matter of business, and for his own material profit; and it will perhaps add a charm to the story to offer the surmise that it is founded on fact. Herr Paulus is a comparatively new character in fiction; he reveals the spirit world as it was shadowed in Mr. Howells's "Undiscovered Country"; and the narrative of his Rise, his Greatness, and his utter, if voluntary, Collapse, is a very clever attempt, in the guise of fiction, to expose the foolishness of modern spiritualism. It will entertain all readers, and it will confirm the doubts of the sceptics, even though it will not shake the faith of the faithful. The victims of Herr Paulus, as drawn by Mr. Besant, are quite as true to the life as is Herr Paulus himself. They exist in large numbers on both sides of the Atlantic; and repudiating the religion of their fathers, because it cannot be proved, they are ready to embrace half a dozen creeds, any one of which requires more blind belief in the evidence of things not seen than the simple faith in which they were born, and not one of which is half so comforting.

[5] *Herr Paulus: His Rise, His Greatness, and His Fall.* By WALTER BESANT. "Franklin Square Library." 8vo, Paper, 35 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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PHILADELPHIA.

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

AT mid-day Stern Fact, in the garb of a Philadelphia Quaker, overtook a feeble Pleasantry, which, like a well-worn garment, had been made over and turned inside out until it had neither brains, nor bowels, nor anything except a voice and the smile of the weak-minded. And the thing repeated itself again and again, after a manner sometimes seen in such poor folk, which is pitiful.

"Friend"—thus spoke Stern Fact—"thy knickerbocker garments, which betray thy birthplace, were cut for a Hollander whose love of liberty was greater than thy love of self. Thee has outdone Iago, the Indian, at boasting, and the little lamb at running away in time of public need. I will give thee a tale worth repeating, if thy noddle can hold it." And in the earnest manner of one whose every word is true, Stern Fact said:



"Philadelphia covers more territory, contains more houses, and has a lower death-rate than any American city. At a cost of $15,000,000 it has erected in marble the largest City Hall in the country, whose floors cover fourteen acres, and which an English poet, Mr. Gosse, has said vies in beauty with the grandest buildings in Southern Europe. Its Ridgway Library, the graceful 'Record' building, the immense structure like the Bullitt building, the beautiful ten-story banking-house of the Drexels, and the numerous new designs in granite, brick, and marble on the main streets, most of them erected within ten years, with the many more projected and the plaza to be opened about the City Hall, will soon make Philadelphia one of the most impressive of American cities in its architecture. Its rich and poor alike find health and pleasure in the largest and fairest of city parks, and pass to and fro by means of a system of horse-car lines which is so far the best in the world that Messrs. Widener and Elkins, who guided its last stage of development, find it no difficult matter to improve the street-railway systems of Boston, Chicago, and New York. The Northern Pacific and Texas Pacific railroads were made possible by Jay Cooke and Thomas A. Scott. And when Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of China, within the past year sought to loosen the tightening clutches of the English, French, and Germans upon the undeveloped resources of his country, he turned to Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, and asked him to build railroads and telegraph lines, open mines, and found banks for the Chinese Empire.

"In the house of Drexel, Philadelphia has the largest banking-house in the country, whose private deposits are $14,000,000, and the private wealth of whose principal partner is greater than the whole capital of the famous London house of Baring, and is equal to the private wealth of the wealthiest Rothschild. Ives, of New York, is not the only one who has learned that no railroad operation of the magnitude of the recent change in control of the Baltimore and Ohio can be crowned with success without the assistance of Anthony Drexel. Nor is there any doubt among the informed as to who is the Wellington of American finance, even if the identity of the real Napoleon rests in uncertainty among several sufficiently rash claimants. Mr. Drexel but maintains the supremacy in American finance which one Philadelphian or another has always held. During the Civil War Jay Cooke placed three thousand millions of dollars' worth of government securities, and without direct profit to himself. During the Mexican war E. W. Clarke & Co. placed one-third of the war loan. Stephen Girard supplied the money which enabled the United States to resist the encroachments of England in 1812, and in the Revolution Robert Morris sacrificed his private fortune and personal liberty in order that the cause of American independence might not fail. Before 1700 Samuel Carpenter, of Philadelphia, was the wealthiest man in all the colonies, as his contemporary, Francis Dan-

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iel Pastorius, was the most learned. The Bank of North America is the oldest bank in the United States. And when President Andrew Jackson finally succeeded in destroying the United States Bank and its guiding genius Nicholas Biddle, their fall involved the whole country in financial ruin.

"Railroads, which have removed famine from the list of dangers that threaten the civilized portions of the human race, and have done more to wipe out the last lingering influences of feudalism than all the socialists of all time, are the highest expression of the intelligence of the age. The greatest railroad, in its construction, equipment, and management, is the Pennsylvania, with its 7521 miles of road, 392 miles of canal, 5 miles of ferry, 12,000 miles of track, and a total capitalization of six hundred and fifty millions of dollars, so distributed among the people as to make this great corporation another illustration of popular government. And yet it is but the legitimate outgrowth of the public spirit and private enterprise of Philadelphia, which in 1829 built the Frenchtown and New Castle Railroad, the first in the country on which passengers were carried; which in 1762 and 1767 projected the Union and Delaware and Chesapeake canals, the parents of all canal projects in the United States; and which in 1792 made the first stone turnpike in the country, at a cost of $465,000, where through the earlier wilderness the same spirit had opened for New England and all the East the way to the West.

"In manufactures it still leads all American cities; and its position has been verified by an honest official census, which excluded women shirt-makers, so freely used to swell the count in the Hollanders' nest, where thee and thy sort warm thyselves. It is the centre of the carpet trade. Of the 2150 locomotives built in the United States in 1887, the 3106 employés of the Baldwin Works, the largest in the world, made 653, one-third, at the rate of more than two a day. In Wanamaker's it has the largest of stores, which, with its 4000 employés and fourteen acres of floor-space, exceeds the huge Bon Marché of Paris. In other respects he is rivalled by the great stores of Strawbridge and Clothier, Sharpless, and others who have pushed the facilities for retail trade in Philadelphia in advance of the alignment maintained by other American cities.

"The only American author who has written a drama is the living George H. Boker, and the dead Forrest was the greatest of our actors. The best of living American story-writers, according to Professor Gosse, is Rebecca Harding Davis. Charles Godfrey Leland has added another character to our literature. Bayard Taylor scored his highest mark in his 'Pennsylvania Ballads,' which will long keep alive with the life of his own home-folk. The popular 'History of the United States' is written by Professor McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania. The American edition of the Comte de Paris's 'History of the Civil War' is edited in Philadelphia, by Colonel John P. Nicholson, and published by Porter & Coates. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is the most active of all like societies in the country. The largest 'old book' store is Leary's, and to-day no publication in the world, unless it be *La Petite Journal* of Paris, has so many readers as the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, with its circulation of 500,000 copies."

"None!" feebly questioned the Pleasantry.

"Not one," replied Stern Fact. "And the highest salary paid to any woman in America is paid to its editor, Mrs. Louisa Knapp. She and the leading writers of the day—like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, the late Louisa M. Alcott, who was born in Philadelphia, and Will Carleton — have been drawn to the publication of Cyrus H. K. Curtis as, at an earlier period, in *Graham's Magazine*, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe found a market for their wares.

"Moreover," he continued, "the publishing-house which has the largest general trade in the world is that of the J. B. Lippincott Co. The oldest American publishing-house is that of Sower, Potts & Co. Lea Brothers & Co. and Henry Carey Baird are both descendants in direct family and business lines of the house of Matthew Carey, established in 1785. To-day Lea Brothers & Co. are the leading publishers of medical books, as Henry Carey Baird is of scientific works. The American school of political economy was founded by Henry C. Carey of this parent house of such lusty twins, and his works have been translated into nearly all civilized tongues. With the work of Isaac Lea, and with Henry Charles Lea, both of this house, the latter the author of the 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages,' the scientific and literary world is familiar. The house were the American publishers of Walter Scott, and sent by stage his works to the New York booksellers. It republished, by special arrangement with the author, the works of Charles Dickens, and issued to their first readers the novels of Fenimore Cooper and the writings of Washington Irving, besides publishing the works of Poe, Gillmore Sims, Montgomery Bird, and John P. Kennedy. Earlier than this—early in the second half of the last century — literature was first introduced to America by another Philadelphia publisher, Robert Bell, with 'Rasselas,' Goldsmith's 'Traveller' (1768), Robertson's 'Charles V.,' 3 volumes (1771), Blackstone, 'Commentaries,' Milton's poems, Thompson's 'Seasons,' and other standard works. To Charles Brockden Brown, of Philadelphia, is fitly applied the title of Father of American Fiction.

"At the present time the Shakespearean library of Horace Howard Furness, the specially illustrated collection of Clarence H. Clark, with Motley's works extended to twenty-four vol-

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umes by extra illustrations costing $16,000, the horse library of Henry T. Coates, the manuscripts and autographs of George W. Childs and Ferdinand J. Dreer, the German and Franklin colonial imprints of Samuel W. Pennypacker, and Colonel John P. Nicholson's five thousand titles relating exclusively to the military history of the Civil War, and containing every known book on the subject—each in its special line, is the most complete among American collections. Philadelphia had the first paper-mill in America, and Christopher Dock wrote the first American book on the subject of education. And the present time continues the advance of the past. Philadelphia took the lead in ingrafting technical education upon its common-school system. Its School of Design for Women is not only older than any of its kind; it occupies a more spacious building and has a larger force of instructors than any other, and it is the only one where industrial art and fine art are given equal attention. The directions in which the Academy of the Fine Arts leads are in the appointments of its quarters and in the extent of its collection of casts and facilities for students. In the private collection of Henry C. Gibson, the serenity of Cabanel's 'Naissance de Venus' has been undisturbed by Anthony Comstock's disapproval of its photographic reproductions. And with it are works by Boldini, Corot, Clays, Rico, Gerôme, Meissonier, Rousseau, Millet, and other modern masters. From Benjamin West of Philadelphia and the Royal Academy, through Charles Wilson Peale, Sully, Darley, to the younger Frost and Abbey, Herman Simon, Uhle, Alice Barber, Pennell, Shell, Barwell, Hovenden, Anna Lea Merritt Stevens, and Eakins, is like geometrical progression in numbers and quality. Among wood-engravers none stand higher than A. Lindsay, Reed, Sharp, Louderback, and Williams. What admirer of steel engraving needs to be reminded of Samuel and John Sartain? Or of etching, has not praised the work of Ferris, Moran, and Faber? Or of sculpture, has not been held by the figures of Howard Roberts and Boyle, which so fully tell their own story?

"The largest Sunday-school in the country is that of Bethany Church, with its 2400 scholars, 108 teachers, and average yearly attendance of 1800. Not in size alone, but in life and spirit, it leads all others. There was a Sunday-school at Ephrata twenty years before Robert Raikes. The first Bible printed in America in a European tongue was printed in German by Christopher Sauer in 1743. The second was Sauer's edition of 1763, the third his edition of 1776. The first English Bible was printed by Robert Aitken, also in Philadelphia, in 1782. The recognized organ-master is Wood of the same city, and the works of no American composer rank higher than those of Gilchrist, who won the Cincinnati prize from Dudley Buck.

"The reputation of no American physician has extended so far as that of Benjamin Rush of the last century and Samuel D. Gross of this. When Professor Agnew was called to the care of President Garfield, he was turned to as statesmen and presidents had before turned to Dewees and Jackson, and other famous Philadelphian professors of its great medical schools. 'The Philadelphia Lawyer' has long been a phrase whose very currency is a voluntary tribute to the superiority of the Philadelphia bar. Horace Binney was the great American lawyer; George Harding, a worthy opponent in legal trials of Abraham Lincoln, is known to one wide circle as the leading patent lawyer of the country, and to fashionable summer tourists as the builder of the best of the Adirondack hotels, and John G. Johnson elaborated the early and honest car trust with a skill that still compels universal acknowledgment of the ability of the local profession. To one political party Philadelphia contributes Samuel J. Randall, and to another the protective tariff, the American idea. Its pre-eminence in sports is maintained by the strongest cricket club; by Reichhelin the American chess-player; by Page, whose recent jump of 6 feet 4 inches beats the world's record.

"From 1688, when the first public protest against slavery was signed by Hendricks, the two Op den Graeffs, and Pastorius, Quakers of Germantown, now the twenty-second ward of Philadelphia, to the present, when General John F. Hartranft, who recaptured Fort Stedman with a Pennsylvania division, commands 8389 militia, which Sherman and Sheridan have pronounced a reserve division of the regular army. Philadelphia has supplied the principle for which the nation's greatest war was fought, as well as force and genius for the battle-field and finances to support them. The most brilliant feat of American arms in the Revolution was the capture of Stony Point by Anthony Wayne. It was only paralleled during the Civil War by the capture of Fort Fisher, the hero of which, according to General Terry, was General Pennypacker of Philadelphia. With the close of the Revolution Col. Josiah Harmer's Pennsylvania regiment became the foundation and nucleus of the United States Army. One Philadelphian, McClellan, organized the Army of the Potomac; another, Meade, fought it to the finish, and but a few months of failures under other commanders intervened between them. Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the war, was opened by General Hofmann of Philadelphia; Reynolds, 'the greatest soldier whom the Northern armies lost on the battle-field,' brought the gathering contest to an immediate issue; Hancock stayed the first day's rout, and Meade's great generalship, rapidly supporting during two days every assaulted place throughout his long line, solved the secret of success by handling the army as a whole for the first time

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in its experience, and preserved the Union which William Penn had been the first to suggest. So it is with the grim materials of war. The Phœnix Iron Company made the Griffin cannon; the Duponts made the powder; the Horstmanns made the military equipments, and each establishment still remains the most extensive of its kind.

"Benjamin Franklin was driven to Philadelphia by the harsh treatment of his family, by the unfavorable opinion which his native community had formed of him, and by the poor opportunities offered by Boston to a printer. A juster appreciation of his merits by the city of his adoption enabled him to compel a reversal of the judgment pronounced against him by his native town. Whittier came to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and they have had a following sufficiently large to form a New England society, whose members make a better living, and eat better dinners in Philadelphia than they could at home. There is another society, The German Society of Philadelphia, and the two illustrate in a certain degree the difference in trait and habit, since transmitted to their scions, between the two parent stocks from which these societies have sprung. Now venerable in its antiquity, the German Society of Philadelphia was organized, not for the purpose of keeping alive the memory of the heroism and cruel deaths of their forefathers — those German martyrs — compared with whose sufferings the persecutions before which the Pilgrims fled were as the little cloud that interrupts the sunshine of a happy infant's summer-day. It took the largest of American colonial publications—The Ephrata Martyr Book—to record the thousands of lives that were broken by every conceivable instrument of torture. The German Society did not glorify the dead, or that unbreakable spirit which no torture could diminish, and which made the Pennsylvania Germans, in their love of liberty and practice of tolerance with the Quakers of kindred faith and like charity, the best of American colonists. It did not exult for the present or boast of the future. It was founded to relieve the sufferings of German immigrants robbed of all save life. With thrift and intelligence it has accumulated property and a library. It, too, prints a record of its meetings —a record of the lowly lifted up—of the fallen restored; an unconscious record of the good done by a corporation which, more than a century old, is still engaged in the liberal and practical interpretation of the teachings of Christ.

"And as to Philadelphia society, I do not know whether it was the gathering at the house of Mr. Childs in 1876, or the banquet at the Philadelphia Academy of Music in 1887, which was made by the number of famous men present the most conspicuous social event in America. This I know: in George W. Childs Philadelphia has the greatest of living American philanthropists—another Abou Ben Adhem—another lover of his fellow-men—whose name in other places than among those by the angel written in the book of gold, may yet lead all the rest.

"Philadelphia's suburban homes are advancing up the Chester Valley, the most highly developed agricultural country in the Union. Philadelphia butter finds its way regularly to the White House, and the stateliest homes of New York and Boston, and crosses the Atlantic Ocean. Its great river contributes Delaware shad, oysters, and the gourmand's delight—the terrapin. And on the land the peach is the emblem of beauty. Delaware is the Philadelphian fruit orchard: New Jersey his vegetable



garden; her coast his bathing-grounds. The late Bronson Alcott, of whom Carlyle long ago said he would produce nothing substantial, was a logical type of the uttermost product so far come from New England worthies who began by putting witches to death and whipping Quakers. New York was a Tory city in 1776. Her mayor proposed that she secede and set up a separate government in 1861, and she resisted Abraham Lincoln's draft with riot. At the outset, to Philadelphia came the Swede and Hollander, the English, the German, the Welsh, the Scotchman, and French Huguenot. The process of race amalgamation now fairly under way throughout the Union at large was accomplished in Philadelphia nearly two hundred years ago. Bigotry was lost, and the combined strength of many peoples has contributed to the glorious performance and the present active endeavor, which are a foundation of splendid promise for this—the American City."

Stern Fact paused; the Pleasantry had shrunk out of sight, and was never heard of more.

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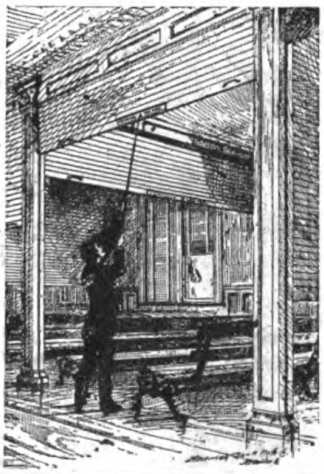
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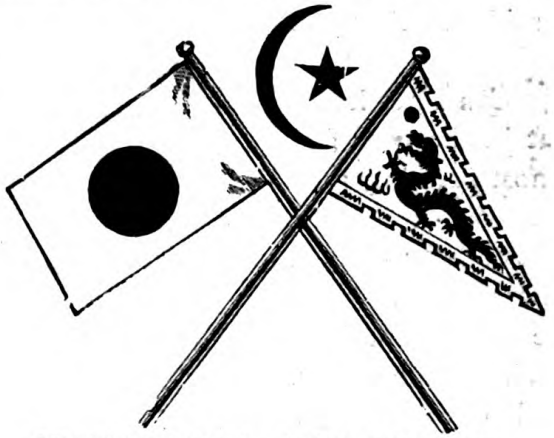
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. 455.

APRIL, 1888.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

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VOLUME 76. NUMBER 455. HARPER'S MAGAZINE. NEW YORK, APRIL, 1888.

"The Shepherd, looking Eastward, softly said." Engraved by ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY, from a Drawing by ALFRED PARSONS ..... *Frontispiece.*

A Winter in Algiers. First Paper ..... F. A. BRIDGMAN 653
Illustrations. Drawn by F. A. BRIDGMAN. Engraved by LEWIS, FRENCH, WELLINGTON, MULLER, TINKEY, BERNSTROM, ANDERSON, LINDSAY, PETTIT, and MILLER.
Entrance to a House.—At the Fountain of Birkadem.—Ball at the Governor's Palace.—Walls of the Kasbah.—Bay of Algiers.—Near the Kasbah.—Fatma.—On the Terraces.—Little Zohr.—Rue Porte Neuve.—Baïa and the Queen of Sheba.—Badroulboudour.—Neighbors on the Terrace.—Zohr's Cradle.—The greasy Fritter Shop.—Doors of the Mosque.

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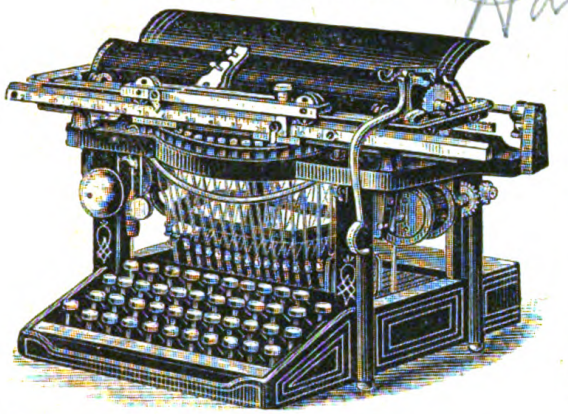
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Literary Notes ..... LAURENCE HUTTON.

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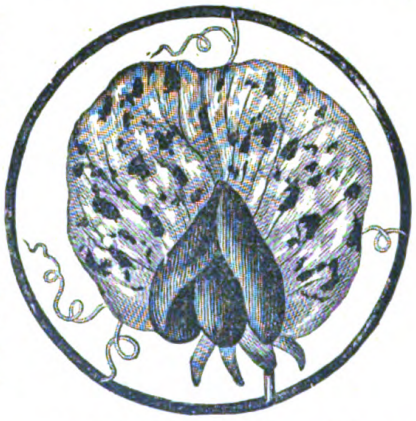
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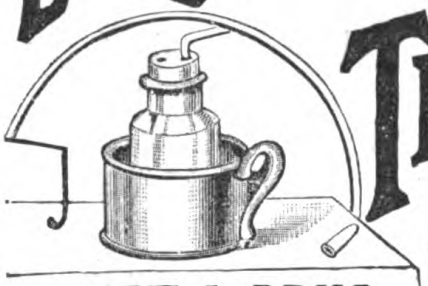
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The most familiar example of the mucous membrane is the inside of the lips, cheeks, throat, and ostrils. In these situations it may be quite closely examined by any one. It is seen to be smooth, hining, of a pink color, and is moist. From these visible locations the membrane extends through the hole of the respiratory or breathing organs, and of the digestive organs; and it lines every organ which as an opening to the outside world. In its anatomy it bears a strong analogy to the skin. In some ower orders of animals either of these membranes may be made to do the office of the other. The nimal may be turned wrong side out, in which case the skin and lining of the stomach have changed laces, and the animal continues to live.

One office of this membrane is to exude from its myriads of minute glands a bland, transparent, nctuous fluid. This is called mucus, and it keeps the membrane in a condition to perform its many ther functions properly. There are many causes operating to set up congestion, swelling, and inflammaion in this membrane. When it becomes inflamed the quality and quantity of the normal mucus is immediately changed. A good illustration of this is an acute attack of influenza, "cold in the head," hich needs no description. There are many stages and degrees of this affection, and all are properly amed CATARRH.

It may cause severe pain in the head, face, ears, throat, chest, and elsewhere. The effects are very nnoying to its victim, and at times the sufferer becomes disgustingly offensive to his companions. One haracteristic of this disease is the obstinacy with which it resists the best directed and even successful reatment. The number of M.D.'s who can boast of having CURED a single case of Catarrh is humiliatngly small. Hence have sprung up a little army of "Catarrh Specialists." Sometimes these succeed in artially drying up the profuse discharge, and call it a cure. But the disease is a strictly constitutional ne, and hence cannot be cured by the application of merely local treatment.

The Compound Oxygen is the only known remedial agent that will cure Catarrh with commendable romptness. There are two features of the cure of Catarrh by this treatment which should commend it o the enlightened attention of its victims: First—The whole constitutional health is being improved nd established at the same time. Second—The system being thus put into a state of integrity, it reains there, and the cure is therefore permanent.

"ALMA, NEB., April 6, 1887.

"Six months ago, to-day, I commenced the use of a Home reatment of Compound Oxygen, which, as I wrote you in pril, I expected to take at least one year to get well, if ever. am about as well now as a man of sixty-two years of age could expected to be, after suffering for twenty years. *I am entirely cured of Catarrh; pain in spine; bowels regular; appetite improved.* Before using it I seldom ate more than one eal a day, and never any breakfast for some years, and *sleep as out of the question except about one night in three for the st eighteen years. Since inhaling I have not lost a half ozen nights' sleep in six months, and none in five and a half onths*

HON. H. C. GRIFFITH."

From the Rev. Homer A. King, Evangelist, and inventor of the King Bicycle:

"33 CLINTON ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 16, 1886.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, — *Gentlemen.* — I have used your Compound Oxygen for over two years with excellent results: an increase of ten pounds in weight, sweet breath, and entire freedom from any signs of catarrh, except when I have taken a cold. I wish to continue its use. You will therefore oblige me by filling the enclosed order."

It will be interesting to the afflicted to peruse the new brochure, a book of 200 pages, full of the acount of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen, and the testimony of wonderful cases in Consumption, sthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all hronic and Nervous Disorders cured or helped by this treatment. It will be sent free by mail to all ho will address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1527 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna., 331 Montgomery treet, San Francisco, Cal., 58 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

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